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memoir

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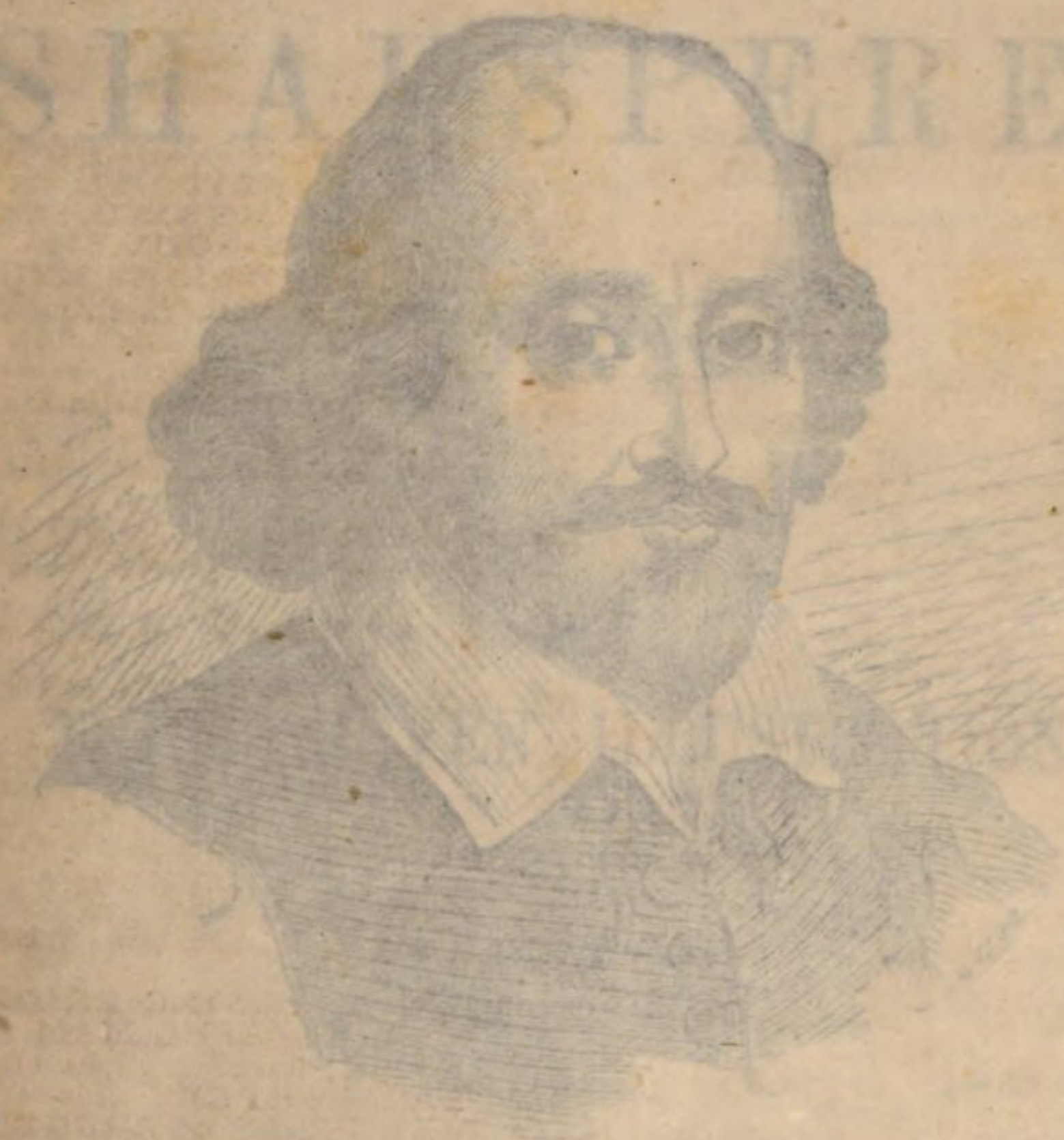
Shakspeare

Fernand Heigt

DICKS

COMPLETE EDITION

SHAKESPEARE'S

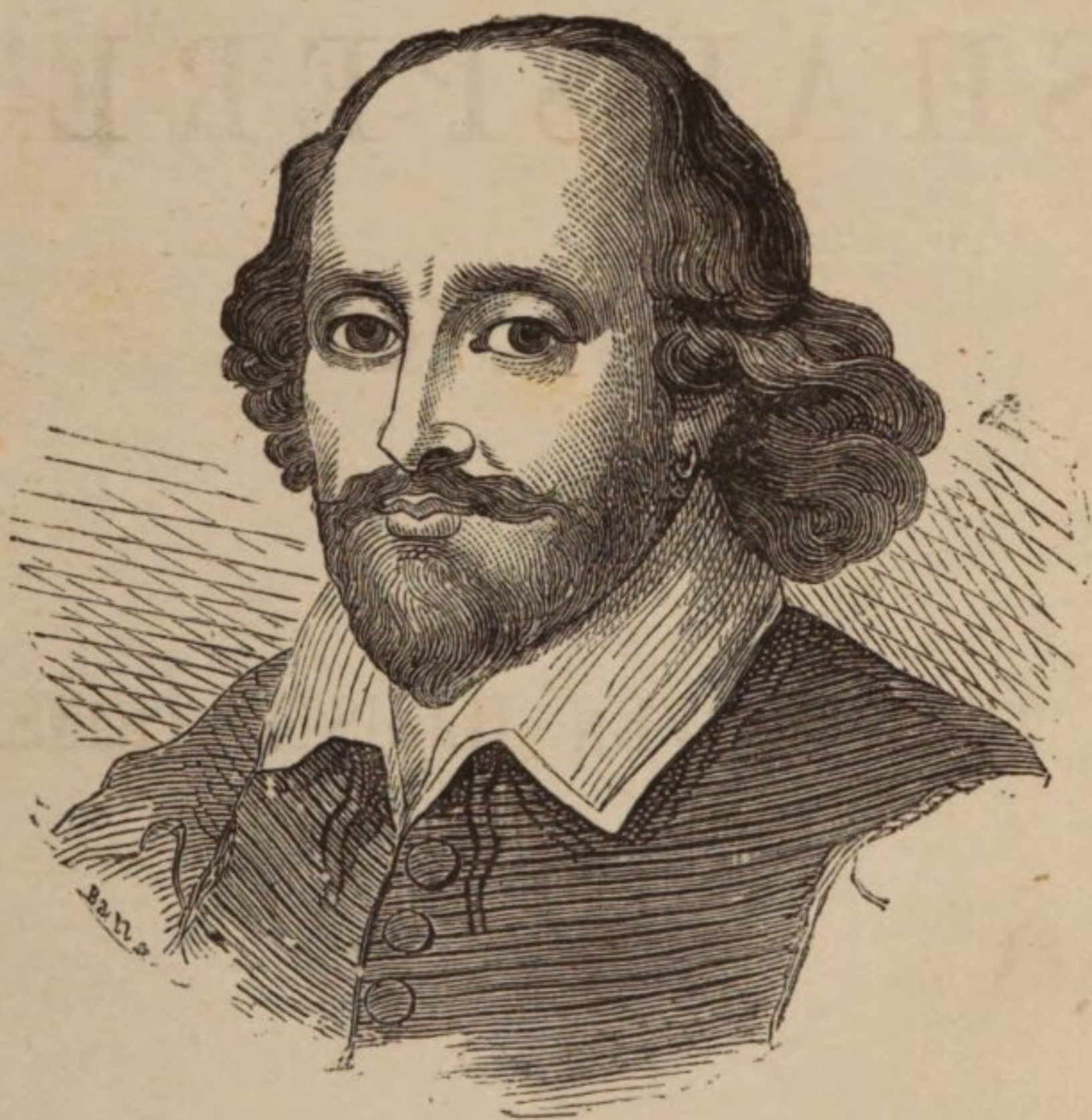


with a new introduction by

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JOHN DICKS, F.R.S.E.

ONE VOLUME



William - Shakespeare

Ferdinand Heigl.

DICKS'

COMPLETE EDITION

Bayrische
Staatsbibliothek
München

SHAKSPERE'S

WORKS.

WITH

THIRTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS,

AND

A MEMOIR.

London:

JOHN DICKS, 313, STRAND.

ONE SHILLING.

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SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE OF SHAKSPERE.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, on the 23rd day of April 1564. Of the rank of his family it is not easy to form an opinion. Mr. Rowe says that by the register and certain public writings relating to Stratford, it appears that his ancestors were "of good figure and fashion," in that town, and are mentioned as "gentlemen," an epithet which was more determinate then than at present, when it has become an unlimited phrase of courtesy. His father, John Shakspeare, was a considerable dealer in wool, and had been an officer and bailiff (probably high-bailiff or mayor) of the body corporate of Stratford. He held also the office of justice of the peace; and at one time, it is said, possessed lands and tenements to the amount of £500, the reward of his grandfather's faithful and approved services to King Henry VII. This, however, has been asserted upon very doubtful authority. Mr. Malone thinks "it is highly probable that he distinguished himself in Bosworth Field on the side of King Henry, and that he was rewarded for his military services by the bounty of that parsimonious prince, though not with a grant of lands. No such grant appears in the Chapel of the Rolls from the beginning to the end of Henry's reign." But whatever may have been his former wealth, it appears to have been greatly reduced in the latter part of his life, as we find, from the books of the Corporation, that in 1579, he was excused the trifling weekly tax of fourpence levied on all the Aldermen; and that, in 1586, another alderman was appointed in his room, in consequence of his declining to attend on the business of that office. It is even said by Aubrey, a man sufficiently accurate in facts, although credulous in superstitious narratives and traditions, that he followed for some time the occupation of a butcher, which Mr. Malone thinks not inconsistent with probability. It must have been, however, at this time, no considerable addition to his difficulties that he had a family of ten children. His wife was the daughter and heiress of Robert Arden of Wellincote, in the county of Warwick, who is styled "a gentleman of worship." The family of Arden is very ancient, Robert Arden of Bromich, Esq., being in the list of the gentry of this country returned by the com-

missioners in the twelfth year of King Henry VI. A.D. 1433. Edward Arden was sheriff of the county in 1568. The woodland part of this country was anciently called *Ardern*, afterwards softened to *Arden*; and hence the name. Our illustrious poet was the eldest son, and received his early education, however narrow or liberal, at a free school, probably that founded at Stratford. From this he appears to have been soon removed, and placed, according to Mr. Malone's opinion, in the office of some country attorney, or the seneschal of some manor court, where it is highly probable he picked up those technical law phrases that so frequently occur in his plays, and could not have been in common use, unless among professional men. Mr. Capell conjectures, that his early marriage prevented his being sent to some university. It appears, however, as Dr. Farmer observes, that his early life was incompatible with a course of education; and it is certain, that "his contemporaries, friends and foes, nay, and himself likewise, agree in his want of what is usually termed literature." It is, indeed, a strong argument in favour of Shakspeare's illiterature, that it was maintained by all his contemporaries, many of whom have left upon record every merit they could bestow on him; and by his successors, who lived nearest to his time, when "his memory was green;" and that it has been denied only by Gildon, Sewall, and others down to Upton, who could have no means of ascertaining the truth.

In his eighteenth year, or perhaps a little sooner, he married Anne Hathaway, who was eight years older than himself, the daughter of one Hathaway, who is said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. Of his domestic economy, or professional occupation at this time, we have no information: but it would appear that both were in a considerable degree neglected by his associating with a gang of deer-stealers. Being detected with them in robbing the park of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, near Stratford, he was so rigorously prosecuted by that gentleman, as to be obliged to leave his family and business, and take shelter in London. Sir Thomas, on this occasion, is said to have been exasperated by a ballad Shakspeare wrote, probably his first essay in poetry.

of which the following stanza was communicated to Mr. Oldys:—

A parliemente member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse,
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
Then Lucy is lowsie whatever befall it:

He thinks himself greate,

Yet an asse in his state

We allowe by his ears but with asses to mate.

If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,
Sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.

These lines, it must be confessed, do no great honour to our poet; and probably were unjust: for although some of his admirers have recorded Sir Thomas as a "vain, weak, and vindictive magistrate," he was certainly exerting no very violent act of oppression, in protecting his property against a man who was degrading the commonest rank of life, and had, at this time, bespoke no indulgence by superior talents. The ballad, however, must have made some noise at Sir Thomas's expense, as the author took care it should be affixed to his park-gates, and liberally circulated among his neighbours.

On his arrival in London, which was probably in 1586, when he was twenty-two years old, he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the play-house, to which idleness or taste may have directed him, and where his necessities, if tradition may be credited, obliged him to accept the office of call-boy, or prompter's attendant. This is a servant whose employment is to give the performers notice to be ready to enter, as often as the business of the play requires their appearance on the stage. Pope, however, relates a story, communicated to him by Rowe, but which Rowe did not think deserving of a place in the life he wrote, that must a little retard the advancement of our poet to the office just mentioned. According to this story, Shakspeare's first employment was to wait at the door of the play-house, and hold the horses of those who had no servants, that they might be ready after the performance. But "I cannot," says his acute commentator, Mr. Stevens, "dismiss this anecdote without observing, that it seems to want every mark of probability. Though Shakspeare quitted Stratford on account of a juvenile irregularity, we have no reason to suppose that he had forfeited the protection of his father, who was engaged in a lucrative business, or the love of his wife, who had already brought him two children, and was herself the daughter of a substantial yeoman. It is unlikely, therefore, when he was beyond the reach of his prosecutor, that he should conceal his plan of life, or place of residence, from those who, if he found himself distressed, could not fail to afford him such supplies as would have set him above the necessity of *holding horses* for subsistence." Mr. Malone has remarked, in his "attempt to ascertain the order in which the Plays of Shakspeare were written, that he might have found an easy introduction to the stage: for Thomas Green, a celebrated comedian of that period, was his townsman, and perhaps his relation. The genius of our author, prompted him to write poetry; his connection with a player might have given his productions a dramatic turn: or his own sagacity might have taught him that fame was not incompatible with profit, and that the theatre was an avenue to both. That it was once the general custom to ride on horseback to the play, I am like-

wise yet to learn. The most popular of the theatres were on the Bankside; and we are told by the satirical pamphleteers of that time, that the usual mode of conveyance to these places of amusement was by water, but not a single writer so much as hints at the custom of riding to them, or at the practice of having horses held during the hours of exhibition. Some allusion to this usage (if it had existed) must, I think, have been discovered in the course of our researches after contemporary fashions. Let it be remembered, too, that we receive this tale on no higher authority than that of Cibber's *lives of the Poets*, vol. i. p. 130. Sir William Davenant told it to Mr. Betterton, who communicated it to Mr. Rowe, who, according to Dr. Johnson, related it to Mr. Pope." Mr. Malone concurs in opinion, that this story stands on a very slender foundation, while he differs from Mr. Steevens as to the fact of gentlemen going to the theatre on horseback. With respect, likewise, to Shakspeare's father being "engaged in a lucrative business," we may remark, that this could not have been the case at the time our author came to London, if the preceding dates be correct. He is said to have arrived in London in 1586, the year in which his father resigned the office of alderman, unless, indeed, we are permitted to conjecture that his resignation was not the consequence of his necessities.

But in whatever situation he was first employed at the theatre, he appears to have soon discovered those talents which afterwards made him

Th' applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!

Some distinction he probably first acquired as an actor, although Mr. Rowe has not been able to discover any character in which he appeared to more advantage than that of the ghost in Hamlet. The instructions given to the player in that tragedy, and other passages of his works, shew an intimate acquaintance with the skill of acting, and such as is scarcely surpassed in our own days. He appears to have studied nature in acting as much as in writing. But all this might have been mere theory. Mr. Malone is of opinion he was no great actor. The distinction, however, which he might obtain as an actor could only be in his own plays, in which he would be assisted by the novel appearance of author and actor combined. Before his time, it does not appear that any actor could avail himself of the wretched pieces represented on the stage.

Mr. Rowe regrets that he cannot inform us which was the first play he wrote. More skilful research has since found, that *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Richard II.* and *III.* were printed in 1597, when he was thirty-three years old; there is also some reason to think that he commenced a dramatic writer in 1592, and Mr. Malone even places his first play, "*First part of Henry VI.*" in 1589. His plays, however, must have been not only popular, but approved by persons of the higher orders, as we are certain, that he enjoyed the gracious favour of Queen Elizabeth, who was very fond of the stage; and the particular and affectionate patronage of the Earl of Southampton, to whom he dedicated his poems of "*Venus and Adonis*," and his "*Tarquin and Lucrece*." On Sir William Davenant's authority, it has been asserted, that this nobleman at one time gave him a thousand pounds to enable him to complete a purchase. At the conclusion of the advertisement prefixed to Lintot's edition of Shakspeare's poems, it is said, "That most learned

prince, and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased, with his own hand, to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakspeare; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William D'Avenant, as a credible person now living can testify." Dr. Farmer with great probability supposes, that this letter was written by King James, in return for the compliment paid to him in *Macbeth*. The relator of this anecdote was Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. These brief notices, meagre as they are, may shew that our author enjoyed high favour in his day. Whatever we may think of King James as a "learned prince," his patronage, as well as that of his predecessor, was sufficient to give celebrity to the founder of a new stage. It may be added, that his uncommon merit, his candour, and good nature, are supposed to have procured him the admiration and acquaintance of every person distinguished for such qualities. It is not difficult, indeed, to suppose, that Shakspeare was a man of humour, and a social companion, and probably excelled in that species of minor wit not ill adapted to conversation, of which it could have been wished he had been more sparing in his writings.

How long he acted has not been discovered, but he continued to write till the year 1614. During his dramatic career he acquired a property in the theatre,* which he must have disposed of when he retired, as no mention of it occurs in his will. His connection with Ben Jonson has been variously related. It is said, that when Jonson was unknown to the world, he offered a play to the theatre, which was rejected after a very careless perusal, but that Shakspeare having accidentally cast his eye on it, conceived a favourable opinion of it, and afterwards recommended Jonson and his writings to the public. For this candour he was repaid by Jonson, when the latter became a poet of note, with an envious disrespect. Jonson acquired reputation by the variety of his pieces, and endeavoured to arrogate the supremacy in dramatic genius. Like a French critic, he insinuated Shakspeare's incorrectness, his careless manner of writing, and his want of judgment; and, as he was a remarkably slow writer himself, he could not endure the praise frequently bestowed on Shakspeare, of seldom altering or blotting out what he had written. Mr. Malone says, "that not long after the year 1600, a coolness arose between Shakspeare and him, which, however he may talk of his almost idolatrous affection, produced on his part, from that time to the death of our author, and for many years afterwards, much clumsy sarcasm, and many malevolent reflections." But from these, which are the commonly received opinions on this subject, Dr. Farmer is inclined to depart, and to think Jonson's hostility to Shakspeare absolutely groundless; so uncertain is every circumstance we attempt to recover of our great poet's life. Jonson had only one advantage over Shakspeare, that of superior learning, which might in certain situations give him a superior rank, but could never promote his rivalry with a man who attained the highest excellence without it. Nor will Shakspeare suffer by its being known, that all the dramatic poets before he appeared were scholars. Greene, Lodge,

Peele, Marlowe, Nashe, Lily, and Kyd, had all, says Mr. Malone, a regular university education; and, as scholars in our universities, frequently composed and acted plays on historical subjects.

The latter part of Shakspeare's life was spent in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had accumulated considerable property, which Gildon (in his "Letters and Essays," 1694) stated to amount to 300*l.* per annum, a sum at least equal to 1,000*l.* in our days; but Mr. Malone doubts whether all his property amounted to much more than 200*l.* per annum, which yet was a considerable fortune in those times, and it is supposed that he might have derived 200*l.* per annum from the theatre while he continued on the stage.

He retired some years before his death to a house in Stratford, of which it has been thought important to give the history. It was built by Sir Hugh Clopton, a younger brother of an ancient family in that neighbourhood. Sir Hugh was Sheriff of London in the reign of Richard III, and Lord Mayor in the reign of Henry VII. By his will, he bequeathed to his eldest brother's son, his manor of Clopton, &c., and his house by the name of the *Great House* in Stratford. A good part of the estate was in possession of Edward Clopton, Esq., and Sir Hugh Clopton, Knight, in 1733. The principal estate had been sold out of the Clopton family for above a century, at the time when Shakspeare became the purchaser; who having repaired and modelled it to his own mind, changed the name to *New Place*, which the mansion-house afterwards erected, in the room of the poet's house, retained for many years. The house and lands belonging to it continued in the possession of Shakspeare's descendants to the time of the Restoration, when they were re-purchased by the Clopton family. Here, in May, 1742, when Mr. Garrick, Mr. Macklin, and Mr. Delane, visited Stratford, they were hospitably entertained under Shakspeare's mulberry tree by Sir Hugh Clopton. He was barrister at law, was knighted by King George I, and died in the 8th year of his age, in December, 1751. His executor, about the year 1752, sold *New Place* to the Rev. Mr. Gastrell, a man of large fortune, who resided in it but a few years, in consequence of a disagreement with the inhabitants of Stratford. As he resided part of the year at Lichfield, he thought he was assessed too highly in the monthly rate toward the maintenance of the poor; but being very properly compelled by the magistrates of Stratford to pay the whole of what was levied on him, on the principle that his house was occupied by his servants in his absence, he peevishly declared that *that* house should never be assessed again; and soon afterwards pulled it down, sold the materials, and left the town. He had some time before cut down Shakspeare's mulberry tree, to save himself the trouble of shewing it to those whose admiration of our great poet led them to visit the classic ground on which it stood. That Shakspeare planted this tree appears to be sufficiently authenticated. Where *New Place* stood is now a garden. Before concluding this history, it may be necessary to mention, that the poet's house was once honoured by the temporary residence of Henrietta Maria, queen to Charles I. Theobald had given an inaccurate account of this, as if she had been obliged to take refuge in Stratford from the rebels; but that was not the case. She marched from Newark, June 16, 1643, and entered Stratford triumphantly about the 22nd of the same month.

* In 1603, he and several others obtained a licence from King James to exhibit comedies, tragedies, histories, &c., at the Globe Theatre and elsewhere.

at the head of three thousand foot, and fifteen hundred horse, with one hundred and fifty waggons, and a train of artillery. Here she was met by Prince Rupert, accompanied by a large body of troops. She resided about three weeks at our poet's house, which was then possessed by his grand-daughter Mrs. Nash, and her husband.

During Shakspeare's abode in this house, his pleasurable wit, and good-nature, says Mr. Rowe, engaged him the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendship of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Among these, Mr. Rowe tells a traditional story of a miser or usurer, named Combe, who, in conversation with Shakspeare, said he fancied the poet intended to write his epitaph if he should survive him, and desired to know what he meant to say. On this Shakspeare gave him the following, probably extempore:—

Ten in the hundred lies here engraved,
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved;
If any man ask, who lies in this tombe?
Oh! ho! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.

The sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it. These lines, however, or some which nearly resemble them, appeared in various collections, both before and after the time they were said to have been composed; and the inquiries of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Malone, satisfactorily prove that the whole story is a fabrication. Betterton is said to have heard it when he visited Warwickshire on purpose to collect anecdotes of our poet, and probably thought it of too much importance to be nicely examined. We know not whether it be worth adding of a story which we have rejected, that a *usurer* in Shakspeare's time did not mean one who took exorbitant, but any interest or usance for money, and that ten in the hundred, or ten per cent., was then the ordinary interest of money. It is of more consequence, however, to record the opinion of Mr. Malone, that Shakspeare, during his retirement, wrote the play of Twelfth Night.

He died on his birth-day, Tuesday, April 23, 1616, when he had exactly completed his fifty-second year, and was buried on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument is placed in the wall, on which he is represented under an arch, in a sitting posture, a cushion spread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left rested on a scroll of paper. The following Latin distich is engraved under the cushion:

*Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet.*

To this Latin inscription on Shakspeare may be added the lines which are found underneath it on his monument:—

Stay, passenger, why dost thou go so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath placed
Within this monument; Shakspeare, with whom
Quick nature died; whose name doth deck the tomb

Far more than cost; since all that he hath writ
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit.

Obiit. An^o. Dni. 1616.

æt. 53, die 23 Apri

On his grave-stone, underneath, are these lines in an uncouth mixture of small and capital letters.

Good Friend for Iesus SAKE forbear
To digg T-E Dust EncloAsed HERe

Blese be T-E Man ^T_Y spares T-Es Stones

And curst be He ^T_Y moves my Bones.

It is uncertain whether this request and imprecation were written by Shakspeare, or by one of his friends. They probably allude to the custom of removing skeletons after a certain time, and depositing them in charnel houses; and similar execrations are found in many ancient Latin epitaphs.

We have no account of the malady, which at no very advanced age closed the life and labours of this unrivalled and incomparable genius; and the only notice we have of his person is from Aubrey, who says, "he was a handsome well-shaped man;" and adds, "verie good company, and of a very ready, and pleasant and smooth wit."

His family consisted of two daughters, and a son named Hamnet, who died in 1596, in the twelfth year of his age. Susannah, the eldest daughter, and her father's favourite, was married to Dr. John Hall, a physician, who died November, 1635, aged sixty. Mrs. Hall died July 11, 1649, aged sixty-six. They left only one child, Elizabeth, born 1607-8, and married April 22, 1626, to Thomas Nashe, Esq., who died in 1647; and afterwards to Sir John Barnard, of Abington, in Northamptonshire; but died without issue by either husband. Judith, Shakspeare's youngest daughter, was married to a Mr. Thomas Quiney, and died February, 1661-62, in her seventy-seventh year. By Mr. Quiney she had three sons, Shakspeare, Richard, and Thomas, who all died unmarried. Sir Hugh Clopton, who was born two years after the death of Lady Barnard, which happened in 1669-70, related to Mr. Macklin, in 1742, an old tradition, that she had carried away with her from Stratford many of her grandfather's papers. On the death of Sir John Barnard, Mr. Malone, thinks that these must have fallen into the hands of Mr. Edward Bagley, Lady Barnard's executor; and if any descendant of that gentleman be now living, in his custody they probably remain. To this account of Shakspeare's family we have now to add, that among Oldys's papers is another traditional gossip's story of his having been the father of Sir William Davenant. Oldys's relation is thus given:—

"If tradition may be trusted, Shakspeare often baited at the Crown Inn or Tavern in Oxford, in his journey to and from London. The landlady was a woman of great beauty and sprightly wit, and her husband, Mr. John Davenant, (afterwards mayor of that city,) a grave, melancholy man; who, as well as his wife, used much to delight in Shakspeare's pleasant company. Their son, young Will. Davenant, (afterwards Sir William,) was then a little school-boy in the town, of about seven or eight years old, and so fond also of Shakspeare, that whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day, an old townsman, observing the boy running homeward almost out of breath, asked him whither he was posting in that heat and hurry. He answered, to see his god-father, Shakspeare. There's a good boy, said the other, but have a care that you don't take God's name in vain. This story, Mr. Pope told me at the Earl of Oxford's table, upon occasion of some dis-

course which arose about Shakspeare's monument, then newly erected in Westminster Abbey."

This story appears to have originated with Anthony Wood, and it has been thought a presumption of its being true, that, after careful examination, Mr. Thomas Warton was inclined to believe it. Mr. Steevens, however, treats it with the utmost contempt; but does not, perhaps, argue with his usual attention to experience, when he brings Sir William Davenant's "heavy, vulgar, unmeaning face," as a proof that he could not be Shakspeare's son.

In the year 1741, a monument was erected to our poet in Westminster Abbey, by the direction of the Earl of Burlington, Dr. Mead, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Martyn. It was the work of Scheemaker, (who received 300*l.* for it,) after a design of Kent, and was opened in January of that year. The performers of each of the London theatres gave a benefit to defray the expenses, and the Dean and Chapter of Westminster took nothing for the ground. The money received by the performance at Drury Lane theatre amounted to above 200*l.*, but the receipts at Covent Garden did not exceed 100*l.*

From these imperfect notices, which are all we have been able to collect from the labours of his biographers and commentators, our readers will perceive that less is known of Shakspeare than of almost any writer who has been considered as an object of laudable curiosity. Nothing could be more highly gratifying than an account of the early studies of this wonderful man, the progress of his pen, his moral and social qualities, his friendships, his failings, and whatever else constitutes personal history. But on all these topics his contemporaries and his immediate successors have been equally silent, and if aught can be hereafter discovered, it must be by exploring sources which have hitherto escaped the anxious researches of those who have devoted their whole lives, and their most vigorous talents, to revive his memory and illustrate his writings. In the sketch we have given, if the dates of his birth and death be accepted, what is there on which the reader can depend, or for which, if he contend eagerly, he may not be involved in controversy, and perplexed with contradictory opinions and authorities?

It is usually said that the life of an author can be little else than the history of his works; but this opinion is liable to many exceptions. If an author, indeed, has passed his days in retirement, his life can afford little more variety than that of any other man who has lived in retirement; but if, as is generally the case with writers of great celebrity, he has acquired a pre-eminence over his contemporaries, if he has excited rival contentions, and defeated the attacks of criticism or of malignity, or if he has plunged into the controversies of his age, and performed the part either of a tyrant or a hero in literature, his history may be rendered as interesting as that of any other public character. But whatever weight may be allowed to this remark, the decision will not be of much consequence in the case of Shakspeare. Unfortunately, we know as little of his writings as of his personal history. The industry of his illustrators for the last thirty years has been such, as probably never was surpassed in the annals of literary investigation; yet so far are we from information of the conclusive or satisfactory kind, that even the order in which his plays were written, rests principally on conjecture, and of some plays usually printed among his

works, it is not yet determined whether he wrote the whole, or any part.

Much of our ignorance of every thing which it would be desirable to know respecting Shakspeare's works, must be imputed to the author himself. If we look merely at the state in which he left his productions, we should be apt to conclude, either that he was insensible of their value, or that, while he was the greatest, he was at the same time the humblest writer the world ever produced—that he thought his works unworthy of posterity—that he levied no ideal tribute upon future times, nor had any farther prospect, than that of present popularity and present profit. And such an opinion, although it apparently partakes of the ease and looseness of conjecture, may not be far from probability. But before we allow it any higher merit, or attempt to decide upon the affection or neglect with which he reviewed his labours, it may be necessary to consider their precise nature, and certain circumstances in his situation which affected them; and, above all, we must take into our account the character and predominant occupations of the times in which he lived, and of those which followed his decease.

With respect to himself, it does not appear that he printed any one of his plays, and only eleven of them were printed in his lifetime. The reason assigned for this is, that he wrote them for a particular theatre, sold them to the managers when only an actor, reserved them in manuscript when himself a manager, and when he disposed of his property in the theatre, they were still preserved in manuscript to prevent their being acted by the rival houses. Copies of some of them appear to have been surreptitiously obtained, and published in a very incorrect state; but we may suppose, that it was wiser in the author or managers to overlook this fraud, than publish a correct edition, and so destroy the exclusive property they enjoyed. It is clear, therefore, that any publication of his plays by himself would have interfered, at first with his own interest, and afterwards with the interest of those to whom he had made over his share in them. But even had this obstacle been removed, we are not sure that he would have gained much by publication. If he had no other copies but those belonging to the theatre, the business of correction for the press must have been a toil which we are afraid the taste of the public at that time would have poorly rewarded. We know not the exact portion of fame he enjoyed: it was probably the highest which dramatic genius could confer; but dramatic genius was a new excellence, and not well understood. His claims were probably not heard out of the jurisdiction of the master of the revels, certainly not beyond the metropolis. Yet such was Shakspeare's reputation, that we are told his name was put to pieces which he never wrote, and that he felt himself too confident in popular favour to undeceive the public. This was singular resolution in a man who wrote so unequally, that at this day, the test of internal evidence must be applied to his doubtful productions with the greatest caution. But still how far his character would have been elevated by an examination of his plays in the closet, in an age when the refinements of criticism were not understood, may admit of a question. "His language," says Dr. Johnson, "*not being designed for the reader's desk*, was all that he desired it to be if it conveyed his meaning to the audience."

Shakspeare died in 1616; and seven years afterwards appeared the first edition of his plays, published at the charges of four booksellers,—a circumstance from which Mr. Malone infers, “that no single publisher was at that time willing to risk his money on a complete collection of our author’s plays.” This edition was printed from the copies in the hands of his fellow-managers, Heminge and Condell, which had been in a series of years frequently altered through convenience, caprice, or ignorance. Heminge and Condell had now retired from the stage, and, we may suppose, were guilty of no injury to their successors, in printing what their own interest only had formerly withheld. Of this, although we have no documents amounting to demonstration, we may be convinced, by adverting to a circumstance, which will, in our days, appear very extraordinary, namely, the declension of Shakspeare’s popularity. We have seen that the publication of his works was accounted a doubtful speculation, and it is yet more certain, that so much had the public taste turned from him in quest of variety, that for several years after his death the plays of Fletcher were more frequently acted than his, and during the whole of the seventeenth century, they were made to give place to performances, the greater part of which cannot now be endured. During the same period only four editions of his works were published, all in folio; and perhaps this unwieldy size of volume may be an additional proof that they were not popular, nor is it thought that the impressions were numerous.

These circumstances which attach to our author and to his works, must be allowed a plausible weight in accounting for our deficiencies in his biography and literary career; but there were circumstances enough in the history of the times to suspend the progress of that more regular drama of which he had set the example, and may be considered as the founder. If we wonder why we know so much less of Shakspeare than of his contemporaries, let us recollect that his genius, however highly and justly we now rate it, took a direction which was not calculated for permanent admiration, either in the age in which he lived, or in that which followed. Shakspeare was a writer of plays, a promoter of an amusement just emerging from barbarism; and an amusement which, although it has been classed among the schools of morality, has ever had such a strong tendency to deviate from moral purposes, that the force of law has, in all ages, been called in to preserve it within the bounds of common decency. The Church has ever been unfriendly to the stage. A part of the injunctions of Queen Elizabeth is particularly directed against the printing of plays; and, according to an entry in the books of the Stationer’s Company, in the forty-first year of her reign, it is ordered, that no plays be printed, except allowed by persons in authority. Dr. Farmer also remarks, that in that age, poetry and novels were destroyed publicly by the bishops, and privately by the puritans. The main transactions, indeed, of that period, could not admit of much attention to matters of amusement. The Reformation required all the circumspection and policy of a long reign to render it so firmly established in popular favour as to brave the caprice of any succeeding sovereign. This was effected, in a great measure, by the diffusion of religious controversy, which was encouraged by the Church, and especially by the

puritans, who were the immediate teachers of the lower classes, were listened to with veneration, and usually inveighed against all public amusements, as inconsistent with Christian profession. These controversies continued during the reign of James I, and were, in a considerable degree, promoted by him, although he, like Elizabeth, was a favourite of the stage, as an appendage to the grandeur and pleasures of the Court. But the commotions which followed in the unhappy reign of Charles I, when the stage was totally abolished, are sufficient to account for the oblivion thrown on the history and works of our great bard. From this time, no inquiry was made, until it was too late to obtain any information more satisfactory, than the few hearsay scraps and contested traditions above detailed. “How little,” says Mr. Steevens, “Shakspeare was once read, may be understood from Tate, who, in his dedication to the altered play of King Lear, speaks of the original as an obscure piece, recommended to his notice by a friend, and the author of the *Tatler* having occasion to quote a few lines out of *Macbeth*, was content to receive them from D’Avenant’s alteration of that celebrated drama, in which almost every original beauty is either awkwardly disguised, or arbitrarily omitted.”

In fifty years after his death, Dryden mentions that he was then become “a little obsolete.” In the beginning of the last century, Lord Shaftesbury complains of his “rude unpolished style, and his antiquated phrase and wit.” It is certain, that for nearly a hundred years after his death, partly owing to the immediate revolution and rebellion, and partly to the licentious taste encouraged in Charles II’s time, and perhaps partly to the incorrect state of his works, he was almost entirely neglected. Mr. Malone has justly remarked, “that if he had been read, admired, studied, and imitated, in the same degree as he is now, the enthusiasm of some one or other of his admirers in the last age would have induced him to make some inquiries concerning the history of his theatrical career, and the anecdotes of his private life.”

His admirers, however, if he had admirers in that age, possessed no portion of such enthusiasm. That curiosity, which in our days has raised biography to the rank of an independent study, was scarcely known, and where known, confined principally to the public transactions of eminent characters. And if, in addition to the circumstances already stated, we consider how little is known of the personal history of Shakspeare’s contemporaries, we may easily resolve the question, why, of all men that have ever claimed admiration by genius, wisdom, or valour, who have eminently contributed to enlarge the taste, promote the happiness, or increase the reputation of their country, we know the least of Shakspeare: and why, of the few particulars which seem entitled to credit, when simply related, and in which there is no manifest violation of probability, or promise of importance, there is scarcely one which has not swelled into a controversy. After careful examination of all that modern research has discovered, we know not how to trust our curiosity beyond the limits of those barren dates which afford no personal history. The nature of Shakspeare’s writings prevents that appeal to internal evidence, which in other cases has been found to throw light on character. The purity of his morals, for example, if sought in his plays, must be measured against the licentiousness of his language, and the question will then be, how much

did he write from conviction, and how much to gratify the taste of his hearers? How much did he add to the age, and how much did he borrow from it? Pope says, "he was obliged to please the lowest of the people, and to keep the worst of company;" and Pope might have said more: for although we hope it was not true, we have no means of proving that it was false.

The only life which has been prefixed to all the editions of Shakspeare of the eighteenth century, is that drawn up by Mr. Rowe, and which he modestly calls, "Some Account," &c. In this we have what Rowe could collect when every legitimate source of information was closed, a few traditions that were floating nearly a century after the author's death. Some inaccuracies in his account have been detected in the valuable notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Malone, who, in other parts of their respective editions, have scattered a few brief notices which we have incorporated with the present sketch. The whole, however, is unsatisfactory. Shakspeare, in his private character, in his friendships, in his amusements, in his closet, in his family, is no where before us; and such was the nature of the writings on which his fame depends, and of that employment in which he was engaged, that being in no important respect connected with the history of his age, it is in vain to look into the latter for any information concerning him.

Mr. Capell is of opinion, that he wrote some prose works, because "it can hardly be supposed that he, who had so considerable a share in the confidence of the Earls of Essex and Southampton, could be a mute spectator only of controversies in which they were so much interested." This editor, however, appears to have taken for granted, a degree of confidence with these two statesmen, which he ought first to have proved. Shakspeare might have enjoyed the confidence of their social hours; but it is mere conjecture that they admitted him into the confidence of their state affairs. Mr. Malone, whose opinions are entitled to a higher degree of credit, thinks that his prose compositions, if they should be discovered, would exhibit the same perspicuity, the same cadence, the same elegance and vigour, which we find in his plays. It is unfortunate, however, for all wishes and all conjectures, that not a line of Shakspeare's manuscript is known to exist, and his prose writings are no where hinted at. We have only printed copies of his plays and poems, and those so depraved by carelessness or ignorance, that all the labour of all his commentators has not yet been able to restore them to a probable purity. Many of the greatest difficulties attending the perusal of them, yet remain, and will require, what it is scarcely possible to expect, greater sagacity and more happy conjecture than have hitherto been employed.

Of his POEMS, it is perhaps necessary that some notice should be taken, although they have never been favourites with the public, and have seldom been reprinted with his plays. Shortly after his death, Mr. Malone informs us, a very incorrect impression of them was issued out, which in every subsequent edition was implicitly followed, until he published a corrected edition in 1780 with illustrations, &c. But the peremptory decision of Mr. Steevens on the merits of these poems must be our apology for omitting them in the present abridgment of that critic's labours. "We have not reprinted the Sonnets, &c. of Shakspeare, because the

strongest act of Parliament that could be framed would fail to compel readers into their service. Had Shakspeare produced no other works than these, his name would have reached us with as little celebrity as time has conferred on that of Thomas Watson, an older and much more elegant sonneteer."

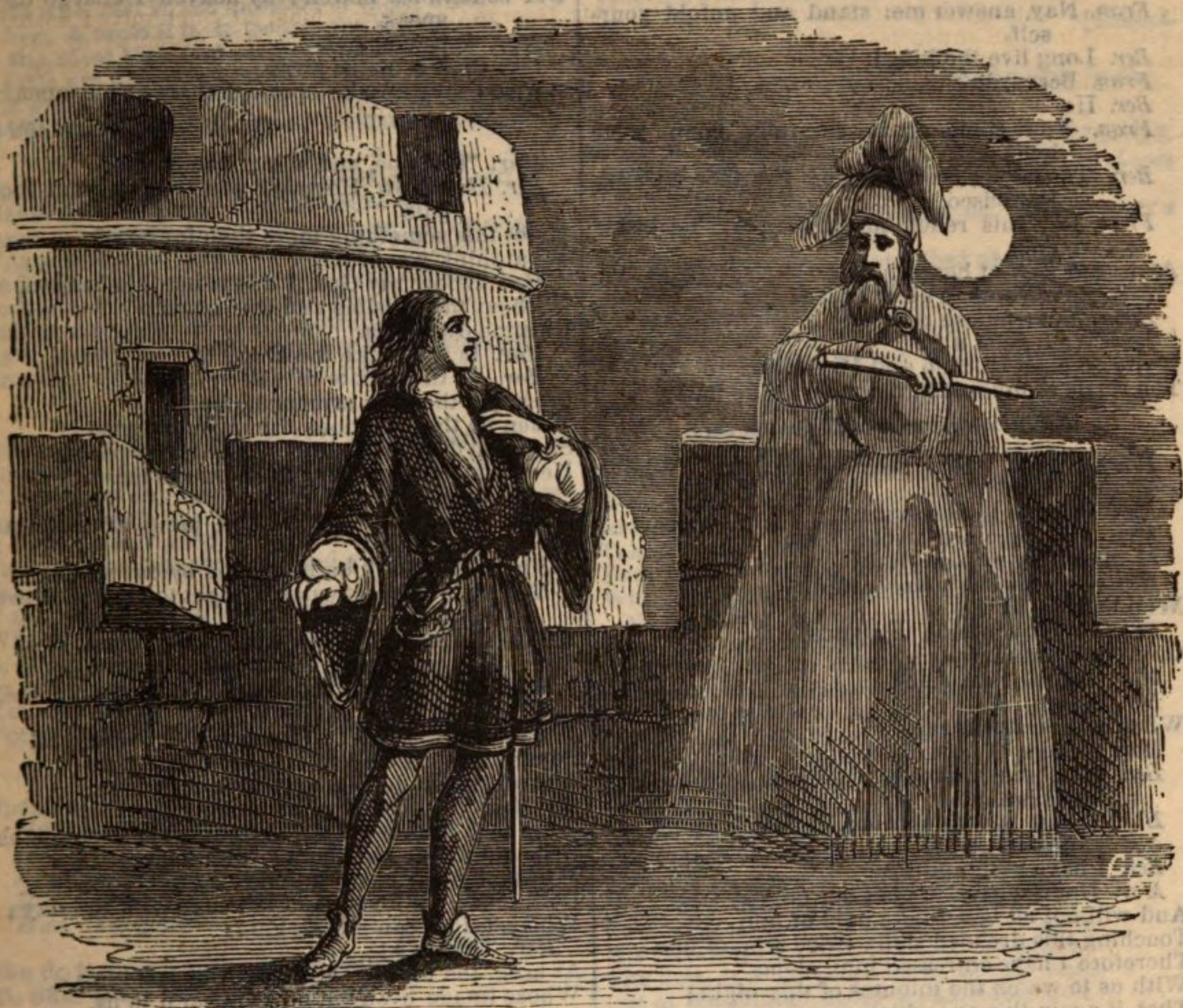
The elegant preface of Dr. Johnson gives an account of the attempts made in the early part of the last century to revive the memory and reputation of our poet, by Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, and Warburton, whose respective merits he has characterized with candour, and with singular felicity of expression. Shakspeare's works may be overloaded with criticism, for what writer has excited so much curiosity, and so many opinions? but Johnson's preface is an accompaniment worthy of the genius it celebrates. His own edition followed in 1765; and a second, in conjunction with Mr. Steevens, in 1773. The third edition of the joint editors appeared in 1785, the fourth in 1793, and the last and most complete, in 1803, in twenty-one volumes octavo. Mr. Malone's edition was published in 1790, in ten volumes, crown octavo, and is now become exceedingly scarce. His original notes and improvements, however, are incorporated in the editions of 1793 and 1803, by Mr. Steevens. Mr. Malone says, that from the year 1716 to the date of his edition in 1790,—that is, in seventy-four years, above 30,000 copies of Shakspeare have been dispersed through England." To this, we may add with confidence, that since 1790, that number has been doubled. During last year, no fewer than nine editions were in the press, belonging to the proprietors of this work; and if we add the editions printed by others, and those published in Scotland, Ireland, and America, we may surely fix the present as the highest era of Shakspeare's popularity. Nor among the honours paid to his genius, ought we to forget the very magnificent edition undertaken by Messrs. Boydell. Still less ought it to be forgotten how much the reputation of Shakspeare was revived by the unrivalled excellence of Garrick's performance. His share in directing the public taste towards the study of Shakspeare was, perhaps, greater than that of any individual in his time, and such was his zeal, and such his success, in this laudable attempt, that he may readily be forgiven the foolish mummery of the Stratford Jubilee.

When public opinion had begun to assign to Shakspeare the very high rank he was destined to hold, he became the promising object of fraud and imposture. This we have already observed, he did not wholly escape in his own time, and he had the spirit or policy to despise it. It was reserved for modern impostors, however, to avail themselves of the obscurity in which his history is involved. In 1751, a book was published, entitled, "A Compendious or brief examination of certayne ordinary Complaints of diuers of our Countrymen in those our days: which, although they are in some Parte unjust and frivolous, yet are they all by way of dialogue thoroughly debated and discussed by William Shakspeare, Gentleman." This had been originally published in 1581; but Dr. Farmer has clearly proved that *W. S. gent.* the only authority for attributing it to Shakspeare in the reprinted edition, meant *William Stafford, gent.* Theobald, the same accurate critic informs us, was desirous of palming upon the world a play called "Double Falsehood," for a posthumous one of Shakspeare. In 1770, was reprinted at

Feversham, an old play called "The Tragedy of Arden of Feversham and Black Will," with a preface attributing it to Shakspeare, without the smallest foundation. But these were trifles compared to the atrocious attempt made in 1795-6, when, besides a vast mass of prose and verse, letters, &c., pretendedly in the handwriting of Shakspeare and his correspondents, an entire play, entitled Vortigern, was not only brought forward for the astonishment of the admirers of Shakspeare, but was actually performed on Drury Lane stage. It would be unnecessary to expatiate on the merits of this play,

which Mr. Steevens has very happily characterized as "the performance of a madman without a lucid interval," or to enter more at large into the nature of a fraud so recent, and so soon acknowledged by the authors of it. It produced, however, an interesting controversy between Mr. Malone and Mr. George Chalmers, which, although mixed with some unpleasant asperities, was extended to inquiries into the history and antiquities of the stage, from which future critics and historians may derive considerable information.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.



Hamlet.—"ANGELS AND MINISTERS OF GRACE, DEFEND US!"—Act i, scene 4.

Persons Represented.

OLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.

HAMLET, Son to the former King, and Nephew to the present King.

POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.

HORATIO, Friend to Hamlet.

LAERTES, Son to Polonius.

VOLTIMAND,

CORNELIUS,

ROSENCRANTZ,

GUILDENSTERN,

OSRIC, a Courtier.

Another COURTIER.

A PRIEST.

} Courtiers.

MARCELLUS, } Officers.

BERNARDO, }

FRANCISCO, a Soldier.

REYNALDO, Servant to Polonius.

A CAPTAIN.—An AMBASSADOR.

GHOST of Hamlet's Father.

FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and Mother of Hamlet.

OPHELIA, Daughter of Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Gravediggers
Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—Elsinore.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.*FRANCISCO at his Post. Enter to him
BERNARDO.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. Ha.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?

Ber. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. O farewell, honest soldier!
Who hath reliev'd you?Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night.

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say.

What, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy;
And will not let belief take hold of him.
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him, along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile;

And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.Ber. Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king's that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like:—it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee,
speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak: speak, I charge thee, speak.

Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:

It not this something more than fantasy?
What think you of it?Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polack on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;

But, in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week:
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day;
Who is't, that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher: as, by the same covenant
And carriage of the article design'd,
Has fell to Hamlet: Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved metal hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shar'd up a list of lawless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't: which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state)
But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands,
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,

Is the main motive of our preparations:
The source of this our watch; and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other, but even so:
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was, and is, the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

* * * * *

As, stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.
And even the like precursor of fierce events,—
As harbingers preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing, may avoid.
O, speak!
Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life,
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death.

(Cock crows.)

Speak of it:—stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone!

[Exit Ghost.]

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill;
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice

Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the same.*

Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords and attendants.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death

The memory be green; and that us it befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress to this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with defeated joy,—
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye;
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—
Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Collegued with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands,
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
His farther gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject;—and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no farther personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these delated articles allow.

Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. & Vol. In that, and all things, will we show
our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.

[Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: What would'st thou beg,
Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What would'st thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;

From whence, though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave,

By laboursome petition; and, at last,
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy best graces; spend it at thy will.—

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

[*Aside.*

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord, I am too much i'the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

Thou know'st, 'tis common; all that live must die,

Passing through nature to eternity

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspirations of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which passeth show;
These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term

To do obsequious sorrow: But to persevere
In obstinate condolment, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;

A heart unfortified, a mind impatient;
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what, we know, must be, and is as common

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse, till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to earth

This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love,
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:

And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers
Hamlet;

I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'Tis a loving and a fair reply;

Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unfor'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, Lords, &c., Polonius and Laertes.*

Ham. O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,

Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is woman;

A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married;—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well:

Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, Sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

'Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—

My father,—Methinks, I see my father.

Hor. Where,
My lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yester night.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father?

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waist and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point, exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and, with a solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we
watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not
His face?

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more
in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would, I had been there.

Hor. It would have amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like.

Very like: Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a
hundred.

Mar. & Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzled? no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life.
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I will watch to-night;

Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,

Let it be tenable in your silence still;

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,

Give it an understanding, but no tongue:

I will requite your loves: So, fare you well:

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you; Farewell.

[*Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.*]

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would the night were
come!

Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's
eyes. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Room in Polonius's House.

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.

Laer. My necessities are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute:
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews, and bulk; but as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head: Then, if he says he loves
you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,

As he in his particular act and place

May give his saying deed; which is no farther,

Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,

If with too credent ear you list his songs;

Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open

To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart: But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.

Laer. O fear me not.
I stay too long:—But here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes? aboard, aboard, for
shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for: There,—my blessing with
you:

(Laying his hand on Laertes' head.)

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. *[Exit.]*

Pol. What is it, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord
Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought;
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and boun-
teous:

If it be so, (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,

You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more
dearly:

Or, (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wrangling it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech,
my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows; these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,—

You must not take for fire. From this time
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, That he is young;

And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers
Not of that die which their investments shew,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for all,—

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*The Platform.*

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed! I heard it not; it then draws near
the season,

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

*(A flourish of trumpets and ordnance shot
off within.)*

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes
his rouse,

Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Make us traduced, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us, drunkards, and with swinish phrase

Soil our addition; and, indeed it takes
 From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
 The pith and marrow of our attribute.
 So, oft it chances in particular men,
 That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 As in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
 Since nature cannot choose his origin,)—
 By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
 Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
 The form of plausible manners;—that these men,
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect;
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
 Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo,)—
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault: The dram of base
 Doth all the noble substance often out,
 To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd.
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
 Thou comest in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
 King, father: Royal Dane, O, answer me:
 Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
 Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in urn'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
 To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
 So horribly to shake our disposition,
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more removed ground:
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what would be the fear?
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee
 And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
 Being a thing immortal as itself?
 It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my
 lord,
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea;
 And there assume some other horrible form,
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
 And draw you into madness? think of it:
 The very place puts toys of desperation,
 Without more motive, into every brain,
 That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
 And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still:
 Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be ruled, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body
 As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—

(Ghost beckons.)

Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;—

(Breaking from them.)

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:—
 I say, away:—Go on, I'll follow thee.

[Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.]

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after:—To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—A more remote part of the Platform.

Re-enter Ghost and HAMLET.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go
 no farther.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
 When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
 Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
 To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt
 hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
 Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
 And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
 Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
 Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
 spheres;

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand an-end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood:—List, list, O list!—
 If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural mur-
 der.

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I, with wings as
 swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
 May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
 That rots itself in ease on lathes wharf,
 Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear;
 'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard
 A serpent stung me: so the whole ear of Denmark
 Is by a forged process of my death
 Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,
 The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
 Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterous beast,
 With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
 (O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power

So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
 'The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen;
 O Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow
 I made to her in marriage; and to decline
 Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine!
 But virtue, as it never will be moved,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
 Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on garbage.
 But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
 Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,
 My custom always of the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body;
 And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
 All my smooth body.
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd:
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneal'd;
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account,
 With all my imperfections on my head:
 O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire!
 Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

[Exit.

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?

And shall I couple hell?—O fy!—Hold, hold, my heart;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by Heaven.
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 My tables,—meet it is, I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain!
 At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark:

(Writing.)

So, uncle, there you are. Now, to my word;
 It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*
 I have sworn't.

Hor. (Within.) My lord, my lord,—

Mar. (Within.) Lord Hamlet,—

Hor. (Within.) Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it!

Mar. (Within.) Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. O, Wonderful!

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No:

You will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by Heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man
 once think it?—

But you'll be secret,—

Hor. & Mar. Ay, by Heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Den-
 mark,

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from
 the grave,

To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;
 And so, without more circumstance at all,
 I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:
 You, as your business and desire shall point you;
 For every man hath business and desire,
 Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
 Look you, I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my
 lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; yes,
 'Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by St. Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
 And much offence too. Touching this vision here,—
 It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;
 For your desire to know what is between us,
 O'ermaster it as you may. And now, good friends,
 As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
 Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is 't my lord
 We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen
 to-night,

Hor. & Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear 't.

Hor. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. (Beneath.) Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there
 true-penny?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
 Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
 Swear by my sword.

Ghost. (Beneath.) Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then we will shift our
 ground:—

Come hither, gentlemen,
 And lay your hands again upon my sword:
 Swear by my sword,

Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. (Beneath.) Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come:—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy!

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, *Well, well, we know:—or, We could, an if we would;—or, If we list to speak;—or, There be, an if they might;*

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me:—this do you swear,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

Ghost. (Beneath.) Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen, With all my love I do commend me to you;

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do, to express his love and friending to you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint,—O cursed spite!

That ever I was born to set it right!

Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in Polonius's House.

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquiry Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;

And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,

What company, at what expense; and finding,

By this encompassment and drift of question,

That they do know my son, come you more nearer

Than your particular demands will touch it:

Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;

As thus,—*I know his father, and his friends,*

And, in part, him;—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. And, in part, him;—but, you may say, not well: But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;

Addicted so and so;—and there put on him

What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

As are companions noted and most known

To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,

Drabbing.—You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.

You must not put another scandal on him.

That he is open to incontinency;

That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty:

The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;

A savageness in unreclaimed blood,

Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of wit

You laying these slight sullies on my son,

As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working.

Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound,

Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes,

The youth you breathe of, guilty, be assured,

He closes with you in this consequence,

Good sir, or so; or friend, or gentleman,—

According to the phrase, or the addition,

Of man or country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—he does—

What was I about to say? By the mass, I was about to say something:—Where did I leave?

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence.—Ay, marry;

He closes with you thus:—*I know the gentleman;*

I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,

Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,

There was he gaming; there o'ertook in his rouse;

There falling out of tennis; or, perchance,

I saw him enter such a house of sale,

(Videlicet, a brothel,) or so forth.

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth;

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlaces, and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out:

So, by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you, my son: You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you, fare you well.

Rey. Good, my lord,—

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter OPHELIA.

Pol. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

Oph. O my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,

Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbraced;

No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,

Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;

Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;

And with a look so piteous in purport,

As if he had been loosed out of hell,

To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know,

But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard:

'Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
 And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
 He falls to such perusal of my face,
 As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;
 At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
 He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
 As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
 And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
 And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
 For out o' doors he went without their helps;
 And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.
 This is the very ecstasy of love;
 Whose violent property foredoes itself;
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
 As oft as any passion under heaven,
 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
 What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
 I did repel his letters, and denied
 His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
 I am sorry that with better heed and judgment,
 I had not quoted him: I fear'd, he did but trifle,
 And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my
 jealousy!
 It seems, it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
 This must be known; which being kept close, might
 move
 More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
 Come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A room in the Castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!
 Moreover that we much did long to see you,
 The need we have to use you, did provoke
 Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
 Of Hamlet's transformation, so I call it,
 Since not the exterior nor the inward man
 Resembles that it was. What it should be,
 More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
 So much from the understanding of himself,
 I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
 That,—being of so young days brought up with him;
 And, since, so neighbour'd to his youth and
 humour,—

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
 Some little time: so by your companies
 To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
 So much as from occasion you may glean,
 Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
 That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of
 you;
 And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you,
 To show us so much gentry and good will,
 As to expend your time with us a while,
 For the supply and profit of our hope,
 Your visitation shall receive such thanks
 As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
 Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,

Put your dread pleasure more into command
 Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey;
 And here give ourselves, in the full bent,
 To lay our service freely at your feet,
 To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz:

And I beseech you instantly to visit
 My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
 And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
 Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!
 [Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants.]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
 Are joyfully returned.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
 I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
 Both to my God, and to my gracious king;
 And I do think, (or else this brain of mine
 Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
 As it hath used to do,) that I have found
 The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
 My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them
 in.

[Exit Polonius.]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
 The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
 His father's death, and our o'er hasty marriage.

Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

King. Well, we shall sift him.—Welcome, my
 good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.
 Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
 His nephew's levies which to him appear'd
 To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
 But, better look'd into, he truly found
 It was against your highness; Whereat grieved,—
 That so his sickness, age, and impotence,
 Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests
 On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,
 Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
 Makes vow before his uncle, never more
 To give th' assay of arms against your majesty.
 Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
 Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee;
 And his commission, to employ those soldiers,
 So levied as before, against the Polack;
 With an entreaty, herein farther shewn,

(Gives a paper.)

That it might please you to give quiet pass
 Through your dominions for this enterprise;
 On such regards of safety and allowance
 As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
 And, at our more considered time, we'll read,
 Answer, and think upon this business.

Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time,
Therefore,—since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,—
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad, call I it; for to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true. 'tis true, 'tis pity:
And pity 'tis, 'tis true. a foolish figure:
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
That we find out the cause of this effect:
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.

I have a daughter; have, while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: Now gather, and surmise.
—*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beauti-
fied Ophelia,*—
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; *beautified* is a
vile phrase; but you shall hear,—Thus:

In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faith-
ful.—

*Doubt thou, the stars are fire; (Reads.)
Doubt, that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.*

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I have not
art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O
most best, believe it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
this machine is to him, HAMLET.*

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me:
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you
think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk, or table book;
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus did I bespeak:
*Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy sphere;
This must not be:* and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens,

Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, (I'd fain know
that,)

That I have positively said, 'Tis so,
When it proved otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:

(*Pointing to his head and shoulder.*)

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it farther?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours
together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time, I'll loose my daughter to
him:

Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch
comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away;
I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.—

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*]

How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god'-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well: you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is
to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That is very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead
dog, being a god kissing carrion,—Have you a
daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is
a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive,—
friend, look to 't.

Pol. How say you by that? (*Aside.*) Still harp-
ing on my daughter:—Yet he knew me not at first,
he said, I was a fishmonger: He is far gone, far
gone: and, truly, in my youth, I suffered much
extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to
him again. What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says
here, that old men have grey beards; that their
faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber,
and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful
lack of wit, together with most weak hams: All
of which, sir, though I most powerfully and

potently believe, yet I hold it not honestly to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in it. (*Aside.*) Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave!

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Pol. You go to seek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God save you, sir! (*To Polonius.*)

[*Exit Polonius.*]

Guil. My honour's lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!—

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near: But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord?

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. There are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and outstretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. & Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no?

Ros. What say you? (*To Guildenstern.*)

Ham. Nay, then, I have an eye of you; (*Aside.*)—if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals. And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, nor woman neither; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there is no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, *Man delights not me*?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way: and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king, shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target: the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an aiery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for 't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them,) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come hither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they escorted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession.

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them on to controversy: there was for awhile, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains?

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord? Hercules and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange: for my uncle is king of Denmark; and those, that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

(*Flourish of trumpets within.*)

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent to the players which I tell you, must shew fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you, too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning: 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-com-

ical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel,—what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—*One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.*

Pol. Still on my daughter. [*Aside.*

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, *As by lot, God wot*, and then, you know, *It came to pass, As most like it was*,—The first row of the pious chanson will shew you more; for look, my abridgment comes.

Enter Four or Five Players.

You are welcome, masters: welcome, all:—I am glad to see thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last; Comest thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and mistress! By-r-lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to it like French falconers, fly at anything we see: We'll have a speech straight: Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1 Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgments, in such matters, cried in the top of mine,) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallets in the lines, to make the matter savoury: nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the author of affectation but called it, an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—
'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

*The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons;
Baked and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: Roasted in wrath, and fire,
An thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks:—So, proceed you.*

Pol. Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

1 Play. Anon he finds him

*Striking too short at Greeks: his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,*

*Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerv'd father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd in the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.*

*But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forged for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—*

*Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round knave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!*

Pol. This is too long.

*Ham. It shall to the barber's with your beard.—
Pr'ythee, say on: He's for a jig, or a tale of
bawdry, or he sleeps:—say on: come to Hecuba.*

*1 Play. But who, ah wo! had seen the mobled
queen—*

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

*1 Play. Ran barefoot up and down, threat'ning the
flames*

*With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teeming loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pro-
nounced:*

*But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport,
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all.)*

*Would have made milch the burning eye of heaven,
And passion in the gods.*

*Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his colour,
and has tears in 's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.*

*Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest
of this soon.—Good, my lord, will you see the
players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be
well used; for they are the abstract, and brief chron-
icles of the time: After your death you were
better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report
while you live.*

*Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their
desert.*

*Ham. Odd's bodikin, man, much better: Use
every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape
whipping? Use them after your own honour and
dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is
in your bounty. Take them in.*

Pol. Come, sirs.

[Exit Polonius, with some of the Players.]

*Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-
morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you
play the murder of Gonzago?*

1. Play. Ay, my lord.

*Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could,
for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen
lines, which I would set down, and insert in 't?
could you not?*

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

*Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you
mock him not. [Exit Player.] My good friends,
(To Ros. and Guil.) I'll leave you till night: you are
welcome to Elsinore.*

Ros. Good my lord! [Exeunt Ros. and Guild.]

*Ham. Ay, so God be wi' you:—Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his visage wain'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!*

*What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do
Had he the motive, and the cue for passion,
That I have? He would drown the stage with
tears,*

*And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.*

*Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the
throat,*

*As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!*

*Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the legion kites
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless vil-
lain! O vengeance!*

*Why, what an ass am I? This is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!*

*Fy upon 't! foh! About my brains! Humph! I
have heard,*

*That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players*

*Play something like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
May be a devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with such spirits,)*

Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this: The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA,
ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of conference,
Get from him, why he puts on this confusion;
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess, he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much con-
tent me

To hear him so inclined.
Good gentlemen, give him a farther edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord. [Exit Ros. and Guild.]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia:
Her father, and myself (lawful espials,)
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge:
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope, your virtuous
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

[Exit Queen.]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, so please
you,
We will bestow ourselves!—Read on this book;
(To Ophelia.)
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much proved,—that, with devotion's
visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. O, 'tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience!

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

(Aside.)

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my
lord.

[Exit King and Polonius.]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them?—To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the
rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
tumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;

But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,

And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orizons
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well you
did;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath com-
posed

As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you should
admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better com-
merce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will
sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd;

than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness; this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven! We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in 's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell: Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance: Go to; I'll no more of't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. *[Exit.]*

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do not doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
Will be some danger: Which, for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus set it down: He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet I do believe,

The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen-mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief; let her be round with him;
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference: if she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him, where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:

Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Hall in the same.

Enter HAMLET, and certain players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shews, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: Pray you, avoid it.

1 Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 Play. I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

[Exeunt Players.]

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.—

[*Exit Polonius.*]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. Ay, my lord. [*Exeunt Ros. and Guild.*]

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man,
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed, and clothe thee? Why should the poor be
flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou
hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
She hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast
been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blessed are
those

Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she pleases: Give me that
man,

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—

There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee of my father's death.

I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,

It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;

And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:

If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be
idle;

Get you a place.

*Danish march. A Flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN,
POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN, and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i'faith; of the camelion's dish:
I eat the air, promise-crammed: You cannot feed
capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet;
these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. My lord,—you played
once in the university, you say? [*To Polonius.*]

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a
good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the
Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill so capital
a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more at-
tractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [*To the King.*]

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap!

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maid's
legs.

Oph. What is, my lord.

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O! your only jig-maker. What should a
man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheer-
fully my mother looks, and my father died within
these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black,
for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two
months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's
hope, a great man's memory may outlive his life
half a year: But, by'r-lady, he must build churches
then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with
the hobbyhorse: whose epitaph is, *For O, for O, the
hobby-horse is forgot.*

Trumpets sound. The dumb shew follows.

*Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen
embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes
shew of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and
declines his head upon her neck; lays him down
upon a bank of flowers; she, seeing him asleep, leaves
him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown,
kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ear and
exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and
makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some
two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to
lament with her. The dead body is carried away.
The poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts; she seems
loath and unwilling awhile, but, in the end, accepts
his love.* [*Exeunt.*]

Oph. What means this my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching Mallecho; it means
mischief.

Oph. Belike, this shew imports the argument of
the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players
cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this shew meant?

Ham. Ay, or any shew that you'll shew him: Be
not you ashamed to shew, he'll not shame to tell
you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark
the play.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round;
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon

Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
But, wo is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women fear too much, even as they love;
And women's fear and love hold quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is sized, my fear is so.

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee love, and shortly too;

My operant powers their functions leave to do;
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, beloved; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!

None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's wormwood. *(Aside.)*

P. Queen. The instances, that second marriage move,

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you speak;

But, what we do determine, oft we break.

Purpose is but the slave to memory:

Of violent birth, but poor validity;

Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;
But fall, unskaken, when they mellow be.

Most necessary 'tis, that we forget

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is deb't;

What to ourselves in passion we propose,

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

The violence of either grief or joy

Their own enactures with themselves destroy:

Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;

Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,

That even our loves should with our fortunes change;

For, 'tis a question left us yet to prove,

Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies;

The poor advanced makes friends of enemies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:

For who not needs, shall never lack a friend;

And who in want a hollow friend doth try,

Directly seasons him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun,—

Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,

That our devices still are overthrown;

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:

So think thou wilt no second husband wed;

But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light!

Sport and repose lock from me, day and night!

To desperation turn my trust and hope!

An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!

Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,

Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!

Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now.—*(To Ophelia.)*

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile

The tedious day with sleep. *(Sleeps.)*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;

And never come mischance between us twain!

[Exit.]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest: no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name: his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: But what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.—

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands.—Begin, murderer;—leave thy damnable faces, and begin.—Come;—

—The croaking raven

Doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magic and dire property,

On wholesome life usurp immediately.

(Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.)

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate. His name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frightened with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light:—away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play:

For some must watch, while some must sleep,
Thus runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,) with two Provencial roses on my rayed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very very—peacock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music; come, the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Come, some music.

Guil. Good, my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellously distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew itself more richer, to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good, my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then, thus she says: Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.

Have you any farther trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but, *While the grass grows*,—the proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players, with Recorders.

O, the recorders:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you.—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. S'blood, do you think, I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is back'd like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

[*Exit Polonius.*]

Ham. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt Ros. Guil. Hor. &c.*]

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes
out

Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,

And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my
mother.—

O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals, never, my soul, consent!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Same.

Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. I like him not ; nor stands it safe with us,
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare
you ;

I your commission will forthwith despatch,
And he to England shall along with you :
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guil. We will ourselves provide :
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many many bodies safe,
That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance ; but much more
That spirit, upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone ; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it : it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spoke ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoin'd ; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy
voyage :

For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. & Guil. We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet :
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process ; I'll warrant, she'll tax him
home :

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience, than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege :
I'll call upon you, ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit Polonius.*]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder !—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will ;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood ?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence ?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down ? Then I'll look up ;
My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder,—
That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder ?
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence ?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;

And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law : But 'tis not so above :
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature ; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?
Try what repentance can : What can it not ?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent ?
O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged ! Help, angels, make essay !
Bow, stubborn knees ! and, heart, with strings of
steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe !—
All may be well ! [Retires, and kneels]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying ;
And now I'll do't ;—and so he goes to heaven :
And so am I revenged. That would be scann'd :
A villain kills my father ; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

Why, tis hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread ;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May ;
And, how his audit stands, who knows, save
heaven ?

But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him : And am I then revenged,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage ?
No.

Up, sword ; and know thou a more horrid hent :
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed ;
At gaming, swearing ; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't :
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven :
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays :
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit.

The King rises and advances.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain
below :
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Another Room in the same.

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you, lay home
to him ;
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear
with :
And that your grace has screen'd and stood be-
tween
Much heat and him. I'll scone me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Queen. I'll warrant you ;
Fear me not :—withdraw, I hear him coming.
(*Polonius hides himself.*)

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother ; what's the matter ?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much
offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle
tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet ?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And,—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit down; you shall not budge;

You go not, till I set you up a glass,

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

Help, help, ho!

Pol. (Behind.) What, ho! help!

Ham. How now! a rat?

(Draws.)

Dead, for a ducat, dead.

(Hamlet makes a pass through the arras.)

Pol. (Behind.) O, I am slain.

(Falls and dies.)

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:

Is it the king?

(Lifts up the arras, and draws forth Polonius.)

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed;—almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

(To Polonius.)

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:

Thou find'st to be too busy, is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; sit you down,

And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom hath not brazed it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;

Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love

And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows

As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed

As from the body of contraction plucks

The very soul; and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,

With tristful visage, as against the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me, what act,

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow:

Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;

A station like the herald Mercury

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;

A combination, and a form, indeed,

Where every god did seem to set his seal,

To give the world assurance of a man:

This was your husband.—Look you now what follows:

Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?

'ould you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?

B

You cannot call it, love: for at your age,

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And waits upon the judgment, and what judgment

Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,

Else could you not have motion: But, sure, that sense

Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;

Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd

But it reserved some quantity of choice,

To serve in such a difference. What devil was

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,

Or but a sickly part of one true sense

Could not so mope.

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,

To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,

And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,

When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;

Since frost itself as actively doth burn,

And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;

And there I see such black and grain'd spots,

As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live

In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed;

Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love

Over the nasty sty;—

Queen. O, speak to me no more;

These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;

No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain:

A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe

Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings;

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,

And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king

Of shreds and patches:—

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,

You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,

That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by

The important acting of your dread command?

O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation

Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:

O, step between her and her fighting soul;

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;

Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?

That you do bend your eye on vacancy,

And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;

And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,

Your bedded hair, like life in excrements

Starts up and stands on end. O gentle son,

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper

Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me;

Lest, with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he lived;

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:

This bodiless creation ecstasy

Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,

And makes as heathful music: It is not madness

That I have utter'd: bring me to the test

And I the matter will re-word, which madness

Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,

That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:

It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;

Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,

Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven:

Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;

And do not spread the compost on the weeds,

To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:

For in the fatness of these pursy times,

Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;

Yea, curb and woe, for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,

And live the purer with the other half.

Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,

Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;

That to the use of actions fair and good

He likewise gives a frock, or livery,

That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night:

And that shall lend a kind of easiness

To the next abstinence: the next more easy!

For use almost can change the stamp of nature,

And either curb the devil, or throw him out

With wondrous potency. Once more, good night;

And when you are desirous to be bless'd,

I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

(*Pointing to Polonius.*)

I do repent: But Heaven hath pleased it so,—

To punish me with this, and this with me,

That I must be their scourge and minister.

I will bestow him, and will answer well

The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—

I must be cruel, only to be kind:

Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—

But one word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:

Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed:

Pinch wanton on your cheek: call you, his mouse;

And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,

Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,

Make you to ravel all this matter out,

That I essentially am not in madness,

But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know:

For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,

Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,

Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?

No, in despite of sense and secrecy.

Unpeg the basket on the house's top,

Let the birds fly; and, like the famous ape,

To try conclusions, in the basket creep,

And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assured, if words be made of breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe

What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,

I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two school-fellows,—

Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—

They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,

And marshal me to knavery: Let it work,

For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer

Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard,

But I will delve one yard below their mines,

And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,

When in one line two crafts directly meet.—

This man shall set me packing.

I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room:—

Mother, good night—Indeed, this counsellor

Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,

Who was in life a foolish prating knave.

Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.

Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally: Hamlet, dragging in Polonius.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in these sighs; these profound heaves

You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them:

Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.—

(*To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who go out.*)

Ay, my lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier: In his lawless fit,

Behind the arras hearing something stir,

Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat! A rat!*

And, in this brainish apprehension, kills

The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:

His liberty is full of threats to all;

To you yourself, to us, to every one.

Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?

It will be laid to us, whose providence

Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,

This mad young man: but, so much was our love,

We would not understand what was most fit;

But, like the owner of a foul disease,

To keep it from divulging, let it feed

Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore,
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shews itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho: Guildenstern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some farther aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragged
him:

Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[Exeunt Ros. and Guil.]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander,—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot.—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.—O come away!
My soul is full of discord, and dismay. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Another Room in the House.

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Safely stow'd.—*(Ros. &c., within. Hamlet lord Hamlet!)* But soft,—what noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Beside, to be demanded of a sponge!—what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end. He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed. When he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter KING, attended.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:

He's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,

But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,

This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are relieved,

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else, to fat us: and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas! alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to shew you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. *(To some Attendants.)*

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—

Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence

With fiery quickness: Therefore, prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them.—But, come for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England. *[Exit.]*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:
Away! for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on th' affair: Pray you, make haste. *[Exeunt Ros. and Guil.]*

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—*A Plain in Denmark.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, and Forces, marching.

For. Go, captain, from me, greet the Danish king;
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promised march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on. *[Exeunt Fortinbras and forces.]*

*Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN, &c.*

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir

Ham. How purposed, sir,

I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who

Commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;

Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,

A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand
ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw:

This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace;
That inward breaks, and shews no cause without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you sir.

[Exit.]

Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I will be with you straight. Go a little
before.

[Exeunt Ros. and Guil.]

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part
wisdom,

And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, *This thing's to do;*

Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and
means,

To do 't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me
Witness, this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain!—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—*Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter QUEEN and HORATIO.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate; indeed, distract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father; says, she
hears,

There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats
her heart;

Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The hearers to collection: they aim at it,

And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield
them,

Indeed would make one think, there might be
thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Queen. 'Twere good, she was spoken with: for
she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:

Let her come in.

[Exit Horatio.]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,

Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss;

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,

It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Den-
mark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. How should I your true love know
From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff,

And his sandal shoon? *(Singing.)*

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady,

(Sings.)

He is dead and gone;

At his head a green-grass turf,

At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow. (Sings.)

Enter KING.

Queen Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. *Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.*

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ield you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table.

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they ask what it means, say you this:

*Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:*

*Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on 't.

*By Gis, and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fy for shame!
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;
By cock, they are to blame.*

*Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed:
(He answers.)*

*So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.*

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think, they should lay him i' the cold ground: My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night! [Exit.]

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [Exit Horatio.]

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs All from her father's death: And now behold, O Gertrude, Gertrude, When sorrows come, they come not single spies, But in battalions! First, her father slain; Next, your son gone; and he most violent author Of his own just remove: The people muddied, Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers, For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,

In hugger-mugger to inter him: Poor Ophelia Divided from herself, and her fair judgment; Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts. Last, and as much containing as all these, Her brother is in secret come from France; Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds, And wants not buzzers to infect his ear With pestilent speeches of his father's death; Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd, Will nothing stick our person to arraign In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,

Like to a murdering piece, in many places Gives me superfluous death. (A noise within.) Queen. Alack! what noise is this!

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend:

Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door:

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord; The ocean, overpeering of his list, Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste, Than young Laertes, in a riotous head, O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him lord; And, as the world were now but to begin, Antiquity forgot, custom not known, The ratifiers and props of every word, They cry, *Choose we; Laertes shall be king!* Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds, *Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!*

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry! O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. (Noise within.)

Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Dan. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will.

(They retire without the door.)

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,

Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me bastard;

Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes, That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?— Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person; There's such divinity doth hedge a king, That treason can but peep to what it would, Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes, Why thou art thus incensed?—Let him go, Gertrude;

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with;

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil! Conscience, and grace, to the profoundest pit! I dare damnation: To this point I stand,— That both the worlds I give to negligence, Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's:

And, for my means, I'll husband them so well, They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,

That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,

Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms:

And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

Danes. (Within.) Let her come in.

Laer. How now? what noise is that?

Enter OPHELIA, fantastically dressed with straws and flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By Heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O Heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him barefaced on the bier;

Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:

And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade
revenge,

It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call him
a-down-a.* O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the
false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
pray you, love, remember; and there is pansies,
that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and re-
membrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:—
there's rue for you; and here's some for me:—we
may call it, herb of grace o' Sundays:—you may
wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:—
I would give you some violets; but they withered all,
when my father died:—They say, he made a good
end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,— (Sings.)

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell it-
self,
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again? (Sings.)*

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy death-bed,

He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll:

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan;

God 'a mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls! I pray God. God be
wi' you! *[Exit Ophelia.]*

Laer. Do you see this, O God!

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you
will,

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so;

His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;

And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VI.—Another room in the same.

Enter HORATIO, and a Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with
me?

Serv. Sailors, sir;

They say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.—

[Exit Servant.]

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 Sail. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a
letter for you, sir; it comes from the ambassador
that was bound for England; if your name be
Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. (Reads.) *Horatio, when thou shalt have over-
looked this, give these fellows some means to the
king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days
old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave
us chase: Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put
on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded
them: on the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I
alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with
me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they
did: I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king
have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to
me—with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have
words to speak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet
are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These
good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz
and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of
them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.*

He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him, from whom you brought them. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.—Another room in the same.

Enter King and LAERTES.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance
seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears:—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,

So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things
else,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his
mother,

Lives almost by his looks: and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which)
She is so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender bear him:
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must
not think,

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear
more:

I loved your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now? what news?

Enter a messenger.

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them
not;

They were given me by Claudio, he received them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them:
Leave us.

[Exit Messenger.]

(Reads.) High and mighty, you shall know, I am set
naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave
to see your kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking
your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my
sudden and more strange return. HAMLET

What should this mean? Are all the rest come
back?

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. Naked,—
And, in a postscript here, he says, alone:
Can you advise me?

Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

King. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now re-
turn'd,—

As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him

To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe;
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be ruled,
The rather, if you could devise it so,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.—Two months
since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have seen myself, and served against the French,
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in 't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wond'rous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorp'd and demi-natured
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamor.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimers of their
nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them: Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your
father;

But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too much: That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this would
changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this should is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But to the quick o' the ulcer;
Hamlet comes back; What would you undertake,

To shew yourself, indeed, your father's son
More than in words?

Lear. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctu-
arize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good
Laertes,

Will you do this, keep close within your chamber:
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, to-
gether,

And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't:

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's farther think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad perform-
ance,

'Twere better not assay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft;—let me see:—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—
I ha't:

When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd
him

A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose, may hold there. But stay, what
noise?

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd, La-
ertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call
them:

There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread
wide;

And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes;
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,

Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then, she is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor
Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. *[Exit.]*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude;
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again;
Therefore, let's follow. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Churchyard.

Enter Two Clowns, with spades, &c.

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in christian burial, that
wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, she is; therefore make her
grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and
finds it christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned her-
self in her own defence?

2 *Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else.
For here lies the point: If I drown myself wit-
tingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three
branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform.
Argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, Goodman delver.

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good:
here stands the man; good: If a man go to this
water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he
goes; mark you that: but if the water come to
him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: Argal,
he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not
his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry is 't; crowner's-quest law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had
not been a gentlewoman, she should have been
buried out of christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st: and the more pity,
that great folks shall have countenance in this
world to drown or hang themselves, more than
their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is
no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and
grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou
understand the scripture? The scripture says,
Adam digged: Could he dig without arms? I'll
put another question to thee: if thou answerest me
not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he that builds stronger than either
the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame out-
lives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the
gallows does well: But how does it well? it does
well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say,
the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal,
the gallows may do well to thee. To't again:
come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To 't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating: and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker: the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a stoup of liquor. *[Exit 2 Clown.]*

(1 Clown digs and sings.)

*In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought, it was very sweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O, methought, there was nothing meet.*

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 *Clo.* *But age with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.* *(Sings.)*

(Throws up a skull.)

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could say, *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?* This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it: might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my lady Worm's; chapless and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on 't.

1 *Clo.* *A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For—and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.* *(Sings.)*

(Throws up a skull.)

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillots, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyance of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep, and calves, which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow:—Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 *Clo.* Mine, sir—

*O, pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.* *(Sings.)*

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

1 *Clo.* You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 *Clo.* For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman then?

1 *Clo.* For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1 *Clo.* One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been a grave maker?

1 *Clo.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to it that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long's that since?

1 *Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was that very day that young Hamlet was born: he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 *Clo.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 *Clo.* 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 *Clo.* Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 *Clo.* Why, here in Denmark; I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 *Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 *Clo.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was: Whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 *Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he?

poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This? *(Takes the skull.)*

1 Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times! and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come: make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah!

(Throws down the skull.)

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust: the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, where-to he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay;
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!
But soft! but soft! aside:—Here comes the king.

Enter Priests, &c. in procession; the corpse of Ophelia; LAERTES, and Mourners, following; KING, QUEEN, their Trains, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites! This doth betoken,
The corse, they follow, did with desperate hand
Foredo its own life. 'Twas of some estate:
Couch we a while, and mark.

(Retiring with Horatio.)

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1 Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty: Her death was doubtful:
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on
her;

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there be no more done?

1 Priest. No more be done?

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace departed souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth:—

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!

(Scattering flowers)

I hoped, thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's
wife;

I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble wo

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of,—Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

(Leaps into the grave.)

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. *(Advancing.)* What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them
stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

(Leaps into the grave.)

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

(Grappling with him.)

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear: Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

(The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.)

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this
theme,

Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Zounds, shew me what thou'lt do:

Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't
tear thyself?

Woul't drink up Esil? eat a crocodile?

I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us; till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:

And thus a while the fit will work on him;

Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When that her golden couplets are disclosed,

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I loved you ever: But it is no matter;

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

(Exit)

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.—
 Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
 We'll put the matter to the present push.—
 Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
 This grave shall have a living monument:
 An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
 Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other:—

You do remember the circumstances?

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,

That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay
 Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
 And praised be rashness for it,—Let us know,
 Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
 When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach
 us,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
 My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
 Groped I to find out them: had my desire;
 Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
 To mine own room again: making so bold,
 My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
 Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
 A royal knavery; an exact command,—
 Larded with many several sort of reasons,
 Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
 With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—
 That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
 No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
 My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more
 leisure.

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay, beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villanies,
 Or I could make a prologue to my brains,
 They had begun the play:—I sat me down,
 Devised a new commission; wrote it fair:
 I once did hold it, as our statists do,
 A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
 How to forget that learning: but, sir, now
 It did me yeoman's service: Wilt thou know
 The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
 As England was his faithful tributary;
 As love between them like the palm might
 flourish;

As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
 And stand a comma 'tween their amities;
 And many such like as's of great charge,—
 That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
 Without debatement farther, more or less,
 He should the bearers put to sudden death,
 Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heaven ordinant;
 I had my father's signet in my purse,
 Which was the model of that Danish seal:

Folded the writ up in form of the other;
 Subscribed it; gave't the impression; placed it
 safely,

The changeling never known: Now, the next day
 Was our sea-flight: and what to this was sequent
 Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this em-
 ployment;

They are not near my conscience; their defeat
 Does by their own insinuation grow.

'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
 Between the pass and fell incensed points
 Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think thee, stand me now
 upon?

He, that hath kill'd my king, and whored my
 mother:

Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
 Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
 And with such cozenage; is 't not perfect con-
 science,

To quit him with this arm? and is 't not to be
 damn'd

To let this canker of our nature come

In farther evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from
 England,

What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
 And a man's life's no more than to say, one.

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
 That to Laertes I forgot myself;
 For by the image of my cause, I see
 The portraiture of his: I'll court his favours:
 But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
 Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter OSRIC.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to
 Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this
 water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a
 vice to know him: He hath much land, and fertile;
 let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall
 stand at the king's mess: 'Tis a chough; but, as I
 say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure,
 I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of
 spirit: Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the
 head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is
 northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, indeed, my lord.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot;
 or my complexion—

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as
 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty
 bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great
 wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

(Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.)

Osr. Nay, my good lord; for my ease, in good
 faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes:
 believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most ex-
 cellent differences, of very soft society, and great

shewing: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblance is his mirror; and, who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me:—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has impawned, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you must be edified by the margent, ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages: that's the French bet against the Danish: Why is this impawned, as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How, if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can: if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit.*]

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well, to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yeasty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you, to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

[*Exit Lord.*]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think, how ill, all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestal their repair hither, and say, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and attendants, with foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

(*The King puts the hand of Laertes into that of Hamlet.*)

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;

But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,

How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.

What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception,

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His madness: If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but, in my terms of honour,
I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd: but till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osric.—Cousin
Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;

Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it: I have seen you both:

But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well: These foils have all a
length? *(They prepare to play.)*

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that
table:—

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn: Give me the
cups:

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth.

Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;—

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

(They play.)

Laer. Come, my lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,—again.

King. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl is
thine;

Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

(Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off within.)

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.

Come.—Another hit: What say you? *(They play.)*

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.—

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows;

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,—

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord;—I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

(Aside.)

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

(Aside.)

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: You do but
dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;

I am afraid, you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.

(They play.)

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

*(Laertes wounds Hamlet: then, in scuffling,
they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds
Laertes.)*

King. Part them, they are incensed.

Ham. Nay, come again.

(The queen falls.)

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides:—How is it, my
lord?

Osr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe,
Osric:

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear
Hamlet!—

The drink, the drink,—I am poison'd! *(Dies.)*

Ham. O villainy!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out. *(Laertes falls.)*

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good,

In thee there is not half an hour of life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd:

I can no more; the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point

Envenom'd too!—Then, venom to thy work.

(Stabs the King.)

Osr. & Lords. Treason! treason!

King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned
Dane,

Drink off this potion:—Is thy union here?

Follow my mother.

(King dies.)

Laer. He is justly served;

It is a poison temper'd by himself.—

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;

Nor thine on me!

(Dies.)

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow
thee.

I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu:—

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time (as this fell sergeant death,

Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you,—

But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;

Thou livest; report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it;

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:

Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,—

Give me the cup; let go; by Heaven I'll have it.—
O God!—Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind
me?

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.—(*March afar off, and shot within.*)
What warlike noise is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from
Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from England:
But I do prophesy, the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more or less,
Which have solicited,—the rest is silence. (*Dies.*)

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart;—Good night,
sweet prince:

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither? (*March within.*)

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and
others.*

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it, you would see?

If aught of wo, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc!—O proud
death

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,

That thou so many princes, at a shot,

So bloodily hast struck?

1 Amb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late;
The ears are senseless, that should give us hear-
ing.

To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,

That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arrived; give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak, to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about: So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forced cause
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on
more:

But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mis-
chance,

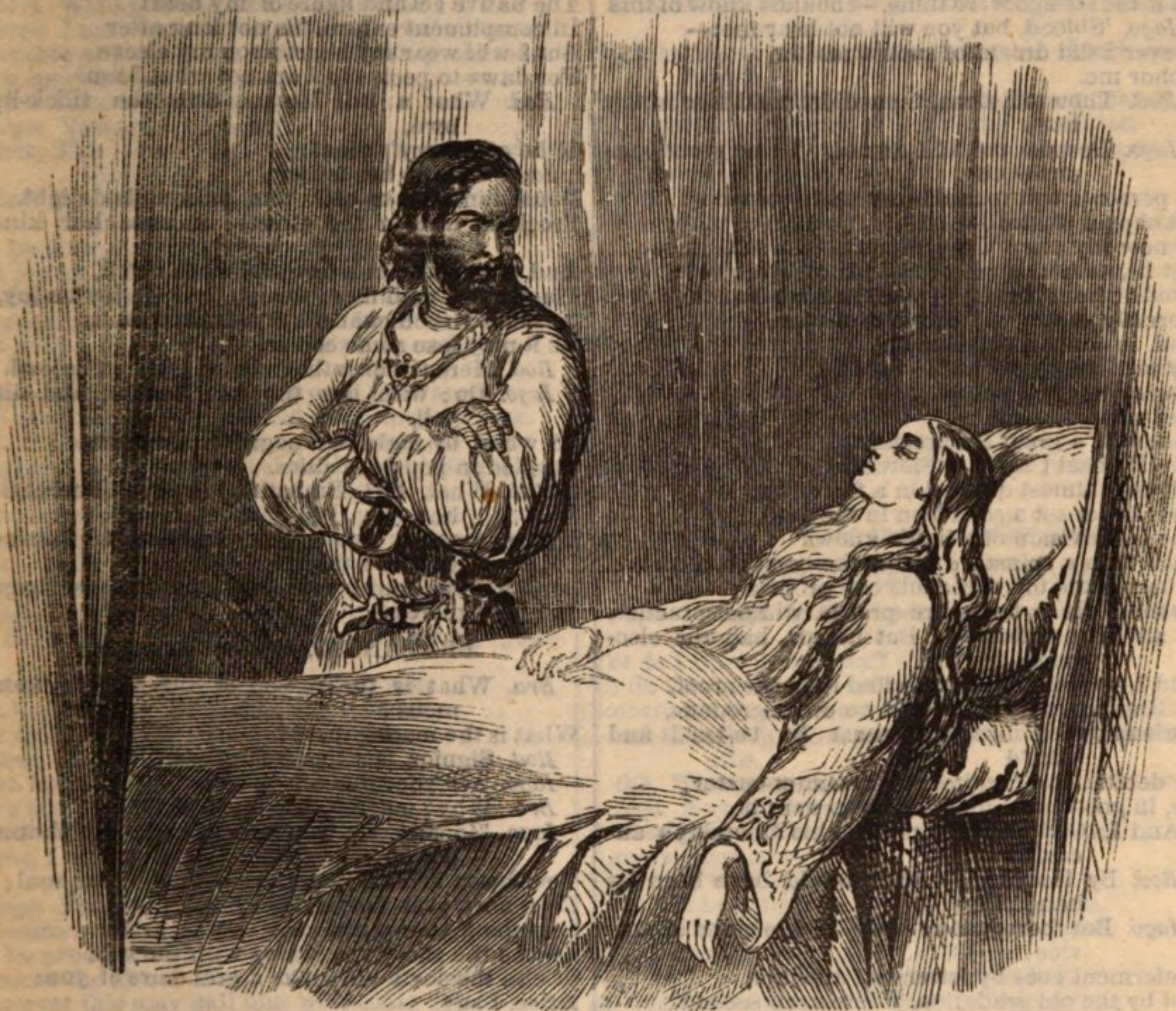
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—

Take up the bodies:—such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot, (*A dead march.*)

[*Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies; after
which, a peal of ordnance is shot off.*]

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.



Othello.—"IT IS THE CAUSE—IT IS THE CAUSE, MY SOUL."—Act V, scene 2.

Persons Represented.

DUKE OF VENICE.
BRABANTIO, a Senator.
Two other Senators.
GRATIANO, Bro'her to Brabantio.
LODOVICO, Kinsman to Brabantio.
OTHELLO, the Moor.
CASSIO, his Lieutenant.
IAGO, his Ancient.
RODERIGO, a Venetian Gentleman.
MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.

Clown, Servant to Othello.
Herald.

DESDEMONA, Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife of Othello.
EMILIA, Wife to Iago.
BIANCA, a Courtezan Mistress to Cassio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians,
Sailors, Attendants, &c.

SCENE,—For the First Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Sea-port in Cyprus.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Venice. A Street.**Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.*

Rod. Tush, never tell me, I take it much unkindly,

That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,
As if the strings were thine,—shouldst know of this.

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:—
If ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou toldst me, thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones
of the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him;—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:

But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;

And, in conclusion, nonsuits
My mediators; *for certes*, says he,
I have already chose my officer.

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoric,
Wherein the toged consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had the elec-
tion:

And I,—of whom his eyes had seen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds,
Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and
calm'd

By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster;
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,

And I, (God bless the mark!) his Moorship's an-
cient.

Rod. By Heaven, I rather would have been his
hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of ser-
vice;

Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge your-
self,

Whether I in any just term am affin'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O sir, content you;

I follow him to serve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender; and, when he's old,
cashier'd;

Whip me such honest knaves: Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shews of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lined
their coats,

Do themselves homage: these fellows have some
soul;

And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lip
owe,

If he can carry't thus!

Iago. Call up her father;
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kins-
men,

And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent, and dire
yell,

As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho! Brabantio! signor Brabantio,
ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves
thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO, *above, at a window.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible sum-
mons?

What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors lock'd?

Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?

Iago. 'Zounds, sir, you are robb'd; for shame,
put on your gown;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;
Even now, even now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise;
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:
Arise, I say.

Bra. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my
voice?

Bra. Not I. What are you?

Rod. My name is—Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome:

I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distempering draughts,
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. But thou must needs be sure,
My spirit and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

Bra. What, tell'st thou me of robbing? this is
Venice;

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. Zounds, sir, you are one of those, that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service, you think we are ruffians: You'll have your daughter covered with a barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have your coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What profane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are—a senator.

Bra. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,

If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent (As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter, At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night, Transported—with no worse nor better guard, But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,— To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,— If this be known to you, and your allowance, We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs; But, if you know not this, my manners tell me, We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe, That, from the sense of all civility, I thus would play and trifle with your reverence: Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,— I say again, hath made a gross revolt; Trying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes, In an extravagant and wheeling stranger Of here and every where: Straight satisfy yourself:

If she be in her chamber, or your house, Let loose on me the justice of the state For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho! Give me a taper;—call up all my people:— This accident is not unlike my dream, Belief of it oppresses me already:— Light, I say! light!

[Exit from above.]

Iago. Farewell; for I must leave you: It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place, To be produced (as, if I stay, I shall,) Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state,— However this may gall him with some check,— Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars, (Which even now stand in act,) that, for their

souls, Another of his fathom they have not, To lead their business: in which regard, Though I do hate him as I do hell pains, Yet for necessity of present life, I must shew out a flag and sign of love, Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the raised search; And there will I be with him. So, farewell.

[Exit.]

Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is; And what's to come of my despised time, Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo, Where didst thou see her?—O unhappy girl!— With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—

How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, thou deceivest me

Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;

Raise all my kindred.—Are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think they are.

Bra. O Heaven!—How got she out?—O treason of the blood!—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds

By what you see them act.—Are there not charms, By which the property of youth and maidhood May be abused? Have you not read, Roderigo, Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother.—O, that you had had her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can discover him; if you please To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call.

I may command at most;—Get weapons, ho!

And raise some special officers of night.—

On, good Roderigo!—I'll deserve your pains.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—The same. Another Street.

Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience, To do no contrived murder; I lack iniquity Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten times I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs.

Oth. 'Tis better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prated, And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms Against your honour,

That with the little godliness I have, I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, sir, Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,— That the magnifico is much beloved; And hath, in this effect, a voice potential As double as the duke's; he will divorce you; Or put upon you what restraint and grievance The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,) Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite: My services, which I have done the signiory, Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know, (Which, when I know that boasting is an honour, I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being From men of royal siege; and my demerits May speak unbonneted, to as proud a fortune As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago, But that I love the gentle Desdemona, I would not my unhoused free condition Put into circumscription and confine For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yonder?

Enter CASSIO, at a distance, and certain Officers with torches.

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends;

You were best go in.

Oth. Not I: I must be found;

My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Cas. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a business of some heat; the gallies
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels;
And many of the consuls, raised, and met,
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly
called for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests,
To search you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you.

Cas. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land
carack;

If it prove a lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To who?

Re-enter OTHELLO.

Iago. Marry, to—Come, Captain, will you go?

Oth. Have with you.

Cas. Here comes another troop to seek for you.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers of
night, with torches and weapons.*

Iago. It is Brabantio:—General, be advised:
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! stand there!

Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief!

(They draw on both sides.)

Iago. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

Oth. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will
rust them,—

Good signior, you shall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd
my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:

For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy;
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight,
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,
That thou hast practised on her with foul charms:
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
That weaken'd motion:—I'll have it disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.

I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:—
Lay hold upon him, if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the rest;

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you, that I go
To answer this your charge?

Bra. To prison: till fit time
Of law, and course of direct session,
Call thee to answer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state,
To bring me to him?

Off. 'Tis true, most worthy signior,
The duke's in council; and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.

Bra. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if such actions may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Council-Chamber.*

*The Duke and Senators sitting at a table; Officers
attending.*

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.

1 Sen. Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet and bearing up to Cyprus.

Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

Sailor. (Within.) What ho! what ho! what ho!

Enter an Officer with a Sailor.

Off. A messenger from the gallies.

Duke. Now? the business?

Sail. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo.

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought of
this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful,
To leave that latest, which concerns him first;
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you
guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail: and now do they re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appear-
ance

Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
Marcus Lucchese, is he not in town?

1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us; wish him post-haste
despatch.

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant
Moor.

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODE-
RIGO, and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ
you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.
I did not see you; welcome, signior;

(*To Brabantio.*)

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours: good your grace, pardon
me;

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,
Hath raised me from my bed; nor doth the general
care

Take hold on me; for my particular grief
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,
That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,
And it is still itself.

Duke. Why, what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! O my daughter!

Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me;

She is abused, stolen from me, and corrupted
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:
For nature so preposterously to err,
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
Sans witchcraft could not—

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceed-
ing,

Hath thus beguiled your daughter of herself,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,
After your own sense; yea, though our proper
son

Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,
Hath hither brought.

Duke. & Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to
this?

(*To Othello.*)

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my
speech,

And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years
pith,

Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have
used

Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,

More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious
patience,

I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what
charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charged withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she,—in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything,—
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect,
That will confess—perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof;
Without more certain and more overt test,
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

1 Sen. But, Othello, speak:—
Did you, by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request, and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
if you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch Desdemona hither.

Oth. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the
place.—

[*Exeunt Iago and attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to Heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Oth. Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly
breach;

Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch
heaven,

It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to
hear,

Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;

Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intently: I did consent;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
 She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing
 strange;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
 She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
 That Heaven had made her such a man: she
 thank'd me,
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake;
 She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd;
 And I loved her, that she did pity them.
 This only is the witchcraft I have used;
 Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.

Duke. I think this tale would win my daughter
 too.—

Good Brabantio,
 Take up this mangled matter at the best:
 Men do their broken weapons rather use,
 Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her speak;
 If she confess, that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
 Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress:
 Do you perceive, in all this noble company,
 Where most you owe obedience?

Des. My noble father,
 I do perceive here a divided duty:
 To you, I am bound for life, and education;
 My life, and education, both do learn me
 How to respect you, you are the lord of duty,
 I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my hus-
 band,

And so much duty as my mother shew'd
 To you, preferring you before her father,
 So much I challenge, that I may profess
 Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you!—I have done.
 Please it your grace, on to the state affairs;
 I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
 Come hither, Moor:
 I here do give thee that with all my heart,
 Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
 I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
 I am glad at soul I have no other child;
 For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
 To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

Duke. Let me speak like yourself; and lay a
 sentence,
 Which, as a grise, or step, may help these lovers
 Into your favour.
 When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,
 By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
 To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
 Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
 What cannot be preserved when fortune takes,
 Patience her injury a mockery makes.
 The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the
 thief,

He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

Bra. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
 We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
 He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
 But the free comfort, which from thence he hears;
 But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
 That, to pay grief, must the poor patience borrow.
 These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
 Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
 But words are words; I never yet did hear
 That the bruised heart was pierced through the
 ear.

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of
 state.

Duke. The Turk with a most mighty preparation
 makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the
 place is best known to you: And though we have
 there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet
 opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a
 more safer voice on you: you must therefore be
 content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes
 with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
 Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
 My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
 A natural and prompt alacrity,
 I find in hardness; and do undertake
 These present wars against the Ottomites.
 Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
 I crave fit disposition for my wife;
 Due reference of place, and exhibition;
 With such accommodation, and besort,
 As levels with her breeding.

Duke. If you please,
 Be 't at her father's.

Bra. I'll not have it so.

Oth. Nor I.

Des. Nor I; I would not there reside,
 To put my father in impatient thoughts,
 By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
 To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;
 And let me find a charter in your voice,
 To assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona?

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
 My downright violence and storm of fortunes
 May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdued
 Even to the very quality of my lord:
 I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
 And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
 Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate,
 So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
 A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
 The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
 And I a heavy interim shall support
 By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords:—'beseech you, let her
 will

Have a free way.
 Vouch with me, heaven; I therefore beg it not,
 To please the palate of my appetite;
 Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,
 In my distinct and proper satisfaction:
 But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
 And heaven defend your good souls, that you
 think

I will your serious and great business scant,
 For she is with me: No, when light-wing'd toys
 Of feather'd Cupid seal with wanton dullness
 My speculative and active instruments,
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
 Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,

And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries—
haste,
And speed must answer it; you must hence to-
night.

Des. To-night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i' the morning here we'll meet
again.

Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect,
As doth import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust;
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.—

Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,
(*To Brabantio.*)

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to
see;

She has deceived her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*]

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]

Rod. Iago.

Iago. What say'st thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkest thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myself.

Iago. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee
after it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

Rod. It is silliness to live, when to live is a tor-
ment: and then have we a prescription to die, when
death is our physician.

Iago. O villainous! I have looked upon the world
for four times seven years; and since I could dis-
tinguish between a benefit and an injury, I never
round a man that knew how to love himself. Ere
I would say, I would drown myself for the love of
a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a
baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my
shame to be so fond; but it is not in virtue to
amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are
thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the
which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will
plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed
up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or
distract it with many; either to have it steril with
idleness, or manured with industry; why, the
power and corrigible authority of this lies in our
wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale
of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood
and baseness of our natures would conduct us to
most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason
to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our

unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call—
love, to be a sect, or scion.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is merely a lust of the blood, and a
permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown
thyself? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have
professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to
thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness,
I could never better stead thee than now. Put
money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy
favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in
thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should
long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in
thy purse;—nor he his to her; it was a violent
commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable
sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These
Moors are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse
with money: the food, that to him now is as lus-
cious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as
coloquintida. She must change for youth: when
she is sated with his body, she will find the error
of her choice.—She must have change, she must:
therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt
needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than
drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If
sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring bar-
barian and a supersubtile Venetian, be not too hard
for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt en-
joy her; therefore make money. A pox of drown-
ing thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou
rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to
be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend
on the issue?

Iago. Thou art sure of me:—Go, make money:—
I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and
again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted; thine
hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our
revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him,
thou dost thyself a pleasure and me a sport. There
are many events in the womb of time, which will
be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money.
We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' the morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell: put money enough in
your purse. [*Exit Roderigo.*]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,
If I would time expend with such a snipe,
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if't be true:
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will:
A double knavery.—How? how?—Let me see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; framed to make women false.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;
And will as tenderly be led by th' nose,
As asses are.

**I have't;—it is engender'd:—Hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.**
[Exit.]

ACT II

SCENE I.—A Seaport Town in Cyprus. A Platform.

Enter MONTANO and Two Gentlemen.

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at
land;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous
main,

Seems to cast water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever fixed pole:
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a Third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lords! our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designment halts: A noble ship of
Venice

Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of their fleet.

Mon. How! is this true?

3 Gent. The ship is here put in,
A Veronese; Michael Cassio,
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

Mon. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio,—though he speak
of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. 'Pray Heaven he be:
For I have served him, and the man commands
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

Cas. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor; O, let the Heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

Mon. Is he well shipp'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

(Within.) A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter another Gentleman.

Cas. What noise?

4 Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' the
sea

Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.

Cas. My hopes do shape him for the governor.

2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtsey?
(Guns heard.)

Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.

2 Gent. I shall.

Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general
wived? [Exit.]

Cas. Most fortunately; he hath achieved a maid,
That paragons description, and wild fame;
One, that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency.—How now? who has put
in?

Re-enter Second Gentleman.

2 Gent. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy
speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling
winds.

The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—
Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mon. What is she?

Cas. She, that I spake of, our great captain's
captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold.

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODE-
RIGO, and Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of Heaven.
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

Cas. He is not yet arrived; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O, but I fear;—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.

(Cry within, A sail! A sail! Then guns heard.)

2 Gent. They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.

Cas. See for the news.—

[Exit Gentleman.]

Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mis-
tress:—

(To Emilia.)

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesies.

(Kissing her.)

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much;

I find it still, when I have list to sleep:

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,

Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fy, upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay:—There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well praised! How if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools
laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast
thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks, which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst
best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a
deserving woman indeed? one, that, in the authority
of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of
very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*now I may*;
She, that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She, that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She, that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do
not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy hus-

band.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane
and liberal counsellor?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish
him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. (*Aside.*) He takes her by the palm: Ay, well
said, whisper: with as little a web as this will I,
ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon
her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship.
You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as
these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been
better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft,
which now again you are most apt to play the sir
in. Very good: well kissed! an excellent courtesy!
'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your
lips? would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake!
—(*Trumpet.*) The Moor, I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter OTHELLO, and attendants.

Oth. O my fair warrior!

Des. My dear Othello!

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have awaken'd
death!

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,
Olympus-high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here: it is too much of joy;
And this, and this, the greatest discords be,

(*Kissing her.*)

That e'er our hearts shall make!

Iago. O, you are well tuned now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.

(*Aside.*)

Oth. Come, let's to the castle.—

News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are
drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle?—

Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my
sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt Oth. Des. and Attendants.*]

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.
Come hither. If thou be'st valiant, as (they say)
base men, being in love, have then a nobility in
their natures more than is native to them,—list
me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court
of guard:—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona
is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be
instructed. Mark me with what violence she first

loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: And will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed: and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties: all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very veluble; no farther conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes; if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it; That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit; The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;

And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now I do love her too; Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure, I stand accountant for as great a sin,) But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards; And nothing can or shall content my soul, Till I am even with him, wife for wife: Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor At least into a jealousy so strong, That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do— If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash For his quick hunting, stand the putting on, I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip; Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,— For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too; Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me, For making him egregiously an ass, And practising upon his peace and quiet Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused; Knavery's plain face is never seen till used.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter a Herald, with a proclamation; people following.

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello!

[Exeunt]

SCENE III.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night;

Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, Not to outsport discretion.

Cas. Iago hath direction what to do; But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to't.

Oth. Iago is most honest. Michael, good night: To-morrow, with our earliest, Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love,

The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;
(To Desdemona.)

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.— Good night.
[Exeunt Oth. Des. and Attendants.]

Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general cast us thus early, for the love of his Desdemona; whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.

Cas. She's a most exquisite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of games

Cas. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine: and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

Cas. Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do it, but it dislikes me. [Exit.]

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already, He'll be as full of quarrel and offence

As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Roderigo,

Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,

To Desdemona hath to-night caroused Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch: Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits, That hold their honours in a wary distance, The very elements of this warlike isle,— Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups, And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,

Am I to put our Cassio in some action That may offend the isle:—But here they come: If consequence do but approve my dream, My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and Gentlemen.

Cas. 'Fore Heaven, they have given me a rouse already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; (Sings.)
And let me the canakin clink:

A Soldier's a man;

A life's but a span;

Why then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys! (Wine brought in.)

Cas. 'Fore Heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where (indeed) they are most potent in potting; your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow

your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen was a worthy peer,

His breeches cost him but a crown;

He held them sixpence all too dear,

With that he call'd the tailor—down

He was a wight of high renown,

And thou art but of low degree:

'Tis pride that pulls the country down,

Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

Iago. Will you hear it again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then: you must not think then that I am drunk. [Exit.]

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before;— He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar And give direction; and do but see his vice; 'Tis to his virtue a just equinox, The one as long as th' other: 'tis pity of him. I fear, the trust Othello puts him in On some odd time of his infirmity, Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep: He'll watch the horologe a double set, If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well,

The general were put in mind of it. Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature, Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio, And looks not on his evils: Is not this true?

Enter RODERIGO.

Iago. How now, Roderigo? (Aside.)
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. (Exit Roderigo.)

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor, Should hazard such a place, as his own second, With one of an ingraft infirmity: It were an honest action, to say So to the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair island: I do love Cassio well; and would do much To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise? [Cry within,—Help! help!]

Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate rogue?

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant;

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,

Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come, you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk!

Iago. Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.

(Aside to Rod. who goes out.)

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir, Montano,—sir;

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!

(Bell rings.)

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diable, ho!

The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant! hold:

You will be shamed for ever.

Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death.

(Faints.)

Oth. Hold, for your lives.

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant,—sir, Montano,—gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold, hold; the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,
Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He, that stirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion,—
Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, mas-
ters?—

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,

In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed: and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitted men,)

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds;

And 'would in action glorious I had lost

These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

Oth. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont to be civil;

The gravity and stillness of your youth

The world hath noted, and your name is great

In mouths of wisest censure: What's the matter,

That you unlace your reputation thus,

And spend your rich opinion, for the name

Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

Mon. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;

Your officer, Iago, can inform you—

While I spare speech, which something now offends
me,—

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught

By me that's said or done amiss this night;

Unless self-charity be sometime a vice;

And to defend ourselves it be a sin,

When violence assails us.

Oth. Now, by Heaven,

My blood begins my safer guides to rule;

And passion, having my best judgment collied,

Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,

Or do but lift this arm, the best of you

Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know

How this foul rout began, who set it on;

And he that is approved in this offence,

Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,

Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,

Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,

To manage private and domestic quarrel,

In night, and on the court and guard of safety!

'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began it?

Mon. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,

Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,

Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near;

I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,

Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;

Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth

Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general,

Montano and myself being in speech,

There comes a fellow crying out for help;

And Cassio following him with determined sword,

To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman

Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;

Myself the crying fellow did pursue,

Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out,)

The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,

Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather

For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,

And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,

I ne'er might say before: When I came back,

(For this was brief,) I found them close together,

At blow and thrust; even as again they were,

When you yourself did part them.

More of this matter can I not report:—

But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—

Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—

As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—

Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, received,

From him that fled, some strange indignity,

Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,

Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,

Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love thee;

But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter DESDEMONA, attended.

Look, if my gentle love be not raised up;—

I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter, dear?

Oth. All's well now, sweeting; Come away to

bed.

Sir, for your hurts,

Myself will be your surgeon: Lead him off.

(To Montano, who is led off.)

Iago, look with care about the town;

And silence those whom this vile brawl dis-
tracted.—

Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldier's life,

To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.

[Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.]

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, Heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I
have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal

part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is it possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one imperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moralist: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well-used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces:—Confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested: This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morn-

ing, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortune, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago.

[Exit.

Iago. And what's he, then, that says,—I play the villain?

When the advice is free, I give, and honest, Probable to thinking; and, indeed the course To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy The inclining Desdemona to subdue In any honest suit; she's framed as fruitful As the free elements. And then for her To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,— His soul is so enfeather'd to her love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weak function. How am I then a villain,

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course, Directly to his good? Divinity of hell! When devils will their blackest sins put on, They do suggest at first with heavenly shews, As I do now: For while this honest fool Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes, And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,— That she repeats him for her body's lust; And, by how much she strives to do him good, She shall undo her credit with the Moor. So will I turn her virtue into pitch; And out of her own goodness make the net, That shall enmesh them all. How now, Roderigo?

Enter RODERIGO.

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice!—

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience!—

What wound did ever heal, but by degrees? Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;

And wit depends on dilatory time, Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee, And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:

Though other things grow fair against the sun, Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe: Content thyself a while.—By the mass, 'tis morning;

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.— Retire thee; go where thou art billeted: Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter: Nay, get thee gone. [Exit Rod.] Two things are to be done,—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress; I'll set her on; Myself, the while, will draw the Moor apart, And bring him jump when he may Cassio find Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that's the way; Dull not device by coldness and delay.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Before the Castle.**Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians.*

Cas Masters, play here, I will content your pains.
Something that's brief; and bid—good-morrow,
general. (Music.)

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been
at Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

Mus. How, sir, how?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, called wind instru-
ments?

1 Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.*Clo.* O, thereby hangs a tail.*1 Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that
I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and
the general so likes your music, that he desires
you, of all your loves, to make no more noise with
it.

1 Mus. Well, sir, we will not,

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard,
to 't again: but, as they say, to hear music, the
general does not greatly care.

1 Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll
away: Go; vanish into air; away.

*[Exeunt Musicians.]**Cas.* Do'st thou hear, my honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear
you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets. There's a
poor piece of gold for thee; if the gentlewoman
that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her,
there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of
speech: wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I
shall seem to notify unto her. [Exit.]

*Enter IAGO.**Cas.* Do, my good friend.—In happy time, Iago.*Iago.* You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: My suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some access.

Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [Exit.]

Cas. I humbly thank you for 't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant: I am
sorry

For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom,
He might not but refuse you: but, he protests, he
loves you;

And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To take the saf'st occasion by the front,
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemona alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in,
I'll bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Castle.**Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.*

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the senate;
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me.

Iago. Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we
see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Before the Castle.**Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.*

Des. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

Emil. Good madam, do; I know it grieves my
husband,

As if the case were his.

Des. O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt,
Cassio,

But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

Cas. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never anything but your true servant.

Des. O, sir, I thank you: You do love my lord:
You have known him long; and be you well as-
sured,

He shall in strangeness stand no farther off
Than in a politic distance.

Cas. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long,
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,
My general will forget my love and service.

Des. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio,
For thy solicitor shall rather die,
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, at a distance.

Emil. Madam, here comes
My lord.

Cas. Madam, I'll take my leave.

Des. Why, stay,
And hear me speak.

Cas. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.

Des. Well, well,
Do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.]

Iago. Ha! I like not that.*Oth.* What dost thou say?*Iago.* Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.*Oth.* Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think
it,

That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

Oth. I do believe 'twas he.*Des.* How now, my lord?

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,

If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face;
I pr'ythee, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me;
I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

Des. But shall 't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;

Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn;
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of their best,) is not almost a fault
To incur a private check: When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me, that I should deny,
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael
Cassio,

That came a wooing with you; and many a time,
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in. Trust me, I could do much,—

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more; let him come when he will;

I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit
To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.

Des. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.

Oth. Farewell, my Desdemona: I will come to thee straight.

Des. Emilia, come:—Be it as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[Exit, with Emilia.]

Oth. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee, and, when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,—

Oth. What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago. Did Michael Cassio, when thou woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

Oth. He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

Iago. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No farther harm.

Oth. Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago. I did not think, he had been acquainted with her.

Oth. O, yes; and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed?

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught in that?

Is he not honest?

Iago. Honest, my lord?

Oth. Ay, honest.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What dost thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord?

Oth. Think, my lord

By Heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought,
Too hideous to be shewn. Thou dost mean something:

I heard thee say but now, — Thou likedst not that,

When Cassio left my wife; What didst not like?

And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel

In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, *Indeed!*

And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think, thou dost;

And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them breath,—

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:

For such things, in a false disloyal knave,
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,
They are close denotements working from the heart,

That passion cannot rule.

Iago. For Michael Cassio,—

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

Oth. I think so too.

Iago. Men should be what they seem;

Or, those that be not, would they might seem none:

Oth. Certain, men should be what they seem.

Iago. Why then,

I think that Cassio is an honest man.

Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this:

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate: and give thy worst of thoughts

The worst of words.

Iago. Good my lord, pardon me;

Though I am bound to every act of duty,

I am not bound to that all slaves are free to!

Utter my thoughts! Why, say, they are vile and false,—

As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,

But some uncleanly apprehensions

Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit

With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou dost conspire against thy friend,
Iago,

If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and makest his ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beseech you,
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and oft, my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you then,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What dost thou mean?

Iago. Good name, in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something,
nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. By Heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly
loves!

Oth. O misery!

Iago. Poor and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—
Good Heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be resolved: Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate, and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me
jealous,

To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Not from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago;
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of this; for now I shall have
reason

To shew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abused; look to 't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not shew their husbands; their best con-
science

Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

Oth. Dost thou say so?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your
looks,

She loved them most.

Oth. And so she did.

Iago. Why, go to, then;

She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seal her father's eyes up, close as oak,—
He thought, 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to
blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this bath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love;—But I do see you are
moved:—

I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy
friend:—

My lord, I see you are moved.

Oth. No, not much moved:—

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so! and long live you to think
so!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

Iago. Ay, there's the point:—As,—to be bold with
you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends;
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural,—
But pardon me; I do not, in position,
Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fail to match you with her country forms,
And (happily) repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave. *(Going.)*

Oth. Why did I marry?—This honest creature,
doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he un-
folds.

Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your
honour

To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
And though it be fit, that Cassio have his place
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means:
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement opportunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears.
(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am,)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.

Iago. I once more take my leave. *[Exit.]*

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,

Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black:
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have: Or, for I am declined
Into the vale of years;—yet, that's not much:—
She's gone; I am abused; and my relief
Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great

ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base:
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then Heaven mocks itself!—
I'll not believe it.

Des. How now, my good Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders
By you invited, do attend your presence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Des. Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little:

(He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.)

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exeunt Oth. and Des.]

Emil. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
(For he conjured her, she would ever keep it,)
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give it Iago:
What he'll do with it, Heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

Iago. How now! what do you here alone?

Emil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago. A thing for me?—Is it a common thing.

Emil. Ha!

Iago. To have a foolish wife.

Emil. O, is that all? What will you give me now

For that same handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?

Emil. What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

Iago. Hast stolen it from her?

Emil. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence;
And, to the advantage, I, being here, took 't up.
Look, here it is.

Iago. A good wench; give it me.

Emil. What will you do with it, that you have been so earnest

To have me filch it?

Iago. Why, what's that to you? *(Snatching it.)*

Emil. If it be not for some purpose of import

Give it me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad,
When she shall lack it.

Iago. Be not you known of't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. *[Exit Emilia.]*

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something,
The Moor already changes with my poison:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—

Enter OTHELLO.

Look where he comes! Not poppy, nor man-
dragora,

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me?

To me?

Iago. Why, how now, general? no more of that.

Oth. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—

I swear, 'tis better to be much abused,
Than but to know 't a little.

Iago. How now, my lord.

Oth. What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?

I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O, now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind: farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner; and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

Iago. Is it possible?—My lord,——

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

(Taking him by the throat.)

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,
Than answer my waked wrath.

Iago. Is it come to this?

Oth. Make me to see it; or (at the least) so prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on; or, wo upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord,——

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorse:
On horror's head, horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed,
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched
fool,

That livest to make thine honesty a vice!—

O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honest is not safe.—

I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay, stay:—Thou shouldst be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;
I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!

Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion;
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would! nay, I will.

Iago. And may: But how? how satisfied, my
lord?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd!

Oth. Death and damnation! O!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect: Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? How then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office:

But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—
Prick'd to it by foolish honesty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Cassio, lately;
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleep will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Cassio:

In sleep I heard him say,—*Sweet Desdemona,*
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!

And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry,—*O, sweet creature!* and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then,
Cried,—*Cursed fate!* that gave thee to the Moor!

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a forgone conclusion;
'Tis a shrew'd doubt, though it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing
done;

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a handker-
chief,

(I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

Oth. If it be that,—

Iago. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge;

Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago:

All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven:

'Tis gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell,
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! swell bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!

Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may
change.

Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven
In the due reverence of a sacred vow (Kneels.)
I here engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet.— (Kneels.)

Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody work soever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance boun-
teous,

And will upon the instant put thee to't:
Within these three days let me hear thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead: 'tis done at your request:
But let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!
Come, go with me apart: I will withdraw,
To furnish me with some swift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

Iago. I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The same.

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.

Des. Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio
lies?

Clo. I dare not say, he lies any where.

Des. Why, man?

Clo. He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier
lies, is stabbing.

Des. Go to; where lodges he?

Clo. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you
where I lie.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clo. I know not where he lodges: and for me to
devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies
there, were to lie in my own throat.

Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified by
report?

Clo. I will catechise the world for him; that is,
make questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him, I
have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope all will
be well.

Clo. To do this, is within the compass of man's
wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

[Exit.]

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?

Emil. I know not, madam.

Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse

Full of crusadoes. And, but my noble Moor is true of mind, and made of no such baseness As jealous creatures are, it were enough To put him to ill thinking.

Emil. Is he not jealous?

Des. Who, he? I think the sun, where he was born,

Drew all such humours from him.

Emil. Look, where he comes.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio be call'd to him.—How is 't with you, my lord?

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. Well, my good lady:—(*Aside.*) O, hardness to dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; This hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow

Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart;— Hot, hot, and moist: This hand of yours requires A sequester from liberty, fasting, and prayer, Much castigation, exercise devout; For here's a young and sweating devil here, That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand, A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so; For 'twas that hand, that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand: The hearts, of old, gave hands;

But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.

Oth. What promise, chuck?

Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.

Oth. I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me: Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord.

Oth. That which I gave you.

Des. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?

Des. No, indeed, my lord.

Oth. That is a fault:

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give:

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people; she told her, while she kept it,

'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hunt

After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me:

And bade me, when my fate would have me wive,

To give it her. I did so: and take heed of 't,

Make it a darling like your precious eye;

To lose or give 't away, were such perdition,

As nothing else could match.

Des. Is it possible?

Oth. 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it:

A sibyl, that had number'd in the world

The sun to make two hundred compasses,

In her prophetic fury sew'd the work:

The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk;

And it was dyed in mummy, which the skilful Conserved of maiden's hearts.

Des. Indeed! is 't true?

Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.

Des. Then would to heaven, that I had never seen it.

Oth. Ha! wherefore?

Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

Oth. Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is 't out of the way?

Des. Heaven bless us!

Oth. Say you?

Des. It is not lost; but what an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Des. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch 't, let me see it.

Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now; This is a trick, to put me from my suit;

I pray, let Cassio be received again.

Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind mis-gives.

Des. Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

Oth. The handkerchief!—

Des. I pray, talk to me of Cassio.

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. A man that, all his time, Hath founded his good fortune on your love; Shared dangers with you;—

Oth. The handkerchief!

Des. In sooth,

You are to blame.

Oth. Away!

[*Exit.*

Emil. Is not this man jealous?

Des. I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief: I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'Tis not a year or two shews us a man They are all but stomachs, and we all but food; They eat us hungerly, and when they are full, They belch us. Look you! Cassio and my husband.

Enter IAGO and CASSIO.

Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do't;

And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.

Des. How now, good Cassio? what's the news with you?

Cas. Madam, my former suit I do beseech you,

That, by your virtuous means, I may again Exist, and be a member of his love.

Whom I, with all the duty of my heart, Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd:

If my offence be of such mortal kind, That neither service past, nor present sorrows,

Nor purposed merit in futurity,

Can ransom me into his love again,

But to know so must be my benefit;

So shall I clothe me in a forced content,

And shut myself up in some other course,

To fortune's alms.

Des. Alas; thrice gentle Cassio,

My advocacy is not now in tune;

My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him

Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.

So help me, every spirit sanctified,

As I have spoken for you all my best;

And stood within the blank of his displeasure.

For my free speech! You must a while be patient:

What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Emil. He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,

When it hath blown his ranks into the air;
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;

There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

Des. I prythee, do so.—Something sure of state,—

[*Exit Iago.*]

Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice,
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,

Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;

For let our finger ache, and it endues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense
Of pain: Nay, we must think, men are not gods;
Nor of them look for such observances
As fit the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am,)
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.

Emil. Pray Heaven, it be state matters, as you think:

And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

Des. Alas, the day! I never gave him cause,

Emil. But jealous souls will not be answered so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause.
But jealous, for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

Emil. Lady, amen.

Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!

Cas. What make you from home!

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

Bian. And I was going to your lodgings, Cassio.
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?

Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times?
O weary reckoning!

Cas. Pardon me, Bianca;

I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;

But I shall, in more continue time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
(*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*)

Take me this work out.

Bian. O Cassio, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend.
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:

Is it come to this? Well, well.

Cas. Woman, go to!

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,

That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:

No, in good troth, Bianca.

Bian. Why, whose is it?

Cas. I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber.

I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
(As like enough it will,) I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

Bian. Leave you! wherefore?

Cas. I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me woman'd.

Bian. Why, I pray you?

Cas. Not that I love you not.

Bian. But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

Cas. 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

Bian. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanced.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.

Iago. Will you think so?

Oth. Think so, Iago?

Iago. What,

To kiss in private?

Oth. An unauthorized kiss.

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,
The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

Iago. So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,

She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too;
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:

But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By Heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:—

Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all, he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth. That's not so good, now.

Iago. What, if I had said, I had seen him do you wrong?

Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose
But they must blab—

Oth. Hath he said any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well assured,
No more than he'll unsweat.

Oth. What hath he said?

Iago. 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that's fulsome. —Handkerchief, — confessions, — handkerchief. —To confess, and be hanged for his labour.—First, to be hanged, and then to confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction. It is not words, that shake me thus:—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips:—Is it possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil!

(Falls in a trance.)

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;

And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,
All guiltless meet reproach.—what, ho! my lord!

Enter CASSIO.

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?

Cas. What is the matter?

Iago. My lord has fallen into an epilepsy:
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear:

The lethargy must have his quiet course:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,
He will recover straight; when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[Exit Cassio.]

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by Heaven!

'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There's many a beast then in a populous city,

And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;

Think every bearded fellow, that's but yoked,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.

O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;
Confine yourself but in a patient list.
Whilst you were here, ere while mad with your grief,

(A passion most unsuited such a man,)
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,
And laid good 'seuse upon your ecstasy;
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;
The which he promised. Do but encave yourself,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable
scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when

He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all in all spleen,
And nothing of a man.

Oth. Dost thou hear, Iago?

I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Iago. That's not amiss;

But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

(Othello withdraws.)

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys herself bread and clothes; it is a creature,
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguiled by one;—
He, when he hears of her cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter:—Here he comes:—

Re-enter CASSIO.

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousy must construe
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure of't.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,

(Speaking lower.)

How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already! (Aside.)

Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. (Aside.)

Iago. Do you hear, Cassio?

Oth. Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said. (Aside.)

Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her:
Do you intend it?

Cas. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph? (Aside.)

Cas. I marry her!—what? a customer! I pr'y-
thee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think
it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so: They laugh that win. (Aside.)

Iago. 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr'ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else.

Oth. Have you scored me? Well. (Aside.)

Cas. This is the monkey's own giving out: she is
persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love
and flattery, not out of my promise.

Oth. Iago beckons me; now he begins the story. (Aside.)

Cas. She was here even now; she haunts me in
every place. I was, the other day, talking on the
sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes
this bauble; by this hand, she falls thus about my
neck;—

Oth. Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his ges-
ture imports it. (Aside.)

Cas. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so
hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

Oth. Now he tells, how she plucked him to my
chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that
dog I shall throw it to. (Aside.)

Cas. Well, I must leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where she comes.

Enter BIANCA.

Cas. 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx token, and I must take out the work? There,—give it your hobby-horse; wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

Oth. By Heaven, that should be my handkerchief! *(Aside.)*

Bian. An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. *[Exit.]*

Iago. After her, after her.

Cas. 'Faith I must, she'll rail in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come: Will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more. *[Exit Cassio.]*

Oth. How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. O Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a-killing:—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you must forget that.

Oth. Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, but that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oth. O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And then, of so gentle a condition!

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oth. I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold me!

Iago. O, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker; You shall hear more by midnight.

(A trumpet within.)

Oth. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico, Come from the duke; and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.

Lod. 'Save you, worthy general!

Oth. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. *(Gives him a packet.)*

Oth. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

(Opens the packet and reads.)

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior; Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you; how does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord

An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oth. This fail you not to do, as you will—

(Reads.)

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper. Is there division 'twixt thy lord and Cassio?

Des. A most unhappy one; I would do much To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

Oth. Fire and brimstone!

Des. My lord.

Oth. Are you wise?

Des. What, is he angry?

Lod. 'May be, the letter moved him; For, as I think, they do command him home, Deputing Cassio in his government.

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed?

Des. My lord?

Oth. I am glad to see you mad.

Des. How, sweet Othello?

Oth. Devil!

(Striking her.)

Des. I have not deserved this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believed in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw it: 'Tis very much; Make her amends, she weeps.

Oth. O devil, devil!

If that the earth could teem with woman's tears, Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile:— Out of my sight.

Des. I will not stay to offend you.

(Going.)

Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oth. Mistress—

Des. My lord?

Oth. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn:

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on, And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep; And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—

Very obedient:—Proceed you in your tears.— Concerning this, sir,—O, well-painted passion!—

I am commanded home:—Get you away; I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate, And will return to Venice:—Hence, avaunt!

[Exit Desdemona.]

Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together.
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and
monkeys! [Exit.]

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full
senate

Call—all-in-all sufficient?—This the noble nature,
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue,
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much changed.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He is that he is; I may not breathe my
censure.

What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to Heaven he were.

Lod. What, strike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well: Yet 'would I
knew,

That stroke would prove the worst.

Lod. Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me, to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe
him;

And his own courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I am sorry, that I am deceived in him.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.

Oth. You have seen nothing then?

Emil. Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

Oth. Yes, you have seen Cassio and she to-
gether.

Emil. But then I saw no harm; and then I
heard

Each syllable that breath made up between them.

Oth. What, did they never whisper?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor send you out o' the way?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor
nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

Oth. That's strange.

Emil. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought: it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let Heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives
Is foul as slander

Oth. Bid her come hither:—go.—

[Exit Emilia.]

She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet lock-and-key of villainous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I've seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.

Des. My lord, what is your will?

Oth. Pray, chuck, come hither.

Des. What is your pleasure?

Oth. Let me see your eyes;

Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy's this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress. (To Emilia.)
Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;
Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.

[Exit Emilia.]

Des. Upon my knees, what doth your speech im-
port?

I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Des. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.

Oth. Come, swear it, damn thyself;
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils them-
selves

Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-
damn'd,

Swear—thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as
hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I
false?

Oth. O Desdemona!—away! away! away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?

Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?

If, haply, you my father do suspect

An instrument of this your calling back,

Lay not your blame on me! if you have lost him,

Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleased Heaven

To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;

Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;

Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;

I should have found in some part of my soul

A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me

A fixed figure, for the time of scorn

To point his slow unmoving finger at,—

O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;

Where either I must live, or bear no life;

The fountain, from the which my current runs,

Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!

Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads

To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion
there!

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;

Ay, there, look grim as hell!

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee.—'Would thou hadst
ne'er been born!

Des. Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed?
Committed!—O thou public commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,

That would to cinders burn up modesty,

Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!—

Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,

Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,

And will not hear it:—What committed!—

Impudent strumpet!

Des. By Heaven, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian;

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,

From any other foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

Oth. Is it possible?

Des. O, Heaven forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then;

I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

Re-enter EMILIA.

That have the office opposite to St. Peter,
And keep the gate of hell: You! you! ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your
pains;

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*

Emil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Des. 'Faith, half asleep.

Emil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Des. With who?

Emil. Why, with my lord, madam.

Des. Who is thy lord?

Emil. He that is yours, sweet lady.

Des. I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor answer I have none,
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee to-night,
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—
And call thy husband hither.

Des. Here is a change, indeed!

[*Exit.*

Des. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.
How have I been behaved, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?

Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.

Iago. What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

Des. I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young babes,

Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks:
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Emil. Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhored her,
Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

Des. Am I that name, Iago?

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Des. Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

Emil. He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink,

Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he so?

Des. I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep: Alas, the day!

Emil. Has she forsook so many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be called—whore? would it not make one weep?

Des. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beshrew him for it!

How comes this trick upon him!

Des. Nay, heaven doth know.

Emil. I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devised this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

Iago. Fy, there is no such man; it is impossible.

Des. If any such there be, Heaven pardon him!

Emil. A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?

The Moor's abused by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—
O Heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!

Iago. Speak within door.

Emil. O, fy upon him! some such squire he was,
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;
It does abhor me, now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Des. If 'twere no other,—

Iago. It is but so, I warrant you. (*Trumpets.*)
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
And the great messengers of Venice stay:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

(*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*)

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doff'st me with some device,
Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now,) keep'st
me from all conveniency, than suppliest me with
the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no
longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put
up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your
words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted my-
self out of my means. The jewels you have had
from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have
corrupted a votarist: You have told me—she has
received them, and returned me expectations and
comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I
find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor
'tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very
scurvy; and begin to find myself fobbed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make
myself known to Desdemona: If she will return

me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation: if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but, yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it; if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? Why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean—removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence (which I shall fashion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will shew you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear farther reason for this.

Iago. And you shall, be satisfied. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another Room in the Castle.

Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no farther.

Oth. O pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

Des. Your honour is most welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, sir?—

O,—Desdemona,—

Des. My lord?

Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done.

Des. I will my lord.

[Exeunt *Oth.*, *Lod.* and attendants.

Emil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Des. He says he will return incontinent; He hath commanded me to go to bed,

And bade me to dismiss you.

Emil. Dismiss me?

Des. It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia, Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:

We must not now displease him.

Emil. I would, you had never seen him!

Des. So would not I; my love doth so approve him,

That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—

Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

Des. All's one:—Good father, how foolish are our minds!—

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me In one of those same sheets.

Emil. Come, come, you talk.

Des. My mother had a maid call'd—Barbara; She was in love: and he, she loved, proved mad, And did forsake her: she had a song of—willow, An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune, And she died singing it: That, song, to-night, Will not go from my mind; I have much to do, But to hang my head all at one side, And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

Emil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Des. No, unpin me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emil. A very handsome man.

Des. He speaks well.

Emil. I know a lady in Venice, who would have walked bare-footed to Palestine, for a touch of his lip.

I.

Des. The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow; (Sings.
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd
her moans;
Sing willow, &c.

Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones;

Lay by these:

Sing willow, willow, willow:

Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—

Sing all a green willow, must be my garland.

II.

Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

Nay that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?

Emil. It is the wind.

Des. I call'd my love, false love; but what said he then?

Sing willow, &c.

If I court mo women, you'll couch with mo men.

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch; Doth that bode weeping?

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,— That there be women do abuse their husbands In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!

Emil. Nor I neither, by this heavenly light;

I might do't as well i' the dark.

Des. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great price

For a small vice.

Des. Good troth, I think thou wouldst not.

Emil. By my troth, I think I should; and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring; nor for measures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but, for the whole world,—Why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

Des. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

Emil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Des. I do not think there is any such woman.

Emil. Yes, a dozen; and as many To the vantage, as would store the world they played for.

But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults, If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties, And pour our treasures into foreign laps; Or else break out in peevish jealousies, Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us, Or scant our former having in despite; Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,

Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and sour, As husbands have. What is it that they do, When they change us for others? Is it sport? I think it is; And doth affection breed it? I think it doth; Is't frailty that thus errs? It is so too: And have not we affections? Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have? Then, let them use us well: else, let them know, The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

Des. Good night, good night: Heaven me such usage send,

Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.

Iago. Here stand behind this bulk; straight will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home; Quick, quick; fear nothing: I'll be at thy elbow: It makes us, or it mars us; think on that, And fix most firm thy resolution.

Rod. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy sword.

(*Retires to a little distance.*)

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed; And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:— 'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword: he dies.

(*Goes to his stand.*)

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,

And he grows angry. Now, whether he kills Cassio, Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other, Every way makes my gain: Live Roderigo,

He calls me to a restitution large Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd from him As gifts to Desdemona;

It must not be: if Cassio do remain, He hath a daily beauty in his life, That makes me ugly: and, besides, the Moor May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:

No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.

Enter CASSIO.

Rod. I know his gait, 'tis he; Villain, thou diest. (*Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at Cassio.*)

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed, But that my coat is better than thou think'st; I will make proof of thine.

(*Draws, and wounds Roderigo.*)

Rod. O, I am slain; (*Iago rushes from his post, cuts Cassio behind in the leg, and exit.*)

Cas. I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder! murder! (*Falls.*)

Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am.

Oth. Hark! 'tis even so.

Cas. O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest and just, That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong! Thou teachest me,—Minion your dear lies dead, And your fate hies apace:—Strumpet, I come; Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted.

Thy bed, lust stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted. [*Exit Othello.*]

Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans;—it is a heavy night; These may be counterfeits; let's think 't unsafe To come in to the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body comes? then shall I bleed to death.

Enter IAGO, with a light.

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries on murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did you not hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here; for Heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains! Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout, And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains!—

What are you there? come in and give some help. (*To Lodovico and Gratiano.*)

Rod. O, help me here!

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain! (*Iago stabs Roderigo.*)

Rod. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—
O! O! O!

Iago. Kill men i' the dark!—Where be these
bloody thieves?—

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good or evil?

Lod. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

Lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy: Here's Cassio hurt
By villains.

Gra. Cassio?

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, Heaven forbid!—

Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

Enter BIANCA.

Bian. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?

Iago. Who is't that cried?

Bian. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!

O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you sus-
pect

Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Gra. I am sorry to find you thus: I have been to
seek you.

Iago. Lend me a garter: So.—O, for a chair,
To bear him easily hence!

Bian. Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

Iago. Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash
To be a party in this injury.—

Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come;

Lend me a light.—Know we this face or no!

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no;—Yes, sure; O Heaven! Roderigo.

Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?

Gra. Know him? ay.

Iago. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,
'That so neglected you.

Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he:—O, that's well said;—the
chair:— (A chair brought in.)

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,

(To Bianca.)

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here,
Cassio,

Was my dear friend: What malice was between
you?

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. (To Bianca.) What, look you pale?—O, bear
him out o' the air.—

(Cassio and Rod. are borne off.)

Stay you, good gentlemen:—Look you pale,
mistress? (To Bianca.)

Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon:—

Behold her well; I pray you look upon her;

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. 'Las, what's the matter? what's the matter,
husband?

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are 'scaped:
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

Emil. Alas, good gentlemen! alas, good Cassio
Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee,
Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:—
What, do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore
shake not.

Iago. O, did he so? I charge you go with me.

Emil. Fy, fy upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,
As you that thus abuse me.

Emil. As I? foh! fy upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio
dress'd:—

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd.—
Will you go on, I pray? This is the night, (Aside.)

That either makes me, or fordoes me quite. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Bedchamber: Desdemona in bed,
asleep. A light burning.

Enter OTHELLO.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

(Takes off his sword.)

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—Put out the light!
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me: but once put out thine,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd
thy rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—

(Kissing her.)

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after:—One more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep.
But they are cruel tears: This sorrow's heavenly;
It strikes where it doth love.—She wakes—

Des. Who's there? Othello?

Oth. Ay, Desdemona.

Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

Des. Ay, my lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconciled as yet to Heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;

No,—Heaven forbid!—I would not kill thy soul.

Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.

Des. Then, Heaven
Have mercy on me!

Oth. Amen, with all my heart!

Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

Oth. Humph!

Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear, I
know not,
Since guiltiness I know not: but yet, I feel, I fear

Oth. Think on thy sins.

Des. They are loves I bear to you.

Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.—

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?

Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:

These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,

They do not point on me.

Oth. Peace, and be still!

Des. I will: what's the matter?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so loved, and gave thee,

Thou gavest to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul:

Send for the man and ask him.

Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,

Take heed of perjury: thou'rt on thy death-bed.

Des. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth. Yes, presently:

Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin:

For to deny each article with oath,

Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen!

Des. And have you mercy too—I never did

Offend you in my life: never loved Cassio,

But with such general warranty of Heaven

As I might love: I never gave him token.

Oth. By Heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.

O perjured woman! thou dost stone my heart

And makest me call, what I intend to do,

A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:

I saw the handkerchief.

Des. He found it then;

I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,

And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.

Des. What, my lord?

Oth. That he hath—used thee.

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He'll not say so.

Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd:

Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

Des. My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge

Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?

Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet!

Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

Oth. Nay, if you strive,—

Des. But half an hour.

Oth. Being done,

There is no pause.

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late. *(He smothers her.)*

Emil. *(Within.)* My lord! my lord! what ho! my lord! my lord!

Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so.

Emil. *(Within.)* What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Emil. *(Within.)* O, my good lord, I would speak a word with you.

Oth. Yes;—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's dead. 'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death; The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving? Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?

I think, she stirs again:—No.—What's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:

O, insupportable! O heavy hour!

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse

Of sun and moon; and that the affrighted globe

Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. *(Within.)* I do beseech you, I may speak with you,

O good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—

Soft,—by and by: Let me the curtains draw.—

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now? *(Unlocks the door.)*

Enter EMILIA.

Emil. O, good my lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What? now?

Emil. But now, my lord!

Oth. It is the very error of the moon:

She comes more near the earth than she was wont;

And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian, Call'd Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!

And Cassio kill'd?

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune, And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—

Help! help! ho! help—O lady, speak again!

Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done this deed?

Des. Nobody: I myself; farewell:

Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell. *(Dies.)*

Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

Emil. Alas, who knows?

Oth. You heard her say herself, it was not I.

Emil. She said so; I must needs report the truth.

Oth. She's like a liar, gone to burning hell: 'Twas I that killed her.

Emil. O, the more angel she,

And you the blacker devil!

Oth. She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

Emil. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

Oth. She was false as water.

Emil. Thou art rash as fire to say

That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!

Oth. Cassio did tup her: ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,

But that I did proceed upon just grounds

To this extremity: Thy husband knew it all.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Thy husband.

Emil. That she was false to wedlock?

Oth. Ay, with Cassio.

Nay, had she been true,

If heaven would make me such another world
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me first;
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iterance, woman? I say, thy
husband.

Emil. O mistress, villainy hath made moeks with
love!—

My husband say, that she was false?

Oth. He, woman;

I say, thy husband: Dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a-day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha!

Emil. Do thy worst;

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half that power to do me
harm,

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor has kill'd my mistress; Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.

Mon. What is the matter?—How now, general?

Emil. O, you are come, Iago? you have done
well,

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Emil. Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false;
I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain;
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himself was apt and true.

Emil. But did you ever tell him, she was false?

Iago. I did.

Emil. You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—

She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio?

Iago. With Cassio, mistress: Go to, charm your
tongue.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound
to speak;

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

All. O Heavens forbend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murder on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villainy, villainy, villainy!—

I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't:—O villainy!—

I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief.—

O villainy, villainy!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you
home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O!

(Hanging over his wife.)

Emil. Nay, lay thee down, and roar;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O, she was foul!—

(Rising.)

I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your
niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly
stopp'd:

I know, this act shews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's
dead;

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain; did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed: Cassio confess'd it;
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O Heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'Twill out, 'twill out;—I hold my peace,
sir? no;

No, I will speak as liberal as the air:
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home.

Emil. I will not.

(Iago offers to stab his wife.)

Gra. Fy!

Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou
speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begged of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore!

Emil. She give it Cassio! no, alas; I found it,
And I did give 't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest.

Emil. By Heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen,
O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

(Iago stabs Emilia, and then runs out.)

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,

But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his
wife.

Emil. Ay, ay; O, lay me by my mistress' side!

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's killed.

Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this
weapon,

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damned slave.

(Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.)

Oth. I am not valiant neither,

But every puny whipster gets my sword:—

But why should honour outlive honesty?

Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?

Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music;—*Willow, willow, willow.*—

Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor;
So come, my soul to bliss as I speak true;
So speaking as I think I die,—I die. *(Dies.)*

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;—

O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.

Gra. (Within.) If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;

Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and speak with me, Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good sword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop:—But, O vain beast
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—
Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.
Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires:—Where should Othello go?
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chastity.—
O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?
Dead? O! O! O!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, carried in a chair, and Officers, with IAGO, prisoner.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That's he, that was Othello; here I am.

Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

Oth. I look down towards his feet:—but that's a fable:

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

(Othello wounds Iago.)

Lod. Wrench his sword from him.

Iago. I bleed, sir: but not kill'd.

Oth. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello, that was once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, any thing:

An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate! but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: What you know, you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What? not to pray?

Gra. Torments will ope your lips.

Oth. Well thou dost best.

Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath befallen,

Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;
And here, another: the one of them imports

The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O, villain!

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!

Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim
Came in and satisfied him.

Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!—

How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?

Cas. I found it in my chamber:
And he himself confess'd, but even now,
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: And even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state:—Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know
it;

No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you
speak

Of one, that loved not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdued
eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum: Set you down this;
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian, and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus.

(Stabs himself.)

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All, that's spoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee:—No way but
this, *(Falling upon Desdemona.)*
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. *(Dies.)*

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no
weapon:

For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog,
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!
Look to the tragic loading of this bed; *(To Iago.)*
This is thy work: the object poisons sight;—
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed to you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it!
Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. *(Exeunt.)*

WINTER'S TALE.



Paulina.—“COMES IT NOT SOMETHING NEAR?”—Act v, scene 3.

Persons Represented.

LEONTES, King of Sicilia

MAMILLIUS, his Son.

CAMILLO,

ANTIGONUS,

CLEOMENES,

DION,

Another Sicilian Lord.

ROGERO, a Sicilian Gentleman.

An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.

Officers of a Court of Judicature.

POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.

FLORIZEL, his Son.

ARCHIDAMUS, a Bohemian Lord.

A Mariner.

Gaoler.

An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.

Clown, his Son.

Servant to the old Shepherd.

AUTOLYCUS, a Rogue.

TIME, as Chorus.

HERMIONE, Queen to Leontes.

PERDITA, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.

PAULINA, Wife to Antigonus.

EMILIA, a Lady, } attending the Queen.

Two other Ladies, }

MOPSA, } Shepherdesses.

DORCAS, }

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a dance,
Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE I.—Sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. An Ante-chamber in Leontes' Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO and ARCHIDAMUS.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia on the like occasion wherein my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves: for, indeed,—

Cam. 'Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks; that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot shew himself over kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods! and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attornied, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, desire yet their life, to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse, why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches, till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A room of state in the Palace.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry star have been The shepherd's note, since we have left our throne Without a burden: time as long again Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks; And yet we should, for perpetuity, Go hence in debt. And therefore, like a cipher, Yet standing in rich place, I multiply, With one *we thank you*, many thousands more, That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile; And pay them, when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.

I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance Or breed upon our absence: That may blow No sneaking winds at home, to make us say, *This is put forth too truly!* Besides, I have stay'd To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother, Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's, then: and in that

I'll no gainsaying.

Pol. Press me not, 'beseech you so;

There is no tongue, that moves, none, none i' the world,

So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now,

Were there necessity in your request, although 'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs

Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder Were, in your love, a whip to me; my stay To you a charge and trouble: to save both, Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until

You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You sir,

Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are sure, All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him, He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:

But let him say so then, and let him go;

But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,

We'll thwack him hence with distaffs.—

Yet of your royal presence (*to Polixenes*) I'll adventure

The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia You take my lord, I'll give him my commission, To let him there a month, behind the gest Prefix'd for 's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes, I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind What lady she her lord.—You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows: But I, Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,

Should yet say, *Sir, no going.* Verily,

You shall not go; a lady's verily is

As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,

Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees,

When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread verily, One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest then, madam:

To be your prisoner, should import offending;

Which is for me less easy to commit,

Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler then,

But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you

Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;

You were pretty lordlings then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk
i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: What we changed,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did: Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd
Heaven

Boldly, *Not guilty*; the imposition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady,
Temptations have since then been born to us;
for

In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had not then cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no conclusion; lest you say,
Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll answer;
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request, he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice said well? when was't
before?

I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praise, and make
us

As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying
tongueless,

Slaughters a thousand, waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: You may ride us,
With one soft kiss, a thousand furlongs, ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal,—
My last good deed was to entreat his stay;
What was my first? it was an elder sister,
Or I mistake you: O, would her name were
Grace!

But once before I spoke to the purpose: When?
Nay, let me have 't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was, when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to
death,

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

Her. It is Grace, indeed.—

Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose
twice:

The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other, for some while a friend.

(Giving her hand to Polixenes.)

Leon. Too hot, too hot; (Aside.)
To mingle friendship far, is mingling bloods.

I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; it may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practised smiles,
As in a looking-glass; and then to sigh, as
'twere

The mort o' the deer: O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks?

Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd
thy nose?—

They say, it's a copy out of mine. Come, cap-
tain,

We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, cap-
tain;

And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling

(Observing Polixenes and Hermione.)

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
Art thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots
that I have,

To be full like me:—yet, they say, we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: But were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters; false
As dice are to be wish'd, by one that fixes
No bourn 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To say this boy were like me.—Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye: Sweet vil-
lain!

Most dear'st! my collop!—Can thy dam?—may't
be?

Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible, things not so held,
Communicatest with dreams;—(How can this
be?)

With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou
dost;

(And that beyond commission; and I find it.)

And that to the infection of my brains,

And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord?

What cheer? how is't with you, best brother?

Her. You look,

As if you held a brow of much distraction:
Are you moved, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest,—

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This quash, this gentleman.—Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole!—
My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all;
He makes a July's day short as December;
And, with his varying childness, cures in me
Thoughts that would thicken my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Officed with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps.—*Hermione,*
How thou lovest us, shew in our brother's wel-
come;

Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyself and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: Shall 's attend you
there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you'll be
found,

Be you beneath the sky.—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!

(*Aside. Observing Polixenes and Hermione.*)
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband! Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd
one.

[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants.*
Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play.—There have
been,

Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced in 's ab-
sence,

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and those gates
open'd,

As mine, against their will: Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is
none.

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think
it,

From east, west, north, and south; Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it:
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thousand of us
Have the disease, and feel 't not.—How, now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that's some comfort.—
What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest
man.—

[*Exit Mamillius.*

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor
hold:

When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions: made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?—

They're here with me already; whispering, round-
ing,

Sicilia is a so-forth; 'Tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good, should be per-
tinent:

But so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks.—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes,
Perchance, are to this business purblind; say.

Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most under-
stand

Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy

The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, priest like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon't,—Thou art not honest: or,
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward;
Which boxes honesty behind, restraining
From course required: Or else thou must be
counted

A servant, grafted in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seest a game played home, the rich stake
drawn,

And takest it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometimes puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft affects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities, that honesty
Is never free of. But, 'beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's past doubt—you have, or your eye-
glass

Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation)
Resides not in that man, that does not think
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
(Or else be impudently negative,

To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then
say,

My wife's a hobbyhorse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight; say it, and justify it.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate, were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honesty :) horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes
blind

With the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in 't, is no-
thing;

The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these no-
things,

If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say, thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave;
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal,
hanging

About her neck, Bohemia: who—if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do
that,

Which should undo more doing: Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worship; who may'st
see

Plainly, as heaven sees earth, and earth sees
heaven,

How I am galled,—might'st bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no rash potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that should not work,
Maliciously like poison: But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have loved thee—

Leon. Mak't thy question, and go rot:
Dost think, I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation? sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve, is sleep; which being spotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps?
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who. I do think is mine, and love as mine,

Without ripe moving to 't?—Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't:
Provided, that, when he's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first;
Even for your son's sake; and, thereby, for
sealing

The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised
me. [Exit.]

Cam. O miserable lady!—But for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master; one
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his, so too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example
Of thousands that have struck anointed kings,
And flourish'd after, I'd not do 't: but since
Nor brass, nor stone, nor parchment, bears not
one,

Let villainy itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter POLIXENES.

Pol. This is strange! methinks,
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?—
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a counte-
nance,

As he had lost some province, and a region,
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him
With customary compliment: when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me; and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and
dare not

Be intelligent to me? 'Tis thereabouts:
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must;
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror,
Which shews me mine changed too: for I must
be

A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a sickness,
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you, that yet are well.

Pol. How! Caught of me?
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the
better

By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my know-
ledge

Thereof to be inform'd, imprison it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!
I must be answer'd.—Dost thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the
least

Is not this suit of mine,—that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charged in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my
counsel;

Which must be even as swiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourself and me
Ory, lost, and so good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks,—nay, with all confidence he
swears,

As he had seen't, or been an instrument
To vice you to't,—That you have touched his
queen

Forbiddenly.

Pol. O, then my best blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour, that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive; and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular star in heaven, and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove, or counsel shake,
The fabric of his folly; whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am sure, 'tis safer to
Avoid what's grown, than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,—
That lies enclosed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away, to-night.
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will, by twos and threes, at several posterns,
Clear them of the city: For myself, I'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth; which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer

Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth,
thereon

His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:

I saw his heart in his face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine: My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy

Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades
me;

Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but no-
thing

Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the posterns: Please your high-
ness

To take the urgent hour: Come, sir, away.
[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You'll kiss me hard; and speak to me as
if

I were a baby still.—I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And why so, my good lord?

Mam. Not for because

Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they
say,

Become some women best; so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semi-circle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.

2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray
now,

What colour are your eye-brows?

1 *Lady.* Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a lady's
nose

That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2 *Lady.* Hark ye:

The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we shall
Present our services to a fine new prince
One of these days: and then you'd wanton with
us,

If we would have you.

1 *Lady.* She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come,
sir, now

I am for you again: Pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or sad, shall 't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale's best for winter;
I have one of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, sir,
Come on, sit down:—Come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites: you're powerful at
it.

Mam. There was a man,—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard—I will tell it
softly;

Yon crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and
others.*

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with
him?

1 Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them;
never

Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How bless'd am I
In my just censure? in my true opinion?—
Alack, for lesser knowledge!—How accursed,
In being so blest!—There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts:—I have drank, and seen the
spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander!—
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All's true, that is mistrusted:—That false villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will.—How came the posterns
So easily open?

1 Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so,
On your command.

Leon. I know 't too well.—
Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurse
him:

Though he does bear some sign of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come
about her:

Away with him:—and let her sport herself
With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But I'd say, he had not,
And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say, she is a goodly lady, and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deserves high speech,) and
straight

The shrug, the hum, or ha; these petty brands,
That calumny doth use:—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will sear
Virtue itself:—these shrugs, these hums, and ha's,
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,
Ere you can say, she's honest: But be it known

From him, that has most cause to grieve it should
be,

She's an adulteress.

Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.

Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have said,
She's an adulteress; I have said with whom;
More, she's a traitor, and Camillo is
A federary with her; and one that knows
What she should shame to know herself,
But with her most vile principal, that she's
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge,
that

You thus have publish'd me? Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No, no, if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison:
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my
lords,

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodged here, which burns
Worse than tears drown: 'Beseech you all, my
lords,

With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?

(To the Guards.)

Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—'Beseech
your highness,

My women may be with me; for, you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know, your
mistress

Has deserved a prison, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action I now go on,
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:

I never wish'd to see you sorry; now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have
leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence.

(Exeunt Queen and Ladies.)

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness call the queen
again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, sir: lest your
justice

Prove violence; in the which three great ones
suffer,—

Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 Lord. For her, my lord,—

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spot-
less

I' the eyes of Heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove

She's otherwise, I'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife: I'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel, and see her, no farther trust
her;

For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh, is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1 Lord. Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abused, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the
villain,

I would land-damn him! Be she honour-flaw'd—
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second, and the third, nine, and some five:
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine
honour,

I'll geld them all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations; they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more,

You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: I see't, and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,

We need no grave to bury honesty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1 Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my
lord,

Upon this ground: and more it would content
me

To have her honour true, than your suspicions,—
Be blamed for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we

Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels; but our natural goodness
Imparts this: which,—if you, (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill,) cannot, or will not,
Relish as truth, like us; inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,

You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?

Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lacked sight only, nought for approbation,
But only being, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,) doth push on this proceed-
ing:

Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For in an act of this importance, 'twere
Most piteous to be wild,) I have despatch'd in
post,

To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know

Of stuff'd sufficiency: Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop, or spur me. Have I done well?

1 Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it
good,

From our free person she should be confined;
Lest that the treachery of the two, fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public: for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. (*Aside.*) To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. The outer room of a
Prison.*

Enter PAULINA and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison,—call to him;

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good
sir,

Re-enter Attendant with the Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

Keep. For a worthy lady,
And one whom I much honour.

Paul. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Keep. I may not, madam: to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors!—Is it lawful,
Pray you, to see her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Keep. So please you, madam, to put
Apart these your attendants, I shall bring
Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray, now, call her.—
Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Keep. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be 't so, pr'ythee.

[*Exit Keeper*

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain,
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, with EMILIA.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great, and so forlorn,
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, something before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't; says, *My poor prisoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be sworn:—

These dangerous unsafe lunes o' the king! beshrew
them!

He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I'll take 't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more.—Pray you, Emilia,

Commend my best obedience to the queen;
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I'll shew 't the king, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loudest. We do not know
How he may soften at the sight o' the child;
The silence often of pure innocence,
Persuades, when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour, and your goodness, is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue; there is no lady living,
So meet for this great errand. Please your lady-
ship

To visit the next room, I'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who, but to-day, hammer'd of this design;
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I'll use that tongue I have! if wit flow from it,
As boldness from my bosom, let it not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I'll to the queen. Please you, come something
nearer.

Keep. Madam, if't please the queen to send the
babe,
I know not what I shall incur, to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir;
The child was prisoner to the womb; and is,
By law and process of great nature, thence
Free'd and enfranchised: not a party to
The anger of the king; nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Keep. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear; upon
Mine honour, I will stand 'twixt you and danger.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and other
Attendants.*

Leon. Nor night nor day, no rest: It is but weak-
ness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness, if
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,
She, the adulteress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof: but she
I can hook to me: Say, that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again.—Who's there?

1 Atten. My lord? (*Advancing.*)

Leon. How does the boy?

1 Atten. He took good rest to-night;
'Tis hoped, his sickness is discharged.

Leon. To see
His nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply;
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on't in himself;
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:—
go,

See how he fares. [*Exit Atten.*—Fy, fy! no
thought of him;—

The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance,—Let him be,
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,

Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow;
They should not laugh, if I could reach them;
nor
Shall she, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, with a Child.

1 Lord. You must not enter.

Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to
me;

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.

Ant. That's enough.

1 Attend. Madam, he hath not slept to-night;
commanded

None should come at him.

Paul. Not so hot, good sir;
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,—
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings,—such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.

Leon. What noise, there, ho!

Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful con-
ference,
About some gossips for your highness.

Leon. How?—

Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,
I charged thee, that she should not come about
me:

I knew, she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who profess
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours.—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen; I say,
good queen;

And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do mine errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daugh-
ter;

Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

(*Laying down the child.*)

Leon. Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In so entitling me: and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough I'll warrant,

As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.—
Thou dotard, (to *Antigonus*,) thou art woman-tired,
unroosted

By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess, by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would, you did; then 'twere past all
doubt,

You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,

But one, that's here; and that's himself: for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will
not

(For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compelled to 't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leon. A callat,

Of boundless tongue; who late hath beat her hus-
band,

And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;

It is the issue of Polixenes:

Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;

And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worse.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the
valley,

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his
smiles;

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made
it

So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't; lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!—

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
Thou wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands,

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not:

It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in it. I'll not call thee
tyrant;

But this most cruel usage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy) something
savours

Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,

Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant

Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send
her

A better guiding spirit!—What needs these
hands?—

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so:—Farewell; we are gone.

[*Exit.*

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to
this.—

My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consumed with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up
straight:

Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony,) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine: If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:

These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.

1 Lord. We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better
credit:

We have always truly served you; and beseech you
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompense of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this pur-
pose;

Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that
blows:—

Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither;

(*To Antigonus.*)

You, that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey,—what will you adven-
ture

To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,

That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose; at least, thus much:
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible: Swear by this sword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; (see'st thou?) for
the fail

Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongued wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin
thee,

As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy to its own protection,

And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune,

It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves, and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed doth require!—and blessing,

Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss!

[*Exit, with the Child*

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

I Atten. Please your highness, posts,
From those you sent to the oracle, are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been absent; 'Tis good speed; foretels,
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady: for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street in some Town.*

Enter CLEOMENES and DION.

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.

Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks, I so should term them,) and the reverence

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be't so!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle
'Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up)
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh
horses;—

And gracious be the issue!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Court of Justice.*

LEONTES, Lords, and Officers, appear properly seated.

Leon. This sessions (to our great grief, we pronounce,)

Even pushes 'gainst our heart: The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much beloved.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.—
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure, that the queen
Appear in person here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE is brought in, guarded: PAULINA
and Ladies, attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. *Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia; and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to say, must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation; and
The testimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myself: it shall scarce boot me

To say, *Not guilty*; mine integrity
Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus,—If powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then, but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.—You, my lord, best know,
(Who least will seem to do so,) my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised,
And play'd, to take spectators: For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here standing,
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry, Fy upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not

At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accused), I do confess,
I loved him, as in honour he required;
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So, and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in
me

Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you, and toward your friend; whose love had
spoke,

Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is, that Camillo was an honest man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it.—As you were past all
shame,

(Those of your fact are so,) so past all truth,
Which to deny, concerns more than avails:
For as

Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,) so thou
Shalt feel our justice; in whose easiest passage,
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity;
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
And first fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third com-
fort,

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder. Myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion. Lastly, hurried
Here to this place, 'i the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed,
But yet hear this; mistake me not,—No! life,
I prize it not a straw,—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises,—all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake,—I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

1 Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father;
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officer, with CLEOMENES and DION.

Off. You here shall swear upon the sword of
justice

That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have
brought

This sealed-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dared to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in't.

Cleo. & Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seal and read.

Off. (*Reads.*) *Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blame-
less, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant,
his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall
live without an heir, if that, which is lost, be not
found.*

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed; this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, hastily.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens them-
selves
Do strike at my injustice. (*Hermione faints.*) How
now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look
down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence;

Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover,—
I have too much believed mine own suspicion.—
'Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon

[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Herm.*]

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death, and
with

Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all uncertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour:—How he glisters
Through my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!

O, cut my lace; lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1 Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
 What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling,
 In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
 Must I receive; whose every word deserves
 To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
 Together working with thy jealousies,—
 Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
 For girls of nine!—O, think what they have done,
 And then run mad, indeed; stark mad for all
 Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
 That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
 That did but shew thee, of a fool, inconstant,
 And damnable ungrateful: Nor, was't much,
 Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's
 honour,
 To have him kill a king,—poor trespasses,
 More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
 The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
 To be or none, or little; though a devil
 Would have shed water out of fire, ere done 't:
 Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
 Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts
 (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the
 heart
 That could conceive, a gross and foolish sire
 Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
 Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O lords,
 When I have said, cry woe!—the queen, the
 queen,
 The sweetest, dearest creature's dead; and ven-
 geance for't
 Not dropp'd down yet.
1 Lord. The higher powers forbid!
Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear 't: if word nor
 oath
 Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
 Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
 Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
 As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
 Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
 Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake
 thee
 To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
 Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
 Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
 In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
 To look that way thou wert.
Leon. Go on, go on:
 Thou canst not speak too much; I have de-
 served
 All tongues to talk their bitterest.
1 Lord. Say no more;
 Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
 I' the boldness of your speech.
Paul. I am sorry for 't;
 All faults I make, when I shall come to know
 them,
 I do repent: Alas, I have shew'd too much
 The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
 To the noblest heart.—What's gone, and what's
 past help
 Should be past grief: Do not receive affliction,
 At my petition, I beseech you; rather
 Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
 Of what you should forget. Now, good my
 liege,
 Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
 The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
 I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children,
 I'll not remember you of my own lord,

Who is lost too: Take your patience to you,
 And I'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well,
 When most the truth; which I receive much
 better

Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
 To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
 One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
 The causes of their death appear, unto
 Our shame perpetual: Once a day I'll visit
 The chapel where they lie; and tears, shed there,
 Shall be my recreation: So long as
 Nature will bear up with this exercise,
 So long I daily vow to use it. Come,
 And lead me to these sorrows.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—*Bohemia. A desert Country near the sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, with the child; and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd
 upon
 The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear
 We have landed in ill time; the skies look
 grimly,
 And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
 The heavens with that we have in hand are
 angry,
 And frown upon us.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—go, get
 aboard;
 Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
 I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste; and go not
 Too far i' the land; 'Tis like to be loud weather;
 Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
 Of prey, that keep upon 't.

Ant. Go thou away;
 I'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
 To be so rid o' the business.

[*Exit*]

Ant. Come, poor babe:—
 I have heard, (but not believed,) the spirits of the
 dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
 Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream
 So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
 Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
 I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
 So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white robes,
 Like very sanctity, she did approach
 My cabin, where I lay; thrice bow'd before me;
 And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
 Became two spouts: The fury spent, anon
 Did this break from her: *Good Antigonus,*
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more:—and so, with shrieks,
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,
 I did in time collect myself; and thought
 This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
 Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,

I will be squared by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Blossom, speed thee well!

(Laying down the child.)

There lie; and there thy character: there these;

(Laying down a bundle.)

Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,
pretty,

And still rest thine.—The storm begins:—Poor
wretch,

That, for thy mother's fault, are thus exposed
To loss, and what may follow:—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and most accursed am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!

The day frowns more and more; thou art like to
have

A lullaby too rough: I never saw

The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour?—

Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase;

I am gone for ever.

[Exit, pursued by a bear.]

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and
three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out
the rest: for there is nothing in the between but
getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry,
stealing, fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any
but these boiled brains of nineteen, and two-and-
twenty, hunt this weather? They have scared
away two of my best sheep; which, I fear, the
wolf will sooner find than the master: if any-
where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing
on ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we
here? *(Taking up the child.)* Mercy on's, a barne:
a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder?
A pretty one: a very pretty one. Sure, some
scape though I am not bookish, yet I can read
waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been
some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-
door-work: they were warmer, that got this, than
the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet
I'll tarry till my son come; he halloed but even
now. Whoa, ho ho!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hillos, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou'lt see a thing
to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come
hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by
land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now
the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot
thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but see how it chafes, how
it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not
to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor
souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em:
now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast;
and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you'd
thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the
land-service,—To see how the bear tore out his
shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and
said, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to
make an end of the ship—To see how the sea flap-
dragoned it: but, first, how the poor souls roared,
and the sea mock'd them; and how the poor gen-

tleman roared, and the bear mock'd him, both roar-
ing louder than the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw
these sights: the men are not yet cold under
water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman;
he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the
old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to
have helped her; there your charity would have
lacked footing.

(Aside.)

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee
here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou met'st with
things dying, I with things new born. Here's a
sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a
squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up,
boy; open 't. So, let's see: It was told me, I
should be rich by the fairies: this is some change-
ling:—open 't: What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man; if the sins of your
youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold!
all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so:
up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next
way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, re-
quires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—
Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll
go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and
how much he hath eaten: they are never curst, but
when they are hungry: if there be any of him left,
I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'st discern
by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to
the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him
i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good
deeds on 't.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I,—that please some, try all; both joy and
terror

Of good and bad; that make and unfold error,—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my swift passage, that I slide
O'er sixteen years, and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap; since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law, and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom: Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was,
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning; and ma-
stale

The glistening of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass; and give my scene such growing,
As you had slept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealousies; so grieving,
That he shuts up himself; imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace

Equal with wond'ring: What of her ensues,
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a shepherd's
daughter,

And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of time: Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never yet, that Time himself doth say,
He wishes earnestly, you never may.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.*

Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me: to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so; which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me businesses, which none, without thee, can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done: which, if I have not enough considered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country Sicilia, prythee speak no more: whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother: whose loss of his most precious queen, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown; but I have, missingly, noted, he is of late much retired from court; and is less frequent to his princely exercises, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo; and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my services, which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence: That he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place, where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity, I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prythee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo!—We must disguise ourselves.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same. A road near the Shepherd's Cottage.*

Enter AUTOLYOUS, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,—

With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—

Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;

For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,—

With, heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!—

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;

For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,—

With, hey! with, hey! the thrush and the jay,—

Are summer songs for me and my aunts,

While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile; but now I am out of service;

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?

The pale moon shines by night:

And, when I wander here and there,

I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,

And bear the sow-skin budget;

Then my account I well may give,

And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets: when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me, Autolycus; who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles: With die and drab, I purchased this caparison; and my revenue is the silly cheat: Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway; beating and hanging are terrors to me; for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see.—Every 'leven wether—tods; every tod yields—pound and odd shilling: fifteen hundred shorn.—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the springe holds, the cock's mine.

(Aside.)

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.—Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? *Three pounds of sugar; five pound of currants; rice,*—What will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast and she lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty nosegays for the shearers: three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases: but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have *saffron*, to colour the warden pies; *mace*,—*dates*,—none; that's out of my note; *nutmegs*, *seven*; *a race or two of ginger*; but that I may beg; *four pound of prunes*, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

(Groveling on the ground.)

Clo. I' the name of me—

Aut. O help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horse-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, sweet sir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

(Helping him up.)

Aut. Oh! good sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. Oh! good sir, softly, good sir: I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir; (picks his pocket,) good sir, softly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir, I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want. Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames. I knew him once a servant of the prince; I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of court: they cherish it, to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the prodigal son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart, that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand, and walk. I will even take my leave of you and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir!—[Exit Clown.]—Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too. If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the

shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue!

*Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.*

SCENE III.—The same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you

Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing

Is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen on 't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord, To chide at your extremes, it not becomes me; O, pardon, that I name them: your high self, The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured,

With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid, Most goddess-like prank'd up. But that our feasts

In every mess have folly, and the feeders Digest it with a custom, I should blush To see you so attired; sworn, I think, To shew myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time, When my good falcon made her flight across Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause! To me, the difference forges dread; your greatness

Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble To think, your father, by some accident, Should pass this way, as you did: O the fates! How would he look, to see his work, so noble, Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend Nothing but jollity. The Gods themselves, Humbling their deities to love, have taken The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god, Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, As I seem now: Their transformations Were never for a piece of beauty rarer; Nor in a way so chaste: since my desires Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, dear sir, Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis Opposed, as it must be, by the power o' the king: One of these two must be necessities, Which then will speak; that you must change this purpose, Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita, With these forced thoughts, I prythee, darken not

The mirth o' the feast: Or I'll be thine, my fair, Or not my father's; for I cannot be Mine own, nor any thing to any, if I be not thine: To this I am most constant, Though destiny say, no. Be merry, gentle; Strangle such thoughts as these, with any thing

That you behold the while. Your guests are
coming:

Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebrating that nuptial, which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

*Enter Shepherd, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO,
disguised; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others.*

Flo. See your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fy, daughter! when my old wife lived,
upon
This day, she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served
all;

Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now
here,

At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing she took to quench
it,

She would to each one sip: You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes; and present your-
self

That which you are, mistress o' the feast: Come
on,

And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. Welcome, sir!

(*To Polixenes.*)

It is my father's will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day.—You're welcome,
sir!—

(*To Camillo.*)

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend
sirs,

For you there's rosemary and rue: these keep
Seeming, and savour, all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o' the
season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyflowers,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that
kind

Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said,
There is an art, which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o'er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind

By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather;
but

The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-
flowers,

And do not call them bastards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well; and only there-
fore

Desire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your
flock,

And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
fairest friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring, that
might

Become your time of day; and yours, and
yours;

That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing.—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st
fall

From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet
friend,

To strew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What! like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play
on;

Not like a corse: or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your
flowers:

Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak,
sweet,

I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish
you

A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No other function: Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,

Your praises are too large: but that your youth

And the true blood which fairly peeps through
it,

Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come: our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that
ever
Ran on the green-sward; nothing she does, or
seems,

But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That makes her blood look out: Good sooth, she
is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry,
garlic,
To mend her kissing with.—

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we stand upon our
manners.—
Come, strike up.

[*Music.*]

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, which dances with your
daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boasts
himself

To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth: He says, he loves my
daughter;

I think so too; for never gazed the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report
it,

That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that,
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedler at
the door, you would never dance again after a tabor
and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he
sings several tunes faster than you'll tell money;
he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all
men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come
in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be dole-
ful matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant
thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man or woman, of all
sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with
gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids;
so without bawdry, which is strange; with such
delicate burdens of dildos and fadings, jump her and
thump her; and where some stretch-mouthed rascal
would, as it were, mean mischief, and break a foul

gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer,
Whoop, do me no harm, good man; puts him off,
slights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good
man.*

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable
conceited fellow. Was he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rain-
bow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia
can learnedly handle, though they come to him by
the gross; inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns:
why, he sings them over, as they were gods or
goddesses: you would think, a smock were a she-
angel: he so chants to the sleeve hand, and the
work about the square on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him ap-
proach singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous
words in his tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlers, that have more
in 'em than you'd think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.

*Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber;
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come, buy, &c.*

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou
shouldst take no money of me; but being en-
thrall'd as I am, it will also be the bondage of
certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but
they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or
there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you;
may be, he has paid you more, which will shame
you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids?
will they wear their plackets, where they should
bear their faces? Is their not milking-time,
when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to
whistle off these secrets; but you must be tittle-
tattling before all our guests? 'Tis well they are
whispering: Clamour your tongues, and not a
word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a
tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by
the way, and lost all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad;
therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing
here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many
parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in
print, a'life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune. How a
usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-

bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to 't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives, that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad. Of a fish that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the four-score of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man*: there's scarce a maid westward, but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou 'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go;

Where, it fits not you to know.

D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?

M. It becomes thy oath full well,

Thou to me thy secrets tell:

D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou go'st to the grange, or mill:

D. If to either, thou dost ill.

A. Neither. *D.* What neither? *A.* Neither.

D. Thou hast sworn my love to be:

M. Thou hast sworn it more to me;

Then, whither go'st? say, whither?

Clo. We'll have this song out anon by ourselves: My father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedler; let's have the first choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em.

(*Aside.*)

Will you buy any tape,

Or lace for your cape,

My dainty duck, my dear-a?

Any silk, any thread,

Any toys for your head,

If the new'st, and finest, finest, wear-a?

Come to the pedler;

Money's a medler,

That doth utter all men's ware-a.

[*Exeunt Clown, Autolycus, Dorcas, and Mopsa.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that

have made themselves all men of hair; they call themselves saltiers: and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, (if it be not too rough for some, that know little but howling,) it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much humble foolery already:—I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us. Pray let's see these four threes of heidsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squier.

Shep. Leave your prating; since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, with twelve Rustics habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.

Pol. O father, you'll know more of that hereafter.—

Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—He's simple, and tells much. (*Aside.*)—How now, fair shepherd?

Your heart is full of something, that does take Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,

And handed love, as you do, I was wont To load my she with knacks. I would have ransack'd

The pedler's silken treasury, and have pour'd it To her acceptance; you have let him go, And nothing marted with him. If your lass Interpretation should abuse, and call this Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited For a reply, at least, if you make a care Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are: The gifts, she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd Up in my heart, which I have given already, But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life Before this ancient sir, who, it would seem, Hath sometime loved. I take thy hand; this hand,

As soft as dove's down, and as white as it: Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow, That's bolted by the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?—

How prettily the young swain seems to wash The hand was fair before!—I have put you out:—But, to your protestation; let me hear What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all;

That,—were I crown'd the most imperial monarch, Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth That ever made eye swerve; had force and knowledge

More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,

Without her love: for her, employ them all; Commend them, and condemn them, to her service, Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us, 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, 'beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have. But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor shall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
is, at the nuptials of his son, a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you, once
more;

Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age, and altering rheums? Can he speak?
hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-ridden? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health, and ampler strength, indeed,
'Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white-beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial. Reason, my son
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,
'The father (all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know 't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son; he shall not need to
grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not:—
Mark out our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
(*Discovering himself.*)

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged. Thou a sceptre's heir,
'That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou, old
traitor,

I am sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who, of force, must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with,—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briars,
and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond
boy,—

If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh,

That thou no more shalt see this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt,) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,
Far than Deucalion off. Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dread blow of it.—And you, enchant-
ment,—

Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to 't.

[*Exit.*]

Per. Even here undone!

I was not much afraid: for once or twice
I was about to speak; and tell him plainly,
The self-same sun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.—Will 't please you, sir, be gone?

(*To Florizel.*)

I told you what would come of this. 'Beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,
(*To Florizel.*)

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
'That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay
me

Where no priest shovels-in dust.—O cursed wretch!
(*To Perdita.*)

That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst ad-
venture

'To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
'To die when I desire.

[*Exit.*]

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not follow-
ing

My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech,—which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear;
Then till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be
thus:

How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith: And then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy look—
From my succession wipe me, father! I
Am heir to thy affection.

Cam. Be advised.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas
hide

In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd
friend,

When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean
not

To see him any more,) cast your good coun-
sels

Upon his passion: Let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver. I am put to sea

With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And most opportune to our need, I have

A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord,
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—

(Takes her aside.)

I'll hear you by and by.

(To Camillo.)

Cam. He's irremovable,
Resolved for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am so fraught with curious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

(Going.)

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the
love

That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved: it is my father's music,
To speak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is nearest to him, which
is

Your gracious self; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and settled project
May suffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you shall have such receiv-
ing

As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forbend! your ruin :) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours, in your absence)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,

D

May this, almost a miracle, be done?

That I may call thee something more than man.
And, after that, trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet;
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do; so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your pur-
pose,
But undergo this flight,—make for Sicilia;
And there present yourself, and your fair prin-
cess,

(For so, I see, she must be,) 'fore Leontes;
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee, the son, forgive-
ness,

As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fair princess; o'er and o'er divides
him

'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king, your father,
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you
down;

The which shall point you forth at every sitting,
What you must say; that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father's bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores; most cer-
tain,

To miseries enough; no hope to help you;
But, as you shake off one, to take another;
Nothing so certain as your anchors; who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you,
Where you'll loath to be: Besides, you know,
Prosperity is the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart to-
gether

Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think, affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not, at your father's house, these seven
years

Be born another such.
Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
I' the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, 'tis pity
She lacks instructions; for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir, for this;
I'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—

But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,—
Preserver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our house!—how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son;
Nor shall appear in Sicily—

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes,
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance,
sir,
That you may know you shall not want,—one
word.

(*They talk aside.*)

Enter AUTOLYCUS.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust,
his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I
have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone,
nor a riband, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book,
ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tye, bracelet, horn-
ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng
who should buy first; as if my trinkets had been
hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer;
by which means, I saw whose purse was best in
picture; and, what I saw, to my good use, I re-
membered. My clown (who wants but something
to be a reasonable man) grew so in love with the
wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes,
till he had both tune and words; which so drew
the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses
stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket,
it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a cod-piece
of a purse; I could have filed keys off, that hung
in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's
song, and admiring the nothing of it; so that, in
this time of lethargy, I picked and cut most of
their festival purses: and had not the old man
come in with a whoobub against his daughter and
the king's son, and scared my choughs from the
chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole
army.

(*Cam. Flo. and Per. come forward.*)

Cam. Nay, but my letters by this means being
there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt

Flo. And those that you'll procure from king
Leontes,—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All, that you speak, shews fair.

Cam. Who have we here?

(*Seeing Autolycus.*)

We'll make an instrument of this; omit

Nothing, may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, why—
hanging.

(*Aside.*)

Cam. How now, good fellow? why shakest thou
so?

Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here's nobody will steal
that from thee: Yet, for the outside of thy poverty,
we must make an exchange: therefore, discase thee
instantly, (thou must think, there's necessity in 't,) and
change garments with this gentleman: Though
the pennyworth, on his side, be the worst, yet hold
thee, there's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.—I know ye well
enough.

(*Aside.*)

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, despatch: the gentleman is
half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir?—I smell the trick of
it.

(*Aside.*)

Flo. Despatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot
with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

(*Flo. and Autol. exchange garments.*)

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to you!—you must retire yourself
Into some covert; take your sweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows; muffle your face;
Dismantle you; and as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have
No hat.—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word.

(*They converse apart.*)

Cam. What I do next, shall be, to tell the
king

(*Aside.*)

Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed, the better.

(*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita and Camillo.*)

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: To
have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand,
is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is re-
quisite also, to smell out work for the other senses.
I see this is the time that the unjust man doth
thrive. What an exchange had this been, without
boot! what a boot is here, with this exchange! Sure,
the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do
any thing *extempore*. The prince himself is about
a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father,
with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were not
a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I
would do 't: I hold it the more knavery to con-
ceal it: and therein am I constant to my profes-
sion.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside;—here is more matter for a hot brain:
every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hang-
ing, yields a careful man work.

Cl. See, see; what a man you are now! there is
no other way, but to tell the king she's a change-
ling, and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Cl. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go, to then.

Cl. She being none of your flesh and blood,
your flesh and blood has not offended the king;

and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Shew those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle—I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. Very wisely; puppies!

(*Aside.*)

Shep. Well, let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. I knew not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance. Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement. (*Takes off his false beard.*)—How now, rustics? whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and anything that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie: you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. See'st thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Think'st thou, for that I insinuate, or toze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pe; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant; say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How bless'd are we, that are not simple men!

Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I'll not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel, and box, which none must know but the king; and

which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: for, if thou be'st capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly; the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which, though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say, he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him, say I. Draw our throne into a sheep-cote! All deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand, till he be three-quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aquavivæ, or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men,) what you have to the king; being something gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, besides the king, to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority; close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: shew the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado: Remember stoned and flayed alive.

Shep. An't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety.—Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the case of the shepherd's son: Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort. We must to the king, and shew our strange sights: he must know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else.—Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the business is performed; and remain, as he says, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the

seaside; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say, even blessed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*]

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see, fortune would not suffer me; she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion,—gold, and a means to do the prince my master good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title, and what shame else belongs to it: To him will I present them, there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Sicilia. A Room in the Palace of Leontes.*

Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and others.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make, Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down More penitence, than done trespass: At the last, Do as the Heavens have done,—forget your evil; With them, forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember Her and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them; and so still think of The wrong I did myself: which was so much, That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord: If, one by one, you wedded all the world, Or from the all, that are, took something good, To make a perfect woman; she, you kill'd, Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd! She I kill'd? I did so: but thou strikes me Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good now, Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady: You might have spoken a thousand things, that would

Have done the time more benefit, and graced Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those, Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so, You pity not the state, nor the remembrance Of his most sovereign dame; consider little, What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue, May drop upon his kingdom, and devour Uncertain lookers-on. What were more holy, Than to rejoice, the former queen is well? What holier, than,—for royalty's repair, For present comfort and for future good,— To bless the bed of majesty again

With a sweet fellow to 't?

Paul. There is none worthy, Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods Will have fulfilled their secret purposes:

For has not the divine Apollo said, Is't not the tenor of his oracle, That King Leontes shall not have an heir, Till his lost child be found? which, that it shall, Is all as monstrous to our human reason, As my Antigonus to break his grave, And come again to me; who, on my life, Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel, My lord should to the Heavens be contrary, Oppose against their wills.—Care not for issue;

(*To Leontes.*)

The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander Left his to the worthiest; so his successor Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,— Who hast the memory of Hermione, I know, in honour.—O, that ever I Had squared me to thy counsel!—then, even now,

I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes; Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth. No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,

And better used, would make her sainted spirit Again possess her corpse: and, on this stage, (Where we offenders now appear,) soul vex'd, Begin, *And why to me?*

Paul. Had she such power, She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so: Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in 't You chose her: then I'd shriek, that even your ears Should rift to hear me; and the words, that follow'd,

Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leon. Stars, very stars, And all eyes else dead coals!—fear thou no wife,

I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over much.

Paul. Unless another As like Hermione as is her picture, Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done. Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir, No remedy, but you will,—give me the office To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young

As was your former; but she shall be such, As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy

To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina, We shall not marry, till thou bidd'st us.

Paul. That

Shall be, when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One, that gives out himself prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not,
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I
think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone; so must thy grave
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said, and writ so, (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,) *She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd*;—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd
To say, you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot; (your pardon.)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is such a crea-
ture,

Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a
woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honoured friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis
strange

*[Exeunt Cleomenes, Lords, and
Gentlemen.]*

He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

*Re-enter CLEOMENES, with FLORIZEL,
PERDITA, and Attendants.*

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince:
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him; and speak of something, wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your princess, goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I lost

(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look upon.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother; and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times) hath something
seized

His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and
his

Measured, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee,
stir

Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness!—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least, ungentle,) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good, my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where thy warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and loved?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him
whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:
thence

(A prosperous south wind friendly) we have
cross'd

To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness. My best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival and my wife's in safety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin;
For which the Heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father's bless'd
(As he from Heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That, which I shall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, grea'
sir,

Bohemia greets you from himself, by me:
Desires you to attach his son; who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in the city; I now came from
him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hast'ning, (in the chase, it seems,

Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who
now

Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the
earth;

Forswear themselves as often as they speak;
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father!—
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:—
The odds for high and low's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father's
speed,

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up;
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father: power no jot
Hath she to change our loves.—Beseech you,
sir,

Remember since you owed no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affec-
tions,

Step forth mine advocate: at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious
mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't; not a
month

'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such
gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition

(*To Florizel.*)

Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them, and you: upon which
errand

I now go towards him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make. Come, good my
lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this
relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel,
heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how
he found it; whereupon, after a little amazedness,
we were all commanded out of the chamber: only
this, methought I heard the shepherd say, he found
the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of
it.

1 Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business
—But the changes I perceived in the king, and
Camillo, were very notes of admiration; they
seemed almost, with staring on one another, to
tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in
their dumbness, language in their very gesture:
they looked, as they had heard of a world ransomed,
or one destroyed. A notable passion of wonder
appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that
knew no more but seeing, could not say, if the im-
portance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity
of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows
more.—The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is ful-
filled; the king's daughter is found; such a deal
of wonder has broken out within this hour, that
ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's steward; he can
deliver you more.—How goes it now, sir? this news,
which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the
verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king
found his heir?

3 Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant
by circumstance: that, which you hear, you'll
swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs.
The mantle of queen Hermione—her jewel about
the neck of it—the letters of Antigonus, found
with it, which they know to be his character—the
majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the
mother—the affection of nobleness, which nature
shews above her breeding,—and many other evi-
dences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the
king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the
two kings?

2 Gent. No.

3 Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was
to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might
you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and
in such manner, that, it seemed, sorrow wept to
take leave of them; for their joy waded in
tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up
of hands; with countenances of such distraction,
that they were to be known by garment, not by
favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of
himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy
were now become a loss, cries, *O, thy mother, thy
mother!* then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then
embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he
his daughter, with clipping her; now he thanks
the old shepherd, which stands by, like a weather-
bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never
heard of such another encounter, which lames
report to follow it, and undoes description to do
it.

2 Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus,
that carried hence the child?

3 Gent. Like an old tale still; which will have
matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and
not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a

bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence (which seems much) to justify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrecked, the same instant of their master's death; and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments, which aided to expose the child, were even then lost, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband: another elevated, that the oracle was fulfilled: She lifted the princess from the earth; and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettiest touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, (caught the water, though not the fish,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to it, (bravely confessed and lamented by the king,) how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an *alas!* I would fain say, bleed tears; for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there, changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal?

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No: the princess, hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to sup.

1 *Gent.* I thought, she had some great matter therein hand; for she hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

3 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would perferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him, I heard him talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be,) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

[*Enter Shepherd and Clown.*]

Here comes those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past more children; but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir: You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: See you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do: and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother: and then the prince, my brother, and the princess, my sister, called my father, father; and so we wept; and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Pr'ythee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in behalf of his friend:—And I'll swear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll swear it: and I would, thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—Hark! the kings and princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us; we'll be thy good masters.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in Paulina's House.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort

That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,

I did not well, I meant well: All my services

You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed,

With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,

It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To see the statue of our queen; your gallery
Have we passed through, not without much content

In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely apart: but here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold; and say, 'tis
well.

*(Paulina undraws a curtain, and
discovers a statue.)*

I like your silence, it the more shews off
Your wonder: But yet speak;—first you, my
liege,

Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender,
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes
her

As she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I woo'd
her!

I am ashamed: Does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjured to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

Per. And give me leave;
And do not say, 'tis superstition that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.

Paul. O patience;
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid
on;

Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is
mine,)
I'd not have shew'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your
fancy

May think anon, it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those
veins

Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together:
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you:
but

I could afflict you farther.

Leon. Do, Paulina;

For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her. What fine
chisel

Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock
me,

For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good, my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel: or resolve you
For more amazement: If you can behold it,
I'll make the statue move indeed; descend,
And take you by the hand: but then you'll think,
(Which I protest against,) I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak, as move.

Paul. It is required,
You do awake your faith. Then, all stand still:
Or those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed:

No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music; awake her; strike.

(Music.)

'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs.

(Hermione comes down from the pedestal.)

Start not: her actions shall be holy, as,
You hear, my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double: Nay present your hand:
When she was young, you woo'd her; now, in
age,
Is she become the suitor.

Leon. O, she's warm.

(Embracing her.)

If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck:

If she pertain to life, let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make't manifest where she has
lived,

Or, how stolen from the dead?

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears, she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little
while.—

Please you to interpose, fair madam; kneel,
And pray your mother's blessing.—Turn, good
lady;

Our Perdita is found.

(Presenting Perdita, who kneels to Hermione.)

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head!—Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived?
how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,—
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being,—have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There's time enough for that
Lest they desire, upon this push, to trouble
Your joys with like relation.—Go together,
You precious winners all: your exultation

Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and
there

My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament, till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina:

Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine, a wife: this is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found
mine,

But how, is to be question'd: for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, said
many

A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband:—Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand: whose worth and
honesty

Is richly noted; and here justified
By us, a pair of kings.—Let's from this place.—
What?—Look upon my brother;—both your
pardons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom Heaven direct-
ing,)

Is troth-plight to your daughter.—Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence; where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since
first

We were dissever'd: Hastily lead away.

[Exeunt.]

CYMBELINE.



Imogen.—"HO! WHO'S HERE?"— Act iii, scene 6.

Persons Represented.

CYMBELINE, King of Britain.

CLOTEN, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.

POSTHUMUS, a Gentleman, Husband to Imogen.

BELARIUS, a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.

GUIDERIUS, { Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the
ARVIRAGUS, { names of Polydore and Cadwal, sup-
posed sons to Belarius.

PHILARIO, Friend to Posthumus, } Italians.

IACHIMO, Friend to Philario, }

A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.

CAIUS LUCIUS, General of the Roman Forces.

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

PISANIO, Servant to Posthumus.

CORNELIUS, a Physician.

Two Gentlemen.

Two Gaolers.

QUEEN, Wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.

HELEN, Woman to Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—Sometimes in Britain; sometimes in Italy.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Britain. The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.**Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods

No more obey the Heavens, than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom, whom

He purposed to his wife's sole son, (a widow,
That late he married,) hath referr'd herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: she's wedded;

Her husband banish'd; she imprisoned: all
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too; so is the queen,

That most desired the match: but not a courtier,

Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing

Too bad for bad report: and he, that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore banish'd,) is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father

Was called Sicilius, who did join his honour
Against the Romans with Cassibelan;
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He served with glory and admired success;
So gained the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father

(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber;
Puts him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and
In his spring became a harvest: Lived in court,
(Which rare it is to do,) most praised, most loved;

A sample to the youngest: to the more mature,
A glass that feated them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price

Proclaims how she esteemed him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,

Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.

He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery

Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge

Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd!

So slackly guarded! and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the queen and princess.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II.—*The same.**Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.*

Queen. No, be assured, you shall not find me, daughter,

After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-eyed unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys,
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,

So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet,
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience

Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together.

[*Exit.*]

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing

(Always reserved my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more: lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e're plight troth.
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;

Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter : thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you
send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure.—Yet I'll move
him

(Aside.)

To walk this way : I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends ;
Pay dear for my offences.

[Exit.]

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow : Adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little :
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love ;
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How ! how ! another ?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death !—Remain thou here,
(Putting on the ring.)

While sense can keep it on ! And sweetest,
fairest,

As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss ; so, in our trifles
I still win of you : For my sake, wear this :
It is a manacle of love ; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

(Putting a bracelet on her arm.)

Imo. O the gods !
When shall we see again ?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king !

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid ! hence from my
sight !

If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest : Away !
Thou art poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you !
And bless the good remainders of the court !
I am gone.

[Exit.]

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That shouldst repair my youth ; thou heapest
A year's age on me !

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation, I
Am senseless of your wrath ; a touch more
rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace ? obedience ?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair ; that way, past
grace.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my
queen !

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not : I choose an
eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar ; wouldst have made
my throne

A seat for baseness.

Imo. No ; I rather added

A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one !

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have loved Posthumus :
You bred him as my play-fellow ; and he is
A man worth any woman ; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What !—art thou mad ?

Imo. Almost, sir : Heaven restore me !—'Would I
were

A neat-herd's daughter ! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son !

Re-enter QUEEN.

Cym. Thou foolish thing !—
They were again together ; you have done

(To the Queen.)

Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience.—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace.—Sweet Sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves ; and make yourself some
comfort

Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a-day ; and, being aged,
Die of this folly !

[Exit.]

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fy !—you must give way :
Here is your servant.—How now, sir ? What
news ?

Pis. My lord, you son, drew on my master.

Queen. Ha !

No harm, I trust, is done ?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger : they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend ; he takes his
part.—

To draw upon an exile !—O brave sir !—
I would they were in Afric both together :
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your
master ?

Pis. On his command : He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven ; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When it pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant : I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me : you shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard : for this time, leave me.

[Exeunt]

SCENE III.—A public Place.

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt ;
the violence of action hath made you reek as a
sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in ;
there's none abroad so wholesome as that you
vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—
Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No, faith; not so much as his patience.
(*Aside.*)

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass,
if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it
be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His steel was in debt; it went o' the
backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* No; but he fled forward still, toward
your face.

1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of
your own: but he added to your having; gave you
some ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans:
Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, till you had measured how
long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and
refuse me!

2 *Lord.* If it be a sin to make a true election, she
is damned.

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and
her brain go not together. She's a good sign, but
I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* She shines not upon fools, lest the reflec-
tion should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber. 'Would there had
been some hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wish not so; unless it had been the fall
of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the
haven,

And question'dst every sail. If he should write,

And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost

As offer'd mercy is. What was the last

That he spake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiss'd it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings,
crack'd them, but

To look upon him: till the diminution
Of space had pointed him as sharp as my needle:

Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from

The smallness of a knat to air; and then

Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good
Pisanio,

When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him
swear,

The shes of Italy should not betray

Mine interest and his honour; or have charged
him

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orizons, for then

I am in heaven for him; or ere I could

Give him that parting kiss, which I had set

Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,

And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,

Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. These things I bid you do, get them des-
patch'd.

I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Rome. An Apartment in Philario's House.

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman,
a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain:
he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove
so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name
of; but I could then have looked on him without
the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his
endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to
peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him, when he was less fur-
nished than now he is, with that which makes him,
both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France; he had very
many there, could behold the sun with as firm
eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's
daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by
her value than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a
great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment,—

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep
this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are
wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her
judgment, which else an easy battery might lay
flat, for taking a beggar without less quality. But
how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How
creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to
whom I have been often bound for no less than my
life,—

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained

amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countrymen and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses. This gentleman at that time vouching (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good for any lady in Brittany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift; the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too; so, of your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something. But I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation; and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulse: though your attempt, as you call 't, deserves more,—a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the appropriation of what I have spoke!

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold as dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return.—Let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one!—If I bring you no sufficient testimony, that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours,—provided, I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us,—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no farther your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the as-

sault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: we will have these things set down by a lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em.

SCENE VI.—*Britain. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers:

Make haste: Who has the note of them?

1 Lady. I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.—

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam:

[*Presenting a small box.*]

But I beseech your grace, (without offence; My conscience bids me ask,) wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,

Which are the movers of a languishing death;

But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how

To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,

That our great king himself doth woo me oft

For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,

(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet,

That I did amplify my judgment in

Other conclusions? I will try the forces

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as

We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)

To try the vigour of them, and apply

Allayments to their act; and by them gather

Their several virtues and effects.

Cor. Your highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:

Besides, the seeing these effects will be

Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him

[*Aside.*]

Will I first work: he's for his master,

And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—

Doctor, your service for this time is ended;

Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, madam;

But you shall do no harm.

[*Aside.*]

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—

[*To Pisanio.*]

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit, And will not trust one of her malice with

A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has, Will stupify and dull the sense awhile:

Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs

Then afterward up higher; but there is No danger in what shew of death it makes, More than the locking up the spirits a time, To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd With a most false effect; but I the truer, So to be false with her.

Queen. No farther service, doctor. Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time

She will not quench; and let instructions enter

Where folly now possesses? Do thou work;

When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,

I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then

As great as is thy master: greater; for

His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name

Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor

Continue where he is: to shift his being,

Is to exchange one misery with another;

And every day that comes, comes to decay

A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,

To be depend on a thing that leans?

Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,

[*The Queen drops a box: Pisanio takes it up.*]

So much as but to prop him?—thou takest up

Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:

It is a thing I made, which hath the king

Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know

What is more cordial,—nay, I prythee, take it;

It is an earnest of a farther good

That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how

The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.

Think what a chance thou changest on; but think

Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,

Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king

To any shape of thy preferment, such

As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,

That set thee on to this desert, am bound

To load thy merit richly. Call my women:

Think on my words. [*Exit Pisa.*]—A sly and constant knave;

Not to be shaken: the agent for his master;

And the remembrancer of her, to hold

The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,

Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her

Of liegers for her sweet; and which she, after,

Except she bend her humour, shall be assured

Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.

To taste of too.—So, so; well done, well done:

The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,

Bear to my closet. Fare thee well, Pisanio;

Think on my words.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

Pis. And shall do:

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myself; there's all I'll do for you.

[Exit.]

SCENE VII.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd,—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest
wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be?
Fy!

Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome
Comes from my lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly.

(Presents a letter.)

Imo. Thanks, good sir;
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most
rich!

(Aside.)

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying flight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. *(Reads.)* He is one of the noblest note, to
whose kindness I am most infinitely tied. Reflect
upon him accordingly, as you value your truest

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thank-
fully.—

You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—

What! are men mad? Hath nature given them
eyes

To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and mon-
keys,

'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: Nor i' the judg-
ment;

For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: Nor i' the appetite;
Sluttish, to such neat excellence opposed,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloy'd will,
*(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both filled and running,)* ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well.—'Beseech you, sir,
desire

(To Pisanio.)

My man's abode, where I did leave him: he
Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome.

[Exit Pisanio.]

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, be-
seech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his companion, one,
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; while the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from 's free lungs,
cries, C

*Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?*

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with
laughter.

It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: but Heavens
know,

Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet Heaven's bounty towards
him might

Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

You look on me: What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers,
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your—But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: 'Pray
you,.

*(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,*

The remedy then born,) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood, (falsehood, as
With labour;) then lie peeping in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light,
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,
Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces,
That, from my mutest conscience to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my
heart

With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,
Would make the great'st king double! to be part-
ner'd

With tomboys, hired with that self exhibition,
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased
ventures,

That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenness can lend nature; such boil'd
stuff,

As well might poison poison! Be revenged;
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil'd from your great stock.

Imo. Revenged!
How should I be revenged? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that
have

So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue,
not

For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as
strange.

Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What, ho! Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us; he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect good-
ness

Her assured credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your
pardon.

I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended
god:

He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report; which
hath

Honour'd with confirmation your great judg-
ment

In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err: The love I bear
him

Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made
you,

Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, sir: Take my power i' the court
for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot
To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your
lord,
(The best feather of our wing,) have mingled
sums,

To buy a present for the emperor:
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and
jewels,

Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: May it please
you

To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;

And pawn mine honour for their safety; since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep
them

In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my
word,

By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night.

I have outstood my time; which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.

Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very wel-
come.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I.—Court before Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter CLOTEN and two Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck? when I
kissed the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away! I
had an hundred pound on't. And then a whoreson
jackanapes must take me up for swearing, as if I
borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend
them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? You have broke
his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like him that broke,
it would have ran all out.

[*Aside.*]

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it
is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths.
Ha?

2 Lord. No, my lord; nor [*Aside.*] crop the ears
of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction?
'Would he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool.

[*Aside.*]

Clo. I am not more vexed at anything in the
earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble
as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of
the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his
belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down
like a cock that nobody can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and capon too; and you
crow, cock, with your comb on.

[*Aside.*]

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 Lord. It is not fit, your lordship should under-
take every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that; but it is fit, I should com-
mit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to
court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows
it not.

[*Aside.*]

1 Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis
thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's
another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this
stranger?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there
no derogation in't?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted; therefore your
issues being foolish, do not derogate.

[*Aside.*]

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian. What I have
lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come,
go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt Cloten and first Lord.*]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her
son

Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest!
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The Heavens hold
firm

The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st
stand,

To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great
land!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Bed-Chamber; in one part of it a trunk.

IMOGEN, reading in her bed; a Lady
attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are
weak:—

Fold down the leaf, where I have left. To
bed:

Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee call me. Sleep hath seized me
wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*]

To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!

[*Sleeps. Iachimo, from the trunk.*]

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd
sense

Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becomest thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might
touch!

But kiss; one kiss! Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do 't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus. The flame o' the
taper

Bows towards her and would under-peep her
lids,

To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
Under those windows,—white and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct. But my de-
sign?

To note the chamber.—I will write all down:—
Such, and such pictures—there the window—
such

The adornment of her bed—the arras, figures,
Why, such, and such:—and the contents o' the
story,—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:

O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—
(*Taking off her bracelet.*)

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the maddening of her lord. On her left
breast

A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and
ta'en

The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what
end?

Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading
late

The tale of Tereus: here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up,—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!—that dawn-
ing

May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

(*Clock strikes.*)

One, two, three,—Time, time!

(*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*)

SCENE III.—*An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen's
Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN and Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in
loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the
noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot
and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning would put any man into courage.
If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have
gold enough. It's almost morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come: I am ad-
vised to give her music o' mornings; they say, it
will penetrate.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, on; tune: If you can penetrate her with
your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if
none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give
o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing;
after a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich
words to it, and then let her consider

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings.

And Phœbus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs

On chaliced flowers that lies;

And winking Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes;

With every thing that pretty bin:

My lady sweet, arise;

Arise, arise.

So, get you gone: if this penetrate, I will consider
your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in
her ears, which horse-hairs, and cat-guts, nor the
voice of unpayed eunuch to boot, can never amend.

(*Exeunt Musicians.*)

Enter CYMBELINE and QUEEN.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the
reason I was up so early. He cannot choose but
take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good-
morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious
mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daugh-
ter? Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she
vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king;
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself
To orderly solicits; and be friended:
With aptness of the season: make denials
Increase your services; so seem, as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome.
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his. We must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness foreshadowed on
us,

We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mis-
tress,
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our
queen.

(*Exeunt Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mess.*)

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—
(*Knocks.*)

I know her women are about her: What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and
makes

Diana's rangers, false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand of the stealer; and 'tis
gold

Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the
thief;

Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man:
What

Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave.

(*Knocks.*)

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's plea-
sure?

Clo. Your lady's person: Is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you

What I shall think is good?—The princess—

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble; the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:

If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,

I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: i' faith,

I shall unfold equal discourtesy

To your best kindness; one of your great knowing

Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:

I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,

By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am so near the lack of charity,

(To accuse myself,) I hate you: which I had rather

You felt, than make't my boast.

Clo. You sin against

Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,) it is no contract,
none:

And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls

(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in self-figured knot;
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown; and must not soil

The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated

For being preferr'd so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come

To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,

That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,

In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,

Were they all made such men. How now, Pisanio?

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool;

Frighted, and anger'd worse.—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually

Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'shrew me,

If I would lose it for a revenue

Of any king's in Europe. I do think,

I saw't this morning: confident I am,

Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:

I hope it be not gone to tell my lord

That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search.

[Exit *Pis.*

Clo. You have abused me:—

His meanest garment?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent.

[Exit *Imo.*

Clo. I'll be revenged:—

His meanest garment?—Well.

[Exit *Clo.*

SCENE IV.—*Rome. An Apartment in Philario's House.*

Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure

To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd hopes,

I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,

O'erpays all I can do. But this, your king

Hath heard of great Augustus; Caius Lucius

Will do his commission throughly: And, I think,

He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,

(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,)

That this will prove a war; and you shall hear

The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their
courage

Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline
(Now mingled with their courage) will make
known

To their approvers, they are people, such
That mend upon the world.

Enter IACHIMO.

Phi. See! Iachimo?

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by
land:

And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer
made

The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady

Is one the fairest, that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her
beauty

Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenor good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.—

Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I had lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in Britain: for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope you know, that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther: but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall
find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. First, her bed-chamber
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,
Had that was well worth watching,) it was
hang'd

With tapestry of silk and silver; the story
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for
The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which, I won-
der'd,

Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was—

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by
me,

Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing; never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: Her and-
irons

(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and
praise
Be given to your remembrance,) the descrip-
tion

Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can,
(Pulling out the bracelet.)
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel:
See!—

And now, 'tis up again. It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it. Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me, and
said,
She prized it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this
too;

(Gives the ring.)

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance;
love,
Where there's another man. The vows of wo-
men,
Of no more bondage be to where they are made,

Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—

O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, she lost it: or,
Who knows, if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her?

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't:—Back my ring;

Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.

'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true. I am sure,
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable.—They induced to steal it!

And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell

Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient!
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of—

Post. Never talk on 't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For farther satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the pressing) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;

Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,—

Post. No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;

And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou hast made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!

I will go there, and do 't; i' the court; before
Her father.—I'll do something—

[Exit.

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience! You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women

Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;
And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools

Made me a counterfeit. Yet my mother seem'd
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?
Or less,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,
Cry'd *Oh!* and mounted: found no opposition
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion,
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges,

hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,

Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather, all:

For even to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still

One vice, but of a minute old, for one

Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,

Detest them, curse them.—Yet 'tis greater skill

In a true hate, to pray they have their will:

The very devils cannot plague them better.

[Exit

ACT III

SCENE I.—*Britain. A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, and
Lords, at one door; and at another, CAIUS
LUCIUS and Attendants.

Cym. Now, say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet

Lives in men's eyes, and will, to ears and tongues,

Be theme and hearing ever) was in this Britain,

And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,

(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less

Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,

And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,

Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately

Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.

Clo. There be many Cæsars,
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to resume

We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
At Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters;
With sands, that will not bear your enemies'

boats,
But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of
conquest

Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: with shame
(The first that ever touch'd him) he was car-
ried

From off our coast, twice beaten; and his ship-
ping,

(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof,
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid:
Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time;
and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other
of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such
straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as
hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I
have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay
tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a
blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay
tribute for light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you
now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's am-
bition,
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost
stretch

The sides o' the world,) against all colour, here
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say, then, to Cæsar
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of
Cæsar

Hath too much mangled; whose repair and
franchise

Shall by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants,
than

Thyself domestic officers,) thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:—War, and con-
fusion,

In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee;
look

For fury not to be resisted. Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me: my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for

Their liberties, are now in arms,—a precedent
Which, not to read, would shew the Britons
cold:

So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make
pastime with us a day or two longer: If you seek
us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us
in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it,
it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows
shall fare the better for you; and there's an
end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he
mine:

All the remain is, welcome.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you
not

What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!

O master! what a strange infection

Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian

(As poisonous tongued as handed) hath prevail'd

On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:

She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,

More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults

As would take in some virtue.—O my master!

Thy mind to her is now as low as were

Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder
her?

Upon the love, and truth, and vows which I

Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her
blood?

If it be so to do good service, never

Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,

That I should seem to lack humanity,

So much as this fact comes to? *Do't; The
letter*

(*Reading.*)

That I have sent her, by her own command,

Shall give thee opportunity.—O damn'd paper!

Black as the ink that's on thee! senseless
bauble,

Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st

So virgin like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leona-
tus?

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,

That knew the stars as I his characters;

He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,

Let what is here contain'd relish of love,

Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not

That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—

(Some griefs are med'cinable: that is one of
them,

For it doth physic love;)—of his content,

All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Bless'd
be,

You bees, that make these locks of counsel
Lovers,

And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;

Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet

You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

(Reads.)

Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, should not be so cruel to me as you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings?—Hear'st thou, Pisanio? He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs May plod it in a week, why may not I Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Pisanio, (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord: who long'st,—

O let me 'bate,—but not like me;—yet long'st,— But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me; For mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak thick, (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,

To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way, Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as To inherit such a haven: But, first of all, How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap That we shall make in time, from our hence going,

And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence:

Why should excuse be born or e'er begot? We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak, How many score of miles may we well ride 'Twixt hour and hour.

Pis. One score, 'twixt sun and sun, Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man, Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers, Where horses have been nimbler than the sands That run i' the clock's behalf—But this is foolery:—

Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say She'll home to her father; and provide me, presently,

A riding suit; no costlier than would fit A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here, Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them, That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee; Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say: Accessible is none but Milford way.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Wales. A mountainous Country, with a Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate

Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you

To morning's holy office. The gates of monarchs Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through And keep their impious turbans on, without

Good-morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven! We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now, for our mountain sport: Up to you hill,

Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,

When you above perceive me like a crow, That it is place which lessens and sets off.

And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:

This service is not service, so being done,

But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,

Draws us a profit from all things we see:

And often, to our comfort, shall we find

The sharded beetle in a safer hold

'Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life

Is nobler, than attending for a check;

Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;

Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:

Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,

Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledged,

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest: nor know not

What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,

If quiet-life be best; sweeter to you,

That have a sharper known; well corresponding

With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is,

A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;

A prison for a debtor, that not dares

To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of,

When we are old as you? when we shall hear

The rain and wind beat dark December, how,

In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse

The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:

We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;

Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:

Our valour is, to chase what flies; our cage

We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,

And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!

Did you but know the city's usuries,

And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,

As hard to leave as keep: whose top to climb

Is certain falling, or so slippery, that

The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of the war,

A pain that only seems to seek out danger

I' the name of fame and honour, which dies i' the search,

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,

As record of fair act; nay, many times,

Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,

Must court'sey at the censure. O boys, this story

The world may read in me: My body's mark'd

With Roman swords; and my report was once

First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me;

And when a soldier was the theme, my name

was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one
night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my
leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, (as I have told you
of't.)

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty
years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my
world:

Where I have lived at honest freedom; paid
More pious debts to Heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the moun-
tains;

This is not hunters' language. He, that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the
valleys.

[*Exeunt Gui. and Arv.*]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the
king;

Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine: and, though train'd up
thus meanly

'T' the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do
hit

The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father called Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell,*
And thus I set my foot on's neck,—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he
sweats,

Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in
posture

That acts my words. The younger brother,
Cadwal,

(Once, Arviragus,) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much
more

His own conceiving. Hark! the game is roused!—
O Cymbeline! Heaven, and my conscience,
knows,

Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon,
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their
mother,

And every day do honour to her grave;
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,
the place

Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother
so

To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio!
Man!

Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks
that sigh

From the inward of thee? One, but painted
thus,

Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's
hand!

That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy
tongue

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. (*Reads.*) *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the
strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding
in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof
as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my
revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if
thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let
thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee
opportunities at Milford-Haven; she hath my letter
for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike, and to
make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her
dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the
paper

Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose
tongue

Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and
states,

Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer,
madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge
nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed,
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness.—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd
him:

Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seem-
ing,

By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows,
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false
Aeneas,
 Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's
 weeping
 Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
 From most true wretchedness: So thou, Post-
 humus,

Wilt lay the heaven on all proper men;
 Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured,
 From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou
 honest;

Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou see'st
 him,

A little witness my obedience: Look!
 I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
 The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
 Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
 Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
 The richest of it. Do his bidding; strike.
 Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
 Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No servant of thy master's: Against self-
 slaughter

There is a prohibition so divine,
 That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my
 heart.

Something's afore 't:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
 Obedient as the scabbard. What is here?

The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
 All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
 Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor
 fools

Believe false teachers: Though those, that are be-
 trayed,

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthumus, thou that didst set up
 My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
 And make me to put into contempt the suits
 Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find

It is no act of common passage, but
 A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
 To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
 That now thou tirest on, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch:
 The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy
 knife?

Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
 Since I received command to do this business,
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
 So many miles with a pretence? this place?
 Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
 The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
 For my being absent; whereunto I never
 Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
 To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
 The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
 To lose so bad employment: in the which
 I have consider'd of a course: Good lady,
 Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
 I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
 Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
 Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
 I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like;
 Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
 But if I were as wise as honest, then
 My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
 But that my master is abused:
 Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
 Hath done you both this cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan.

Pis. No, on my life.
 I'll give but notice you are dead, and send
 him

Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
 I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,
 And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
 What shall I do the while? Where bide? How
 live?

Or in my life what comfort, when I am
 Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
 With that harsh, noble, simple nothing—
 That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
 As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
 Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
 Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day,
 night,

Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's
 volume

Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it;
 In a great pool, a swan's nest: Pr'ythee, think
 There's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
 You think of other place. The ambassador,
 Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
 To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
 Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise
 That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
 But by self danger; you should tread a course
 Pretty, and full of view: yea, haply, near
 The residence of Posthumus: so nigh, at least,
 That though his actions were not visible, yet
 Report should render him hourly to your ear,
 As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means!
 Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,
 I would adventure.

Pis. Well, then, here's the point:
 You must forget to be a woman, change
 Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,
 (The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
 Woman its pretty self,) to a waggish courage,
 Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and
 As quarrelous as the weasel: nay, you must
 Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
 Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!
 Alack, no remedy!) to the greedy touch
 Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
 Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
 You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
 I see into thy end, and am almost
 A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them: Would you, in their serv-

ing,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you are happy, (which you'll make him
know,

If that his head have ear in music,) doubtless,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honour-
able,

And, doubling that, most holy. Your means
abroad

You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee away:
There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short fare-
well;

Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,
Here is a box: I had it from the queen;
What's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS,
and Lords.*

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over-land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that
office;

The due of honour in no point omit:—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly: but from this time
forth

I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event

Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my
lords,

Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt Lucius and Lords.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours
us,

That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us, therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers, that he already hath in Gallia,
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he
moves

His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business;
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation, that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retired
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

[*Re-enter an Attendant.*]

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answered?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no
answer,

That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close:
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She would that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great
court

Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, Heavens, that, which I
fear,
Prove false!

[*Exit.*]

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go, look after.—

[*Exit Cloten.*]

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized
her:

Or, wing'd with fervour, of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthumus: Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

[*Re-enter CLOTEN.*]

How now, my son?

Clo. 'Tis certain, she is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: May
This night forestall him of the coming day!

[*Exit.*]

Clo. I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all. I love her, therefore: but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, slanders so her judgment,
That what 's else rare, is choked; and, in this
point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her. For when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing,
sirrah?

Come hither. Ah, you precious pander! Villain,

Where is thy lady? In a word; or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot

A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,

How can she be with him? When was she
missed?

He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting, satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!

Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,

This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

(Presenting a letter.)

Clo. Let's see't:—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish,

She's far enough; and what he learns by } *Aside.*
this

May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Umph!

Pis. I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

(Aside.)

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if
thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service;
undergo those employments, wherein I should
have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—
that is, what villany so'er I bid thee do, to perform it,
directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man:
thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief,
nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For, since patiently
and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune
of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the

course of gratitude, but be a diligent follower of
mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast
any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same
suit he wore, when he took leave of my lady and
mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit
hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord.

[Exit.

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven.—I forgot to
ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon.—Even
there, thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I
would, these garments were come. She said upon
a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my
heart) that she held the very garment of Posthumus
in more respect than my noble and natural person,
together with the adornment of my qualities.
With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her.
First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see
my valour, which will then be a torment to her
contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment
ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath
dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute
in the clothes that she so praised,) to the court I'll
knock her back, foot her home again. She hath
despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my
revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't since she went to Milford-
Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber: that is
the second thing that I have commanded thee: the
third is, that thou shalt be a voluntary mate to
my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment
shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at
Milford: Would I had wings to follow it!—Come,
and be true.

[Exit.

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to
thee,

Were to prove false, which I will never be,
To him that is most true. To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow,
flow,

You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's
speed

Be cross'd with slowness: labour be his meed!

[Exit.

SCENE VI.—Before the cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself; and for two nights together

Have made the ground my bed. I should be
sick,

But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio shew'd
thee,

Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched; such I mean,

Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told
 me,
 I could not miss my way. Will poor folks
 lie,
 That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
 A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
 When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in ful-
 ness
 Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
 Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!
 Thou art one o' the false ones: Now I think on
 thee,
 My hunter's gone; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
 Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
 I were best not call; I dare not call; yet
 famine,
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness
 ever
 Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
 If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
 Take or lend.—Ho!—No answer? Then I'll
 enter;
 Best draw my sword, and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look
 on
 Such a foe, good Heavens!

(She goes into the cave.)

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and
 ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best wood-
 man, and
 Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
 Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our
 match:
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,
 But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs
 Will make what's homely, savoury: weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be
 here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself!
 Gui. I am thoroughly weary.
 Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appe-
 tite.
 Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse
 on that
 Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.
 Bel. Stay; come not in:

[Looking in.]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think
 Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
 An earthly paragon.—Behold divineness
 No elder than a boy.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
 Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
 To have begg'd, or bought what I have took. Good
 troth,
 I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had
 found
 Gold strew'd o' the floor. Here's money for my
 meat:
 I would have left it on the board, so soon
 As I had made my meal; and parted
 With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt,
 As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
 Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you are angry:
 Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
 Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven, sir.

Bel. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who
 Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
 To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
 I am fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
 Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
 By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
 'Tis almost night; you shall have better cheer,
 Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat
 it.—

Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
 I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In
 honesty,

I bid for you, as I'd buy.

Arv. I'll mak 't my comfort,
 He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:
 And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
 After long absence, such as yours.—Most wel-
 come!

Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!

If brothers?—Would it had been so, that
 they

Had been my father's sons? then had my
 prize

Been less; and so more equal ballasting
 To thee, Posthumus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free't!

Arv. Or, I; whate'er it be,
 What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.

(Whispering.)

Imo. Great men,
 That had a court no bigger than this cave,
 That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
 Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying
 by

That nothing gift of differing multitudes,
 Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me,
 gods!

I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
 Since Leonatus' false.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come
 in:

Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have
 supp'd,

We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
 So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark,
 less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—Rome.

Enter two Senators and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ:
 That since the common men are now in action

'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this business: He creates
Lucius pro-consul; and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 Sen. With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant. The words of your com-
mission

Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Forest, near the Cave.

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should
meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his
garments serve me! Why should his mistress,
who was made by Him that made the tailor, not be
fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word)
for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits.
Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak
it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man
and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I
mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as
his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him
in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the
time, above him in birth, alike conversant in
general services, and more remarkable in single
oppositions: yet this imperseverant thing loves
him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthu-
mus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy
shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy
mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces
before thy face; and all this done, spurn her home
to her father; who may, haply, be a little angry
for my so rough usage: but my mother, having
power of his testiness, shall turn all into my com-
mendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword,
and to a sore purpose! Fortune put them into
my hand! This is the very description of their
meeting-place: and the fellow dares not deceive
me.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Before the Cave.

*Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,
ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

Bel. You are not well: (to Imogen.) Remain here
in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here:

(To Imogen.)

Are we not brothers?

Imo. So man and man should be;

But clay and clay differs in dignity,

Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Gui. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not;—yet I am not well:

But not so citizen a wanton, as

To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave
me;

Stick to your journal course: the breach of
custom

Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by
me

Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort

To one not sociable: I'm not very sick,

Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me
here;

I'll rob none but myself: and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it:

How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why

I love this youth; and I have heard you say,

Love's reason's without reason. The bier at
door,

And a demand, who is't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain!

(*Aside.*)

O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!

Cowards father cowards, and base things sire
base:

Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and
grace.

I am not their father; yet who this should
be,

Doth miracle itself, loved before me.—

'Tis the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish you sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. (*Aside.*) These are kind creatures. Gods,
what lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all savage, but at court:

Experience, O, thou disprovest report!

The imperious seas breed monsters; for the
dish,

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.

I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,

I'll now taste of thy drug.

Gui. I could not stir him:

He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, here-
after

I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field.

We'll leave you for this time; go in, and
rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,

For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,

I am bound to you.

Bel. And so shall be ever.

[*Exit Imogen.*]

This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath
had

Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in
characters;

And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick,

And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes

A smiling with a sigh; as if the sigh

Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted to him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arr. Grow patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come; away.—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 'tis he.—We are held as outlaws: Hence.

Gui. He is but one: You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[Exeunt Bel. and Arr.]

Clo. Soft! what are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain:—Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have
not I

An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;
Why I should yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some
fool;

I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name.

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were 't toad, or adder,
spider,

'Twould move me sooner.

Clo. To thy farther fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I'm sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afraid?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear,—the
wise:

At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:

Yield, rustic mountaineer.

[Exeunt fighting]

Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arr. None in the world: You did mistake him,
sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour,
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am abso-
lute,

'Twas very Cloten.

Arr. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN'S head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,
(There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had
none:

Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's
head,

Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they
grow,

And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to
lose,

But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: Then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us,
Play judge and executioner all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul

Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,
He must have some attendants. Though his
humour

Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness could so far have raved,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he hear-
ing,

(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable

To come alone, either he so undertaking,

Or they so suffering: then on good ground we
fear,

If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arr. Let ordinance

Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind

To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.

Gui. With his own sword,

Which he did wave against my throat, I have
 ta'en
 His head from him: I'll throw 't into the creek
 Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
 And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:
 That's all I reckon.

[Exit.]

Bel. I fear 'twill be revenged:
 'Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done't! though
 valour

Becomes thee well enough.

Arr. 'Would I had done't,
 So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
 I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
 Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would,
 revenges,
 That possible strength might meet, would seek us
 through,
 And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done.—
 We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
 Where there's no profit. I prythee, to our
 rock;

You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay
 Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
 To dinner presently.

Arr. Poor sick Fidele!
 I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,
 I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,
 And praise myself for charity.

[Exit.]

Bel. O thou goddess,
 Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
 In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
 As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rudest wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
 Civility not seen from other; valour,
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
 As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,
 What Cloten's being here to us portends;
 Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
 I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
 In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
 For his return.

(Solemn music.)

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
 Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion
 Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my
 dear'st mother
 It did not speak before. All solemn things
 Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
 Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
 Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
 Is Cadwal mad?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN, as dead,
 in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
 And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
 Of what we blame him for!

Arr. The bird is dead,

That we have made so much on. I had rather
 Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to
 sixty,

And turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
 Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
 My brother wears thee not one half so well
 As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O melancholy!
 Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
 The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish crare
 Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
 Jove knows what man thou might'st have made;
 but I,

Thou died'st, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
 How found you him?

Arr. Stark, as you see:
 Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
 Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right
 cheek

Reposing on a cushion.

Gui. Where?

Arr. O' the floor,
 His arms thus leagued; I thought, he slept; and
 put
 My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rude-
 ness

Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but sleeps:
 If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
 With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
 And worms will not come to thee.

Arr. With fairest flowers,
 Whilst summer lasts, and I live here Fidele,
 I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not
 lack

The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose;
 nor

The azured hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
 The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
 Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
 With charitable bill (O bill, sore shaming
 Those rich left heirs, that let their fathers lie
 Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
 Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are
 none,

To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Prythee, have done;
 And do not play in wench-like words with that
 Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
 And not protract with admiration what
 Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arr. Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By my good Euriphile, our mother.

Arr. Be 't so.

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
 Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the
 ground,

As once our mother; use like note, and words,
 Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
 I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with
 thee:

For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
 Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arr. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for
 Cloten

Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:
 And, though he came our enemy, remember,
 He was paid for that: Though mean and mighty,
 rotting

Together, have one dust; yet reverence
(That angel of the world) doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[Exit Belarius.]

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;

My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—begin.

SONG.

Gui. Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke,
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. Fear no more the lightning-flash,

Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone:

Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash:

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. No exorciser harm thee!

Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee!

Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation have:

And renou'd be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies: Come lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers: but about midnight,
more;

The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' the night,

Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces.—

You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—

Come on, away: apart upon your knees.

The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[Exeunt Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.]

Imo. (Awaking.) Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which
is the way?—

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far
thither?

'Ods pittikins! can it be six miles yet?—

I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and
sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O gods and goddesses!
(Seeing the body.)

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man the care on't.—I hope, I dream;
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
Are sometimes, like our judgments, blind. Good
faith,

I tremble still with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.
A headless man!—The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of his leg; this is his hand,
His foot Mercurial, his Martial thigh,
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murder in Heaven?—How?—'tis gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madd'd Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspired with that irregular devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write and read
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio
Hath with his forged letters—damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the maintop?—O Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head?—where's that? Ah me.
where's that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How should this be?
Pisanio?

'Tis he and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, preg-
nant!

The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the senses? that confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's! O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrid may seem to those
Which chance to find us: O my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and
Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are here in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service; and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command our presen-
numbers

Be muster'd; bid the captains look to 't.—Now,
sir,

What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's
purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods shew'd me a
vision:

(A fast and pray'd for their intelligence,) thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the spungy south to this part of the
west,

There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends

(Unless my sins abuse my divination)
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that some-
time

It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young
one,
Inform us of thy fortunes: for it seems,
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,
Thou makest thy bloody pillow? Or who was
he,

That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy in-
terest

In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
Who art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou movest no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good
friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ.—If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
(*Aside.*)

They'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same:
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy
name.

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the
gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig; and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd
his grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh,
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth,
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: Come, arm him.—Boy, he is prefer'd
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

*Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and
PISANIO.*

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with
her.

A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger:—
Heavens,

How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time,
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from
thee

By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mis-
tress,

I nothing know, where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your
highness,

Hold me your loyal servant.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally.

For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time's troublesome:
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy

(*To Pisanio.*)

Does yet depend.

1 Lord. So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast: with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and
queen!—

I am amazed with matter.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more
you're ready:

The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw;
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear
not

What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings: Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The Heavens still must
work:

Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be
true.

These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not
steer'd.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Before the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it

From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope

Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,

We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd

Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have lived; and so extort from us
That which we've done, whose answer would be death

Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt,
In such a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him

From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be questioned.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and veni-
son?

Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By Heavens I'll go:
If you will bless me sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So say I: Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since on your lives you
set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you,
boys:

If in your country wars you chance to die,

That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood
thinks scorn,

Till it fly out, and shew them princes born.

(*Aside.*)

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Field between the British and Roman Camps.*

Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I
wish'd
Thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married
ones,
If each of you would take this course, how
many
Must murder wives much better than them-
selves,
For wrying but a little!—O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I
never

Had lived to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But,
alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's
love,

To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ill with ills, each elder worse;
And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.
But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought
hither

Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough,
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good
Heavens,

Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Britain peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habits shew.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will be-
gin

The fashion, less without, and more within.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter, at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the
Roman army; at the other side, the British army;
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it, like a
poor soldier. They march over, and go out.
Alarums. They enter again in skirmish, IACHIMO
and POSTHUMUS; he vanquisheth and disarmeth
Iachimo, and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my
bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,

The princess of this country, and the air on't
Revengefully enfeebles me; or could this carle,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me,
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours,
borne

As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods.

[Exit.

*The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE
is taken; then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS,
GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of
ground;

The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.

Gui. & Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

*Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons. They
rescue Cymbeline, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS,
IACHIMO, and IMOGEN*

Luc. Away, boy from the troops, and save thy-
self:

For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such
As war were hoodwink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes
Let's re-inforce, or fly.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.

Lord. Camest thou from where they made the
stand?

Post. I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was
lost,

But that the Heavens fought: The king him-
self

O, his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having
work

More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some fall-
ing

Merely through fear; that the strait pass was
damn'd

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd and wall'd with
turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
Our Britain's hearts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, and will give you that

*Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,
But to look back in frown: Stand, stand.—These
three,*

Three thousand confident, in act so many
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing) with this word, *Stand, stand,*
Accommodated by the place, more charming,
With their own nobleness, (which could have
turn'd

A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd
coward

But by example, (O, a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire; anon,
A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith they fly
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles;
slaves,

The strides they victors made. And now our
cowards

(Like fragments in hard voyages) became
The life o' the need; having found the back-door
open

Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they
wound!

Some slain before; some dying; some, their
friends

O'er-borne i' the former wave: ten chased by
one,

Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:
Those, that would die or e'er resist, are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance:

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? here is one:
*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you are angry.

[Exit.

Post. Still going?—This is a lord! O noble
misery!

To be i' the field, and ask, what news of me!
To-day, how many would have given their
honours

To have saved their carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find death, where I did hear him
groan;

Nor feel him where he struck: Being an ugly
monster,

'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft
beds,

Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find
him:

For being now a favourer to the Roman,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter
is

Here made by the Romans; great the answer
 be
 Britons must take: For me, my ransom's death;
 On either side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be praised! Lucius is
 taken:
 'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were
 angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly
 habit,
 That gave the affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported:
 But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is
 there?

Post. A Roman;
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
 Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
 A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his
 service
 As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUI-
 DERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman
 Captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to
 CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler;
 after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV.—A Prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Gaolers.

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have
 locks upon you;
 So graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.

[Exeunt Gaolers.]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a
 way,
 I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
 Than one that 's sick o' the gout; since he had
 rather

Groan so in perpetuity, than be cured
 By the sure physician, death; who is the key
 To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art
 fetter'd

More than my shanks and wrists: You, good gods,
 give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,
 Then, free for ever! Is 't enough, I am sorry?
 So children temporal fathers do appease;
 Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?

I cannot do it better than in gyves,
 Desired, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,
 If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
 No stricter render of me, than my all.

I know, you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement; that's not my desire:
 For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:

'Tween man and man, they weigh not every
 stamp;

Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
 You rather mine, being yours. And so, great
 powers,

If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
 I'll speak to thee in silence.

(He sleeps.)

*Solemn Music. Enter, as an apparition, Sicilius
 Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired
 like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient
 matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with
 music before them. Then, after other music, follow
 the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with
 wounds, as they died in the wars. They circle Post-
 humus round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, shew
 Thy spite on mortal flies:
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
 That thy adulteries
 Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well
 Whose face I never saw?
 I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd
 Attending nature's law.
 Whose father then (as men report,
 Thou orphans' father art,)
 Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
 From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throes;
 That from me was Posthumus ript,
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,
 A thing of pity!

Sici. Great Nature, like his ancestry,
 Moulded the stuff so fair,
 That he deserves the praise o' the world,
 As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
 In Britain where was he
 That could stand up his parallel;
 Or fruitful object be
 In eye of Imogen, that best
 Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd
 To be exiled, and thrown
 From Leonati's seat, and cast
 From her his dearest one,
 Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
 Slight thing of Italy,
 To taint his nobler heart and brain
 With needless jealousy;
 And to become the geck and scorn
 O' the other's villainy?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,
 Our parents, and us twain,
 That, striking in our country's cause,
 Fell bravely, and were slain;
 Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,
 With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath
 To Cymbeline perform'd:
 Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
 Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
 The graces for his merits due,
 Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out;
 No longer exercise,
 Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
 And potent injuries:

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries:

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 Bro. Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER descends in thunder and lightning, sitting
upon an eagle; he throws a thunder-bolt. The
Ghosts fall on their knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you,
ghosts,

Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress;
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine,
And so, away: no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline.

[*Ascends.*]

Sici. He came in thunder: his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our bless'd fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,
As when his god is pleased.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof.—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*]

Post. (*Waking.*) Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire,
and begot

A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers: But (O scorn!)
None! they went hence so soon as they were born.
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not
why.

What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare
one!

Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

(*Reads.*) When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself un-
known, without seeking find, and be embraced by a
piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar
shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many
years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock,
and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his

miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace
and plenty.

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. But what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready
for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spec-
tators, the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the
comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments,
fear no more tavern bills; which are often the
sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you
come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling
with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too
much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse
and brain both empty,—the brain the heavier for
being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of
heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now
be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up
thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and
creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the
discharge. Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and
counters; so the acquaintance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to
live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the
toothache: But a man that were to sleep your
sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think
he would change places with his officer: for, look
you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have
not seen him so pictured: you must either be
directed by some that take upon them to know, or
take upon yourself that which I am sure you do
not know, or jump the after-inquiry on your own
peril; and how you shall speed in your journey's
end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes
to direct them the way I am going, but such as
wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man
should have the best use of eyes, to see the way
of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of
winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your pri-
soner to the king.

Post. Thou bringest good news,—I am called to
be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hanged, then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no
bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt Post. and Mess.*]

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and
beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.
Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves
desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be
some of them, too, that die against their will; so
should I, if I were one. I would we were all of
one mind, and one mind good; O, there were deso-
lation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against

my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Cymbeline's Tent.*

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Wo is my heart,
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast

Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found;
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,

But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am

The heir of his reward: which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,

(*To Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus*)

By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the time

To ask of whence you are,—report it.

Bel. Sir,

In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Farther to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees:

Arise, my knights o' the battle; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.

There's business in these faces:—Why so sadly

Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!

To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician

Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,
I will report, so please you: These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were present when she finished.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never loved you;
only

Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wise to your place:
Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:

And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love

With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!

Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had

For you a mortal mineral, which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and ling'ring,
By inches waste you: In which time she purposed,

By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show: yes, and in time,

(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work

Her son into the adoption of the crown,
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless desperate; open'd, in despite
Of Heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effected: so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did so, please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,

That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious

To have mistrusted her; yet, O my daughter!

That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,

And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other Roman prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.

Thou comest not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss

Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,

That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter

Of you their captives, which cursell have granted:
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day

Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd

Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods

Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives

May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,

A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:

Augustus lives to think on't: And so much

For my peculiar care. This one thing only

I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,

Let him be ransomed: never master had

A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,

So tender over his occasions, true,

So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join

With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness

Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,

Though he have served a Roman: save him, sir,

And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:

His favour is familiar to me.—

Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor where-
fore,

'To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no; alack,
There's other work in hand; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and
boys.—

Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?

I love thee more and more; think more and
more

What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?
speak,

Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy
friend?

Imo. He's a Roman: no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your
vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eyest him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art, my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

(Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.)

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death?

Arr. One and another

Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele:—What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see farther; he eyes us not;
forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see farther.

Pis. It is my mistress:

(Aside.)

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad,

(Cymb. and Imo. come forward.)

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, *(to Iach.)* step you
forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to
him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may
render

Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him?

(Aside.)

Cym. That diamond ring upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that,
which

Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may
grieve thee,

As it doth me) a nobler sir ne'er lived
Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my
lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false
spirits

Quail to remember,—Give me leave;—I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy
strength:

I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and
speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accursed
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O 'would
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,
Those which I heaved to head!) the good Post-
humus,

(What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were; and was the best of all
Amongst the rarest of good ones,) sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast
Of him that best could speak: for feature,
laming

The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness which strikes the eye,—

Cym. I stand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Post-
humus,

(Most like a noble lord in love,) and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we praised, (there-
in

He was as calm as virtue,) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being
made,

And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his descrip-
tion

Proved us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins!
He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with
him

Pieces of gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,

Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'T'wixt amorous and villainous. Being thus
quench'd

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus! averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,—

Post. Ay, so thou dost,

(Coming forward.)

Italian Mend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains past, in being.
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or
poison,

Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious; it is I
That all the abhorred things of the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me,
set

The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd, Posthumus Leonatus; and
Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen!
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful
page,
There lie thy part.

(Striking her; she falls.)

Pis. O gentlemen, help, help
Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthu-
mus!

You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike
me

To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O get thee from my sight;

Thou gavest me poison: dangerous fellow,
hence!

Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. O gods!—

I left out one thing, which the queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio

Have, said she, given his mistress that confec-
tion

Which I gave him for cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life: but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error.

Gui. This is sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from
you?

Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again.

(Embracing him.)

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child?
What, makest thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, sir.

(Kneeling.)

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye
not;

(To Guiderius and Arviragus.)

You had a motive for't.

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee!—Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and 'long of her it
was.

That we meet here so strangely. But her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord
Cloten,

Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and
swore,

If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket: which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford:
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he enforced from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with oaths to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I farther know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:

I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forefend!

I would not thy good deeds should from my
lips

Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did
me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke
me.

With language that would make me spurn the
sea,
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and
must

Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king:
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;

(*To the guard.*)

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wroth? How of descent
As good as we?

Arr. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.

Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arr. Your danger is
Ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it, then.—
By leave,—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Assumed this age: indeed, a banish'd man;
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy: Here's my knee;
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;
Then spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd;
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punish-
ment

Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are,) these twenty years
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I
Could put into them: my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I moved her to't;
Having received the punishment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,

The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again: and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worth;
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st.
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children.
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleased a while.—

This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more:—Bless'd may you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arr. Ay, my good lord.

Gui. And at first meeting loved;
Continued so, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridg-
ment

Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how lived
you?

And when came you to serve our Roman cap-
tive?

How parted with your brothers? how first met
them?

Why fled you from the court? and whither?
These,

And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more should be demand-
ed,

And all the other by-dependencies
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor
place,

Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon Imogen:
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her
eye

On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother: so we'll hold thee ever.

(*To Belarius.*)

Imo. You are my father, too; and did relieve me,

To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becomed this place, and
graced

The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier, that did company these three
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd:—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. I am down again,

(*Kneeling.*)

But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech
you,

Which I so often owe: but your ring first;
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd;
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arr. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of
Rome,

Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back'd,
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shows
Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it; let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus,—

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. (*Reads.*) When as a lion's whelp shall, to him-
self unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by
a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar
shall be lopped branches which being dead many years,

shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly
grow: then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain
be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp,
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much;
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
(*To Cymbeline.*)

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier*; which *mulier*, I divine,
Is this most constant wife: who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now revived,
To the majestic cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,

My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her and
hers,)

Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanish'd: which foreshew'd our princely eagle
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods;

And let our crooked smokes climb to their nos-
trils
From our bless'd altars! Publish we this
peace

To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together: so through Lud's town march;
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there:—Never was a war did cease
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace

[*Exeunt.*]

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.



Titania.—"COME, SIT THEE DOWN UPON THIS FLOWERY BED."—Act iv, scene 1.

Persons Represented.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
 EGEUS, Father to Hermia.
 LYSANDER, } in love with Hermia.
 DEMETRIUS, }
 PHILOSTRATE, Master of the Revels to Theseus.
 QUINCE, the Carpenter.
 SNUG, the Joiner.
 BOTTOM, the Weaver.
 FLUTE, the Bellowsmender.
 SNOUT, the Tinker.
 STARVELING, the Tailor.

HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.
 HERMIA, Daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.
 HELENA, in love with Demetrius.

OBERON, King of the Fairies.
 TITANIA, Queen of the Fairies.
 PUCK, or ROBIN-GOODFELLOW, a Fairy.
 PEAS-BLOSSOM, }
 COBWEB, } Fairies.
 MOTH, }
 MUSTARD-SEED, }
 Pyramus, }
 Thisbe, } Characters in the Interlude,
 Wall, } performed by the Clowns.
 Moonshine, }
 Lion, }

Other Fairies attending their King and Queen.

Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE,—Athens, and a wood not far from it

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Athens. A Room in the Palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, and Attendants.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace; four happy days bring in
Another moon; but, oh, methinks, how slow
This old moon wanes! she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame, or a dowager,
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in
night;

Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals,
The pale companion is not for our pomp.—

[Exit Philostrate.]

Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling.

Enter EGEUS, HERMIA, LYSANDER, and DEMETRIUS.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke!

The. Thanks, good Egeus: What's the news with
thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius;—my noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander;—and, my gracious duke,
This hath bewitched the bosom of my child:
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchanged love-tokens with my child;
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love;
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats,—mes-
sengers

Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth;
With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughter's
heart;

Turn'd her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness. And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens:
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death; according to our law,
Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you, Hermia? be advised, fair
maid:

To you your father should be as a god;
One that composed your beauties; yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax,
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure, or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.

Her. So is Lysander.

The. In himself he is:

But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my
eyes.

The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment
look.

Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts:
But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

The. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun:
For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage:
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
Than that which, withering on the virgin thorn,
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause; and, by the next new
moon,

(The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship)
Upon that day either prepare to die,
For disobedience to your father's will;
Or else, to wed Demetrius, as he would,
Or on Diana's altar to protest,
For aye, austerity and single life.

Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia;—and, Lysander,
yield

Thy crazed title to my certain right.

Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.

Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my
love;

And what is mine my love shall render him,
And she is mine; and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia:
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.

The. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come:
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me,
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up
(Which by no means we may extenuate)

To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta; what cheer, my love?
Demetrius, and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial; and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.
Ege. With duty and desire we follow you.

Exeunt Thea. Hip. Ege. Dem. and train.

Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?

How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike, for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes

Lys. Ah me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth:
But, either it was different in blood,—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low!

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of years,—

Her. O spite! too old to be engaged to young!

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of
friends,—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eye!

Lys. Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it;
Making it momentary as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;
Brief as the lightning in the colly'd night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross;
As due to love, as thoughts, and dreams, and
sighs,

Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion, therefore, hear me, Her-
mia,

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.

There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us: If thou lovest me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow;
By his best arrow with the golden head;
By the simplicity of Venus' doves;
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves;
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage queen,
When the false Trojan under sail was seen;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke;—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

Lys. Keep promise, love: Look, here comes
Helena.

Enter HELENA.

Her. God speed, fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair! that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!

Your eyes are load-stars; and your tongues sweet
air,

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds ap-
pear.

Sickness is catching; O, were favour so!
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet
melody.

Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be to you translated.

O, teach me how you look; and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.

Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles
such skill!

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection
move!

Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine.

Hel. None, but your beauty; would that fault
were mine!

Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my
face;

Lysander and myself will fly this place.—

Before the time I did Lysander see,

Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:

O then, what graces in my love do dwell,

That he hath turn'd a heaven into a hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold:

To-morrow night, when Phoebe doth behold

Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,

Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass.

(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,)

Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I

Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,

Emptying our bosoms of our counsel sweet,

There my Lysander and myself shall meet:

And thence, from Athens, turn away our eyes,

To seek new friends and stranger companies.

Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us,

And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!—

Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight

From lovers' food, till morrow deep midnight.

[Exit Hermia.]

Lys. I will, my Hermia.—Helena, adieu:

As you on him, Demetrius dote on you!

[Exit Lys.]

Hel. How happy some, o'er other some can be!

Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.

But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;

He will not know what all but he do know.

And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,

So I, admiring of his qualities,

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,

Love can transpose to form and dignity.

Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;

And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind:

Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;

Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste:

And therefore is love said to be a child,

Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.

As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,

So the boy Love is perjured every where:

For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eye,

He hail'd down oaths, that he was only mine;

And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,

So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.

I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;
Then to the wood will he, to-morrow night,
Pursue her: and for this intelligence,
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither, and back again.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in a Cottage.*

Enter SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT,
QUINCE, and STARVELING.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess, on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors: and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is—The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry.—Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you: Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready: Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms, I will condole in some measure. To the rest—Yet my chief humour is for a tyrant: I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

"The raging rocks,
"With shivering shocks,
"Shall break the locks
"Of prison-gates:
"And Phibbus' car
"Shall shine from far,
"And make and mar
"The foolish fates."

This was lofty!—Now name the rest of the players.—This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too! I'll speak in a monstrous little voice.—*Thisbe, Thisbe,—Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear: and lady dear!*

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus, and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father; myself, Thisby's father;—Snug, the joiner, you the lion's part:—and I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *Let him roar again. Let him roar again.*

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus: for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man, a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day: a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-coloured beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, masters, here are your parts: and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight; there will we rehearse: for if we meet in the city we shall be dogg'd with company and our devices known. In the mean time I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously. Take pains; be perfect: adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings.

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Wood near Athens.*

Enter a Fairy at one door, and PUCK at another.

Puck. How now, spirit: whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
 In their gold coats spots you see
 Those be rubies, fairy favours,
 In those freckles live their savours:
 I must go seek some dew-drops here,
 And hang a pearl on every cowslip's ear.
 Farewell, thou lob of spirits, I'll be gone;
 Our queen and all our elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night,

Take heed, the queen come not within his sight.
 For Oberon is passing fell and wrath
 Because that she, as her attendant, hath
 A lovely boy stolen from an Indian king;
 She never had so sweet a changeling.
 And jealous Oberon would have the child
 Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild:
 But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy;
 Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.

And now they never meet in grove, or green,
 By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
 But they do square; that all their elves, for fear,
 Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,

Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite,
 Call'd Robin Goodfellow: are you not he,
 That fright the maidens of the villagery;
 Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,
 And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
 And sometimes make the drink to bear no barm;
 Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
 You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
 Are not you he?

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
 And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab;
 And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale.
 The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And *tailor* cries, and falls into a cough;
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe;

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear,
 A merrier hour was never wasted there,—
 But room, Faery, here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress.—'Would that he were gone!

SCENE II.—Enter OBERON, at one door, with his train, and TITANIA, at another, with hers.

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon? Fairy, skip hence;
 I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton; Am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady: But I know,
 When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
 And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
 Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
 To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
 Come from the farthest steep of India?
 But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,

Your buskin'd mistress and your warrior love,
 To Theseus must be wedded; and you come
 To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
 Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
 Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
 Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night

From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
 And make him with fair *Ægle* break his faith,
 With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
 And never, since the middle summer's spring,
 Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
 By paved fountain, or by rushy brook,
 Or in the beached margent of the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
 But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
 Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
 Contagious fogs; which falling in the land,
 Have every pelting river made so proud,
 That they have overborne their continents:
 The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
 The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard;
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
 The crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
 The nine men's morris is fill'd up with mud;
 And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable;
 The human mortals want their winter here;
 No night is now with hymn or carol blest:
 Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
 Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
 That rheumatic diseases do abound.

And through this distemperature, we see
 The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
 And on old Hyems' chin, and icy crown,
 An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
 Is, as in mockery, set; the spring, the summer,
 The chilling autumn, angry winter, change
 Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world,
 By their increase, now knows not which is which.
 And this same progeny of evils comes
 From our debate, from our dissention;
 We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you:
 Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
 To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest,
 The fairy land buys not the child of man.
 His mother was a votress of my order:
 And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
 Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
 And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
 Marking the embarked traders on the flood;
 When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
 And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind:
 Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait,
 Following (her womb then rich with my young squire)

Would imitate; and sail upon the land,
 To fetch me trifles, and return again,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
 But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
 And, for her sake, I do rear up the boy;
 And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.

If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us :
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy kingdom. Fairies, away :
We shall chide downright, if I long stay.

[*Exeunt Titania and her train.*]

Obe. Well, go thy way : thou shalt not from this grove,

Till I torment thee for this injury.—

My gentle Puck, come hither : Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such a dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song ;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw, (but thou couldst not,)—

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd. a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon ;
And the imperial vot'ress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
It fell upon a little western flower.—
Before, milk-white ; now, purple with love's wound,—

And maidens call it, love-in-idleness.

Fetch me that flower ; the herb I shew'd thee once ;

The juice of it on sleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb ; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.

Puck. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

[*Exit Puck.*]

Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes :
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
(Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it, with another herb,)
I'll make her render up her page to me.—
But who comes here ? I am invisible ;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia ?
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me, they were stolen into this wood,
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet with Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant ;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel : Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you ? Do I speak you fair ?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you—I do not, nor I cannot love you ?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.

I am your spaniel ; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you :
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, loose me ; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.

What worser place can I beg in your love,
(And yet a place of high respect with me,)
Than to be used as you use your dog ?

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit ;

For I am sick when I do look on thee.

Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.

Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much
To leave the city, and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not ;
To trust the opportunity of night,
And the ill counsel of a desert place,
With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your virtue is my privilege for that.
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night :
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company ;
For you, in my respect, are all the world.
Then how can it be said, I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me ?

Dem. I'll run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed ;
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase ;
The dove pursues the griffin ; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger : Bootless speed !
When cowardice pursues, and valour flies.

Dem. I will not stay thy questions ; let me go :
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fy, Demetrius !
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex :
We cannot fight for love, as men may do ;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to woo.
I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.

[*Exeunt Dem. and Hel.*]

Obe. Fare thee well, nymph : ere he do leave this grove,

Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—

Re-enter PUCK.

Hast thou the flower there ? Welcome, wanderer

Puck. Ay, there it is.

Obe. I pray thee, give it me.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows ;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine :
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight ;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in :
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes :
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove :
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth : anoint his eyes ;
But do it, when the next thing he espies
May be the lady : Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care ; that he may prove
More fond on her, than she upon her love :
And look thou meet me ere the first cock-crow.

Puck. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter TITANIA, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some, keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits: Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

1 *Fai.* You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong:
Come not near our fairy queen.

CHORUS.

*Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby:
Lulla, lulla, lullaby: lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.*

II.

2 *Fai.* Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence;
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

1 *Fai.* Hence, away; now all is well:
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

[*Exeunt Fairies. Titania sleeps.*]

Enter OBERON.

Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,
[*Squeezes the flower on Titania's eye-lids.*]
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love, and languish for his sake;
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wake'st, it is thy dear;
Wake, when some vile thing is near. }

[*Exit.*]

Enter LYSANDER and HERMIA.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And, to speak truth, I have forgot our way;
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it so, Lysander, find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.
Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie farther off yet, do not lie so near.
Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;

Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart we can make of it:
Two bosoms interchained with an oath;
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny;
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.

Her. Lysander riddles very prettily.
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say, Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie farther off; in human modesty
Such separation, as, may well be said,
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid:
So far be distant; and good night, sweet friend:
Thy love ne'er alter, till thy sweet life end!

Lys. Amen, Amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!
Here is my bed: Sleep give thee all his rest!

Her. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be
press'd: (*They sleep.*)

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This he is, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe:
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eye-lid.
So awake, when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon.

[*Exit.*]

Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O, wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go.

[*Exit Demetrius.*]

Hel. O, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oftener wash'd than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me, run away for fear:
Therefore, no marvel, though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?—
But who is here?—Lysander! on the ground.
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound:—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.

Lys. And run through fire I will, for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena! Nature here shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O, how fit a word
Is that vile name, to perish on my sword?
Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so:

What though he love your Hermia? Lord, what though?

Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.

Lys. Content with Hermia? No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.

Not Hermia, but Helena I love:

Who will not change a raven for a dove?

The will of man is by his reason sway'd:

And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season;

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;

And touching now the point of human skill,

Reason becomes the marshal to my will,

And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook

Love's stories, written in love's richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery
born?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?

Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,

That I did never, no, nor never can,

Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,

But you must flout my insufficiency?

Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,

In such disdainful manner me to woo.

But fare you well; perforce I must confess,

I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

O, that a lady, of one man refused,

Should, of another, therefore be abused. *[Exit.]*

Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou
there;

And never may'st thou come Lysander near!

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things

The deepest loathing to the stomach brings—

Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,

Are hated most of those they did deceive:

So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,

Of all be hated; but the most of me!

And all my powers, address your love and might,

To honour Helen, and to be her knight! *[Exit.]*

Her. *(Starting.)* Help me Lysander, help me! do
thy best,

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!

Ah me, for pity!—What a dream was here!

Lysander, look, how I do quake for fear!

Methought a serpent eat my heart away,

And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.—

Lysander! what, removed? Lysander! lord!

What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?

Alack, where are you? speak, an if you hear;

Speak, of all loves; I swoon almost with fear.

No?—then I well perceive you are not nigh:

Either death, or you, I'll find immediately. *[Exit.]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The Queen of Fairies
lying asleep.*

*Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE,
SNOOT, and STARVELING.*

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal; This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring house; and we will do it in action, as we will do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,—

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus and Thisby*, that will never please. First, *Pyramus*

must draw a sword to kill himself; which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By'r'lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe, we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue: and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that *Pyramus* is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them, that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weaver: This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion, living; and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell, he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are:—and there, indeed, let him name his name; and tell them plainly, he is *Snug* the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for you know, *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meet by moonlight.

Snug. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then you may leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You never can bring in a wall.—What say you, *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall: and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his finger thus, and through that cranny shall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. *Pyramus*, you begin: when you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swagging here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor:

An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus—Thisby, stand forth.

Py. Thisby, the flowers of odious savours sweet

Quin. Odours, odours.

Py. —odours savours sweet;

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear,

But, hark a voice! stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appear. [Exit.

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here!
(Aside.)—[Exit.

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you: for you must understand, he goes to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. Most radiant Pyramus, most lily white of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most briskly juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew.

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man: Why you must not speak that yet—that you answer to Pyramus; you speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus, enter; your cue is past; it is, never tire.

Re-enter PUCK, and BOTTOM with an ass's head.

This. O,—As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.

Py. If I were fair, Thisby, I were only thine;—

Quin. O monstrous! O strange; we are haunted.
Pray, masters! fly, masters! help!

[Exeunt Clowns.

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier;

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

[Exit.

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afraid.

Re-enter SNOUT.

Snout. O, Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass's head of your own; do you?

Re-enter QUINCE.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated.

[Exit.

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

(Sings.)

The ousel cock, so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill,

The throstle with his note so true,

The wren with little quill;

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

(Waking.)

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,

The plain-song cuckoo gray,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer, nay;—

for, indeed, who would set his wits to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry cuckoo, never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;

And thy fair virtue's force perforce doth move me,

On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: And yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days: The more the pity, that some honest neighbour will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go; Thou shall remain here, whether thou wilt or no.

I am a spirit, of no common rate;

The summer still doth tend upon my state,

And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;

I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;

And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,

And sing, while thou on pressed flower dost sleep:

And I will purge thy mortal grossness so,

That thou shalt like an airy spirit go,—

Peas-blossom! Cobweb? Moth! and Mustard-seed!

Enter four Fairies.

1 Fai. Ready.

2 Fai. And I.

3 Fai. And I.

4 Fai. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;

Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;

Feed him with apricocks, and dewberries;

With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;

The honey bags steal from the humble bees,

And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,

And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,

To have my love to bed, and to arise;

And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,

To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:

Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

1 Fai. Hail, mortal!

2 Fai. Hail!

3 Fai. Hail!

4 Fai. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech, your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master Cobweb: If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash, your mother, and to master Peas-cod, your father. Good master Peas-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house: I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now: I desire you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.

The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Wood.*

Enter OBERON.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awaked;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter PUCK.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit;
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love,
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake:
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl I fixed on his head;
Anon, his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes: When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly:
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong:
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some, sleeves; some, hats; from yielders all things catch.

I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment (so it came to pass,)
Titania waked, and straightway loved an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping,—that is finish'd too,—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That when he waked, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Puck. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. O, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me: Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bored; and that the
moon

May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be, but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look; so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look; and so should I,

Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty:
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?

Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur! thou drivest me past the bounds

Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!

Oh! once tell true, tell true, even for my sake;
Durst thou have look'd upon him, being awake,
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave touch!

Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a misprised mood:

I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.

Her. I pray thee, tell me then, that he is well.

Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefor?

Her. A privilege, never to see me more.—
And from thy hated presence part I so:
See me no more, whether he be dead or no.

[*Exit.*]

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:

Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow,
For debt, that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now, in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.

(*Lies down.*)

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,

And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that, one man holding troth,

A million fail, confounding oath on oath.

Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind,
And Helena of Athens look thou find;
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear:
By some illusion see thou bring her here;
I'll charm his eyes, against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look, how I go;
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.

[*Exit.*]

Obe. Flower of this purple dye,

Hit with Cupid's archery,

Sink in apple of his eye!

When his love he doth espy,

Let her shine as gloriously

As the Venus of the sky.—

When thou wake'st, if she be by,

Be of her for remedy.

Re-enter PUCK.

Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee:
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Obe. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think, that I should woo in
scorn?

Scorn and derision never come in tears;
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.

How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and
more.

When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: Will you give her
o'er?

Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing
weigh:

Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh; and both as light as tales.

Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her
o'er.

Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. (*Awaking.*) O Helen, goddess, nymph, per-
fect, divine!

To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?

Crystal is muddy. O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

That pure congealed white, high Taurus snow,

Fann'd with the eastern wind, turns to a crow,

When thou hold'st up thy hand: O, let me kiss

This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent

To set against me, for your merriment.

If you were civil, and knew courtesy,

You would not do me this much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you do,

But you must join, in souls, to mock me too?

If you were men, as men you are in show,

You would not use a gentle lady so;

To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,

When, I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.

You both are rivals, and love Hermia;

And now both rivals, to mock Helena,—

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,

To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes,

With your derision! None, of noble sort,

Would so offend a virgin; and extort

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so,

For you love Hermia; this, you know, I know:

And here, with all good will, with all my heart,

In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;

And yours of Helena to me bequeath,

Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia: I will none:

If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.

My heart with her but, as guest-wise, sojourn'd;

And now to Helen is it home return'd,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.—

Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function
takes,

The ear more quick of apprehension makes:

Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,

It pays the hearing double recompense.—

Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;

Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.

But why unkindly, didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press
to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my
side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him
bide,

Fair Helena, who more engilds the night

Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.

Why seek'st thou me? could not this make me
know

The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think; it cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceive they have conjoin'd, all three.

To fashion this false sport in spite of me.

Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!

Have you conspired, have you with these con-
trived

To bait me with this foul derision?

Is all the counsel, that we two have shared,

The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,

When we have chid the hasty-footed time

For parting us.—O, and is all forgot?

All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?

We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,

Have with our needles created both one flower,

Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,

Both warbling of one song, both in one key,

As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,

Had been incorporate. So we grew together,

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;

But yet a union in partition,

Two lovely berries moulded on one stem:

So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;

Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,

Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.

And will you rend our ancient love asunder,

To join with men in scorning your poor friend?

It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:

Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;

Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words:

I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,

To follow me, and praise my eyes and face

And made your other love, Demetrius,

(Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,)

To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,

Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this

To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander

Deny your love, so rich within his soul,

And tender me, forsooth, affection,

But by your setting on, by your consent?

What though I be not so in grace as you,

So hung upon with love, so fortunate;

But miserable most, to love unloved?

This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persevere, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mows upon me, when I turn my back;
Wink at each other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.

If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault;
Which death, or absence, soon shall remedy.

Lys. Stay, gentle Helena, hear my excuse;
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she
entreat;

Thy threats have no more strength than her weak
prayers.—

Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do;

I swear by that which I lose for thee,

To prove him false that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come,—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no, sir:—he will

Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not: you are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr: vile thing, let
loose;

Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change
is this,

Sweet love?

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tartar, out!

Out, loathed medicine! hated potion, hence!

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond; for I perceive

A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her
dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harm, than
hate?

Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love?

Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

I am as fair now, as I was erewhile.

Since night you loved me; yet, since night you left
me:

Why, then you left me—O, the gods forbid!

In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt,

Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest,

That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me! you juggler! you canker blossom!

You thief of love! what, have you come by night,

And stolen my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, i'faith!

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,

No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear

Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?

Fy, fy! you counterfeit, you puppet you!

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the
game.

Now I perceive, that she hath made compare

Between our statures, she hath urged her height;

And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?

How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;

How low am I? I am not yet so low,

But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentle-
men,

Let her not hurt me: I was never curst:

I have no gift at all in shrewishness;

I am a right maid for my cowardice;

Let her not strike me: You, perhaps, may think,

Because she's something lower than myself,

That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.

I evermore did love you, Hermia,

Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;

Save that, in love unto Demetrius,

I told him of your stealth unto this wood:

He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him.

But he hath chid me hence; and threaten'd me,

To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:

And now, so you will let me quiet go,

To Athens will I bear my folly back,

And follow you no farther. Let me go:

You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone: who is't that hinders
you?

Hel. A foolish heart that I leave here behind.

Her. What, with Lysander?

Hel. With Demetrius.

Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee,
Helena.

Dem. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her
part.

Hel. O, when she is angry, she is keen and
shrew'd;

She was a vixen when she went to school;

And, though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?—

Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?

Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf:

You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;

You bead, you acorn.

Dem. You are too officious

In her behalf, that scorns your services.

Let her alone; speak not of Helena;

Take not her part: for, if thou dost intend

Never so little show of love to her,

Thou shalt aby it.

Lys. Now she holds me not;

Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right,

Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.

Dem. Follow? nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by
jole. *[Exeunt Lys. and Dem.]*

Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you:

Nay, go not back.

Hel. I will not trust you, I;

No longer stay in your curst company.

Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray

My legs are longer though, to run away. *[Exit.]*

Her. I am amazed, and know not what to say.
[Exit, pursuing Helena.]

Obe. This is thy negligence: still thou mistakest,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.

Puck. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook:
Did not you tell me I should know the man

By the Athenian garments he had on?

And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes:
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.

Obe. Thou seest, these lovers seek a place to
fight:

Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray,
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep:
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error, with his might,
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league, whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmed eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My fairy lord, this must be done with
haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and
there,
Troop home to church-yards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-brow'd night.

Obe. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
Opening on Neptune with fairblessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt-green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.

[Exit Ober.

Puck. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down;
I am fear'd in field and town;
Goblin, lead them up and down.

Here comes one.

Enter LYSANDER.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak
thou now.

Puck. Here villain; draw and ready. Where art
thou?

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground.

[Exit *Lys.* as following the voice.

Enter DEMETRIUS.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy
head?

Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the
stars,
Telling the bushes, that thou look'st for wars,
And will not come? Come, recreant; come, thou
child;

I'll whip thee with a rod: He is defiled
That draws a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea; art thou there?

Puck. Follow my voice; we'll try no manhood
here.

[Exit.

Re-enter LYSANDER.

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter heel'd than I;
I follow'd fast, but faster he did fly;
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day.

(Lies down.)

For if once thou shew me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius, and revenge this spite.

(Sleeps.)

Re-enter PUCK and DEMETRIUS.

Puck. Ho, ho! ho, ho! Coward, why comes
thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou darest; for well I wot,
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place;
And darest not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou?

Puck. Come hither; I am here.

Dem. Nay, then thou mock'st me. Thou shalt
buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by day-light see:
Now, go thy way.—Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.—
By day's approach look to be visited.

(Lies down and sleeps.)

Enter HELENA.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours: shine comforts from the
east;
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,
From these, that my poor company detest:
And, sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me a while from mine own company.

(Sleeps.)

Puck. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Enter HERMIA.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers;
I can no farther crawl, no farther go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me, till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!

(Lies down.)

Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound:
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.

(Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.)

When thou wakest,
Thou takest
True delight
In the sight

Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:

Jack shall have Jill;

Nought shall go ill;

The man shall have his mare again, and all shall
be well.

[Exit Puck.—Dem. Hel. &c., sleep.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter TITANIA and BOTTOM, Fairies attending
OBERON behind, unseen.

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peas-blossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peas-blossom.—Where's
monsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your
weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped
humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good
monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret
yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and
good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break
not; I would be loth to have you over-flown with a
honey-bag, signior.—Where's monsieur Mustard-
seed?

Must. Ready.

Bot. Give me your nief, monsieur Mustard-seed.
Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.

Must. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero
Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mon-
sieur! for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about
the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do
but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What wilt thou hear some music, my sweet
love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let
us have the tongs and the bones.

Tita. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desirest to
eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch
your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great
desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay hath
no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy, that shall seek the
squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried
peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir
me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon
me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my
arms.

Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
Gently entwist,—the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.

O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

(*They sleep.*)

OBERON advances. Enter PUCK.

Obe. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this
sweet sight?

Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowrets' eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he, awaking, when the others do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.

Be, as thou wast wont to be;

(*Touching her eyes with an herb.*)

See, as thou wast wont to see:

Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such force and blessed power.

Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.

Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen?
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.

Obe. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to pass?

O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now!

Obe. Silence, a while.—Robin, take off this
head.—

Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.

Tita. Music, ho; music; such as charmeth sleep.

Puck. Now, when thou wakest, with thine own
fool's eyes peep.

Obe. Sound, music. (*Still music.*) Come, my
queen, take hands with me,

And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.

Now thou and I are new in amity;

And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,

Dance in duke Theseus' house triumphantly,

And bless it to all fair prosperity:

There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be

Wedded, with Theseus, in all jollity.

Puck. Fairy king, attend and mark.

I do hear the morning lark.

Obe. Then, my queen, in silence sad,

Trip we after the night's shade;

We the globe can compass soon,

Swifter than the wandering moon.

Tita. Come, my lord: and in our flight,

Tell me how it came this night,

That I sleeping here was found,

With these mortals on the ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

(*Horns sound within.*)

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, and
train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd:
And since we have the vaward of the day,

My love shall hear the music of my hounds.—
Uncouple in the western valley; go.—
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.—
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded: and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft; what nymphs
are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt, they rose up early, to observe
The right of May; and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.—
But, speak, Egeus; is not this the day,
That Hermia should give answer of her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their
horns.

Horns and shouts within. DEMETRIUS, LYSAN-
DER, HERMIA and HELENA, wake, and start up.

The. Good-morrow, friends, Saint Valentine is
past;

Begin these wood-birds to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

(He and the rest kneel to Theseus.)

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know, you are two rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazingly,
Half 'sleep, half waking—But as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is,)
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was, no be gone from Athens, where we might be
Without the peril of the Athenian law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have
enough:

I beg the law, the law, upon his head.—
'They would have stolen away; they would, Deme-
trius,

Thereby to have defeated you and me:
You, of your wife; and me, of my consent,—
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither followed them;
Fair Helena in fancy following me.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(But, by some power it is,) my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud,

Which in my childhood I did dote upon:
And all the faith and virtue of my heart,
The object, and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betroth'd ere I saw Hermia;
But, like in sickness, did I loath this food:
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met:
Of this discourse we will hear more anon.—
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.—
Away, with us, to Athens: Three and three,
We'll hold a feast of great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.

[Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.]

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguish-
able,
Like far-off mountains turn'd into clouds.

Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted
eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. It seems to me,
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think,
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake: let's follow
him;
And, by the way, let us recount our dreams.

[Exeunt.]

As they go out, BOTTOM awakes.

Bot. When my cue comes, call me, and I will
answer:—my next is, *Most fair Pyramus*.—Hey,
ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender!
Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life!
stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a
most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the
wit of man to say what dream it was—Man is but
an ass, if he go about to expound this dream.
Methought I was—there is no man can tell what
Methought I was, and methought I had,—but man
is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what
methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard,
the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not
able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart
to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter
Quince to write a ballad of this dream; it shall be
called Bottom's dream, because it hath no bottom;
and I will sing it in the latter end of a play,
before the duke: Peradventure, to make it the
more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—Athens. A Room in Quince's House.

*Enter QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, and
STARVELING.*

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? Is he
come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he
is transported.

Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred; it goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all Athens, able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too: and he is a very paramour, for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of nought.

Enter SNUG.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a-day during his life, he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day, an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it; sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders: but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you, is, that the duke hath dined: Get your apparel together; good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him, that plays the lion, pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions, nor garlick, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt, but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away; go away.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. An Apartment in the Palace of Theseus.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys. Lovers and madmen have such seething brains, Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend More than cool reason ever comprehends. The lunatic, the lover, and the poet, Are of imagination all compact: One sees more devils than vast hell can hold— That is, the madman; the lover, all as frantic, Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt; The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;

And, as imagination bodies forth The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing A local habitation and a name.

Such tricks hath strong imagination; That, if it would but apprehend some joy, It comprehends some bringer of that joy; Or, in the night, imagining some fear, How easy is a bush supposed a bear!

Hip. But all the story of the night told over, And all their minds transfigured so together, More witnesseth than fancy's images, And grows to something of great constancy; But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, and HELENA.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.—

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love, Accompany your hearts!

Lys. More than to us

Wait on your royal walks, your board, your bed!

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,

To wear away this long age of three hours, Between our after-supper and bed-time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?

What revels are in hand? Is there no play, To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?

Call Philostrate.

Philost. Here, mighty Theseus.

The. Say, what abridgement have you for this evening?

What mask? what music? How shall we beguile The lazy time, if not with some delight?

Philost. There is a brief, how many sports are ripe;

Make choice of which your highness will see first. *(Giving a paper.)*

The. (Reads.) The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung,

By an Athenian eunuch, to the harp.

We'll none of that: that have I told my love, In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,

Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage.

That is an old device; and it was play'd When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.

The thrice three Muses mourning for the death Of learning, late deceased in beggary.

That is some satire, keen and critical, Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus, And his love Thisbe: very tragical mirth.

Merry and tragical? tedious and brief?

That is, hot ice, and wonderous strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord?

Philost. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,

Which is as brief as I have known a play;

But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,

Which makes it tedious: for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted,

And tragical, my noble lord, it is;

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,

Made mine eyes water: but more merry tears

The passion of loud laughter never shed.

The. What are they that do play it?

Philost. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,

Which never labour'd in their minds till now;
And now have toil'd their unbreathed memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.

The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord,
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretch'd and conn'd with cruel pain,
To do you service.

The. I will hear that play:
For never any thing can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your places, ladies.

[*Exit Philostrate.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says, they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake:
And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome: Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity,
In least, speak most, to my capacity.

Enter PHILOSTRATE.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is addrest.

The. Let him approach.

(*Flourish of trumpets.*)

Enter Prologue.

Prol. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despite,
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue, like a rough colt;
he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord:
It is not enough to speak, but to speak true.
Hip. Indeed he hath played on this prologue,
like a child on a recorder,—a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain,—nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter PYRAMUS and THISBE, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show.

Prol. "Gentles, perchance, you wonder at this show;

"But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

"This man is Pyramus, if you would know:

"This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.

"This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present

"Wall, that vile wall which did these lovers sunder:

"And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content

"To whisper; at the which let no man wonder.

"This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn,

"Presenteth moonshine: for, if you will know,

"By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn

"To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.

"This grisly beast, which by name lion hight,

"The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

"Did scare away, or rather did affright:

"And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall;

"Which lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.

"Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall,

"And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:

"Whereat with blade, with bloody blameful blade,

"He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast;

"And Thisby tarrying in mulberry shade,

"His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,

"Let lion, moonshine, wall, and lovers twain,

"At large discourse, while here they do remain."

[*Exeunt Prol., Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*]

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. "In this same interlude, it doth befall,

"That I, one Snout by name, present a wall:

"And such a wall as I would have you think,

"That had in it a cranny'd hole or chink,

"Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,

"Did whisper often very secretly.

"This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone, doth shew

"That I am that same wall; the truth is so:

"And this the cranny is, right and sinister,

"Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper."

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

Enter PYRAMUS.

Pyr. "O, grim-look'd night! O night with hue so black!

"O night, which ever art, when day is not!

"O night, O night, alack, alack, alack,

"I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!—

"And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,

"That stand'st between her father's ground and mine;

"Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,

"Shew me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne.

(*Wall holds up his fingers.*)

"Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this!

"But what see I? No Thisby do I see.

"O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss;

"Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving me!"

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. Deceiving me, is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you:—Yonder she comes.

Enter THISBE.

This. "O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,

"For parting my fair Pyramus and me :

"My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones :

"Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee."

Pyr. "I see a voice: now will I to the clink,

"To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

"Thisby!"

This. "My love! thou art my love, I think."

Pyr. "Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;

"And like Limander am I trusty still."

This. "And I like Helen, till the fates me kill."

Pyr. "Not Shafalus to Procrus, was so true."

This. "As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you."

Pyr. "O, kiss me through the hole of this vile wall."

This. "I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all."

Pyr. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?"

This. "Tide life, tide death, I come without delay."

Wall. "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so;

"And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[Exeunt Wall, Pyramus, and Thisbe.]

The. Now is the mural down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful, to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows: and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a moon and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear

"The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,

"May now perchance, both quake and tremble here,

"When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.

"Then know, that I, one Snug, the joiner, am

"A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:

"For if I should as lion come in strife

"Into this place, 'twere pity on my life."

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion; and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present:"

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present;

"Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest: the man should be put into the lantern: How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am weary of this moon: Would he would change!

The. It appears by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. "All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog."

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for they are in the moon. But silence; here comes Thisbe.

Enter Thisbe.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb: Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh—"

(The lion roars.—Thisbe runs off.)

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

Hip. Well moused, lion.

(The Lion tears Thisbe's mantle, and exit.)

Dem. And so comes Pyramus.

Lys. And then the moon vanishes.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. "Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams!

"I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright;

"For by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams,

"I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.

"But stay,—O spite!

"But mark,—Poor knight,

"What dreadful dole is here!

"Eyes, do you see?

"How can it be?

"O dainty duck! O dear!

"Thy mantle good,

"What, stain'd with blood?

"Approach, ye furies fell!

"O fates! come, come;

"Cut thread and thrum;

"Quail, crush, conclude and quell?"

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. "O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame?

"Since lion vile hath here deflour'd my dear:

"Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame,

"That lived, that loved, that liked, that look'd with cheer.

"Come, tears, confound;

"Out, sword, and wound

"The pap of Pyramus:

"Ay, that left pap,

"Where heart doth hop:—

"Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.

"Now am I dead,

"Now am I fled;

"My soul is in the sky:

"Tongue, lose thy light!

"Moon, take thy flight!

"Now die, die, die, die, die."

(Dies.)

[Exit Moonshine]

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man; for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.

Hip. How chance moonshine is gone, before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

The. She will find him by star-light.—Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Enter Thisbe.

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one, for such a Pyramus: I hope, she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, *videlicet*.—

This. "Asleep, my love?

"What, dead, my dove?

"O Pyramus, arise,

"Speak, speak. Quite dumb?

"Dead, dead? A tomb

"Must cover thy sweet eyes.

"These lily brows,

"This cherry nose,

"These yellow cowslip cheeks,

"Are gone, are gone:

"Lovers, make moan!

"His eyes were green as leeks,

"O sisters, three,

"Come, come to me,

"With hands as pale as milk;

"Lay them in gore,

"Since you have shore

"With shears his thread of silk.

"Tongue, not a word:—

"Come, trusty sword;

"Come, blade, my breast imbrue:

"And farewell, friends;—

"Thus Thisbe ends:

"Adieu, adieu, adieu." *(Dies.)*

The. Moonshine and lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance, between two of our company.

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.

(Here a dance of Clowns.)

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve:

Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.

I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn,

As much as we this night have overwatch'd.

This palpable gross play hath well beguiled

The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends to bed,

A fortnight hold we this solemnity,

In nightly revels, and new jollity. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Enter PUCK.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon;

Whilst the heavy ploughmen snore,

All with weary task fordone.

Now the wasted brands do glow,

Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch-ing loud,

Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,

In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night,

That the graves, all gaping wide,

Every one lets forth his sprite,

In the church-way paths to glide;

And we 'airies, that do run

By the triple Hecat's team,

From the presence of the sun,

Following darkness like a dream,

Now are frolic; not a mouse

Shall disturb this hallow'd house:

I am sent, with broom, before,

To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter OBERON and TITANIA, with their train.

Obe. Through this house give glimmering light,

By the dead and drowsy fire:

Every elf and fairy sprite,

Hop as light as bird from brier,

And this ditty, after me,

Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Tita. First, rehearse this song by rote:

To each word a warbling note,

Hand in hand, with fairy grace,

Will we sing, and bless this place.

SONG and DANCE.

Obe. Now, until the break of day,

Through this house each fairy stray

To the best bride-bed will we,

Which by us shall blessed be,

And the issue there create,

Ever shall be fortunate.

So shall all the couples three

Ever true in loving be:

And the blots of nature's hand

Shall not in their issue stand;

Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,

Nor mark prodigious, such as are

Despised in nativity,

Shall upon their children be.—

With this field-dew consecrate,

Every fairy take his gait;

And each several chamber bless,

Through this palace with sweet peace:

E'er shall it in safety rest,

And the owner of it blest.

Trip away;

Make no stay;

Meet me all by break of day.

[Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.]

Puck. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, (and all is mended,)

That you have but slumber'd here,

While these visions did appear.

And this weak and idle theme,

No more yielding but a dream,

Gentles, do not reprehend;

If you pardon, we will mend.

And, as I'm an honest Puck,

If we have unearned luck

Now to 'scape the serpent's tongue,

We will make amends ere long;

Else the Puck a liar call.

So, good night unto you all,

Give me your hands, if we be friends,

And Robin shall restore amends. *[Exit.]*

THE TEMPEST.



Prospero.—“POOR WORM! THOU ART INFECTED.”—Act iii, scene 1.

Persons Represented.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*
SEBASTIAN, *his Brother.*
PROSPERO, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*
ANTONIO, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*
FERDINAND, *Son to the King of Naples.*
GONZALO, *an honest old Counsellor of Naples.*
ADRIAN, } *Lords.*
FRANCISCO, }
CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed Slave.*
TRINCULO, *a Jester.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler.*

MIRANDA, *Daughter to Prospero.*

ARIEL, *an airy Spirit.*

IRIS, }
CERES, } *Spirits.*
JUNO, }
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

Master of a Ship.—Boatswain.—and Mariners

SCENE,—The Sea, with a Ship. afterwards an uninhabited Island.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—On a Ship at Sea—A storm, with thunder and lightning.

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain.

Master. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: What cheer?

Master. Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. *[Exit.]*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: take in the topsail: tend to the master's whistle. Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough;

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good Boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, Boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence, trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more: use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say. *[Exit.]*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him: his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. *[Exeunt.]*

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast; yare; lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. *(A cry within.)* A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again? what do you hear? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold; set her two courses: off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners, wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all is lost! *[Exeunt.]*

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.

This wide-chapped rascal—Would thou mightst lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hanged yet;

Though every drop of water swear against it, And gape at wid'st to glut him.

(A confused noise within.)—Mercy on us! We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children! Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split!

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. *[Exit.]*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. *[Exit.]*

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground—long heath, brown furze, any thing: The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—The Island: before the Cell of Prospero.

Enter PROSPERO, and MIRANDA.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them: The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch, But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek, Dashes the fire out. Oh, I have suffered With those that I saw suffer!—a brave vessel, Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her, Dash'd all to pieces. Oh, the cry did knock Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd. Had I been any god of power, I would Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and The freighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;

No more amazement: tell your piteous heart, There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee, *(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!)* who Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing Of whence I am; nor that I am more better Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell, And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time

I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand, And pluck my magic garment from me. So;

(Lays down his mantle.)

Lie there, my heart. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd The very virtue of compassion in thee, I have with such provision in mine art So safely order'd, that there is no soul,— No, not so much perdition as an hair, Betid to any creature in the vessel Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.

Sit down;

For thou must now know farther.

Mira. You have often

Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd, And left me to a bootless inquisition;

Concluding, Stay—not yet.

Pro. The hour's now come;

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear:
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance,
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But how
is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou
else

In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou camest here,
How thou camest here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years
since,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan, and thou, his only heir,
A princess; no worse issued.

Mira. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,
But blessedly help hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you
farther.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiorities it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
To thrash for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I say, or changed
them,

Or else new form'd them; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't—Thou attend'st
not;

I pray thee, mark me.

Mira. O, good sir, I do.

Pro. I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'erprized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awakened an evil nature: and my trust,

Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was the duke; out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: hence his ambition
Growing—Dost hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he
play'd,

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man! my library
Was dukedom large enough. Of temporal royal-
ties

He thinks me now incapable: confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd (alas! poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O, the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell
me,
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition:
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levied one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to t.

Pro. Hear a little farther,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business,
Which now's upon us; without the which, this
story

Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst
not

(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd.
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us.
To cry to the sea, that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble

Was I then to you!

Pro. Oh! a cherubim

Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentle-
ness,

Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prized above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now I arise:—

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princesses can that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I
pray you, sir,

(For still 'tis beating in my mind,) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.

By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions;
'Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way; I know thou can'st not choose.

(*Miranda sleeps.*)

Come away, servant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I
come

To answer thy best pleasure, be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his quality:

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every article.

I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement. Sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places, on the top-mast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join: Jove's lightnings, the pre-
cursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-out-running were not the fire, and
cracks

Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves
tremble;

Yes, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit,

Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul

But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: all, but mariners,
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel.
Then all a-fire with me, the king's son, Ferdi-
nand,

With hair up-staring, (then like reeds, not hair,)
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is
empty,

And all the devils are here!"

Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before; and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left, cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'd'st me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd
labour,

I have left asleep. And for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six
and now
Must by us both be spent most precious.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give
me pains,

Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pray thee,
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst pro-
mise

To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st
It much to tread the ooze of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is baked with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest malignant thing! Hast thou
forgot,

The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: Where was she born?
 speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.

Pro. O, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she
 did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with
 child,

And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died.
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy
 groans,

As fast as mill-wheels strike: then was this
 island

(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban, her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best
 know'st

What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arrived, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what: what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like to the nymph o' the
 sea;

Be subject to no sight but mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in't: hence, with diligence.

[Exit Ariel.]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well:
Awake!

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness on me

Pro. Shake it off. Come on:
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,

We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us.—What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. (within.) There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business
 for thee:

Come forth, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done.

[Exit.]

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil him-
 self

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
 cramps,

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more sting-
 ing

Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest
 first,

Thou strokedst me, and madest much of me;
 would'st give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night; and then I loved
 thee,

And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and
 fertile;

Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty
 me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have
 used thee,

Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged
 thee

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho!—would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each
 hour

One thing or other: when thou did'st not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy vile
 race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good
 natures

Could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know, how to curse: The red-plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power, *(Aside.)*
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave, hence! *[Exit Caliban.]*

*Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing;
FERDINAND following him.*

ARIEL'S Song.

*Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist,
Foot it feattly here and there;
And sweet sprites, the burden bear,
Hark, hark!
Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. *(dispersedly.)*
The watch-dogs bark:
Bur. Bowgh, wowgh, *(dispersedly.)*
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.*

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air, or
the earth?

It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather—But 'tis gone—
No, it begins again.

ARIEL sings.

*Full fathom five thy father lies,
O' his bones are coral made,
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark! now I hear them.—ding-dong, bell.
Burden, ding-dong.*

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd
This is no mortal business, nor no sound *[father:]*
That the earth owes.—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.

Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath
such senses
As we have, such. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst
call him

A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.

Mira. I might call him.
A thing divide; for nothing natural

I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, *(Aside.)*
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free
Within two days for this. *[thee]*

Fer. Most sure, the goddess *[prayer]*
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my
May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O, you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

Mira. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How; the best? *[thee?]*
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples:
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of
And his brave son, being twain. *[Milan]*

Pro. The Duke of Milan.
And his more braver daughter, could control thee
If now 'twere fit to do't.—At the first sight *(Aside.)*
They have changed eyes—delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this.—A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw: the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir, one word more.— *[business]*
They are both in either's powers; but this swift
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning *(Aside.)*
Make the prize light.—One word more, I charge
That thou attend me. thou dost here usurp *[thee]*
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man. *[temple:]*

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me.— *(To Ferd.)*
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh brook muscels, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No:
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power *(He draws.)*

Mira. O, dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor:
Who makest a show, but dar'st not strike, thy
conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

P. o. Hence! hang not on my garments!

Mira. Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban. Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey: (To *Ferd.*)
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works,—come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
(To *Ferd.* and *Mir.*)

Hark, what thou else shalt do me. (To *Ariel.*)

Mira. Be of comfort:
My father's of a better nature, sir,
'Than he appears by speech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO,
GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry: you have
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape [cause
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One:—Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have
spoken truer than you purposed. [should.]

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fy, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. Pr'ythee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good
wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So, you've paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,

Seb. Yet—

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and de-
licate temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly
delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little. [green

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, (which is, indeed,
almost beyond credit,)—

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.

Gon. That our garments being, as they were,
drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their
freshness and glosses; being rather new dyed than
stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would
it not say, He lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as
when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage
of the king's fair daughter, Claribel, to the king of
Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper
well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a
paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that
widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too?
Good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study
of that. She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy
next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his
pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea,
bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments
seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the
marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first
day I wore it? I mean in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fished for.

Gon. I wore When it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears
against
The stomach of my sense: would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-born basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him. I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone. [loss,

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great
That would not bless our Europe with your
But rather lose her to an African: [daughter,
Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace. [wise

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importuned other-
By all of us; and the fair soul of herself
Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow. We have lost
I fear for ever: Milan and Naples have [your son,
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in; you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd sow it with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; no use of service,
Of riches, or of poverty; no contracts,
Successions; bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure:
No sovereignty;—

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying among his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And do you mark me, sir? [to me.

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou dost talk nothing

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it
to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are
of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always
use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.

Gon. Whc, in this kind of merry fooling, am
nothing to you! so you may continue, and laugh at
nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of pure metal; you
would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would
continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL invisible, playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my
discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep:
for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep but Alon. Seb. and Ant.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts, I
They are inclined to do so. [find

Seb. Please you, sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it;
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,

Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: wondrous heavy.

[Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them.

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face, [and
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee;
My strong imagination sees a crown
Drooping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,

It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou did'st say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep—
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly:
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed be; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well; I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,

If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,

You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:

The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance this
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd,) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion only)
The king, his son's alive; 'tis as impossible
That he's undrown'd, as he that sleeps here swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope

What great hope have you! No hope, that way is
Another way so high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond, [me
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant with
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She, that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she, that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow,) till new-born
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom [chins
We were all sea-swallow'd, though some cast
And by that destined to perform an act, [again;
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you?

'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis:
So is she heir of Naples: 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit

Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples?*—Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no
worse

Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,

You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:

And, look, how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kibe,
'Twould put me in my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom; twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest? Here lies your brother
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like; whom I,
With this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who

Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,

Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword, one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:

And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. *(They converse apart.)*

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art forsees the danger
That these, his friends, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.

(Sings in Gonzalo's ear:)

While you here do snoring lie,

Open-eyed Conspiracy

His time doth take:

If of life you keep a care,

Shake off slumber, and beware:

Awake! Awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!

(They awake.)

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake! Why are
you drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. While we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That's verity: Best stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make
For my poor son. [farther search

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!

For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have
done: *(Aside.)*

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Another part of the Island.

ENTER CALIBAN, with a burden of wood.

A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make
him

By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that mope and chatter at me,
And after bite me: then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot fall; sometimes am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness—Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I
hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud,
yond' huge one, looks like a foul bombard that
would shed his liquor. If it should thunder, as it
did before, I know not where to hide my head:
yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pail-
fuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead
or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very
ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the
newest Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in
England now, (as once I was,) and had but this
fish painted, not a holyday fool there but would
give a piece of silver; there would this monster
make a man; any strange beast there makes a
man: when they will not give a dolt to relieve a
lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead
Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms!
Warm, o' my troth! I do now let loose my
opinion, hold it no longer,—this is no fish, but an
islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt.
(*Thunder.*) Alas! the storm is come again; my
best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is
no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a
man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud,
till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing; a bottle in his hand.

Steph. I shall no more to sea, to sea,

Here shall I die ashore:—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral;
Well, here's my comfort. (*Drinks.*)

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,

The gunner, and his mate,

Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,

But none of us cared for Kate:

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!

She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch,

Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch,

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too: But here's my comfort.

(*Drinks.*)

Cal. Do not torment me: O!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here?
Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men
of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be
afear'd now of your four legs; for it hath been
said, "As proper a man as ever went on four legs,
cannot make him give ground;" and it shall be said
so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four
legs; who hath got, I take it, an ague: Where the
devil should he learn our language? I will give him
some relief, if it be but for that: If I can recover
him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with
him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod
on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after
the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have
never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove
his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame,
I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for
him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt
Anon, I know it by thy trembling;
Now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth: here
is that which will give language to you, cat; open
your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can
tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's
your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be—but
he is drowned, and these are devils: O defend me!—

Ste. Four legs and two voices; a most delicate
monster! His forward voice now is to speak well
of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul
speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my
bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come
—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy!
mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will
leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano—touch
me, and speak to me, for I am Trinculo; be not
afear'd—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull
thee by the lesser legs; if any be Trinculo's legs,
these are they.—Thou art very Trinculo, indeed.
How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf?
Can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke
—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope
now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown?
I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine
for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano?
O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about, my stomach
is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'st thou 'scape? how camest thou
hither? swear by this bottle, how thou camest
hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which
the sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which
I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own
hands, since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy
True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck; I can
swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book; though thou canst
swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast thou any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock
by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now,
moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropt from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was
the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee;
My mistress shewed me thee, thy dog, and bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will
furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow
monster. I afear'd of him!—a very weak monster:
the man i' the moon!—a most poor credulous
monster. Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' the island;
And kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken
monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot—I'll swear myself thy sub-

Ste. Come on then; down and swear. [*ject.*]

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-
headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could
find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin.—but that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster! [thee berries;

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard. [grow;

Cal. I prythee, let me bring thee where crabs And I, with my long nails, will dig thee pig-nuts; Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how To snare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee To clust'ring filberds; and sometimes I'll get thee Young sea-mells from the rock—Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here. Here; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.

[Sings drunkenly.]

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape treacherings, nor wash dish;

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,

Has a new master—get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful; but their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness Are nobly undergone: and most poor matters Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be As heavy to me as 'tis odious: but The mistress, which I serve quickens what's dead, And makes my labours pleasures: Oh! she is Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed; And he's composed of harshness. I must remove Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up, Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress Weeps, when she sees me work: and says, such Had ne'er like executor. I forget: [baseness But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour; Most busy-less, when I do it. [bours;

Enter MIRANDA, and PROSPERO at a distance.

Mira. Alas, now! pray you, Work not so hard: I would the lightning had Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile! Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns, 'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself; He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress, The sun will set before I shall discharge What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down, I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that; I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature: I had rather crack my sinews, break my back, Than you should such dishonour undergo, While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me As well as it does you: and I should do it

With much more ease: for my good will is to it.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;

This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

[me,

Fer. No, noble mistress: 'tis fresh morning with When you are by at night. I do beseech you, (Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,)

What is your name?

Mira. Miranda—O my father, I have broke your heart to say so!

Fer. Admired Miranda:

Indeed, the top of admiration; worth

What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady

I have eyed with best regard; and many a time

The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage

Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues

Have I liked several women; never any

With so full soul, but some defect in her

Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,

And put it to the foil: But you, O you!

So perfect, and so peerless, are created

Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know

One of my sex; no woman's face remember,

Save, from my glass, mine own: nor have I seen

More that I may call men, than you, good friend,

And my dear father: how features are abroad,

I am skill-less of; but, by my modesty,

(The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish

Any companion in the world but you:

Nor can imagination form a shape,

Besides yourself, to like of—But I prattle

Something too wildly, and my father's precepts

Therein forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,

A Prince, Miranda—I do think, a king—

(I would, not so!) and would no more endure

This wooden slavery, than I would suffer

The flesh-fly blow my mouth.—Hear my soul

The very instant that I saw you, did [speak

My heart fly to your service; there resides,

To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,

Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

[sound,

Fer. O heaven! O earth! bear witness to this

And crown what I profess with kind event,

If I speak true; if hollowly, invert

What best is boded me, to mischief! I,

Beyond all limit of what else 'i the world,

Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer

What I desire to give, and much less take

What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;

And all the more it seeks to hide itself,

The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!

And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!

I am your wife, if you will marry me;

If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow

You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,

Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,

And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing

As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't. And now Till half an hour hence. [farewell

Fer. A thousand! thousand!

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mira.*]

Pro. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Island.*

Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO; CALIBAN
— following with a bottle.

Ste. Tell not me: when the butt is out, we will
drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up,
and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island!
They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are
three of them; if the other two be brained like us,
the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee:
thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? He were a
brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue
in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I
swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-
thirty leagues, off and on, by this light. Thou shalt
be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs;
and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Mooncalf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest
a good mooncalf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy
shoe: I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am
in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou deboshed
fish thou, was there ever man a coward that hath
drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a
monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a
monster?

[*my lord?*]

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him,

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be
such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pry thee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if
you prove a mutineer, the next tree—The poor mon-
ster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble. Wilt thou be pleased to
hearken once again the suit I made thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel and repeat it; I will
stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee
Before, I am subject to a tyrant;
A sorcerer, that by his cunning hath
Cheated me of this island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou!
I would my valiant master would destroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his
tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your
teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing. [ceed.]

Ste. Mum, then, and no more.—(*To Caliban.*) *Pro-*

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou darest;
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst
thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not. [patch!—]

Cal. What a pied ninny's this? Thou scurvy
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not shew
Where the quick freshes are. [him]

Ste. Trinculo, run into no farther danger: inter-
rupt the monster one word farther, and, by this
hand, I'll turn my mercy out o' doors, and make a
stock-fish of thee. [farther off.]

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing: I'll go

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. (*Strikes him.*) As
you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie: Out o' your wits, and
hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack
and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and
the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale.—Prythee
stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain
Having first seized his books; or with a log [him,
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his weazand with thy knife. Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books:
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil. I ne'er saw woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As greatest does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man; his daughter
and I will be king and queen, (save our graces!)
and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys.—Dost
thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am sorry I beat thee: but,
while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master. [sure;]

Cal. Thou makest me merry: I am full of plea-
Let us be jocund. Will you troll the catch
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. (*Sings.*)
Flout'em and skout'em, and skout'em and flout'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.
(*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*)

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the
picture of No-body. [ness:]

Ste. If thou beest a man, shew thyself in thy like-
If thou beest a devil, take it as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee—
Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sound, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments [not
Will hum about mine ears; and sometimes voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed. [story.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the

Trin. The sound is going away: let's follow it,
and after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I
could see this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO,
GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, and others.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no farther, sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your pa-
I needs must rest me. [tience,

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

(Aside to Sebastian)

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

Solemn and strange music; and PROSPERO, above,
invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing
in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions
of salutation; and inviting the King, &c. to eat, they
depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends,

Gon. Marvellous sweet music! [hark!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were

Seb. A living drollery: Now I will believe, [these?
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia

There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both;

And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples

I should report this now, would they believe me?

If I should say, I saw such islanders,
(For, certes, these are people of the island,) [note,
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,

Thou hast said well: for some of you there present

Are worse than devils.

(Aside.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expres-
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.

(Aside.

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since [stomachs.—
They have left their viands behind; for we have
Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

[were boys,

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we
Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapped like bulls, whose throats had hanging
at them,

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we
Each putter-out on five for one, will bring us [find,
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL like a harpy;
claps his wings upon the table, and with a quaint
device the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't,) the never surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;

(Seeing Alon. Seb. &c. draw their swords.)

And even with such like valour, men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow ministers
Are alike invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
And will not be uplifted. But, remember,
(For that's my business to you,) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall, step by step, attend [from
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,) is nothing but heart's sorrow.
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the
Shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes, and
carry out the table. [thou

Pro. (Aside.) Bravely the figure of this harpy hast
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring;
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated,
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done: my high charms
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up [work,
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
Young Ferdinand, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)
And his and my loved darling. [Exit Pro. from above.

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why
In this strange stare? [stand y

Alon. Oh, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. *[Exit.]*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second. *[Exeunt Seb. and Ant.]*

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great
Like poison given to work a great time after, *[guilt,*
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter. But
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall beshrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore, take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strongest sugges-
Our worser genius can, shall never melt *[tion]*
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration, *[der'd,*
When I shall think, or Phoebus' steeds are foun-
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke:
Sit, then, and talk with her, she is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows year last ser-
Did worthily perform; and I must use you *[vice]*
In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I gave thee power, here, to this place.
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, *Come, and go,*
And breathe twice: and cry, *So, so;*
Each one, tripping on his toe,

Will be here with mop and mow:

Do you love me, master? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well I conceive. *[Exit.]*

Pro. Look, thou be true: do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious.
Or else, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well—

Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit. appear, and pertly.—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. *(Soft music.)*

A Masque. Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads, thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lili'd brims,
Which spongy April at thy 'hest betrimms, *[groves,*
To make cold nymphs chase crowns; and thy broom
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-born; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, steril and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I *[grace,*
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail! many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost obey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth: why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid, *[done]*
Whose vows are that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mar's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with
And be a boy right out. *[sparrows]*

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, and foilzon plenty,
Barns and garner's never empty;
Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest,
Scarcity, and want, shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place Paradise. (*Juno and Ceres whisper,
and send Iris on employment.*)

Pro. Sweet now, silence;
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd. [brooks,

Iris. You nymphs, called Naiads, of the wand'ring
With your sedged crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holyday: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited; they join
with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the
end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks;
after which to a strange, hollow, and confused noise,
they heavily vanish.*

Pro. (*Aside.*) I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot [no more.
Is almost come. (*To the Spirits.*) Well done—avoid—

Fer. This is most strange: your father's in some
That works him strongly. [passion,

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd,

Pro. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir;
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-clapp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity;
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. & Mira. We wish you peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pro. Come with a thought—I thank you.—Ariel,
come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to: What's thy plea-
Pro. Spirit, [sure?

We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres.

I thought to have told thee of it; but I feared,
Lest I might anger thee. [varlets?

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drink.
So full of valour that they smote the air — [ing,
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Toward their project. Then I beat my tabor, [ears,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their
Advanced their eye-lids, lift'd up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That calf-like, they my lowing followed, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and
thorns,

Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;
Thy shape invisible retain thou still.
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers; I will plague them all,
Re-enter ARIEL, loaden with glittering apparel, &c.
Even to roaring.—Come, hang them on this line.

(*Prospero and Ariel remain invisible.*)

*Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO,
all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may
Hear a footfall: we now are near his cell. [not

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a
harmless fairy, has done little better than played
the Jack with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss! at which
my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster? If
I should take a displeasure against you; look

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster. [you—

Cal. Good, my lord, give me thy favour still:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore, speak
All's hush'd as midnight yet. [softly,

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in
that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: yet
this is your harmless fairy, monster!

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er
ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief, which may make this
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, [island
For aye thy foot-licker. [thoughts.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy
Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash. [thee!

Trin. O ho, monster; we know what belongs to
a frippery—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand,
I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it. [mean,

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you
To dote thus on such luggage? Let's along,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skin with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: We steal by line and level, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country. *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles, or to apes With foreheads villainous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear his away, where my hog'shead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of hounds, and hunt them about. Prospero and Ariel setting them on.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver! [hark!]

Pro. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark,

[*Cal. Ste. and Trin. are driven out*]

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make Than pard, or cat o' mountain. [them]

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour Lie at my mercy all mine enemies: Shortly shall my labours end, and thou Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little, Follow, and do me service. *Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Before the Cell of Prospero.*

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes; and ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head: My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord, You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so, When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit, How fares the king and his?

Ari. Confined together In the same fashion as you gave in charge; Just as you left them, sir, all prisoners In the lime grove, which weather-fends your cell; They cannot budge, till you release. The king, His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted; And the remainder mourning over them, Brimful of sorrow, and dismay; but chiefly Him you term'd, sir, *The good old lord, Gonzalo*; His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works them,

That if you now beheld them, your affections Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling Of their afflictions? and shall not myself, One of their kind, that relish all as sharply, Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art? Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the Yet, with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury [quick, Do I take part: the rarer action is In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,

The soie drift of my purpose doth extend Not a frown farther. Go, release them, Ariel; My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore, And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. *[Exit.*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him When he comes back; you demi-puppets, that By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make, Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid (Weak masters though ye be) I have bedimm'd The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds, And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak With his own bolt; the strong based promontory Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up The pine and cedar; graves, at my command, Have wak'd their sleepers; oped, and let them forth By my so potent art: But this rough magic I here abjure; and, when I have required Some heavenly music, (which even now I do,) To work mine end upon their senses, that This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff, Bury it certain fathoms in the earth, And deeper than did ever plummet sound I'll drown my book. *(Solemn music.)*

Re-enter ARIEL: after him, ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO: they all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charmed; which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains, Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand, For you are spell-stopp'd.— Holy Gonzalo, honourable man, Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine, Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace; And as the morning steals upon the night, Melting the darkness, so their rising senses Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle Their clear reason.—O my good Gonzalo, My true preserver, and a loyal sir To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter: Thy brother was a furtherer in the act— [blood, Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition, Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian, (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,) Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee, Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding Begins to swell; and the approaching tide Will shortly fill the reasonable shores, That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them, That yet looks on me, or would know me.—Ariel, Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell; I will dis-case me, and myself present, *[Exit Ariel]* As I was sometime Milan—Quickly, spirit; Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL re-enters, singing, and helps to attire Prospero.

Ari. Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily:

*Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.*

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss thee
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pry thee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. *[Exit.]*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here: Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body!
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should
Be living, and be here? *[Prospero]*

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends all:
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
(Aside to Seb. and Ant.)

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you
And justify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him. *(Aside.)*

Pro. No:—
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost,
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe for't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience
Says 'tis past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed *[daughter?]*
Where my son lies. When did you lose your

Pro. in this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire.

That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke *[strangely]*
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd was
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this; *[landed,*
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FER-
DINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should
And I would call it fair play. *[wrangle,*

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle.

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have cursed them without cause.

Alon. Now all the blessings *[Fer. kneels to Alon.]*
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou camest here.

Mira. O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee. *[at play?]*

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal:
But, by immortal Providence, she's mine:
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers;
But O, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burden our remembrances
With a heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue,
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis:
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us ourselves.

When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands: *(To Fer. and Mira.)*

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart

That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so! Amen!

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain
amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!

I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,

This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,

That swear'st grace o'erboard, but an oath on shore?

Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found

Our king and company; the next, our ship,—

Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—

Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when

We first put out to sea.

Art. Sir, all this service

Have I done since I went.

(Aside.)

Pro. My tricky spirit! *[then,*

Alon. These are not natural events; they streng-

From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,

I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,

And (how, we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,

Where, but e'nnow, with strange and several noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling of chains,

And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,

We were awaked; straightway, at liberty:

Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld

Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master

Capering to eye her. On a trice, so please you,

Even in a dream, were we divided from them,

And were brought moping hither.

Art. Was't well done? *[Aside.*

Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;

And there is in this business more than nature

Was ever conduct of: some oracle

Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my hege,

Do not infest your mind with beating on

The strangeness of this business, at pick'd leisure,

Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you

(Which to you shall seem probable) of every

These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,

And think of each thing well.—Come hither, spirit;

Set Caliban and his companions free: *(Aside.)*

Untie the spell. *[Exit Ariel.]* How fares my gracious

There are yet missing of your company *[sir?*

Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STE-

PHANO, and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no

man take care for himself, for all is but fortune:—

Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my

head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!

How fine my master is! I am afraid

He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!

What things are these, my lord Antonio!

Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like, one of them

Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,

Then say, if they be true:—This mis-shapen knave,—

His mother was a witch; and one so strong

That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,

And deal in her command, without her power:

These three have robb'd me: and this demi-devil

(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them

To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should
they

Find this grand liquor, that hath gilded them?—

How camest thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw
you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my
bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano? *[cramp.*

Ste. O touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is as strange a thing as e'er I look'd

on.

(Pointing to Caliban.)

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,

As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell;

Take with you your companions; as you look

To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will, and I'll be wise hereafter,

And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass

Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,

And worship this dull fool!

Pro. Go to, away! *[found it.*

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you

Seb. Or stole it rather. *[Exeunt Cal. Ste. and Trin.]*

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,

To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest

For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waste

With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it

Go quick away,—the story of my life,

And the particular accidents, gone by,

Since I came to this isle; And in the morn,

I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,

Where I have hope to see the nuptial

Of these our dear beloved solemnized;

And thence retire me to my Milan, where

Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long

To hear the story of your life, which must

Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,

And sail so expeditious, that shall catch

Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel,—chick,—

That is thy charge; then to the elements

Be free, and fare thou well!—*(aside.)*—Please you

draw near.

[Exeunt.]

EPILOGUE.—Spoken by PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,

And what strength I have's mine own,

Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,

I must be here confined by you,

Or sent to Naples: Let me not,

Since I have my dukedom got,

And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell

In this bare island, by your spell;

But release me from my bands,

With the help of your good hands.

Gentle breath of yours my sails

Must fill, or else my project fails,

Which was to please: Now I want

Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;

And my ending is despair,

Unless I be relieved by prayer;

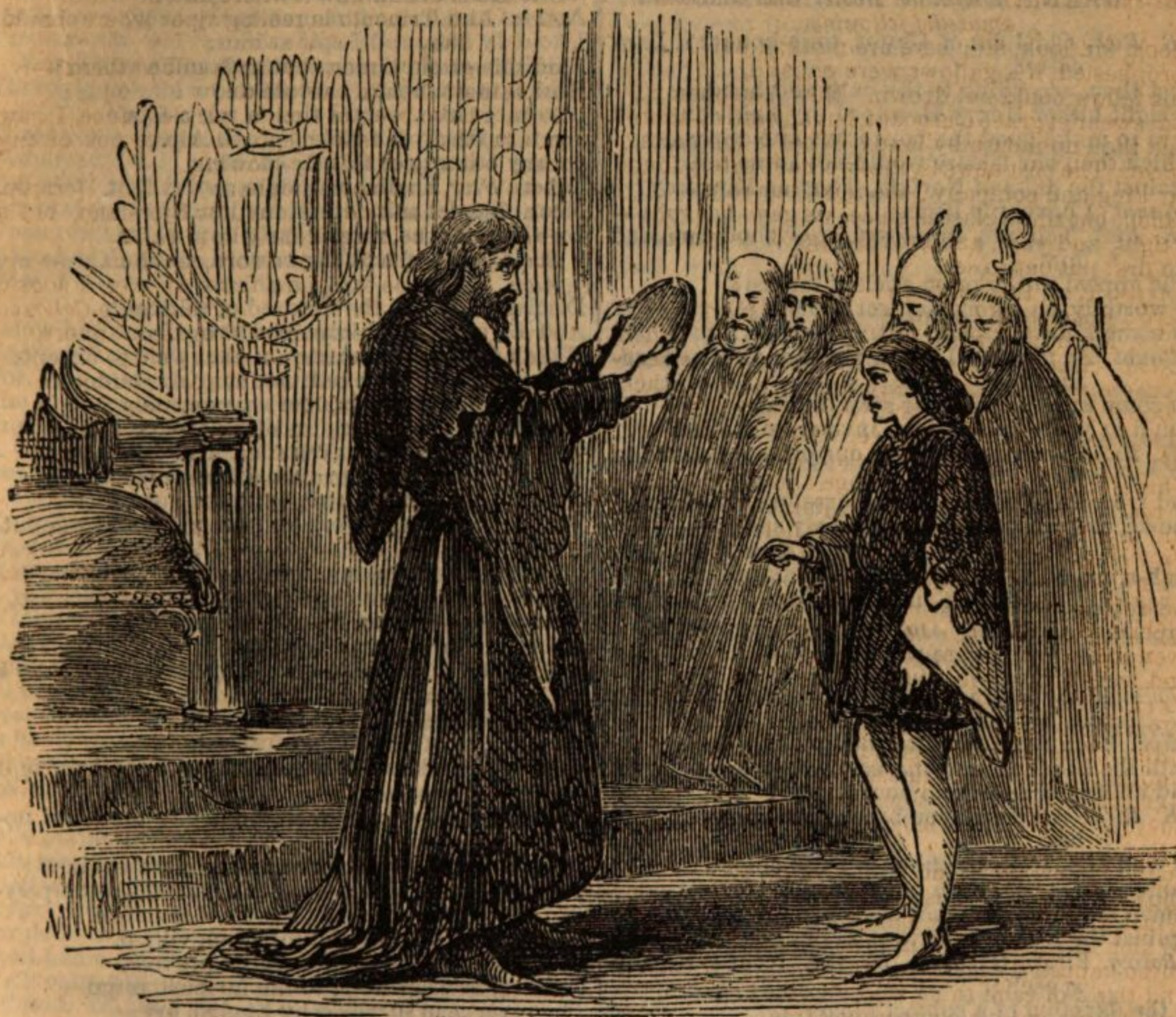
Which pierces so, that it assaults

Mercy itself, and frees all faults.

As you, from crimes would pardon'd be,

Let your indulgence set me free.

RICHARD II.



King Richard.—“NO DEEPER WRINKLES YET?”—Act iv, scene 3.

Persons Represented.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

EDMUND OF LANGLEY, *Duke of York*, } *Uncles to*
JOHN OF GAUNT, *Duke of Lancaster*, } *the king.*
HENRY, surnamed BOLINGBROKE, *Duke of Hereford*,
Son to John of Gaunt; afterwards King Henry
IV.

DUKE OF AUMERLE, *Son to the Duke of York.*

MOWBRAY, *Duke of Norfolk.*

DUKE OF SURREY.

EARL OF SALISBURY.

EARL BERKELEY.

BUSHT,

BAGOT, } *Creatures to King Richard.*

GREEN,

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

HENRY PERCY, *his Son*

LORD ROSS

LORD WILLOUGHBY.

LORD FITZWATER.

BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER.

Lord Marshal; and another Lord.

SIR PIERCE OF EXTON.

SIR STEPHEN SCROOP.

Captain of a Band of Welchmen.

QUEEN to King Richard.

DUCHESS OF GLOSTER.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

Lady attending on the Queen.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, two Gardeners
Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—Dispersedly, in England and Wales.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in the Palace.**Enter KING RICHARD, attended: JOHN OF GAUNT, and other Nobles with him.**K. Rich.* Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,Hast thou, according to thy oath and band,
Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?*Gaunt.* I have, my liege.*K. Rich.* Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,If he appeal the duke on ancient malice;
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?*Gaunt.* As near as I could sift him on that argument,—On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.*K. Rich.* Then call them to our presence; face to face,And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
The accuser and the accused, freely speak.—*[Exeunt some Attendants.]*High-stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.*Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.**Boling.* May many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!*Nor.* Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!*K. Rich.* We thank you both; yet one but flatters us,As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?*Boling.* First, (Heaven be the record of my speech!)In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellant to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well, for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live,
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, (so please my sovereign,) ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword
may prove.*Nor.* Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain:
The blood is hot that must be cool'd for this,
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:

First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me

From giving reins and spurs to my free speech,
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defy him, and I spit at him;
Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain:
Which to maintain, I would allow him odds;
And meet him, were I tied to run a-foot
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever Englishman dare set his foot.
Meantime, let this defend my loyalty,—
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.*Boling.* Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,Disclaiming here the kindred of a king;
And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
By that, and all the rights of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.*Nor.* I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!*K. Rich.* What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?It must be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.*Boling.* Look, what I speak my life shall prove it true;—

That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles,

In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
Or here, or elsewhere, to the farthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.Farther I say,—and farther will maintain
Upon this bad life, to make all this good,—
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;
Suggest his soon believing adversaries;
And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
Slur'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice, and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.*K. Rich.* How high a pitch his resolution soars!—
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?*Nor.* O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.*K. Rich.* Mowbray, impartial are our eyes and ears:

Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
(As he is but my father's brother's son,)
Now by my sceptre's awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unsteeping firmness of my upright soul.
He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou;
Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou
liest!

Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
Disbursed I duly to his highness' soldiers;
The other part reserved I by consent;
For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dear account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his queen:
Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's
death,—

I slew him not: but to my own disgrace,
Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
For, you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay in ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul:
But, ere I last received the sacrament,
I did confess it; and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: As for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recreant and most degenerate traitor;
Which in myself I boldly will defend;
And interchangeably hurl down my gage
Upon this overweening traitor's foot,
To prove myself a loyal gentleman
Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom:
In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be ruled by
me:

Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision:
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed:
Our doctors say there is no time to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it begun;
We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my
age.—
Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's
gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry? when?
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is
no boot.

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy
foot;

My life thou shalt command, but not my shame;
The one my duty owes; but my fair name,
(Despite of death, that lives upon my grave,)
To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgraced, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierced to the soul with slander's venom'd spear;
The which no balm can cure, but his heart-
blood,
Which breathed this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage:—Lions make leopards tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change their spots: take but
my shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear, dear lord,

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done:
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage; do you
begin.

Boling. O, God defend my soul from such foul
sin!

Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?
Or with pale beggar fear impeach my height
Before this outdared dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble
wrong,

Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
The slavish motive of recanting fear;
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's
face.

[Exit Gaunt.]

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to com-
mand:

Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry upon Saint Lambert's day;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate:
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.—
Marshal, command our officer at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in the Duke of
Lancaster's Palace.

Enter GAUNT, and Duchess of GLOSTER.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Woodstock's blood
Doth more solicit me, than your exclams,
To stir against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lieth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct
Put we our quarrel to the will of Heaven;
Who, when he sees the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper
spur?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?
Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,
Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,
Or seven fair branches springing from one root;
Some of those seven are dried by nature's
course,

Some of those branches by the destines cut:
But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,—
One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all
faded,

By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
Ah, Gaunt! his blood was thine; that bed, that
womb,

That mettle, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man; and though thou liv'st, and
breath'st,

Yet art thou slain in him: thou dost consent,

In some large measure, to thy father's death,
In that thou see'st thy wretched brother die,
Who was the model of thy father's life.
Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair:
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
Thou shew'st the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee:
That, which in mean men we entitle—patience,
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
What shall I say? to safeguard thine own
life,

The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel; for Heaven's
substitute,

His deputy anointed in his sight,
Hath caused his death: the which, if wrong-
fully,

Let Heaven revenge; for I may never lift
An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain my-
self?

Gaunt. To Heaven, the widow's champion and
defence.

Duch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.
Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight:
O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear
That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast!
Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
That they may break his foaming courser's
back,

And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A caitiff recreant to my cousin Hereford!
Farewell, old Gaunt; thy sometime brother's
wife,

With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell: I must to Coventry:
As much good stay with thee, as go with me!

Duch. Yet one word more; Grief boundeth where
it falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight:
I take my leave before I have begun;
For sorrow ends not, when it seemeth done.
Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.
Lo, this is all:—Nay, yet depart not so:
Though this be all, do not so quickly go;
I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what?—
With all good speed at Plashy visit me.
Alack, and what shall good old York there
see,

But empty lodgings and unfurnish'd walls,
Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?
And what cheer there for welcome but my
groans?

Therefore commend me; let him not come
there,

To seek out sorrow, that dwells every where:
Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die;
The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Gosford Green, near Coventry. Lists
set out, and a throne; Heralds, &c. attending.*

Enter the Lord Marshal, and AUMERLE.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford
arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter
in.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolk, sprightly and
bold,

Stays but the summons of the appellant's trum-
pet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepared,
and stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach.

*Flourish of trumpets. Enter KING RICHARD,
who takes his seat on his throne; GAUNT, and
several Noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet
is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within.
Then enter NORFOLK in armour, preceded by a
Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:

Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who
thou art,

And why thou comest, thus knightly clad in
arms;

Against what man thou comest, and what thy
quarrel:

Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath;
And so defend thee Heaven, and thy valour!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of
Norfolk;

Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, Heaven defend a knight should vio-
late!)

Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,
Against the duke of Hereford, that appeals
me;

And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,

A traitor to my God, my king, and me:

And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!

(*He takes his seat.*)

*Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE in
armour, preceded by a Herald.*

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither

Thus plated in habiliments of war;

And formally, according to our law,

Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name? and wherefore comest
thou hither,

Before King Richard, in his royal lists?

Against whom comest thou? and what's thy
quarrel?

Speak like a true knight, so defend thee
Heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and
Derby,

Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,

To prove, by Heaven's grace, and my body's
valour,

In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,

That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,

To God of heaven, King Richard, and to me;

And, as I truly fight, defend me Heaven!

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so
bold,

Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists:

Except the marshal, and such officers

Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's
hand,

And bow my knee before his majesty:

For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men

That vow a long and weary pilgrimage;

Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.

Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight!
Farewell, my blood; which if to-day thou shed,

Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gored with Mowbray's spear;
As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, (to Lord Marshal,) I take my leave
of you:—

Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle:—
Not sick, although I have to do with death;
But lusty, young, and cheerly drawing breath.—
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end more sweet:
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,

(To Gaunt.)

Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
Doth with a twofold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head.—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee
prosperous!

Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy:
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency, and St. George to
thrive!

(He takes his seat.)

Nor (Rising.) However Heaven, or fortune, cast
my lot,

There lives or dies, true to King Richard's throne,
A loyal, just, and upright gentleman:
Never did captive with a freer heart
Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine adversary.—
Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
Take from my mouth the wish of happy years:
As gentle and as jocund, as to jest,
Go I to fight: Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I espy
Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—
Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

(The King and the Lords return to their seats.)

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Receive thy lance; and God defend the right!

Boling. (Rising.) Strong as a tower in hope, I cry
—Amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance (to an officer) to Thomas,
duke of Norfolk.

1 *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
On pain to be found false and recreant,
To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,

A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
And dares him set forward to the fight.

2 *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of
Norfolk,

On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, com-
batants.

(A charge sounded.)

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their
spears,

And both return back to their chairs again:—
Withdraw with us:—and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—

(A long flourish.)

Draw near,

(To the Combatants.)

And list what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood, which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds, plough'd up with neighbours'
swords;

And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;
Which so roused up with boisterous untuned
drums,

With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—
Therefore, we banish you our territories:
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regret our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: This must my com-
fort be,—

That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier
doom,

Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly-slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile:—
The hopeless word of—never to return
Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign
liege,

And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a maim
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hand.
The language I have learned these forty years,
My native English, now I must forego:
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed viol or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cased up,
Or, being open, put into his hands,
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have engaul'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance,

Is made my gaoler, to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now:
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native
breath?

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate;
After our sentence, plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's
light,

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night.

(Retiring.)

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with
thee.

Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands:
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves,
To keep the oath that we administer:—

You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)
Embrace each other's love in banishment;

Nor never look upon each other's face;

Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile

This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;

Nor never by advised purpose meet,

To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,

'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy:—

By this time, had the king permitted us,

One of our souls had wander'd in the air,

Banish'd this frail sepulchre of our flesh,

As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:

Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;

Since thou hast far to go, bear not along

The clogging burden of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke, if ever I were traitor,

My name be blotted from the book of life,

And I from Heaven banish'd, as from hence!

But what thou art, Heaven, thou, and I do
know:

And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.—

Farewell, my liege:—Now no way can I stray;

Save back to England, all the world's my way.

[Exit.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine
eyes

I see thy grieved heart: thy sad aspect

Hath from the number of his banish'd years

Pluck'd four away:—Six frozen winters spent,

Return (to Bolingbroke) with welcome home from
banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little
word!

Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,

End in a word: Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of
me,

He shortens four years of my son's exile:

But little vantage shall I reap thereby;

For, ere the six years that he hath to spend,

Can change their moons, and bring their times
about,

My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewasted light,

Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;

My inch of taper will be burnt and done,

And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to
live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst
give:

Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,

And pluck nights from me, but not lend a mor-
row:

Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,

But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:

Thy word is current with him for my death;

But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,

Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave;

Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lower?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion
sour.

You urged me as a judge; but I had rather,

You would have bid me argue like a father:

O, had it been a stranger, not my child,

To smooth his fault I should have been more
mild:

A partial slander sought I to avoid,

And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.

Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,

I was too strict, to make mine own away;

But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,

Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell:—and, uncle, bid him
so;

Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

Flourish. Exeunt K. Richard and Train.

Aum. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not
know,

From where you do remain, let paper shew.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I: for I will
ride,

As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy
words,

That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of
you,

When the tongue's office should be prodigal

To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a
time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that
time.

Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly
gone.

Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour
ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel, that thou takest for
pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it
so,

Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps

Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set

The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I
make

Will but remember me, what a deal of world

I wander from the jewels that I love.

Must I not serve a long apprenticeship

To foreign passages; and in the end,

Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,

But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of Heaven
visits,

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:

Teach thy necessity to reason thus;

There is no virtue like necessity.

Think not, the king did banish thee;

But thou the king: Woe doth the heavier
sit,

Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not—the king exiled thee: or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou
comest:

Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass, whereon thou tread'st, the presence
strew'd,
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no
more

Than a delightful measure, or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse;
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the sore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on
thy way:
Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not
stay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet
soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me
yet!

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,—
'Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the King's
Castle.*

Enter KING RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREEN,
AUMERLE following.

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his
way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him
so,
But to the next high way, and there I left
him.

K. Rich. And say, what store of parting tears
were shed?

Aum. 'Faith, none by me: except the north-east
wind,

Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awaked the sleeping rheum; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted
with him?

Aum. Farewell:
And, for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me
craft

To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewell have lengthen'd
hours,

And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,

When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsmen come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observed his courtship to the common people:—
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
 wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 'twere, to banish their effects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench;
A brace of draymen bid—God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends*;—
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.
Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these
thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland;
Expedient manage must be made, my liege;
Ere farther leisure yield them farther means
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.
And, for our coffers—with too great a court,
And liberal largess—are grown somewhat light,
We are enforced to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand: If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereto, when they shall know what men are
rich,

They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants;
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter BUSHY.

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my
lord;

Suddenly taken: and hath sent post-haste
To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely-house.

K. Rich. Now, put it, Heaven, in his physician's
mind,

To help him to his grave immediately!

The lining of his coffers shall make coats

To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—

Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him.

Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late!
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in Ely House.*

GAUNT on a couch; the DUKE OF YORK, and
others, standing by him.

Gaunt. Will the king come? that I may breathe
my last

In wholesome counsel to his unsta'd youth.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your
breath;

For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but they say, the tongues of dying
men

Enforce attention like deep harmony:

Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in
vain;

For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in
pain.

He, that no more must say, is listen'd more
Than they, whom youth and ease have taught to
glose;

More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives be-
fore:

The setting sun, and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long
past:

Though Richard my life's counseil would not
hear,

My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering
sounds,

As praises of his state: then there are found
Lascivious metres; to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen;
Report of fashions in proud Italy,
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?

Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.

Direct not him, whose way himself will choose;
Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou
lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspired;
And thus, expiring, do fortell of him:
His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves:
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are
short;

He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself
Against infection, and the hand of war;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this Eng-
land,

This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their
birth,

Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
(For Christian service, and true chivalry,)
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son:
This land of such dear souls, this dear dear
land,

Dear for her reputation through the world,
Is now leased out, (I die pronouncing it,)
Like to a tenement, or pelting farm:
England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious
siege

Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with
shame,

With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds;
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shameful conquest of itself:
O, would the scandal vanish with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death!

Enter KING RICHARD and QUEEN: AUMERLE,
BUSHY, GREEN, BAGOT, ROSS, and WIL-
LOUGHBY.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his
youth;
For young hot colts, being raged, do rage the
more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What comfort, man? How is't with
aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composi-
tion!

Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old:
Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast;
And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England long time have I watch'd:
Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt:
The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,
Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks;
And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their
names?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself:
Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those
that live?

Gaunt. No, no—men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flat-
ter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh! no; thou diest, though I the sicker
be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee
ill.

Gaunt. Now, He, that made me, knows I see
thee ill;

Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick:
And thou, too careless patient as thou art,
Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure
Of those physicians that first wounded thee:
A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,
Whose compass is no bigger than thy head;
And yet, encaged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.
O, had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye,
Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,
From forth thy reach he would have laid thy
shame:

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,
Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.
Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this land by lease:
But for thy world, enjoying but this land,
Is it not more than shame, to shame it so?
Landlord of England art thou now, not king:
Thy state of law is bondsman to the law;
And thou—

K. Rich. —a lunatic, lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's privilege,
Darest with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek; chasing the royal blood,
With fury, from his native residence.
Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue, that runs so roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy unreverend
shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,

For that I was his father Edward's son ;
That blood already, like the pelican,
Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly caroused :
My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
(Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls !)

May be a precedent and witness good,
That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood :
Join with the present sickness that I have ;
And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.
Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee !

These words hereafter thy tormentors be !—
Convey me to my bed, then to my grave :
Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[*Exit, borne out by his Attendants.*]

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have :

For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. 'Beseech your majesty, impute his words
To wayward sickliness and age in him :
He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right ; you say true : as Hereford's love,
so his ;
As theirs, so mine ; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to
your majesty.

K. Rich. What says he now ?

North. Nay, nothing ; all is said :
His tongue is now a stringless instrument ;
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt
so !

Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth
he ;

His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be :
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars :
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns ;
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But only they, hath privilege to live.
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient ? Ah, how
long

Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong ?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private
wrongs,

Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke,
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was
first ;

In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman :
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours ;
But, when he frown'd, it was against the
French,

And not against his friends ; his noble hand

Did win what he did spend, and spent not
that

Which his triumphant father's hand had won :
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.
O Richard ! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter ?

York. O my liege,

Pardon me, if you please ; if not, I, pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford ?
Is not Gaunt dead ? and doth not Hereford live ?
Was not Gaunt just ? and is not Harry true ?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir ?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son ?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from
time

His charters, and his customary rights ;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day ;
Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession ?
Now, afore God, (God forbid, I say true !)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patent that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will ; we seize into our
hands

His plate, his goods, his money, and his
lands.

York. I'll not be by, the while : My liege, fare-
well :

What will ensue hereof, there's none can
tell ;

But by bad courses may be understood,
That their event can never fall out good.

[*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire
straight ;

Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
To see this business : To-morrow next
We will for Ireland ; and 'tis time, I trow ;
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always loved us well.—
Come on, our queen : to-morrow must we
part ;

Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish.*]

[*Exeunt King, Queen, Bushy, Aumerle,
Green, and Bagot.*]

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is
dead.

Ross And living too ; for now his son is
duke.

Will. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her
right.

Ross. My heart is great ; but it must break
with silence,

Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind, and let him ne'er
speak more,

That speaks thy words again, to do thee
harm !

Willo. Tends that, thoud'st speak, to the duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,

Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore Heaven, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood on this declining land.

The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Ross. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,

And lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fined

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devised;
As blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:
But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise

That which his ancestors achieved with blows;

More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Ross. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm,

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.

Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,

His burdenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman: most degenerate king!

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,

Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,

And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;

And unavoided is the danger now,

For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death,

I spy life peering; but I dare not say

How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Ross. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:

We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,

Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore be bold.

North. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay

In Brittany, received intelligence,

That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,

(The son of Richard earl of Arundel)

That late broke from the duke of Exeter,

His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,

Sir Thomas Erpingham, Sir John Ramston,
Sir John Norbery, Sir Robert Waterton, and
Francis Quoint,—

All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,

Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:

Perhaps, they had ere this; but that they stay

The first departing of the king for Ireland.

If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,

Imp out our drooping country's broken wing,

Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,

Wipe off the dust that hides our sceptre's gilt,

And make high majesty look like itself,

Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurg:

But, if you faint, as fearing to do so,

Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

Ross. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Willo. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN, BUSHY, and BAGOT.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promised, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself,

I cannot do it; yet I know no cause

Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,

Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest

As my sweet Richard: Yet again, methinks,

Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,

Is coming towards me; and my inward soul

With nothing trembles: at something it grieves,

More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,

Which shew like grief itself, but is not so:

For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,

Divines one thing entire to many objects;

Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,

Show nothing but confusion; eyed awry

Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,

Looking awry upon your lordship's departure,

Finds shapes of griefs, more than himself, to wail:

Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows

Of what it is not. Then, thrice gracious queen,

More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not seen:

Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,

Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul

Persuades me, it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,

I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,

As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think,—

Makes me with heavy nothing faint, and shrink.

Bushy. 'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still derived

From some forefather grief; mine is not so;

For nothing hath begot my something grief;

Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:

'Tis in reversion, that I do possess:

But what it is, that is not yet known; what

I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty!—and well met gentlemen:—

I hope, the king is not yet shipp'd for Ireland.

Queen. Why hopest thou so? 'tis better hope, he is;

For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope: Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not shipp'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retired his power,

And driven into despair an enemy's hope, Who strongly hath set footing in this land:

The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself, And with uplifted arms is safe arrived

At Ravenspurg.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!

Green. O madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,—

The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy,

The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby, With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bushy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,

And all the rest of the revolting faction, Traitors?

Green. We have: whereon the earl of Worcester

Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,

And all the household servants fled with him To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,

And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:

Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,

And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,

Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Bushy. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me,

I will despair, and be at enmity

With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,

A parasite, a keeper-back of death,

Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,

Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;

O, full of careful business are his looks!—

Uncle,

For Heaven's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should belie my thoughts;

Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,

Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief.

Your husband he is gone, to save far off,

Whilst others come to make him lose at home:

Here am I left to underprop his land;

Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:—

Now comes the sick hour, that his surfeit made;

Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, your son was gone before I came.

York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!—

The nobles they are fled, the commons cold,

And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—

Sirrah,

Get thee to Plashy, to my sister Gloster;

Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:

Hold, take my ring.

Serv. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:

To-day, as I came by, I called there;—

But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave?

Serv. An hour before I came, the duchess died.

York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!

I know not what to do:—I would to God,

(So my untruth had not provoked him to it.)

The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—

What, are there posts despatch'd for Ireland?—

How shall we do for money for these wars?—

Come, sister,—cousin, I would say, pray, pardon me.—

Go, fellow, (to the Servant) get thee home, provide some carts,

And bring away the armour that is there.—

[Exit Servant.]

Gentlemen, will you go muster men? if I know

How, or which way, to order these affairs,

Thus thrust disorderly into my hands,

Never believe me. Both are my kinsmen;—

The one's my sovereign, whom both my oath

And duty bids defend; the other, again,

Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd;

Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.

Well, somewhat we must do.—Come, cousin, I'll

Dispose of you.—Go, muster up your men,

And meet me presently at Berkley-castle.

I should to Plashy too;—

But time will not permit:—All is uneven,

And every thing is left at six and seven.

[Exit York and Queen.]

Bushy. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,

But none returns. For us to levy power,

Proportionable to the enemy,

Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love, Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons, for their love

Lies in their purses; and whoso empties them,

By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bushy. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,

Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle;

The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Bushy. Thither will I with you: for little office

The hateful commons will perform for us;

Except like curs to tear us all in pieces.

Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.

Farewell; if heart's presages be not vain,

We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Bushy. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes,

Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;

Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Bushy. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The wilds in Glostershire.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,
[I am a stranger here in Glostershire,
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;

And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But, I bethink me, what a weary way
From Ravenspurg to Cotswold, will be found
In Ross and Willoughby, wanting your company;

Which, I protest, hath very much beguiled
The tediousness and process of my travel:
But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
The present benefit, which I possess:

And hope to joy, is little less in joy,
Than hope enjoy'd: by this the weary lords
Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done

By sight of what I have, your noble company.

Boling. Of much less value is my company,
Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter HARRY PERCY

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy,
Sent from my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—

Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd
his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the
court,

Broken his staff of office, and dispersed
The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?

He was not so resolved, when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed
traitor.

But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
What power the duke of York had levied there;
Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford,
boy?

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgot

Which ne'er I did remember: to my knowledge,

I never in my life did look upon him.

North. Then learn to know him now; this is the
duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,

Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be
sure,

I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompense:

My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus
seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley? And what
stir

Keeps good old York there, with his men of
war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of
trees,

Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have
heard:

And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;

None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter ROSS, and WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here comes the lords of Ross and Willoughby,

Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords: I wot, your love
pursues

A banish'd traitor; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble
lord.

Willo. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the
poor;

Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here?

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to
you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster;
And I am come to seek that name in England:
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord: tis not my
meaning,

To raze one title of your honour out:—

To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)

From the most gracious regent of this land,

The Duke of York; to know, what pricks you
on

To take advantage of the absent time,

And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter YORK, attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by
you;

Here comes his grace in person.—My noble
uncle!

(*Kneels.*)

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy
knee,

Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle!

York. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:

I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,

In an ungracious mouth, is but profane.

Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs

Dared once to touch a dust of England's ground?

But then more why,—Why have they dared to
march

So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;

Frighting her pale-faced villages with war,

And ostentation of despised arms?

Comest thou, because the anointed king is hence?

Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,

And in my loyal bosom lies his power.

Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,

As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,

Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,

From forth the ranks of many thousand French;
O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the palsy, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault.

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;

On what condition stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
Before the expiration of thy time,
In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford.

But as I come, I come for Lancaster.

And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given
away

To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted, I am Duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman:
Had you first died, and he been thus trod
down,

He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.

I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all distraint'd, and sold;
And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: Attorneys are denied me;
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abused.

Ross. It stands your grace upon, to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,

I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right:
But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
Be his own carver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be;
And you, that do abet him in this kind,
Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is

But for his own: and, for the right of that,
We all have strongly sworn to give him aid;
And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms;

I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left:
But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king;
But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well;—

Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
But we must win your grace to go with us
To Bristol-castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you:—but yet I'll pause;

For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things, past redress, are now with me past care.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Camp in Wales.

Enter SALISBURY, and a Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,

And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;

The king reposeth all his confidence
In thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought the king is dead: we will not stay.

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fix'd stars of heaven;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—

The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.—
Farewell; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assured, Richard their king is dead.

[*Exit.*]

Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mind,

I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament!
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III

SCENE I.—Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.

Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, WILLOUGHBY, ROSS: Officers behind with BUSHY and GREEN, prisoners.

Boling. Bring forth these men,—

Bushy and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity: yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your death.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappied and disfigured clean.
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,

Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,
And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul
wrongs.

Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth,
Near to the king in blood, and near in love,
Till you did make him misinterpret me.—
Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
Dispark'd my parks, and fell'd my forest woods;
From my own windows torn my household coat,
Razed out my impress, leaving me no sign,—
Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
To shew the world I am a gentleman.

This, and much more, much more than twice all
this,

Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd
over

To execution and the hand of death.

Eushy. More welcome is the stroke of death to
me,

Than Bolingbroke to England.—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is,—that Heaven will take our
souls,

And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them de-
spatch'd.

[*Exeunt Northumberland and
others, with Prisoners.*]

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house;

For Heaven's sake, let her be entreated:

Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;

Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have despatch'd
With letters of your love to her at large.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords,
away:

To fight with Glendower and his accomplices,

Awhile to work, and, after, holyday.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Coast of Wales. A Castle in View.*

*Flourish: Drums and Trumpets. Enter KING
RICHARD, BISHOP OF CARLISLE, AU-
MERLE, and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly-castle, call you this at
hand?

Aum. Yea, my lord: How brooks your grace the
air,

After late tossing on the breaking seas?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for
joy,

To stand upon my kingdom once again.—

Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,

Though rebels wound thee with their horses'
hoofs:

As a long parted mother with her child

Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meet-
ing;

So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,

And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,

Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:

But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,

And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;

Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,

Which with usurping steps do trample thee:

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:

And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,

Guard it, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;

Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch

Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords:

This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones,

Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king

Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms

Bishop. Fear not, my lord; that Power, that made
you king,

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all,

The means, that Heaven yields, must be embraced,

And not neglected; else, if Heaven would,

And we will not, Heaven's offer we refuse:

The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too ro-
miss;

Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,

Grows strong and great, in substance, and in
friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou
not,

That when the searching eye of Heaven is hid

Behind the globe that lights the lower world,

Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,

In murders, and in outrage, bloody here;

But when, from under this terrestrial ball,

He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,

And darts his light through every guilty hole,

Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,

The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their
backs,

Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?

So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—

Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,

Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—

Shall see us rising in our throne the east,

His treasons will sit blushing in his face,

Not able to endure the sight of day,

But, self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.

Not all the water in the rough rude sea

Can wash the balm from an anointed king:

The breath of worldly men cannot depose

The deputy elected by the Lord:

For every man, that Bolingbroke hath press'd

To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,

God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay

A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,

Weak men must fall; for Heaven still guards the
right.

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?

Sal. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious
lord,

Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my
tongue,

And bids me speak of nothing but despair.

One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,

Hath clouded all the happy days on earth:

O, call back yesterday, bid time return,

And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting
men!

To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,

O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy
state:

For all the Welchmen, hearing thou wert dead,

Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispersed, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege. Why looks your grace
so pale?

K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead?
All souls, that will be safe, fly from my side:
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself. Am I not king?

Awake, thou sluggard majesty! thou sleep'st.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king. Are we not high?
High be our thoughts: I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But
who
Comes here?

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,

Than can my care-tuned tongue deliver him.

K. Rich. My ear is open, and my heart prepared;

The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.

Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;

And what loss is it, to be rid of care?

Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?

Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,

We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:

Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;

They break their faith to God, as well as us:

Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;

The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd

To bear the tidings of calamity.

Like an unseasonable stormy day,

Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,

As if the world were all dissolved to tears;

So high above his limits swells the rage

Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land

With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.

White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps

Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,

Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints

In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:

The very beadsmen learn to bend their bows

Of double-fatal yew against thy state;

Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills

Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,

And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.

Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?

What is become of Bushy? where is Green?

That they have left the dangerous enemy

Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?

If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.

I warrant, they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!

Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!

Snakes in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!

Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!

Would they make peace? terrible hell make war

Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,

Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate:—

Again uncure their souls; their peace is made

With heads, and not with hands: those whom you curse,

Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,

And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my father with his power?

K. Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man speak:

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;

Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes

Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:

And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,

Save our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,

And nothing can we call our own, but death!

And that small model of the barren earth,

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

For Heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the death of kings:—

How some have been deposed, some slain in war;

Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;

Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd:

All murder'd:—For within the hollow crown,

That rounds the mortal temples of a king,

Keeps death his court: and there the antic sits,

Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;

Allowing him a breath, a little scene

To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;

Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—

As if this flesh, which walls about our life,

Were brass impregnable, and, humour'd thus,

Comes at the last, and with a little pin

Bore through his castle wall, and — farewell, king!

Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood

With solemn reverence; throw away respect,

Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,

For you have but mistook me all this while;

I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,

Need friends:—Subjected thus,

How can you say to me—I am a king?

Car. My lord, wise men ne'er wail their present woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail.

To fear the foe, since fear oppresses strength,

Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,

And so your follies fight against yourself.

Fear, and be slain; no worse can come, to fight:

And fight and die, is death destroying death;

Where feasting dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, inquire of him;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chidest me well.—Proud Bolingbroke, I come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.

This ague-fit of fear is over-blown;

An easy task it is, to win our own.—

Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?

Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky

The state and inclination of the day:

So may you by my dull and heavy eye,

My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.

I play the torturer, by small and small,

To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken:—

Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke;

And all your northern castles yielded up,

And all your southern gentlemen in arms

Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—

Beshrew thee, cousin, which didst lead me forth

(*To Aumerle.*)

Of that sweet way I was in to despair!

What say you now? what comfort have we now?

By Heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly

That bids me be of comfort any more.

Go, to Flint-castle; there I'll pine away:

A king, woe's slave, that kingly woe obey.

That power I have, discharge; and let them go

To ear the land, that hath some hope to grow,

For I have none:—Let no man speak again

To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He doth me double wrong,

That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue,

Discharge my followers, let them hence.—Away,

From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.—Wales. Before Flint Castle.

Enter with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE, and forces; YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and others.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,

The Welshmen are dispersed; and Salisbury

Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,

With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;

Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland,

To say—King Richard:—Alack the heavy day,

When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North. Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief,

Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,

Would you have been so brief with him, he would

Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,

For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should.

Lest you mis-take: The heavens are o'er your head,

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not

Myself against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter PERCY.

Well, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally!

Why, it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,

It doth contain a king: King Richard lies

Within the limits of yon lime and stone:

And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,

Sir Stephen Scroop; besides a clergyman

Of holy reverence; who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike, it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord.

(*To North.*)

Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle;

Through brazen trumpet-send the breath of parle

Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver:

Harry Bolingbroke

On both his knees doth kiss king Richard's hand;

And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,

To his most royal person: hither come

Even at his feet to lay my arms and power;

Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,

And lands restored again, be freely granted:

If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,

And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,

Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:

The which how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke

It is such crimson tempest should bedrench

The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,

My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.

Go, signify as much; while here we march

Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.

(*Northumberland advances to the castle, with a trumpet.*)

Let's march without the noise of threatening drum,

That from the castle's totter'd battlements

Our fair appointments may be well perused.

Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet

With no less terror than the elements

Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock

At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.

Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water:

The rage be his, while on the earth I rain

My waters; on the earth, and not on him.

March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Flourish. Enter on the walls KING RICHARD, the Bishop of CARLISLE, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALISBURY.

York. See, see, King Richard doth himself appear,

As doth the blushing discontented sun

From out the fiery portal of the east;

When he perceives the envious clouds are bent

To dim his glory, and to stain the track

Of his bright passage to the occident.

Yet looks he like a king; behold his eye,

As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth

Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe,

That any harm should stain so fair a show!

K. Rich. We are amazed; and thus long have we stood

To watch the fearful bending of thy knee,
(*To Northumberland.*)

Because we thought ourself thy lawful king:
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence?
If we be not, shew us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship:
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our sceptre,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have
done,

Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends;—
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That lift your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he stands,) *(To Northumberland.)*
That every stride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason: He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mother's sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grass with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king

Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice-noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand;
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon thy royal grandsire's bones;
And by the royalties of both your bloods,
Currents, that spring from one most gracious
head;

And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt;
And by the worth and honour of himself,
Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
His coming hither hath no farther scope,
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy royal party granted once,
His glittering arms he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
To faithful service of your majesty.

This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king
returns;

His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
And all the number of his fair demands
Shall be accomplished without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not,

(*To Aumerle.*)

To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, good my lord; let's fight with gentle
words,

Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful
swords.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of
mine,

That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On yon proud man, should tear it off again

With words of sooth! O, that I were as
great

As is my grief, or lesser than my name?
Or that I could forget what I have been!
Or not remember what I must be now!
Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to
beat,

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and
me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Boling-
broke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he
submit?

The king shall do it. Must he be deposed?
The king shall be contented. Must he lose
The name of king? o' God's name let it go:
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an alms-man's gown;
My figured goblets, for a dish of wood;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom for a little grave,
A little little grave, an obscure grave:—
Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common trade, where subjects'
feet

May hourly trample on their sovereign's head:
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I
live;

And buried once, why not upon my head?—
Aumerle, thou weep'st; my tender-hearted
cousin!—

We'll make foul weather with despised tears;
Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer
corn,

And make a dearth in this revolting land.
Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
And make some pretty match with shedding
tears?

As thus:—To drop them still upon one place,
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
Within the earth: and, therein laid, *There lies*
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping
eyes!

Would not this ill do well?—Well, well, I
see

I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—
Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
What says King Bolingbroke? will his majesty
Give Richard leave to live, till Richard die?
You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay.

North. My lord, in the base court he doth
attend

To speak with you; may't please you to come
down?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistening
Phaeton,

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.
(*North. retires to Boling.*)

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow
base,

To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.

In the base court? Come down? Down court!
down king!

For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should
sing.

(*Exeunt from above.*)

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
Makes him speak fondly, like a frantic man:
Yet he is come.

Enter KING RICHARD, and his Attendants below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
And shew fair duty to his majesty.
My gracious lord,—

(Kneeling.)

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it;
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
Than my unpleased eye see your courtesy.
Up, cousin, up: your heart is up, I know,
Thus high at least, *(touching his own head,)* although
your knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve.—They well deserve to have,
That know the strongest and surest way to get.—

Uncle, give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes,
Tears shew their love, but want their remedies.—
Cousin, I am too young to be your father.
Though you are old enough to be my heir.
What you will have, I'll give, and willing too;
For do we must, what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London.—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, no.

(Flourish. Exeunt.)

SCENE IV.—*Langley. The Duke of York's Garden.*
Enter the QUEEN, and two Ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think,
The world is full of rubs, and that my fortune
Runs 'gainst the bias.

1 Lady. Madam, we will dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:

Therefore, no dancing, girl, some other sport.

1 Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?

1 Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

1 Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou shouldst please me better, wouldst thou weep.

Lady. I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep, would weeping do me good.

borrow any tear of thee.
ere comes the gardeners:

Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

Enter a Gardener, and two servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for every one doth so
Against a change: Woe is forerun with woe.

(Queen and Ladies retire.)

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,

Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight:
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—

Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:

All must be even in our government.—
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,

Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, our firm estate?

When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds, her fairest flowers choked up,
Her fruit-trees all unpruned, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs,
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:

He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:

The weeds, that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,

That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the Earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seized the wasteful king.—Oh! what pity is it,

That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,

As we this garden? We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;

Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:

Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have lived to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches

We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

1 Serv. What, think you then, the king shall be deposed?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and deposed,
'Tis doubt, he will be: Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good Duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death,
Through want of speaking!—Thou, old Adam's likeness,

(Coming from her concealment.)

Set to dress this garden, how dares
Thy harsh-rude tongue sound this displeasing
rews?

What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?

Why dost thou say, King Richard is deposed?
Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth

Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Camest thou by these ill-tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe this news; yet, what I say, is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities, that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that are so light of foot,
Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What, was I born to this! that my sad look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow.

[*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*]

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would, my skill were subject to thy curse.—
Here did she drop a tear; here, in this place,
I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
Rue even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*London. Westminster Hall. The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUMERLE, SURREY, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER, another Lord, BISHOP OF CARLISLE, ABBOT OF WESTMINSTER, and Attendants. Officers behind with BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot:—
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then set before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue,
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time, when Gloster's death was plotted,

I heard you say,—*Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?*
Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be,
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his sland'rous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell. I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false,
In thy heart-blood, thou being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best

In all this presence, that hath moved me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine:
By that fair sun, that shews me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,

That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.

If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou darest not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest: his honour is as true,

In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:

And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prove it on thee, to the extremest point
Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou darest.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,

And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. I task the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle:

And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun: there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

Aum. Who sets me else? by Heaven, I'll throw at all:

I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well

The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. My lord, 'tis true; you were in presence then;

And you can witness with me this is true.

Surrey. As false, by Heaven, as Heaven itself is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!

That lie shall lie so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lie
In earth as quiet as thy father's skull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou darest.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse!

If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness,

And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies; there is my bond of faith,
To tie thee to my strong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:
Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a
gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under
gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restored again
To all his land and signories; when he's re-
turn'd,

Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—

Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensign of the Christian Cross,
Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with works of war, retired himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave

His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to
the bosom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to
thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing
soul

Adopts thee heir, and his high sceptre yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal
throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid!—

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobles would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judged, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them.
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O forbid it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refined
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by Heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophecy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground.

And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead men's skulls.
O, if you rear this house against this house,
It will the woofullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth:
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—
woe!

North. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your
pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here:—
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.—
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons'
suit?

Boling. Fetch hither, Richard, that in common
view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct.

[*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our
arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer:—
Little are we beholden to your love,

(*To Carlisle.*)

And little look'd for at your helping hands.

*Re-enter YORK, with KING RICHARD, and Officers
bearing the crown, &c.*

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee;—
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: Were they not mine?
Did they not sometimes cry, All hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all but one; I, in twelve thousand,
none.

God save the king!—Will no man say Amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, Amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, Amen, if Heaven do think him me.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good
will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, cousin, seize
the crown;
Here, on this side, my hand; on that side, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
The bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown I am; but still my griefs are
mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your
crown.

K. Rich. Your cares, set up, do not pluck my cares down.

My care is—loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is—gain of care, by new care won;
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?

K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay: for I must nothing be;

Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.

Now mark me how I will undo myself:—

I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hand I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths:

All pomp and majesty I do forswear:

My manors, rents, and revenues, I forego;

My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny;

God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me!

God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee!

Make me, that nothing have, with nothing grieved;

And thou with all pleased, that hast all achieved!

Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,

And soon lie Richard in an earthly pit!

God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says,

And send him many years of sunshine days!—

What more remains?

North. No more, but that you read

(Offering a paper.)

These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land;
That, by confessing them the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily deposed.

K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weaved-up follies? Gentle Northumber-
land,

If thy offences were upon record,

Would it not shame thee in so fair a troop,

To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,

There shouldst thou find one heinous article,—

Containing the deposing of a king,

And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—

Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of
heaven:—

Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,

Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait my-
self,—

Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your
hands,

Shewing an outward pity; yet you Pilates

Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,

And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, despatch; read o'er these
articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot
see:

And yet salt water blinds them not so much,

But they can see a sort of traitors here.

Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,

I find myself a traitor with the rest:

For I have given here my soul's consent

To undeck the pompous body of a king;

Make glory, base; and sovereignty a slave;

Proud majesty, a subject; state, a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting
man.

Nor no man's lord; I have no name, no title,—

No, not that name was given me at the font,—

But tis usurp'd:—Alack the heavy day,

That I have worn so many winters out,

And know not now what name to call my-
self!

O, that I were a mockery king of snow,

Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,

To melt myself away in water-drops!—

Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly
good.)

An if my word be sterling yet in England,

Let it command a mirror hither straight;

That it may shew me what a face I have,

Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you and fetch a looking-
glass.

[Exit an Attendant.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass
doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come
to hell.

Boling. Urge it no more, my lord Northumber-
land.

North. The commons will not then be satis-
fied.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfied; I'll read
enough,

When I do see the very book indeed

Where all my sins are writ, and that's—my-
self.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read.—

No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck

So many blows upon this face of mine,

And made no deeper wounds?—O flattering
glass,

Like to my followers in prosperity,

Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face,

That every day under his household roof

Did keep ten thousand men? Was this the
face,

That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?

Was this the face, that faced so many follies,

And was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?

A brittle glory shineth in this face;

As brittle as the glory, is the face;

(Dashes the glass against the ground.)

For there it is crack'd in a hundred shivers.—

Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,

How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath de-
stroy'd

The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:—

'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;

And these external manners of lament

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,

That swells with silence in the tortured soul;

There lies the substance: and I thank thee,
king,

For thy great bounty, that not only givest

Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way

How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,

And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than a
king.

For when I was a king, my flatterers

Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.
Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O, good! Convey?—Conveyers are you all,

That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall.

[*Exeunt K. Richard, some Lords, and a Guard.*]

Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down

Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle, and Aumerle.*]

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come, the children yet unborn

Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot

To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind herein,

You shall not only take the sacrament

To bury mine intents, but to effect

Whatever I shall happen to devise.—

I see your brows are full of discontent,

Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears;

Come home with me to supper; I will lay

A plot, shall shew us all a merry day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*London. A Street leading to the Tower.*

Enter QUEEN and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way

To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower,

To whose flint bosom my condemned lord

Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:

Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth

Have any resting for her true king's queen.

Enter KING RICHARD, and Guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,

My fair rose wither. Yet look up; behold;

That you in pity may dissolve the dew,

And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;

Thou map of honour; thou King Richard's tomb,

And not King Richard; thou most beauteous inn,

Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodged in thee,

When triumph is become an alehouse guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief, fair women do not so,

To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,

To think our former state a happy dream;

From which awaked, the truth of what we are

Shews us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,

To grim necessity; and he and I

Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,

And cloister thee in some religious house:

Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,

Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind

Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath Bolingbroke

Deposed thine intellect? Hath he been in thy heart?

The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,

And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage

To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,

Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod;

And fawn on rage with base humility,

Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed: if aught but beasts,

I had been still a happy king of men.

Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France;

Think, I am dead; and that even here thou takest,

As from my death-bed, thy last living leave.

In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire

With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales

Of woeful ages, long ago betid.

And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their griefs,

Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,

And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

For why, the senseless brands will sympathize

The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,

And, in compassion, weep the fire out;

And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,

For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, attended.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is changed;

You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—

And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;

With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder, where-withal

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—

The time shall not be many hours of age

More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,

Shall break into corruption: thou shalt think,

Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,

It is too little, helping him to all;

And he shall think that thou, which know'st the way

To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,

Being ne'er so little urged, another way

To pluck him headlong from the usurp'd throne.

The love of wicked men converts to fear;

That fear, to hate; and hate turns one, or both,

To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.

Take leave, and part; for you must part forth-with.

K. Rich. Doubly divorced?—Bad men, ye violate

A twofold marriage,—'twixt my crown and me,

And then betwixt me and my married wife.—

Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;

And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—

Part us, Northumberland; I towards the north,

Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime;

My wife to France: from whence set forth in pomp,

She came adorned hither like sweet May,
Sent back like Hallowmas, or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart
from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with
me.

North. That were some love, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me
go.

K. Rich. So, two together weeping, make one
woe.

Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near.
Go, count thy way with sighs: I, mine with
groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest
moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way
being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part;

Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart.

(*They kiss.*)

Queen. Give me mine own again: 'twere no good
part

To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.

(*Kiss again.*)

So, now I have mine own again, begone,

That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We may make woe wanton with this
fond delay;

Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke of
York's Palace.*

Enter YORK and his DUCHESS.

Duch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the
rest,

When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from window's
tops,

Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Boling-
broke,

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,

Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—

With slow, but stately pace kept on his course,

While all tongues cried—God save thee, Boling-
broke!

You would have thought the very windows spake,

So many greedy looks of young and old

Through casements darted their desiring eyes

Upon his visage; and that all the walls,

With painted imag'ry, had said at once,—

Jesu preserve thee! Welcome, Bolingbroke!

Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,

Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,

Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:

And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the
while?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well graced actor leaves the stage,

Are idly bent on him that enters next,

'Thinking his prattle to be tedious:

Even so, or with much more contempt, men's
eyes

Did scowl on Richard: no man cried, God save
him;

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:

But dust was thrown upon his sacred head:

Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—

His face still combating with tears and smiles,

The badges of his grief and patience,—

That had not God, for some strong purpose,
steel'd

The hearts of men, they must perforce have
melted,

And barbarism itself have pitied him.

But Heaven hath a hand in these events;

To whose high will we bound our calm con-
tents,

To Bolingbroke we are sworn subjects now,

Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was;

But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,

And, madam, you must call him Rutland now;

I am in parliament pledge for his truth,

And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Duch. Welcome, my son. Who are the violets
now,

That strew the green lap of the new-come
spring?

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care
not:

God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of
time,

Lest you be cropp'd before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford? hold those justs and
triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not; I purpose so.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy
bosom?

Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.

Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it.

I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me:

It is a matter of small consequence,

Which for some reasons I would not have
seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to
see.

I fear, I fear,—

Duch. What should you fear?

'Tis nothing but some bond that he is enter'd
into

For gay apparel, 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a
bond

That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—

Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not
shew it.

York. I will be satisfied: let me see it, I
say.

(*Snatches it, and reads.*)

Treason! foul treason!—villain! traitor! slave!

Duch. What is the matter, my lord?

York Ho, who is within there? *(Enter a servant.)*
Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse:
For by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will impeach the villain.

[Exit Servant.]

Duch. What's the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duch. I will not peace. — What is the matter, son?
Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
Duch. Thy life answer!
Re-enter Servant, with boots.
York. Bring me my boots, I will unto the king.
Duch. Strike him, Aumerle. — Poor boy, thou art amazed. —
Hence, villain; never more come in my sight. —
(To the Servant.)

York. Give me my boots, I say.
Duch. Why, *York*, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons? or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time?
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rob me of a happy mother's name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine own?
York. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceal this dark conspiracy?
A dozen of them here have ta'en the sacrament,
And interchangeably set down their hands,
To kill the king at Oxford.
Duch. He shall be none;
We'll keep him here: Then what is that to him?
York. Away,
Fond woman! were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him.
Duch. Hadst thou groan'd for him,
As I have done, thou'dst be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind: thou dost suspect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son:
Sweet *York*, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, or any of my kin,
And yet I love him.
York. Make way, unruly woman.

[Exit.]

Duch. After, Aumerle; mount thee upon his horse;
Spur, post! and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he did accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind; though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as *York*:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away;
Begone.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Windsor. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE as King; PERCY, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last:—

If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions;
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince;
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews;
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate; yet, through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, hastily.

Aum. Where is the king?
Boling. What means
Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?
Aum. God save your grace! I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.
Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.—

[Exeunt Percy and Lords.]

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth,

(Kneels.)

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise or speak.
Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.
Aum. Then give me leave, that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

Boling. Have thy desire.
(Aumerle locks the door.)

York. (Within.) My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.
Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe.

(Drawing.)

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou hast no cause to fear.
York. (Within.) Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king:

Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.
(Bolingbroke opens the door.)

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle? speak;
Recover breath: tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me shew.

Aum. Remember as thou read'st thy promise past:

I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my Land.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—

I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence;
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—

O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream, through muddy passages,

Hath held his current, and defiled himself!

Thy overflow of good converts to bad;

And thy abundant goodness shall excuse

This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd;
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives, when his dishonour dies,
Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies:

Thou kill'st me in his life; giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. (*Within.*) What ho, my liege! for God's sake let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voiced suppliant makes this eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and thine aunt, great king; 'tis I.

Speak with me, pity me, open the door;

A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is alter'd,—from a serious thing,

And now changed to *The Beggar and the King*.—

My dangerous cousin, let your mother in;

I know she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York. If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins, for this forgiveness, prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rests sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king, believe not this hard-hearted man,

Love, loving not itself, none other can.

York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?

Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient: Hear me, gentle liege.

(*Kneels.*)

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:

For ever will I kneel upon my knees,

And never see day, that the happy sees,

Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,

By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayer, I bend my knee.

(*Kneels.*)

York. Against them both, my true joints bended be.

(*Kneels.*)

Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Duch. Plead he in earnest? look upon his face;

His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;

His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast;

He prays but faintly, and would be denied;

We pray with heart and soul, and all beside:

His weary joints would gladly rise I know;

Our knees shall kneel, till to the ground they grow;

His prayers are full of false hypocrisy:

Ours, of true zeal, and deep integrity.

Our prayers do out-pray his; then let them have
That mercy which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up;

Say pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.

An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,

Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.

I never long'd to hear a word till now;

Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how;

The word is short, but not so short as sweet;

No word like, pardon, for king's mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king: say, *Pardonnez-moy.*

Duch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?

Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
That sett'st the word itself against the word!—

Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;

The chopping French we do not understand.

Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:

Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear:

That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,

Pity may move thee, pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand,

Pardon is all the suit I have in hand

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!

Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;

Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,

But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart

I pardon him.

Duch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the abbot,

With all the rest of that consorted crew,—

Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—

Good uncle, help to order several powers

To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are:

They shall not live within this world, I swear,

But I will have them, if I once know where.

Uncle, farewell,—and cousin too, adieu:

Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son; I pray God make thee new.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.

Enter EXTON, and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?

Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. *Have I no friend?* quoth he: he spake it twice,

And urged it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistfully look'd on me;

As who should say,—I would, thou wert the
man,
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go:
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE V.—*Pomfret. The Dungeon of the Castle.**Enter KING RICHARD.*

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may com-
pare
The prison where I live, unto the world;
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it—Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humours, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine,—are intermix'd
With scruples, and do set the word itself
Against the word:
As thus, *Come, little ones; and then again,*
It is as hard to come, as for a camel
To thread the postern of a needle's eye.
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot
Unlikely wonders: how these vain weak nails
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Though tending to content, flatter themselves,—
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back.
Of such as have before endured the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king:
Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: Then crushing penury
Persuades me, I was better when a king;
Then am I king'd again: and, by and by,
Think, that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And straight am nothing:—But, whate'er I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleased till he be eased
With being nothing.—Music do I hear?

(Music.)

Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disorder'd string,
But, for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
For now hath time made me his numb'ring
clock:
My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they
jar
Their watches to mine eyes, the outward watch,
Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my
heart,

Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and
groans,
Shew minutes, times, and hours,—but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the
clock.

This music mads me, let it sound no more;
For, though it have help madmen to their
wits,
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart, that gives it me.
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

*Enter Groom.**Groom.* Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer,
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable,
king,
When thou wert king; who travelling towards
York,

With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometime royal master's face.
O, how it yearn'd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets that coronation day,
When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary!
That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid;
That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd!

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle
friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the
ground.

K. Rich. So proud, that Bolingbroke was on his
back!
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping
him.

Would he not stumble? Would he not fall
down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the
neck

Of that proud man, that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be awed by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tired, by jauncing Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a dish.

Keeper. Fellow, give place; here is no longer
stay.

(To the Groom.)

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert
away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart
shall say.

[*Exit.*]

Keeper. My lord, wilt please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to
do.

Keeper. My lord, I dare not: sir Pierce of Exton,
who
Lately came from the king, commands the con-
trary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and
thee!

Patience is stale, and I am weary of it.

(Beats the Keeper.)

Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude assault?

Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.

(Snatching a weapon, and killing one.)

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

(He kills another, and then Exton strikes him down.)

That hand shall burn in never quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person.—Exton, thy fierce hand

Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.

Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward here to die.

(Dies.)

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood:
Both have I spilt; O, would the deed were good!

For now the devil, that told me—I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell,
This dead king to the living king I'll bear;—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Windser. A Room in the Castle.

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE and YORK,
with Lords and Attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear

Is—that the rebels have consumed with fire
Our town of Cicester in Glostershire;

But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Welcome, my lord: What is the news?

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness,

The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:

The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.

(Presenting a paper.)

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains;

And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.

Enter FITZWATER.

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London

The heads of Brocas and Sir Bennet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forgot;

Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.

Enter PERCY, with the Bishop of CARLISLE.

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,

With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;
But here is Carlisle living, to abide

Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom:—

Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,

More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life;
So, as thou livest in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, with Attendants bearing a coffin.

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear; herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought

A deed of slander with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison, that do poison need,

Nor do I thee; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.

The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day nor light.—

Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:

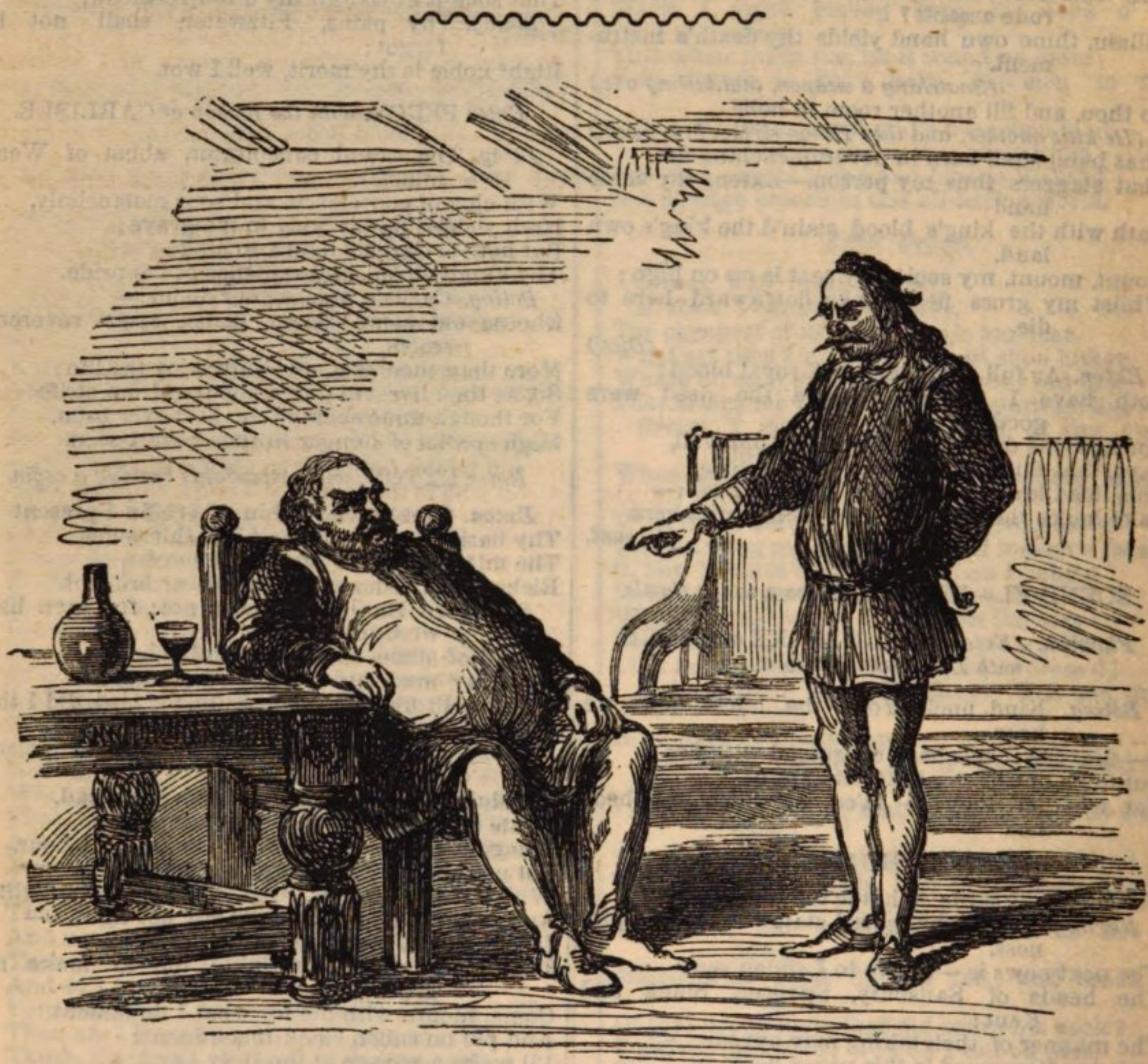
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black incontinent;

I'll make a voyage to the Holy Land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand:—

March sadly after; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier.

[Exeunt.]

KING HENRY IV. FIRST PART.



Bard.—"SIR JOHN, YOU ARE SO FRETFUL, YOU CANNOT LIVE LONG."—*Act iii, scene 3.*

Persons Represented.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH,
HENRY, *Prince of Wales*,
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
SIR WALTER BLUNT,
THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester*.
HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland*.
HENRY PERCY, surnamed HOTSPUR, *his Son*.
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March*.
SCROOP, *Archbishop of York*.
ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas*.
OWEN GLENDOWER.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Sons to the King.

Friends to the King.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

POINS.

GADSHILL.

FETU.

BARDOLPH.

LADY PERCY, *Wife to Hotspur, and Sister to Mortimer.*

LADY MORTIMER, *Daughter to Glendower and Wife to Mortimer.*

MRS. QUICKLY, *Hostess of a Tavern in Eastcheap.*

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE.—*England.*

SIR

SIR

SIR

SIR

SIR

SIR

SIR

ACT I

SCENE I.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and others.

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in strands afar remote.
No more the thirsty Erinnyes of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's
blood;

No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred—
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way; and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
(Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engaged to fight,)
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy;
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's
womb,

To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go;
Therefore we meet not now:—Then let me
hear

Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our counsel did decree,
In forwarding this dear expedience.

West. My liege, this haste was hot in ques-
tion,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight; when, all athwart, there came
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered:
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,
Such beastly shameless transformation,
By those Welchmen done, as may not be,
Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

K. Hen. It seems, then, that the tidings of this
broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

West. This, match'd with other, did, my gracious
lord;

For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north, and thus it did import.
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approved Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;
As by discharge of their artillery,
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;

For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.

K. Hen. Here is a dear and true-industrious
friend,
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome
news.

The earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: Of prisoners, Hotspur
took

Mordake the earl of Fife, and eldest son
To beaten Douglas; and the earls of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honourable spoil?
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

K. Hen. Yea, there thou makest me sad, and
makest me sin
In envy, that my lord Northumberland
Should be the father of so blest a son:
A son who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant;
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride:
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonour stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be proved,
That some night tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children, where they lay,
And call'd mine, Percy—his, Plantagenet!
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine,
But let him from my thoughts.—What think you,
coz,

Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,
To his own use he keeps; and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

West. This is his uncle's teaching, this is Wor-
cester,
Malevolent to you in all aspects;
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.

K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer
this:

And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor, so inform the lords:
But come yourself with speed to us again:
For more is to be said, and to be done,
Than out of anger can be uttered.

West. I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter HENRY, Prince of Wales, and FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of
old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and
sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast
forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldst
truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with
the time of the day? unless hours were cups of
sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues

of pawds, and dials the signs of leaping houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffeta; I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me, now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars, and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair*. And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace, (majesty, I should say, for grace thou wilt have none,)—

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: And let men say, we be men of good government; being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well; and it holds well too; for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof, now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—bring in: now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and, where it would not, I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pry thee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare? By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bag pipe.

P. Hen. What say'st thou to a hare, or a melancholy of Moor-ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascaldest,—sweet young prince,—But, Hal, I pry thee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not: and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal.—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night at Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear me, Yedward, if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: You shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallow's summer!

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow, I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord.

[*Exit Poins.*]

P. Hen. I know you all, and will a while uphold

The unyoked humour of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,

By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holydays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-for

come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more

eyes,
Than that, which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time, when men think least I will.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND
WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER
BLUNT, and others.*

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience; but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young

down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves

The scourge of greatness to be used on it:
And that same greatness too, which our own hands

Have help to make so portly.

North. My lord,—

K. Hen. Worcester, get thee gone, for I see danger

And disobedience in thine eye: O, sir,
Your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.

You have good leave to leave us; when we need

Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[*Exit Worcester.*]

You were about to speak.

(*To North.*)

North. Yea, my good lord,
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,

Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied

As is deliver'd to your majesty:
Either envy, therefore, or misprision
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,

Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new
reap'd,

Shew'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfum'd like a milliner;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose, and took 't away again;—
Who, therewith angry, when it next came
there,

Took it in snuff:—and still he smil'd, and
talk'd:

And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them—untaught knaves, unman-
nerly,

To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holyday and lady terms
He question'd me; among the rest demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.

I then, all smarting, with my wounds being
cold,

To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what;
He should, or he should not;—for he made me
mad,

To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (God save the
mark!

And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth

Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise;

And that it was great pity, so it was,

That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd

Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,

Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd

So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,

He would himself have been a soldier.

This bald disjointed chat of his, my lord,

I answer'd indirectly, as I said;

And, I beseech you, let not his report

Come current for an accusation,

Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

Blunt. The circumstance consider'd, good my
lord,

Whatever Harry Percy then had said,

To such a person, and in such a place,

At such a time, with all the rest retold,

May reasonably die, and never rise

To do him wrong, or any way impeach

What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Hen. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;

But with proviso, and exception,—

That we, at our own charge, shall ransom
straight

His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;

Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd

The lives of those, that he did leave to fight

Against the great magician, damn'd Glen-
dower;

Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March

Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then

Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?

Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,

When they have lost and forfeited them-
selves?

No, on the barren mountains let him starve;

For I shall never hold that man my friend,

Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny
cost

To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,

But by the chance of war:—To prove that
true,

Needs no more but one tongue for all those
wounds,

Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he
took,

When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,

In single opposition, hand to hand,

He did confound the best part of an hour

In changing hardiment with great Glendower:

Three times they breathed, and three times did
they drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;

Who, then, affrighted with their bloody looks,

Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,

And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank

Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.

Never did base and rotten policy

Colour her working with such deadly wounds;

Nor never could the noble Mortimer

Receive so many, and all willingly:

Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost
believe him,

He never did encounter with Glendower;

I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the devil alone,

As Owen Glendower for an enemy.

Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth

Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:

Send me your prisoners with the speediest
means,

Or you shall hear in such a kind from me

As will displease you.—My lord Northumber-
land,

We license your departure with your son:—

Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[Exeunt King Henry, Blunt, and Train.]

Hot. And if the devil come and roar for them,

I will not send them:—I will after straight,

And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,

Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What, drunk with choler? stay, and
pause awhile;

Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

Hot. Speak of Mortimer!

Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my
soul

Want mercy, if I do not join with him:

Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,

And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the
dust,

But I will lift the down trod Mortimer

As high i' the air as this unthankful king,

As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew
mad.

(To Worcester.)

Wor. Who struck this heat up after I was
gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;

And when I urged the ransom once again

Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd
pale;

And on my face he turned an eye of death,

Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him: Was he not pro-
claim'd,

By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappy king
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon!) did set
forth

Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be deposed, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the world's
wide mouth

Live scandalized, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But, soft, I pray you: Did King Richard
then

Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

North. He did; myself did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin
king

That wish'd him on the barren mountains starved.

But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown

Upon the head of this forgetful man;

And, for his sake, wear the detested blot

Of murd'rous subornation,—shall it be,

That you a world of curses undergo;

Being the agents, or base second means,

The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?—

O, pardon me, that I descend so low,

To shew the line, and the predicament,

Wherein you range under this subtle king.

Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,

Or fill up chronicles in time to come,

That men of your nobility and power

Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,—

As both of you, God pardon it! have done,—

To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,

And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?

And shall it, in more shame, be farther spoken,

That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off

By him, for whom these shames ye underwent?

No; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem

Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves

Into the good thoughts of the world again:

Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt

Of this proud king; who studies, day and night,

To answer all the debt he owes to you,

Even with the bloody payments of your deaths.

Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin, say no more:

And now I will unclasp a secret book,

And to your quick-conceiving discontents

I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;

As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,

As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,

On the unstedfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night:—or sink or
swim:—

Send danger from the east unto the west,

So honour cross it from the north to south,

And let them grapple.—O! the blood more
stirs,

To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit

Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By Heaven, methinks, it were an easy
leap,

To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced
moon:

Or dive into the bottom of the deep,

Where fathom-line could never touch the
ground,

And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;

So he, that doth redeem her hence, might wear,

Without corrival, all her dignities:

But out upon this half-faced fellowship!

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here,

But not the form of what he should attend.—

Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots,

That are your prisoners,—

Hot. I'll keep them all;

By Heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;

No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:

I'll keep them, by this hand.

Wor. You start away,

And lend no ear unto my purposes.—

Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat.

He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;

Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;

But I will find him, when he lies asleep,

And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!

Nay,

I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak

Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,

To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you,

Cousin, a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,

Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:

And that same sword-and-buckler prince of
Wales—

But that I think his father loves him not,

And would be glad he met with some mis-
chance,

I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,

When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient
fool

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood;

Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourged
with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear

Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time, — What do you call the
place?—

A plague upon 't—it is in Gloucestershire;

'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept;

His uncle York:—Where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,

When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

North. At Berkley Castle.

Hot. You say true;—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!

Look,—when his infant fortune came to age,

And,—gentle Harry Percy,—and kind cousin,—

O, the devil take such cozeners!—God forgive
me!—

Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again;

We'll stay your leisure.

Hot. I have done, i'faith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners

Deliver them up without their ransom straight,

And make the Douglas's son your only mean

For powers in Scotland; which,—for divers
reasons,

Which I shall send you written,—be assured,

Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,—

(To Northumberland.)

Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,—

Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
The archbishop.

Hot. Of York, is't not?

Wor. True; who bears hard

His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Seroop.

I speak not this in estimation,

As what I think might be, but what I know

Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;

And only stays but to behold the face

Of that occasion, that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it; upon my life, it will do well.

North. Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:—

And then the power of Scotland, and of York,—

To join with Mortimer, ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,

To save our heads by raising of a head:

For, bear ourselves as even as we can,

The king will always think him in our debt;

And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,

Till he hath found a time to pay us home.

And see already, how he doth begin

To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does: we'll be revenged on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell:—No farther go in this,

Than I by letters shall direct your course.

When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly,)

I'll steal to Glendower, and lord Mortimer;

Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once,

(As I will fashion it,) shall happily meet,

To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,

Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

North. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu:—O, let the hours be short,

Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I.—Rochester. An Inn Yard.

Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.

1 Car. Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. (Within.) Anon, anon.

1 Car. I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Pease and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 Car. Poor fellow! never joyed, since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 Car. I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 Car. Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 Car. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jorden, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamberlie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 Car. What, ostler! come away, and be hanged, come away.

2 Car. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 Car. 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—Hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye: I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 Car. Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 Car. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge.

[*Exeunt Carriers.*]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. (Within.) At hand, quoth pick-purse.

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Good-morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight. There's a franklin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks, I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me: and, thou knowest, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff, sixpenny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio purple-hued malt-worms: but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgomasters, and great oneyers; such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray. And yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.

Cham. What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Road by Gadshill.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY, and POINS; BARDOLPH and PETO, at some distance.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal. What a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him.

(*Pretends to seek Poins.*)

Fal. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the square farther afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty years; and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else: I have drank medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto.—I'll starve ere I'll rob a foot farther. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! (*They whistle.*) Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues, give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thy own heir apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand!

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye: on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poins and I will walk lower; if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds, will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather: but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt* P. Henry and Poins.]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 Trav. Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves! Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men must live: You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*Exeunt* Fals. &c. driving the travellers out.]

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go to London, it would be argument for a week laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins than in a wild juck.

P. Hen. Your money.

(Rushing out upon them.)

Poins. Villains!

(As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. Falstaff, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away, leaving their booty behind them.)

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear

So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roar'd!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.

Enter HOTSPUR, reading a letter.

— But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.—He could be contented,—Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous;*—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself, unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. Zounds, an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not beside, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of next month? and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king. We are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate? I must leave you within these two hours.

Lady. O my good lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence have I, this fortnight, been
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?

Tell me, sweet lord, what is't, that takes from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;

And start so often, when thou sit'st alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks;

And given my treasures, and my rights of thee,

To thick-eyed musing, and cursed melancholy?

In thy faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,

And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:

Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;

Cry, *Courage!*—to the field! And thou hast talk'd

Of sallies, and retires; of trenches, tents,

Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets;

Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin;

Of prisoners' ransome, and of soldiers slain,

And all the 'currents of a heady fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,

And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,

That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,

Like bubbles in a late disturbed stream:

And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,

Such as we see, when men restrain their breath

On some great sudden haste. O, what portents are these?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,

And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Hot. What, ho: is Gilliams with the packet gone?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

Serv. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

Hot. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

Serv. It is, my lord.

Hot. That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight: O *esperance!*—

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[Exit Servant.]

Lady. But hear you, my lord.

Hot. What say'st, my lady?

Lady. What is it carries you away?

Hot. My horse,

My love, my horse.

Lady. Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen,

As you are toss'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title; and hath sent for you,

To line his enterprise: But if you go—

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

Lady. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me

Directly to this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away,

Away, you trifler!—Love?—I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world,
To play with mammetts, and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd
crowns,
And pass them current too.—God's me, my
horse!—

What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have
with me?

Lady. Do you not love me? do you not,
indeed?

Well, do not then; for, since you love me
not,

I will not love myself. Do you not love me?

Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest or no.

Hot. Come wilt thou see me ride?

And when I am o' horse-back, I will swear

I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;

I must not have you henceforth question me

Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:

Whither I must, I must; and to conclude,

This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.

I know you wise: but yet no farther wise,

Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are,

But yet a woman: and for secrecy,

No lady closer; for I well believe,

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not
know;

And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!

Lady. How! so far?

Hot. Not an inch farther. But hark you,
Kate:

Whither I go, thither shall you go too;

To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—

Will this content you, Kate?

Lady. It must, of force.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's
Head Tavern.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room,
and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst
three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the
very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn
brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them
all by their Christian names, as,—Tom, Dick, and
Francis. They take it already upon their salvation,
that, though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the
king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud
Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle,
a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me; and
when I am king of England, I shall command all
the good lads in Eastcheap. They call—drinking
deep, dying scarlet: and when you breathe in your
watering, they cry, hem! and bid you play it off. To
conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of
an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own
language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast
lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in
this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name
of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped
even now into my hand by an under-skinker; one
that never spake other English in his life, than—
Eight shillings and sixpence, and—You are welcome;
with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a
pint of bastard in the Half-moon, or so. But, Ned,
to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'y-*

thee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I ques-
tion my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the
sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis,
that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon.
Step aside, and I'll shew thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis!

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

[*Exit Poins.*]

Enter FRANCOIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the
Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five year, and as much as to—

Poins. (*Within.*) Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for
the clinking o' pewter. But, Francis, darest thou
be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy in-
denture, and to shew it a fair pair of heels, and
run from it?

Fran. O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the
books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. (*Within.*) Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—About Michaelmas next I
shall be—

Poins. (*Within.*) Francis!

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my
lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the
sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't
not?

Fran. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pounds
ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. (*Within.*) Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-
morrow, Francis; or, Francis on Thursday; or,
indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin,
crystal-button, nodd-pated, agate-ring, puke-stock-
ing, caddis garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-
pouch,—

Fran. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard is your
only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white
canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it can-
not come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. (*Within.*) Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue: Dost thou not hear
them call? (*Here they both call him; the Drawer
stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*)

Enter Vintner.

Vin. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such
a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit Fran.*]
My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are
at the door; shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open
the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] *Poins!*

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff, and the rest of the thieves are at the door: Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humours, that have shewed themselves humours, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

Re-enter FRANCIS, with wine.

What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up stairs, and down stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north; he, that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fy upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou killed to-day?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen, an hour after; a trifle, a trifle.* I prythee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo*, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant?

(He drinks.)

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing: A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me that; and Poins there?

P. Hen. 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand

pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such a backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I.

(He drinks.)

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

P. Hen. What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. The nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground: But I followed me close, came in foot and hand: and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy, tallow-keech,—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us thy reason; what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull's-pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

P. Hen. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four: you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can shew it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword, as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack: What trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold. All the titles of good fellowship come to you! What,

shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content;—and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. My lord the prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Host. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you; he says he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Host. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing.

[Exit.]

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph; you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no—fy!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest, How came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven years before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore: Thou hadst fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into an alderman's thumb ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—What, a plague, call you him?

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He, that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running.

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.

P. Hen. Why then, 'tis, like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true: it is like, we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyzes' vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen, for tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly

my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point:—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If, then, the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily, I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee, are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i'faith.

P. Hen. Swarest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would, your grace would take me with you: Whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-headed Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know, thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, (the more the pity,) his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and

sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an host that I know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

P. Hen. I do, I will.

(*A knocking heard.*)

(*Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.*)

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. O, my lord, my lord; the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess, hastily.

Host. O Jesu, my lord, my lord!—

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick: What's the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they come to search the house: Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your major; if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter, as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and a good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had: but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

(*Exeunt all but the Prince and Poins.*)

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.—

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master Sheriff; what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry

Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord;

A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here:

For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,

That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,

Send him to answer thee, or any man,

For any thing he shall be charged withal:

And so let me entreat you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen

Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men,

He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow: Is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

(*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*)

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as St. Paul's.

Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. (*Poins searches.*) What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poins. Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, Sauce, 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, Anchovies and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Item, Bread, a halfpenny.

P. Hen. O monstrous: but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack.—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage; there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve-score. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord.

(*Exeunt*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, and GLENDOWER.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,

And our induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower.—

Will you sit down?—

And, uncle Worcester—A plague upon it!

I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur:

For by that name as oft as Lancaster

Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and with

A rising sigh, he wisheth you in Heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity, The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, Of burning cressets; and, at my birth, The frame and huge foundation of the earth Shaked like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done

At the same season, if your mother's cat had But kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say, the earth was not of my mind,

If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

Hot. O, then the earth shook to see the heavens
on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement
striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples
down
Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your
birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the
herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do shew,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland,
Wales,
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think there is no man speaks better
Welsh.
I will to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him
mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

Hot. Why, so can I; or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for
them?

Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to com-
mand
The devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the
devil,
By telling truth. Tell truth, and shame the
devil.—

If thou have power to raise him, bring him
hither,
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him
hence:

O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the
devil.

Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.

Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made
head

Against my power; thrice from the banks of
Wye,

And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather
too!

How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?

Glend. Come, here's the map. Shall we divide
our right,

According to our three-fold order ta'en?

Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally:

England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:

All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound.
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn:
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this night may execute,)
To-morrow, Cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:
Within that space, (to *Glend.*) you may have drawn
together,

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentle-
men.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you,
lords,

And in my conduct shall your ladies come:
From whom you now must steal, and take no
leave;

For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

Hot. Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton
here,

In quantity equals not one of yours:
See how this river comes me cranking in,

And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle out.

I'll have the current in this place damn'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run

In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind? it shall, it must; you see it
doth.

Mort. Yea.

But mark, how he bears his course, and runs me
up

With like advantage on the other side:
Gelding the opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him
here,

And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so; a little charge will do
it.

Glend. I will not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glend. Why, that will I.

Hot. Let me not understand you then,

Speak it in Welsh.

Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as
you:

For I was train'd up in the English court:
Where, being but young, I fram'd to the harp

Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament:

A virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my
heart;

I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;

I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,

Or a dry wheel grate on an axle-tree;

And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,

Noth'ng so much as mincing poetry:

'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land

To any well-deserving friend;

But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,

I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.

Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

Glend. The moon shines fair, you may away by night;

I'll haste the writer, and, withal,

Break with your wives of your departure hence:

I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,

So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

[*Exit.*]

Mort. Fy, cousin, Percy! how you cross my father!

Hot. I cannot choose: sometimes he angers me,

With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,

Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies;

And of a dragon and a finless fish,

A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,

A couching lion, and a ramping cat,

And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff

As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—

He held me but last night, at least nine hours,

In reckoning up the several devils' names,

That were his lackeys: I cried, humph,—and, well,

—go to,—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious

As is a tired horse, a railing wife;

Worse than a smoky house:—I had rather live

With cheese and garlic, in a windmill, far,

Than feed on eates, and have him talk to me,

In any summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;

Exceedingly well read, and profited

In strange concealments; valiant as a lion,

And wondrous affable: and as bountiful

As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?

He holds your temper in high respect,

And curbs himself even of his natural scope,

When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does:

I warrant you, that man is not alive,

Might so have tempted him as you have done,

Without the taste of danger and reproof;

But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

Wor. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful blame;

And since your coming hither have done enough

To put him quite beside his patience,

You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:

Though sometimes it shows greatness, courage,

blood,

(And that's the dearest grace it renders you,)

Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,

Defect of manners, want of government,

Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain:

The least of which, haunting a nobleman,

Loseth men's hearts; and leaves behind a stain

Upon the beauty of all parts besides,

Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Well, I am school'd; good manners be your speed!

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spite that angers me,—

My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you,

She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

Mort. Good father, tell her,—that she, and my aunt Percy,

Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

(*Glendower speaks to his daughter in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*)

Glend. She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd harlotry,

One no persuasion can do good upon.

(*Lady M. speaks to Mort. in Welsh.*)

Mort. I understand thy looks. that pretty Welsh

Which thou pourest down from these swelling heavens

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,

In such a parley would I answer thee.

(*Lady M. speaks.*)

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,

And that's a feeling disputation:

I will never be a truant, love,

Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,

With ravishing division to her lute.

Glend. Nay, if you melt, then will she run mad.

(*Lady M. speaks again.*)

Mort. O, I am ignorance itself in this.

Glend. She bids you,

Upon the wanton rushes lay you down,

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,

And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,

And on your eye-lids crown the god of sleep,

Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness:

Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep,

As is the difference betwixt day and night,

The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team

Begins his golden progress in the east.

Mort. With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing;

By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

Glend. Do so:

And those musicians, that shall play to you,

Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;

Yet straight they shall be here; sit, and attend.

Hot. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:

Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Lady P. Go, ye giddy goose.

(*Glendower speaks some Welsh words, and then the music plays.*)

Hot. Now I perceive, the devil understands Welsh;

And 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.

By'r lady, he's a good musician.

Lady P. Then should you be nothing but musical: for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace! she sings,

(*A Welsh Song, sung by Lady M.*)

Come Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, in good sooth; and, As true as I live; and, As God shall mend me; and, As sure as day: And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths, As if thou never walk'dst farther than Finsbury. Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art, A good mouth-filling oath, and leave in sooth, And such protest of pepper-ginger-bread, To velvet-guards, and Sunday-citizens, Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher. And the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when you will.

[*Exit.*

Glend. Come, come, lord Mortimer; you are as slow,
As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book 's drawn: we'll but seal, and then
To horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES, and Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some conference: But be near at hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.—

[*Exeunt Lords.*

I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That in his secret doom, out of my blood,
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;

But thou dost, in thy passages of life,
Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd
For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven,
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate, and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,
And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would, I could

Quit all offences with as clear excuse,
As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in reproof of many tales devised,—
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—

By smiling pick-thanks, and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth

Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submission.

K. Hen. God pardon thee!—yet let me wonder Harry,

At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in counsel thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood:
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man
Prophetically does fore-think thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company;
Opinion that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession;
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at:
That men would tell their children, *This is*

he;
Others would say,—*Where? Which is Bolingbroke?*

And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keep my person fresh, and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast;
And won, by rareness, such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavin wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd: carded his state;

Mingled his royalty with capering fools;
Had his great name profaned with their scorns;

And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative:
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to popularity:
That, by being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little

More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen but with such eyes,
As sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drowsed, and hung their eyelids

down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries;
Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full,

And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou:
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,
With vile participation: not an eye

Save mine, which hath desired to see thee
more,

But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. I shail hereafter, my thrice-gracious
lord,
Be more myself.

K. Hen. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state,
Than thou, the shadow of succession:
For, of no right, nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on,
To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honour hath he got
Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,
And military title capital,
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge
Christ?

Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing
clothes,

This infant warrior in his enterprizes
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumber-
land,

The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mor-
timer,

Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, — through vassal
fear,

Base inclination, and the start or spleen, —
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,
To shew how much degenerate thou art.

P. Hen. Do not think so, you shall not find it
so;

And God forgive them that have so much sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And, in the closing of some glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;
When I will wear a garment all of blood,
And stain my favours in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with
it.

And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet:
For every honour sitting on his helm,
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,
That I shall make this northern youth ex-
change

His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;

And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every glory up.
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if he be pleased I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty, may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands:
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in
this:—

Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust here-
in.

Enter BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of
speed.

Blunt. So hath the business that I come to speak
of.

Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
That Douglas, and the English rebels met,
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful head they are,
If promises be kept on every hand,
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-
day;

With him my son, lord John of Lancaster;
For this advertisement is five days old:—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set
Forward; on Thursday, we ourselves will
march:

Our meeting is Bridgnorth: and, Harry, you
Shall march through Glostershire; by which
account,

Our business valued, some twelve days hence
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business; let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's
Head Tavern.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since
this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle?
Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's
loose gown; I am wither'd like an old apple-John.
Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in
some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and
then I shall have no strength to repent. An I
have not forgotten what the inside of a church is
made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: the
inside of a church! Company, villainous company,
hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot
live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy
song: make me merry. I was as virtuously given,
as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough;
swore little; dined, not above seven times a week:
went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter
—of an hour: paid money that I borrowed, three
or four times; lived well, and in good compass:
and now I live out of all order, out of all com-
pass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou mend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in thy poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face, but I think on hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple: for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, By this fire: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou had'st been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two-and-thirty years; Heaven reward me for it.

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet, who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, Sir John! what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked: Go to, you are a woman, go.

Host. Who, I? I defy thee; I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Host. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John, I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolsters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Host. He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face. What call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

Host. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that the ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS, marching.
FALSTAFF meets the Prince, playing on his truncheon, like a fife.

Fal. How now, lad? is the wind in that door, I faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grand-father's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord; and I said, I heard your grace say so. And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Host. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, Sir John? why an otter?

Fal. Why? she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou!

P. Hen. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you owed him a thousand pounds.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Host. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said, he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say, 'tis copper. Darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but

man, I dare; but, as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion. Dost thou think, I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break!

P. Hen. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is filled up with guts, and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, imbossed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong: Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.—You confess then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests; thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that answered?

P. Hen. O my sweet beef. I must still be good angel to thee. The money is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father, and may do anything.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwashed hands too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph—

Bard. My lord?

P. Hen. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, My brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.—

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse; for thou, and I, Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner time.— Jack,

Meet me to-morrow i' the Temple-hall

At two o'clock i' the afternoon:

There shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive

Money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning; Percy stands on high;

And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, Poins, and Bardolph.*]

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come:—

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: If speaking truth,

In this fine age, were not thought flattery, Such attribution should the Douglas have, As not a soldier of this season's stamp Should go so general current through the world.

By Heaven, I cannot flatter; I do defy The tongues of soothers; but a braver place In my heart's love hath no man than yourself: Nay, task me to the word; approve me, lord.

Doug. Thou art the king of honour: No man so potent breathes upon the ground, But I will beard him.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well,—

Enter a Messenger with letters.

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

Mess. These letters came from your father,—

Hot. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

Hot. 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick, In such a justling time?—Who leads his power? Under whose government come they along?

Mess. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

Wor. I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

Mess. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth; And at the time of my departure thence, He was much fear'd by his physicians

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole, Ere he by sickness had been visited; His health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise; 'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.

He writes me here,—that inward sickness— And that his friends by deputation could not

So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet, To lay so dangerous and dear a trust

On any soul removed, but on his own. Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—

That with our small conjunction, we should on, To see how fortune is disposed to us:

For, as he writes, there is no quailing now; Because the king is certainly possess'd

Of all our purposes. What say you to it? *Wor.* Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

Hot. A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off; And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want

Seems more than we shall find it: Were it good, To set the exact wealth of all our states

All at one cast? to set so rich a main On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?

It were not good: for therein should we reach The very bottom and the soul of hope;

The very list, the very utmost bound Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should:
Where now remains a sweet reversion:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:

A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

Wor. But yet, I would your father had been
here.

The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no division: It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence;
And think, how such an apprehension
May turn the tide of fearful faction,
And breed a kind of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offering side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement:
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,
That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.

I, rather, of his absence make this use,—
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here: for men must think,
If we, without his help, can make a head
To push against the kingdom; with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Doug. As heart can think: there is not such a
word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

Hot. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my
soul.

Ver. Pray God, my news be worth a welcome,
lord.

The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him, Prince
John.

Hot. No harm: What more?

Ver. And farther, I have learn'd,—
The king himself in person is set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too. Where is his
son,

The nimble-footed mad-cap prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daff'd the world aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plumed like estridges that wing the wind;
Bated like eagles having lately bathed;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—
Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more; worse than the sun in
March,

This praise doth nourish agues. Let them
come;

They come like sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,
All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
And yet not ours:—Come, let me take my horse,
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.
O, that Glendower were come!

Ver. There is more news:—

I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

Doug. That's the worst tidings that I hear of
yet.

Wor. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

Hot. What may the king's whole battle reach
unto?

Ver. To thirty thousand.

Hot. Forty let it be;

My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us make a muster speedily:
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

Doug. Talk not of dying; I am out of fear
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A public Road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill
me a bottle of sack: our soldiers shall march
through; we'll to Sutton-Colfield to night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if
it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the
coinage. Bid my lieutenant, Peto, meet me at the
town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a
soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press
damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred
and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds.
I press me none but good householders, yeomen's
sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as
had been asked twice on the bans; such a com-
modity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the
devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a
caliver, worse than a stuck fowl, or a hurt wild
duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter,
with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins'
heads, and they have bought out their services;
and now my whole charge consists of ancients,
corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies,
slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth,
where the glutton's dogs licked his sores: and such
as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded un-
just serving-men, younger sons to younger bro-
thers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen:
the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace;
ten times more dishonourably ragged than an old-
faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms

of them that have bought out their services, that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders, like a herald's coat without sleeves: and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Alban's, or the red-nose innkeeper of Daintry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better! tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceedingly poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that: for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John; I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well.

To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,

Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

Hot. We'll fight with him to-night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain ours is doubtful.

Wor. Good cousin, be advised: stir not to-night.

Ver. Do not, my lord.

Doug. You do not counsel well;

You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life,
(And I dare well maintain it with my life,)

If well-respected honour bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weak fear,

As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:

Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,

Which of us fears.

Doug. Yea, or to-night.

Ver. Content.

Hot. To-night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much, being men of such great leading.

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition; Certain horse

Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:

Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,

Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half himself.

Hot. So are the horses of the enemy

In general, journey-bated, and brought low;

The better part of ours is full of rest.

Wor. The number of the king exceedeth ours:

For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

(*The trumpets sound a parley.*)

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,

If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God,

You were of our determination!

Some of us love you well; and even those some

Envy your great deserving, and good name;

Because you are not of our quality,

But stand against us like an enemy.

Blunt. And God defend, but still I should stand so,

So long as, out of limit, and true rule,

You stand against anointed majesty!—

But to my charge. The king hath sent to know

The nature of your griefs; and whereupon

You conjure from the breast of civil peace

Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land

Audacious cruelty: If that the king

Have any way your good deserts forgot,—

Which he confesseth to be manifold,

He bids you name your griefs: and, with all speed,

You shall have your desires, with interest;

And pardon absolute for yourself and these,

Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king

Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

My father, and my uncle, and myself,

Did give him that same royalty he wears:

And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,

A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,—

My father gave him welcome to the shore:

And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
 He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
 To sue his livery, and beg his peace,
 With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—
 My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
 Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
 Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
 Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
 The more and less came in with cap and knee;
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages;
 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,
 Gave him their heirs; as pages follow'd him,
 Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
 He presently—as greatness knows itself—
 Steps me a little higher than his vow
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspur;
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,
 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth:
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
 Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win
 The hearts of all that he did angle for.
 Proceeded farther; cut me off the heads
 Of all the favourites, that the absent king
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the Irish war.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this.
Hot. Then, to the point.—
 In short time after, he deposed the king;
 Soon after that, deprived him of his life;
 And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state:
 To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
 (Who is, if every owner were well placed,
 Indeed his king,) to be encaged in Wales,
 There without ransome to lie forfeited:
 Disgraced me in my happy victories;
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
 Rated my uncle from the council-board;
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong:
 And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
 This head of safety; and, withal, to pry
 Into his title, the which we find
 Too indirect for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the king?
Hot. Not so, Sir Walter; we will withdraw awhile.
 Go to the king; and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again,
 And in the morning early shall mine uncle
 Bring him our purposes: and so farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and love.
Hot. And, may be, so we shall.
Blunt. 'Pray Heaven, you do! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*York. A Room in the Archbishop's House.*
Enter the Archbishop of YORK, and a Gentleman.
Arch. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this seal'd brief,

With winged haste, to the lord maresehal:
 This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest
 To whom they are directed: if you knew
 How much they do import, you would make haste.

Gent. My good lord,
 I guess their tenour.

Arch. Like enough, you do.
 To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day,
 Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
 Must 'bide the touch: For, sir, at Shrewsbury,

As I am truly given to understand,
 The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,
 Meets with lord Harry: and I fear, Sir Michael,
 What with the sickness of Northumberland,
 (Whose power was in the first proportion,)
 And what with Owen Glendower's absence,

thence,
 (Who with them was a rated sinew too,
 And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,)—
 I fear the power of Percy is too weak
 To wage an instant trial with the king.

Gent. Why, good my lord, you need not fear:
 there's Douglas,
 And Mortimer.

Arch. No, Mortimer's not there.

Gent. But there is Mordake, Vernon, lord Harry Percy,
 And there's my lord of Worcester, and a head

Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

Arch. And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn

The special head of all the land together,—
 The Prince of Wales, lord John of Lancaster,
 The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;
 And many more cor-rivals, and dear men
 Of estimation and command in arms.

Gent. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.

Arch. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
 And to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:
 For, if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
 Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—
 For he hath heard of our confederacy,—
 And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him;

Therefore, make haste: I must go write again
 To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.

[Exeunt severally.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

K. Hen. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
 Above yon busky hill! the day looks pale
 At his distemperature.

P. Hen. The southern wind
 Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
 And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
 Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

K. Hen. Then with the losers let it sympathize;
 For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

(Trumpet.) Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

How now, say lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet: You have deceived our trust;
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.
What say you to't? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-aborred war?
And move in that obedient orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural light
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear, and a portent
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

Wor. Hear me, my liege:

For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours: for, I do protest,
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. Hen. You have not sought for it! how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleased your majesty to turn your looks

Of favour from myself, and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you, my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time: and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son,
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time: You swore to us,—
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state;
Nor claim no farther than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:
To this we swore our aid. But in short space,
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead.
And from this swarm of fair advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And being fed by us, you used us so
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow: did oppress our nest;
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,
That even our love durst not come near your sight,

For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself;
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

K. Hen. These things, indeed, you have articulated,

Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches;

To face the garment of rebellion
With some fine colour, that may please the eye

Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovation:

And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cause;
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havock and confusion.

P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul

Shall pay full dearly for this encounter.

If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world

In praise of Henry Percy: By my hopes,—
This present enterprise set off his head,—
I do not think, a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my father's majesty,—
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimation;
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

K. Hen. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,

Albeit, considerations infinite
Do make against it. No, good Worcester,

no,
We love our people well; even those we love
That are misled upon your cousin's part:
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your cousin, and bring me word
What he will do. But if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone;
We will not now be troubled with reply:
We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.]

P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life:

The Douglas and the Hotspur both together
Are confident against the world in arms.

K. Hen. Hence, therefore, ever leader to his charge;

For, on their answer, will we set on them:
And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[Exeunt King, Blunt, and Prince John.]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and
bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee
that friendship. Say thy prayers, and fare-
well.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all
well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death.

[Exit.]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay
him before his day. What need I be so forward
with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no mat-
ter: Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour
prick me off when I come on? how then? Can
honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or

take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? A word. What is in that word honour? What is that honour? Air. A trim reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Distraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Rebel Camp.*

Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

Wor. O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,

The liberal kind offer of the king.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone, It is not possible, it cannot be, The king should keep his word in loving us;

He will suspect us still, and find a time To punish this offence in other faults: Suspicion shall be all stuck full of eyes; For treason is but trusted like the fox, Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,

Will have a wild trick of his ancestors. Look how we can, or sad or merrily, Interpretation will misquote our looks; And we shall feed like oxen at a stall, The better cherish'd, still the nearer death. My nephew's trespass may be well forgot, It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood; And an adopted name of privilege,— A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen: All his offences live upon my head, And on his father's,—we did train him on; And, his corruption being ta'en from us, We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all. Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know, In any case, the offer of the king.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so. Here comes your cousin.

Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; and Officers and Soldiers, behind.

Hot. My uncle is return'd:—Deliver up My lord of Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.

Doug. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[Exit.

Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!

Wor. I told him gently of our grievances, Of his oath breaking; which he mended thus,— By now forswearing that he is forsworn: He call us rebels, traitors; and will scourge With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,

And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it;

Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales stepped forth before the king,

And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.

Hot. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads; And that no man might draw short breath to-day,

But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me, How shew'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life Did hear a challenge urged more modestly, Unless a brother should a brother dare To gentle exercise and proof of arms.

He gave you all the duties of a man; Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;

Spoke your deservings like a chronicle; Making you ever better than his praise,

By still dispraising praise valued with you: And, which became him like a prince indeed,

He made a blushing cital of himself; And chid his truant youth with such a grace,

As if he master'd there a double spirit, Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.

There did he pause: But let me tell the world,— If he outlive the envy of this day,

England did never owe so sweet a hope, So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured Upon his follies: never did I hear Of any prince, so wild, a libertine.

But, be he as he will, yet once ere night

I will embrace him with a soldier's arm, That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—

Arm, arm, with speed:—And, fellows, soldiers, friends,

Better consider what you have to do, Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue, Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, here are letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short; To spend that shortness basely, were too long, If life did ride upon a dial's point, Still ending at the arrival of an hour.

And if we live, we live to tread on kings: If die, brave death, when princes die with us!

Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair, When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

Hot. I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,

For I profess not talking; only this,— Let each man do his best: and here draw I A sword, whose temper I intend to stain With the best blood that I can meet withal In the adventure of this perilous day. Now,—Esperance!—Percy! and set on:— Sound all the lofty instruments of war, And by that music let us all embrace: For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall A second time do such a courtesy.

[The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Plain near Shrewsbury.*

Excursions, and parties fighting. Alarum to the Battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.

Blunt. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? What honour dost thou
seek
Upon my head?

Doug. Know, then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,
Because some tell me, that thou art a king.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Doug. The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath
bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it
thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born a yielder, thou proud
Scot;
And thou shalt find a king, that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

(They fight, and Blunt is slain.)

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon
thus
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

Doug. All's done, all 's won; here breathless lies
the king.

Hot. Where?

Doug. Here.

Hot. This, Douglas? no, I know this face full
well:

A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnish'd like the king himself.

Doug. A fool go with thy soul, whither it
goes!

A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a
king?

Hot. The king hath many marching in his
coats.

Doug. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his
coats;

I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.

Hot. Up and away;

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.

[Exeunt.]

Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape scot-free at London,
I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the
pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt:—
there's honour for you. Here's no vanity!—I am
as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too. God keep
lead out of me! I need no more weight than
mine own bowels.—I have led my ragamuffins
where they are peppered: there's but three of my
hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the
town's end, to beg during life. But who comes
here?

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. What stand'st thou idle here? lend me
thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,

Whose deaths are unrevenged. Pr'ythee, lend thy
sword.

Fal. O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe
awhile.—Turk Gregory never did such deeds in
arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy,
I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill
thee.—

Lend me thy sword, I pr'ythee.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive,
thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if
thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me. What, is it in the case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will
sack a city.

(The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.)

P. Hen. What, is 't a time to jest and dally
now?

(Throws it at him, and exit.)

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If
he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I do
come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado
of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir
Walter hath. Give me life: which if I can save,
so; if not, honour comes unlooked for, and there's
an end.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Field.*

*Alarums, Excursions. Enter the KING, PRINCE
HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, and WESTMORE-
LAND.*

K. Hen. I pr'ythee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too
much:—

Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed
too.

P. Hen. I do beseech your majesty, make up,
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

K. Hen. I will do so.

My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his
tent.

West. Come, my lord, I will lead you to your
tent.

P. Hen. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your
help:

And Heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should
drive

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this;
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!

P. John. We breathe too long.—Come, cousin
Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.]

P. Hen. By Heaven, thou hast deceived me,
Lancaster,

I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:

Before, I loved thee as a brother, John;

But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the
point,

With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.

P. Hen. O, this boy

Lends mettle to us all.

[Exeunt]

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

Doug. Another king! they grow like hydras' heads:

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,

That counterfeits the person of a king?

K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,

And not the very king. I have two boys,

Seek Percy and thyself, about the field:

But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,

I will assay thee; so defend thyself.

Doug. I fear, thou art another counterfeit;

And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:

But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,

And thus I win thee.

(They fight. The King being in danger, enter Prince Henry.)

P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like

Never to hold it up again. The spirits

Of Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:

It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee;

Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—

(They fight. Douglas flies.)

Cheerly, my lord. How fares your grace?—

Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,

And so hath Clifton. I'll to Clifton straight.

K. Hen. Stay, and breathe awhile:—

Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion;

And shew'd, thou makest some tender of my life,

In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me,

P. Hen. O Heaven! they did me too much injury,

That ever said, I harken'd for your death.

If it were so, I might have let alone

The insulting hand of Douglas over you;

Which would have been as speedy in your end,

As all the poisonous potions in the world,

And saved the treacherous labour of your son.

K. Hen. Make up to Clifton; I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.

[Exit King Henry.]

Enter HOTSPUR.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry Percy.

P. Hen. Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more:

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;

Nor can one England brook a double reign,

Of Harry Percy, and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come

To end the one of us. And 'would to God,

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;

And all the budding honours on thy crest

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities.

(They fight.)

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter DOUGLAS; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit Douglas. Hotspur is wounded, and falls.

Hot. O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:

I better brook the loss of brittle life,

Than those proud titles thou hast won of me!

They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my flesh:—

But thought's the slave of life, and life times fool;

And time, that takes survey of all the world,

Must have a stop. O, I could prophesy,

But that the earthy and cold hand of death

Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,

And food for—

(Dies.)

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well, great heart!—

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk!

When that this body did contain a spirit,

A kingdom for it was too small a bound;

But now, two paces of the vilest earth

Is room enough. This earth, that bears thee dead,

Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.

If thou wert sensible of courtesy,

I should not make so dear a show of zeal:—

But let my favours hide thy mangled face!

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself

For doing these fair rites of tenderness.

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,

But not remember'd in thy epitaph!

(He sees Falstaff on the ground.)

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!

I could have better spared a better man.

O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,

If I were much in love with vanity.

Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,

Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by:

Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

[Exit.]

Fal. (Rising slowly.) Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit! I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing

confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, (*stabbing him*) with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

(*Takes Hotspur on his back.*)

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd thy maiden sword.

P. John. But, soft! whom have we here? Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead, breathless, and bleeding, Upon the ground.—

Art thou alive? or is it phantasy That plays upon our eye-sight? I pr'ythee speak; We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:— Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy: (*throwing the body down*) if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord! Lord! how this world is given to lying! I grant you, I was down and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them, that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh; if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back: For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

(*A retreat is sounded.*)

The trumpet sounds retreat, the day is ours. Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field, To see what friends are living, who are dead.

(*Exeunt Prince Henry and Prince John.*)

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, Heaven reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

(*Exit bearing off the body.*)

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

The trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and others, with WORCESTER, and VERNON prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.— Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace, Pardon, and terms of love to all of you? And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary? Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust? Three knights upon our party slain to-day, A noble earl and many a creature else, Had been alive this hour, If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urged me to And I embrace this fortune patiently, Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too: Other offenders we will pause upon.—

(*Exeunt Worcester and Vernon guarded.*)

How goes the field?

P. Hen. The noble Scot, lord Douglas, when he saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him, The noble Percy slain, and all his men Upon the foot of fear,—fled with the rest; And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised, That the pursuers took him. At my tent The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace, I may dispose of him.

K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then brother John of Lancaster, to you This honourable bounty shall belong: Go to the Douglas, and deliver him Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free His valour, shewn upon our crests to-day, Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds, Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power.— You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland, Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed, To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop, Who, as we hear, are busily in arms: Myself, — and you, son Harry, — will towards Wales,

To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March. Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway, Meeting the check of such another day; And since this business so fair is done, Let us not leave till all our own be won. (*Exeunt.*)

KING HENRY IV. PART SECOND



P Henry.—"O, POLISH'D PERTURBATION! GOLDEN CARE!"—Act iv, scene 4.

Persons Represented.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH,
HENRY, Prince of Wales, afterwards
King Henry V.
THOMAS, Duke of Clarence,
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, afterwards } *his Sons.*
(2 Henry V.) Duke of Bedford,
PRINCE HUMPHREY of Gloster, after-
wards (2 Henry V.) Duke of Gloster,
EARL OF WARWICK,
EARL OF WESTMORELAND, } *of the King's Party.*
GOWER,—HARCOURT,
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of the King's Bench.
A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.
EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
SCROOP, Archbishop of York.
LORD MOWBRAY,
LORD HASTINGS,
LORD BARDOLPH,
SIR JOHN COLEVILLE, } *Enemies to the King.*

TRAVERS and MORTON, Domestics of Northumber-
land.
FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Page.
POINS and PETO, Attendants on Prince Henry.
SHALLOW and SILENCE, Country Justices.
DAVY, Servant to Shallow.
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCALT
Recruits.
FANG and SNARE, Sheriff's Officers.
Kumour.
A Porter.
A Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue.
LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.
LADY PERCY.
HOSTESS QUICKLY.
DOLL TEAR-SHEET.
Lords, and other Attendants; Officers, Soldiers
Messenger, Drawers, Grooms, &c.

SCENE,—*England*

INDUCTION.

Warlicorth. Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter RUMOUR, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop

The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride;
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters, and prepared defence;
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other

grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter. Rumour is a pipe
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his

troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant

towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick; the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: From Rumour's

tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true
wrongs.

[*Exit.*]

ACT I

SCENE I.—*The same.*

The Porter before the Gate. Enter Lord BARDOLPH.

Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl,

That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;

Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

Bard. Here comes the earl.

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now

Should be the father of some stratagem:
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

Bard. Noble earl,

I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an Heaven will!

Bard. As good as heart can wish:—

The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright: and both the

Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas: young Prince

John,
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir

John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

North. How is this derived?

Saw you the field? come you from Shrews-

bury?
Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from

thence,
A gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I

sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Bard. My lord, I overrode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfreville turn'd me

back
With joyful tidings: and, being better horsed,
Outrode me. After him, came spurring hard
A gentleman almost forespent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied

horse:
He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.

He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold:
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up the rowel-heads; and, starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha!—Again.

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck!

Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what,—

If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

North. Why should the gentleman, that rode by

Travers,
Give then such instances of loss?

Bard. Who, he?

He was some holding fellow, that had stol'n
The horse he rode on: and, upon my life,

Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,

Fortells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strand, whereon the imperious flood

Hath left a witness'd usurpation.—
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son, and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so wo-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was
burn'd;

But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say,—Your son did thus, and
thus;

Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother,
yet:

But, for my lord your son,—

North. Why, he is dead.
See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak,
Morton;

Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies;
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mor. You are too great to be by me gain-
said:

Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's
dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye;
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear, or
sin,

To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;
The tongue offends not that reports his death,
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is
dead.

Mor. I am sorry, I should force you to believe
That which I would to Heaven I had not seen:
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-
breathed,

To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat
down

The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung
up.

In few, his death, (whose spirit lent a fire

Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,)
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops:
For from his mettle was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy
lead.

And as the thing, that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed;
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their
fear;

That arrows fled not swifter toward their
aim,

Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field: Then was that noble Wor-
cester

Too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious
Scot,

The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring
sword

Had three times slain the appearance of the
king,

'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the
shame

Of those that turn'd their backs: and, in his
flight,

Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of
all

Is,—that the king hath won; and hath sent
out

A speedy power, to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,
And Westmoreland: this is the news at full.

North. For this I shall have time enough to
mourn.

In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me
sick,

Being sick, have in some measure made me
well:

And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd
joints,

Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire

Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with
grief,

Are thrice themselves: hence, therefore, thou nice
crutch;

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand; and hence, thou sickly
quoif,

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to
hit.

Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare
bring,

To frown upon the enraged Northumberland!
Let heav'n kiss earth! Now let not nature's
hand

Keep the wild flood confined! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage,
To feed contention in a lingering act;

But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being
set

On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

Tra. This strained passion doth you wrong, my
lord,

Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give
o'er

To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you
said,—

Let us make head. It was your presumise,
That, in the dole of blows your son might
drop:

You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,
More likely to fall in, than to get o'er:
You were advised, his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars: and that his forward
spirit

Would lift him, where most trade of danger
ranged;

Yet did you say,—Go forth; and none of
this,

Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-born action. What hath then be-
fallen,

Or what hath this bold enterprise brought
forth

More than that being, which was like to be?

Bard. We all, that are engaged to this loss,
Knew, that we ventured on such dangerous
seas,

That, if we wrought our life, 'twas ten to one:

And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed

Choked the respect of likely peril fear'd;

And, since we are o'erset, venture again.

Come, we will all put forth; body and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time: And, my most noble
lord,

I heard for certain, and do speak the truth,—

The gentle archbishop of York is up,

With well-appointed powers; he is a man,

Who with a double surety binds his followers.

My lord, your son had only but the corpse,

But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight;

For that same word, rebellion, did divide

The action of their bodies from their souls;

And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,

As men drink potions; that their weapons
only

Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and
souls

This word rebellion, it had froze them up,

As fish are in a pond: But now the bishop

Turns insurrection to religion:

Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,

He's follow'd both with body and with mind;

And doth enlarge his rising with the blood

Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret
stones:

Derives from Heaven his quarrel, and his
cause;

Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,

Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;

And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but to speak
truth,

This present grief had wiped it from my mind.

Go in with me; and counsel every man

The aptest way for safety and revenge:

Get posts, and letters, and make friends with
speed;

Never so few, and never yet more need.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—London. A Street.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page, bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to vent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now; but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel: the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow on the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak, and my slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon—security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security, for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it; and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.—Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John,—

Fal. What! a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Dost not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside: and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that, which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged: You hunt-counter, hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear, his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, Heaven mend him! I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of its effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think, you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so

patient; your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He, that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting that action.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have its effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but, I hope, he, that looks upon me, will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell: virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times, that true valour is turned bearherd: Pregnancy, is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts, appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young: you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we, that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fy, fy, fy, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he, that will caper with me for a thousand marks,

let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents: marry, not in ashes, and sack-cloth; but in new silk, and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, Heaven send the prince a better companion!

Fal. Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day! for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish anything but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever: But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing to make it too common. If you will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and twopence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of anything; I will turn diseases to commodity.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*York. A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, the Lords HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause, and known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all, Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:— And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms; But gladly would be better satisfied, How, in our means, we should advance ourselves

To look with forehead bold and big enough Upon the power and puissance of the king.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file

To five and twenty thousand men of choice; And our supplies live largely in the hope Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns With an incensed fire of injuries.

Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus;

Whether our present five and twenty thousand

May hold up head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him, we may.

Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point; But if without him we be thought too feeble, My judgment is, that we should not step too far

Till we had his assistance by the hand:

For, in a theme so bloody-faced as this,

Conjecture, expectation, and surmise

Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,

It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was, my lord; who lined himself with hope,

Eating the air on promise of supply, Flattering himself in project of a power Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts; And so, with great imagination, Proper to madmen, led his powers to death, And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,

To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war;—

Indeed the instant action, (a cause on foot,) Lives so in hope, as in an early spring

We see the appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,

Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair, That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,

We first survey the plot, then draw the model;

And when we see the figure of the house,

Then must we rate the cost of the erection:

Which if we find outweighs ability,

What do we then, but draw anew the model

In fewer offices; or, at least, desist

To build at all? Much more, in this great work,

(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,

And set another up,) should we survey

The plot of situation, and the model;

Consent upon a sure foundation;

Question surveyors: know our own estate.

How able such a work to undergo,

To weigh against his opposite; or else,

We fortify in paper, and in figures,

Using the names of men, instead of men:

Like one, that draws the model of a house

Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,

Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost

A naked subject to the weeping clouds,

And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)

Should be still born, and that we now possess'd

The utmost man of expectation;

I think, we are body strong enough,

Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five and twenty thousand?

Hast. To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,

And one against Glendower; perforce, a third

Must take up us: So is the unfirm king

In three divided; and his coffers sound

With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together,

And come against us in full puissance,

Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,

He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh

Baying him at his heels: never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:

Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:

But who is substituted 'gainst the French,

I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on;

And publish the occasion of our arms,

The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,

Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:—

An habitation giddy and unsure

Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O, thou fond many! with what loud applause

Didst thou beat Heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,

Before he was what thou wouldst have him be?

And being now trimmed in thine own desires,

Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,

That thou provokest thyself to cast him up.

So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge

Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;

And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,

And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?

They that, when Richard lived, would have him die,

Are now become enamour'd on his grave:

Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,

When through proud London he came sighing on

After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,

Criest now, O earth, yield us that king again,

And take thou this! O thoughts of men accurst!

Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

Enter Hostess; FANG, and his Boy, with her; and SNARE following.

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where is your yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O lord, ay: good master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him! he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, a' cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil: he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrusts.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice;—

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score:—Good master Fang, hold him sure;—good master Snare, let him not scape. He comes continually to Pie-corner, (saving your manhoods,) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the Lubber's Head in Lambert-street, to master Smooth's, the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long loan for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph; cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardy rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? O thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou

wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't thou? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John? what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.—

Stand from him, fellow! Wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Host. O, my most worshipful lord, an 't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fy! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed, to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and thy money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words, that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yea, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pr'ythee peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness: if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous; No, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

(Taking her aside.)

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower: What news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry, Prince of Wales,

Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and 'draw thy action: Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; i' faith I am loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper: You'll pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; (*to Bardolph*) hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words: let's have her.

[Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, and Page.]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well: What's the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord.

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently:

Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee; thou art a great fool.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. 'Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not shew vilely in me, to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; viz. these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that, the tennis-court keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those, that bawl out the ruins of thy linen, shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly? Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it please me, for fault of a

better, to call my friend,) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: Let the end try the man. But, I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What wouldst thou think of me if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought, to think so?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH and Page.

Bard. Save your grace!

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass, (to the Page) you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become? Is it such a matter, to get a pottlepot's maidenhead?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the alewife's new-petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy.

(*Gives him money.*)

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a phy-

sician: but that moves him not; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for, look you, how he writes.

Poins. (Reads.) John Falstaff, knight,—Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king, for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt: How comes that?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer was as ready as the borrower's cap; *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter:—

Poins. Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poins. I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity:—he sure means brevity in breath; short-winded.—I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) Jack Falstaff, with my familiars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and Sir John, with all Europe.

My lord, I will steep his letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poins. May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us,—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Were sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord; in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin, as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord: I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph,—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*]—This Doll Tear-Sheet should be some mad.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—Warkworth. Before the Castle.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, and LADY PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs:

Put not you on the visage of the times,

And be, like them, to Percy troublesome:

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:

Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn:

And but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word,

When you were more endear'd to it than now;

When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,

Threw many a northward look, to see his father

Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.

Who then persuaded you to stay at home?

There were two honours lost; yours, and your son's.

For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!

For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun

In the grey vault of Heaven: and by his light,

Did all the chivalry of England move

To do brave acts: he was, indeed, the glass

Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

He had no legs, that practised not his gait:

And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant;

For those, that could speak low, and tardily,

Would turn their own perfection to abuse,

To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait:

In diet, in affections of delight,

In military rules, humours of blood,

He was the mark and glass, copy and book.

That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!

O miracle of men!—him did you leave,

(Second to none, unseconded by you,)

To look upon the hideous god of war

In disadvantage, to abide a field,

Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name

Did seem defensible:—so you left him:

Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,

To hold your honour more precise and nice

With others, than with him; let them alone;

The marshal and the archbishop are strong,

Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,

To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter! you do draw my spirit from
me,

With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there:
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.

Lady V. O fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the
king,

Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suffer'd; so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my
mind,

As with the tide, swell'd up unto its height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back:—
I will resolve for Scotland; there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*London. A Room in the Boar's Head
Tavern, in Eastcheap.*

Enter Two Drawers.

1 *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there?
apple-Johns? thou know'st, Sir John cannot endure
an apple-John.

2 *Draw.* Mass, thou sayest true: The prince once
set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him,
there were five more Sir Johns: and, putting off
his hat, said, *I will now take my leave of these six dry,
round, old, withered knights.* It angered him to the
heart; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and set them down:
And see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; mis-
tress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. De-
spatch:—The room where they supped, is too hot:
they'll come in straight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and
master Poin's anon: and they will put on two of
our jerkins, and aprons; and Sir John must not
know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis; it
will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see if I can find out Sneak.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. I'faith, sweet-heart, methinks now you are
in an excellent good temperality: your pulside
beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and
your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any nose:
But, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries;
and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it per-
fumes the blood ere one can say,—What's this?
How do you now?

Doll. Better than I was. Hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth
gold. Look, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

Fal. When Arthur first in court—Empty the
jordan.—And was a worthy king: [*Exit Drawer.*]
How now, mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a
calm, they are sick.

Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort
you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

Doll. I make them! Gluttony and diseases make
them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you
help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you,
Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue,
grant that.

Doll. Ay, marry; our chains and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and owches;—for to
serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To
come off the breach with his pike bent bravely,
and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the
charged chambers bravely:

Doll. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang
yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you
two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you
are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry
toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confir-
mities. What the good year! one must bear, and
that must be you: (*to Doll*) you are the weaker
vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge
full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture
of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a
hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be
friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars;
and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no,
there is nobody cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Draw. Sir, ancient Pistol's below, and would speak
with you.

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not
come hither: it is the foul mouth'dst rogue in Eng-
land.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no,
by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours;
I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame
with the very best:—Shut the door;—there comes
no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while,
to have swaggering now:—shut the door, I pray
you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?—

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John; there
comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me; your
ancient swaggerers come not in my doors. I
was before master Tisick, the deputy, the other
day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago
than Wednesday last,—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he,
—master Dumb, our minister, was by then,—*Neigh-
bour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil; for
saith he, you are in an ill name;—now he said so, I
can tell whereupon; for, says he, you are an honest
woman, and well thought on! therefore take heed what
guests you receive: Receive, says he, no swaggering
companions.—There come none here;—you would*

bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater, he; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: But I do not love swaggering: by my troth, I am the worse, when one says—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Doll. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, and 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Pist. 'Save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Doll. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.

Doll. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—What, with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here; discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Doll. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon stewed prunes, and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word occupy; which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be revenged on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down faitors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very

late, i' faith: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,

And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them

with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient; this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men, like dogs; give crowns like pins;
Have we not Hiren here?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here.

What the good year! do you think I would deny her?

For God's sake be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis:
Come, give's some sack.

Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta.—
Fear we breadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:

Give me some sack:—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

(Laying down his sword.)

Come we to full points here; and are *et ceteras* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif: What: we have seen the seven stars.

Doll. Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shrove-groat shilling: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—

(Snatching up his sword.)

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs.

(Drawing, and driving Pistol out.)

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, before I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.]

Doll. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone.

Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk; you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Doll. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreson chops:—Ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Doll. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter Music

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play.—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee,

Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Doll. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter behind, PRINCE HENRY and POINS, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Doll. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit! hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewkesbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet.

Doll. Why does the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness: and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons: and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories, and such other gambol faculties he hath, that shew a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanack to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Doll. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

Doll. By my troth, thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen. & Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

(Advancing.)

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou Poins his brother?

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead?

Fal. A better than thou, I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

(Leaning his hand upon Doll.)

Doll. How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman?

Host. 'Blessing o' your good heart, and so she is, by my truth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill; you knew, I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour, no abuse.

P. Hen. Not! to dispraise me; and call me—pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what.

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him,—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it.—No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See, now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irre-

ACT III

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

coverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women,—

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that: Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so: What's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman.

Doll. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.

Host. Who knocks so loud at the door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. Hen. Peto, how now? what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster; And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the north: and, as I came along, I met, and overtook, a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By Heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time:
When tempest of commotion, like the south
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak.—Falstaff, good night.

[Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins, Peto, and Bardolph.]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. *(Knocking heard.)* More knocking at the door?

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir presently; a dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah. *(To the Page.)*—Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Doll. I cannot speak;—If my heart be not ready to burst:—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[Exeunt Falstaff and Bardolph.]

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod time; but an honest and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. (Within.) Mistress Tear-sheet,—

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. (Within.) Bid Mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Host. O run, Doll, run; run, Good Doll.

[Exeunt.]

Enter KING HENRY in his night-gown, with a Page.

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of warwick;

But ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,

And well consider of them: Make good speed.—

[Exit Page.]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy
slumber;

Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the
vile

In loathsome beds; and leavest the kingly
couch,

A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging
them

With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Can'st thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie
down;

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK and SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!

K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom

How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger near the heart of it.

War. It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd:
Which to his former strength may be restored,
With good advice, and little medicine:—
My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Hen. O Heaven, that one might read the book
of fate;

And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent
(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself
Into the sea! and other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean

Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,

And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, — viewing his progress
through,

What perils past, what crosses to ensue, —
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.

'Tis not ten years gone,
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and, in two years after,
Were they at wars: It is but eight years,
since

This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,
Gave him defiance. But which of you was
by

(You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember.)

(To Warwick.)

When Richard, — with his eye brimfull of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?
*Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne; —*
Though then, Heaven knows, I had no such in-
tent;

But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss: —
*The time shall come, thus did he follow it,
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering
head,*

*Shall break into corruption: —*so went on,
Fortelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceased:
The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their seeds,
And weak beginnings lie intresured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of
time;

And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would, of that seed, grow to a greater false-
ness;

Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless of you.

K. Hen. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities: —
And that same word even now cries out on us;
They say, the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord:
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd: — Please it your grace,
To go to bed, upon my life, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth,
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more I have received
A certain instance, that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add
Unto your sickness.

K. Hen. I will take your counsel:
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. — Court before Justice Shallow's House
in Gloucestershire.

Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting;
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-
CALE, and Servants, behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your
hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer,
by the rood. And how doth my good cousin Si-
lence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow?
and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-
daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin
William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford,
still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the inns of court shortly:
I was once of Clement's inn; where, I think, they
will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called — lusty Shallow, then,
cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and
I would have done any thing, indeed, and roundly
too. There was I, and little John Deit of Staffor-
shire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pick-
bone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man, — you had
not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of
court again: and I may say to you, we knew where
the bona-robas were; and had the best of them all
at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now
Sir John, a boy; and page to Thomas Mowbray,
duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither
anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw
him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when
he was a crack, not thus high: and the very same
day did I fight with one Sampsen Stockfish, a
fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. O, the mad days that
I have spent! and to see how many of mine old
acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure:
death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all
shall die. — How a good yoke of bullocks at Stam-
ford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. — Is old Double of your
town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Dead! — See, sir! — he drew a good bow!
And dead! — he shot a fine shoot: — John of Gaunt
loved him well, and betted much money on his
head. Dead! — he would have clapp'd i' the clout
at twelve score; and carried you a forehand shaft
a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would
have done a man's heart good to see. — How a score
of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes
may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men,
as I think.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I be-
seech you, which is justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire
of this county, and one of the king's justices of the
peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you: my captain, Sir John Falstaff: a tall gentleman, by Heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir; I knew him a good backword man: How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a soldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, it is: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes from *accommodo*; very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir: I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated: or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just.—Look, here comes good Sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well; welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow.—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fy! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so. Yea, marry sir:—Ralph Mouldy:—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see: Where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good limbed fellow: young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things, that are mouldy, lack use. Very singular good!—In faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him.

(To Shallow.)

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone. My old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery: you need not have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside. Know you where you are?—For the other, Sir John:—let me see:—Simon Shadow!

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough, and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male. It is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble?

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

Fee. I would, Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would, thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Fal. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away the cold: and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

Shal. O Sir John, do you remember since we

lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's fields?

Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Fal. She lives, master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five years ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that, that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner.—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, Shallow, and Silence.*]

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend; she has nobody to do anything about her, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a base mind:—an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so. No man's too good to serve his prince, and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Fee. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

[*Re-enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.*]

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, stay at home still; you are past service:—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foe-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife: And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little lean, old chapped, bald shot.—Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green (when I lay at Clement's inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,) there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would shout, and about, and come you in, and come you in: *rah, tah, tah*, would 'a say; *bounce*, would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence; I will not use many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, Heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Shallow and Silence.*]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible: he was the very Genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him—mandrake: he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to over-scuted huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware—they were his fancies, or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard: and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name: for you might have truss'd him and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case

of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gualtree forest, an 't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.

My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you, that I have received
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus:—
Here doth he wish his person, with such
powers

As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may outlive the hazard,
And fearful meeting of the opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch
ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy:
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their
number

Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion, that we gave them
out,
Let us sway on, and face them in the field.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us
here?

Mowb. I think, it is my lord of Westmore-
land,

West. Health and fair greeting from our
general,
The prince, lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in
peace,

What doth concern your coming?

West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,
And countenanced by boys and beggary;
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,

In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath
touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath
tutor'd;

Whose white investments figure innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such
grace,

Into the harsh and bois'trous tongue of war?
Turning your books to greaves, your ink to
blood,

Your pens to lances: and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the question
stands.

Briefly to this end:—We are all diseased;
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it. of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men:
But, rather, shew a while like fearful war
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;
And purge the obstructions, which begin to
stop

Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs
we suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth
run,

And are enforced from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion:
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to shew in articles:
Which long ere this, we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our
griefs,

We are denied access unto his person,
Even by those men that most have done us
wrong.

The dangers of the days but newly gone,
(Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet appearing blood,) and the examples
Of every minute's instance, (present now,)
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms:
Not to break peace, or any branch of it;
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled by the king?
What peer hath been suborned to grate on
you?

That you should seal this lawless bloody
book

Of forged rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him, in part; and to us
all,
That feel the bruises of the days before;
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?

West. O my good lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present
time,

That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: Were you not restored
To all the duke of Norfolk's signories,
Your noble and right-well remembered father?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father
lost,
That need to be revived and breathed in me?
The king, that loved him, as the state stood
then,

Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him:
And then, when Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—
Being mounted, and both roused in their
seats,
Their neighing coursers, daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers
down,

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of
steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;
Then, then, when there was nothing could have
staid

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw;
Then threw he down himself; and all their
lives,

That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know
not what;
The earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman;
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have
smiled?

But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and
love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd, and graced indeed, more than the
king.

But this is mere digression from my purpose.
Here come I from our princely general,
To know your griefs; to tell you from his
grace,

That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them; every thing set off,
That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forced us to compel this
offer;

And it proceeds from policy not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it
so;

This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken our army lies;

Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason wills, our hearts should be as
good:—

Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will, we shall admit no
parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your
offence:

A rotten case abides no handling.

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commis-
sion,

In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

West. That is intended in the general's name:
I muse, that you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this
schedule;

For this contains our general grievances:—
Each several article herein redress'd;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form;
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, confined;
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

West. This will I shew the general. Please you,
lords,

In sight of both our battles we may meet:
And either end in peace, which Heaven so frame!
Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.

Arch. My lord, we will do so.

[Exit *West.*

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells
me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our
peace
Upon such large terms, and so absolute,
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky moun-
tains.

Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall, to the king, taste of this action:
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord: Note this,—the king is
weary

Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean;
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance: For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so, and shake a friend:
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath enraged him on to offer strokes

As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolved correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his
rods

On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true;—

And therefore be assured, my good lord mar-
shal,

If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so,

Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand: Pleaseth your
lordship,
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our
armies?

Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name then
set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his grace:—my lord, we
come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop,
HASTINGS, and others; from the other side,
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORE-
LAND, Officers, and Attendants.*

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin
Mowbray:—

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop:—

And so to you, lord Hastings, and to all.—

My lord of York, it better shew'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you, to hear with reverence

Your exposition on the holy text;

Than now to see you here an iron man,

Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,

Turning the word to sword, and life to death.

That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,

And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,

Would he abuse the countenance of the king,

Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,

In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord
bishop,

It is even so:—Who hath not heard it spoken,

How deep you were within the books of God?

To us, the speaker in his parliament;

To us, the imagined voice of God himself;

The very opener and intelligencer,

Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,

And our dull workings: O, who shall believe,

But you misuse the reverence of your place;

Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven,

As a false favourite doth his prince's name,

In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,

Under the counterfeited zeal of God,

The subjects of his substitute, my father;

And, both against the peace of Heaven and
him,

Have here up-swarm'd them.

Arch. Good my lord of Lancaster,

I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,
The time disorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief;
The which hath been with scorn shoved from the
court,

Whereon this hydra son of war is born;

Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd
asleep,

With grant of our most just and right desires;

And true obedience of this madness cured,

Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our for-
tunes

To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,

We have supplies to second our attempt;

If they miscarry, theirs shall second them:

And so success of mischief shall be born;

And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,

Whiles England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much
too shallow,

To sound the bottom of the after-times.

West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them
directly,

How far-forth you do like their articles?

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them
well:

And swear here, by the honour of my blood,

My father's purposes have been mistook;

And some about him have too lavishly

Wresled his meaning and authority.—

My lord, these griefs shall be with speed re-
dress'd;

Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please
you,

Discharge your powers into their several coun-
ties,

As we will ours: and here, between the armies,

Let's drink together friendly, and embrace;

That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,

Of our restored love and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these re-
dresses.

P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my
word:

And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

Hast. Go, captain, (to an Officer) and deliver to
the army

This news of peace; let them have pay, and
part:

I know, it will well please them: Hie thee, cap-
tain.

[*Exit Officer.*]

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmore-
land.

West. I pledge your grace: And, if you knew
what pains

I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,

You would drink freely: but my love to you

Shall shew itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.—

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy
season;

For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

Arch. Against ill chances, men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden
sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-
morrow.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be
true.

(*Shouts within.*)

P. John. The word of peace is render'd: Hark,
how they shout!

Mowb. This had been cheerful, after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.—

[*Exit Westmoreland.*]

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us: that we may peruse the men,
We should have coped withal.

Arch. Go, good lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[*Exit Hastings.*]

P. John. I trust, my lords, we shall lie to-night
together.—

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders having charge from you to
stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispersed already:
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their
courses

East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke
up,
Each hurries towards his home, and sporting-
place.

West. Good tidings, my lord Hastings; for the
which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:

And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mow-
bray,

Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honour-
able?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none:

I promised you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine
honour;

I will perform with a most christian care.

But, for you, rebels—look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence,

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;

Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-
day,—

Some guard these traitors to the block of
death;

Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Another part of the Forest.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and
COLEVILE, meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition
are you; and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is—
Coleville of the dale.

Fal. Well, then, Coleville is your name; a
knight is your degree; and your place the dale.
Coleville shall still be your name; a traitor your
degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place
deep enough; so shall you still be Coleville of the
dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do
ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do
sweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep
for thy death; therefore rouse up fear and trem-
bling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are Sir John Falstaff; and, in
that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this
belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all
speaks any other word but my name. An I had
but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the
most active fellow in Europe. My womb, my
womb, my womb undoes me. Here comes our
general.

Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORE-
LAND, and others.

P. John. The heat is past, follow no farther
now:

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmore-
land.—

[*Exit West.*]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this
while?

When everything is ended, then you come:
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be
thus; I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was
the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow,
an arrow, or a bullet? Have I, in my poor and old
motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded
hither with the very extremest inch of possibility;
I have foundered nine-score and odd posts: and
here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and
immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colville of the
dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy.
But what of that? he saw me, and yielded, that I
may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of
Rome,—I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your
deserving.

Fal. I know not; here he is, and here I yield
him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked
with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord,
I will have it in a particular ballad else, with
mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville kiss-
ing my foot. To the which course if I be en-
forced, if you do not all shew like gilt two-pences
to me; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine
you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of
the element, which show like pin's heads to her; be-
lieve not the word of the noble. Therefore let me
have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Coleville?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou Coleville.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are, That led me thither: had they been ruled by me, You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves; but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away, and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Coleville, with his confederates, To York, to present execution.—

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.—

[Exeunt some with Coleville.]

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords. I hear, the king thy father is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—

Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him,

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through Glostershire; and, when you come to court, stand my good lord, 'pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[Exit.]

Fal. I would, you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me: nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof: for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches; they are generally fools and cowards,—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours, which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valour comes of sherris: So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack; for that sets it a-work: and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil; till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that

Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be,—to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire; I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, WARWICK, and others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if Heaven doth give successful end

To this debate, that bleedeth at our doors,

We will our youth lead on to higher fields,

And draw no swords but what are sanctified.

Our navy is address'd, our power collected,

Our substitutes in absence well invested,

And every thing lies level to our wish:

Only, we want a little personal strength;

And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,

Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster, Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas Clarence, with him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord: he is in presence here.

Cla. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;

Thou hast a better place in his affection

Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;

And noble offices thou may'st effect

Of Mediation, after I am dead,

Between his greatness and thy other brethren:—

Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love;

Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,

By seeming cold, or careless of his will.

For he is gracious, if he be observed;

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand

Open as day for melting charity;

Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint;

As humorous as winter, and as sudden

As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

His temper, therefore, must be well observed:

Chide him for faults and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and scope;
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this,
Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in;
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion,
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum, or rash gunpowder.

Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? can'st thou tell that?

Cla. With Pains, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;

And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: Therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death;
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,

In forms imaginary, the unguided days,
And rotten times, that you shall look upon,
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite;

The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,

'Tis needful, that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon, and learn'd: which once attain'd,

Your highness knows, comes to no farther use,

But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms,

The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers: and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must metre the lives of others;

Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom, when the bee doth leave her comb

In the dead carrion.—Who's here? Westmoreland?

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness

Added to that, that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:

Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,

Here at more leisure may your highness read;
With every course, in his particular.

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,

Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall

As those that I am come to tell you of!
The earl Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—

O me! come near me, now I am much ill.

(Swoons.)

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!

Cla. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up!

War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits

Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs;

The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me; for they do observe

Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Hath found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between:

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so a little time before
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplex will, certain, be his end.

K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence

Into some other chamber: softly, pray.

(They convey the King into an inner part of the room, and place him on a bed.)

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise.

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad?

How doth the king?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?

Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Hen. If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet prince, speak low;

The king your father is disposed to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.

[Exeunt all but P. Henry.]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,

Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he, whose brow, with homely biggin bound,

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour, worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,

That from this golden rigol hath divorced

So many English kings. Thy due, from me,

Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;

Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,

Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:

My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;

Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,

Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—

(Putting it on his head.)

Which Heaven shall guard: And put the world's whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force

This lineal honour from me: This from thee

Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

[Exit.]

K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK, and the rest.

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,

Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Hen. The Prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see him:

He is not here.

War. This door is open: he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence;—go, seek him out.

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?—

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[Exit Warwick.]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,

And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt,

When gold becomes her object!

For this, the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,

Their bones with industry:

For this, they have engrossed and piled up

The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this, they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:

When, like the bee, culling from every flower

The virtuous sweets;

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,

Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste

Yield his engrossments to the ending father.—

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long

Till his friend sickness hath determined me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,

Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;

With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,

That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,

Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife

With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he comes, — Come hither to me, Harry:—

Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[Exeunt Clarence, Prince Humphrey, Lords, &c.]

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought;

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee:

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours,

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few
hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest, thou lovedst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an
hour?

Then get thee gone; and dig my grave thy-
self;

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears, that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Harry the Fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors,
hence,

And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your
scum:

Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink,
dance,

Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt:
England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care?

O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege: but for my
tears,

(*Kneeling.*)

The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He, that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
(Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
Teacheth,) this prostrate and exterior bending!
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your
majesty,

How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die;
And never live to shew the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: *The care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.*

*Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable:
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.* Thus, my most royal
liege,

Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it,—as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head!
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

K. Hen. O my son!

Heaven put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's
love,

Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel,
That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my
son,

By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown: and I myself know well,
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;
And I had many living, to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears,
Thou seest, with peril I have answered:
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument; and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was pur-
chased,

Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could
do,

Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green,
And all my friends, which thou must make thy
friends,

Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanced,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displaced: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land;
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence born
out.

May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Hen. My gracious liege,

You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me:
Then plain, and right, must my possession
be:

Which I, with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK, Lords, and others.

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.—

Where is my lord of Warwick?

P. Hen. My lord of Warwick!

K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging, where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.

K. Hen. Laud be to God!—even there my life
must end,

It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I.—*Glostershire. A Hall in Shallow's House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see;—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither,—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir,—Shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;—Are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir,—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it;—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir.

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well: A friend t' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use

his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor; that Visor is an arrant knave on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir: but yet, God forbid sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, these eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit Davy.*] Where are you, Sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the Page.*] Come, Sir John.

[*Exit Shallow.*]

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's-staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving man; their spirits are so marred in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, likeso many wild-geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions,) and he shall laugh without inter-callums. O, it is much, that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow.

[*Exit Falstaff*]

SCENE II.—*Westminster. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter WARWICK, and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his majesty had call'd me with him:

The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know, he doth not; and do arm my self,
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my phantasy.

Enter PRINCE JOHN, PRINCE HUMPHREY,
CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, and others.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. Alas! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.

P. Humph. & Cla. Good morrow, cousin!

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him, that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed:

And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be assured what grace to find,

You stand in coldest expectation:

I am the sorrier; 'would, 'twere otherwise.

Cla. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;

Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,

Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;

And never shall you see, that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission.—

If truth and upright innocency fail me,

I'll to the king my master, that is dead,

And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter KING HENRY V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and Heaven save your majesty!

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,

Sits not so easy on me as you think.—

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;

This is the English, not the Turkish court;

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,

But Harry Harry: Yet be sad, good brothers,

For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you;

Sorrow so royally in you appears,

That I will deeply put the fashion on,

And wear it in my heart. Why, then, be sad;

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,

Than a joint burden laid upon us all.

For me, by Heaven, I bid you be assured,

I'll be your father and your brother too;

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.

Yet weep, that Harry's dead; and so will I:

But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,

By number, into hours of happiness.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me;—and you most;

(To the Chief Justice.)

You are, I think, assured I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assured, if I be measured rightly,

Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No!

How might a prince of my great hopes forget

So great indignities you laid upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison

The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?

May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father,

The image of his power lay then in me:

And, in the administration of his law,

Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,

Your highness pleased to forget my place,

The majesty and power of law and justice,

The image of the king, whom I presented,

And struck me in my very seat of judgment—

Whereon, as an offender to your father,

I gave bold way to my authority,

And did commit you. If the deed were ill,

Be you contented, wearing now the garland,

To have a son set your decrees at nought;

To pluck down justice from your awful bench;

To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword

That guards the peace and safety of your person:

Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image,

And mock your workings in a second body.

Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;

Be now the father, and propose a son:

Hear your own dignity so much profaned,

See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,

Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;

And then imagine me taking your part,

And, in your power soft silencing your son:

After this cold consideration, sentence me;

And as you are a king, speak in your state,

What I have done, that misbecame my place,

My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well:

Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword:

And I do wish your honours may increase,

Till you do live to see a son of mine

Offend you and obey you, as I did.

So shall I live to speak my father's words,—

Happy am I, that have a man so bold,

That dares do justice on my proper son;

And not less happy, having such a son,

*That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.*—You did commit
me:

For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstain'd sword that you have used to
bear,

With this remembrance,—that you use the
same

With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my
hand;

You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine
ear;

And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practised, wise directions.—

And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you,—

My father is gone wild into his grave,

For in his tomb lie my affections;

And with his spirit sadly I survive,

To mock the expectation of the world;

To frustrate prophecies: and to raze out

Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down

After my seeming. The tide of blood in me

Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now:

Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;

Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,

And flow henceforth in formal majesty.

Now call we our high court of Parliament:

And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,

That the great body of our state may go

In equal rank with the best govern'd nation:

That war, or peace, or both at once, may be

As things acquainted and familiar to us;

In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—

(To the Lord Chief Justice.)

Our coronation done, we will accite,

As I before remember'd, all our state:

And (God consigning to my good intents)

No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to
say,—

Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Glostershire. The Garden of Shallow's
House.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BAR-
DOLPH, the Page, and DAVY.*

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard: where,
in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of
my own grafting, with a dish of carraways, and
so forth—come, cousin Silence;—and then to
bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling,
and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beg-
gars all, Sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread,
Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is
your serving man, and your husbandman.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good
varlet, Sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too
much sack at supper—A good varlet. Now sit
down, now sit down:—Come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,

(Singing.)

And praise Heaven for the merry year;

When flesh is cheap, and females dear,

And lusty lads roam here and there,

So merrily.

And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master Si-
lence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit: *(seating Bardolph and the Page
at another table.)* I'll be with you anon:—most
sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page,
sit: proface! What you want in meat, we'll have
in drink. But you must bear: the heart's all.

[Exit.]

Shal. Be merry, master Bardolph:—and my
little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all:

For women are shrews, both short and tall:

'Tis merry in the hall, when beards wag all,

And welcome merry shrove-tide.

Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think, master Silence had been a
man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once
ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you.

(Sitting them before Bardolph.)

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.
(To Bard.)—A cup of wine, sir?

(Singing.)

Sil. A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,

And drink unto the leman mine:

And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry;—now comes in the
sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come;

I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: If thou
wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy
heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief; *(to the
Page.)* and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to
master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about
London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I
die.

Bard. And I might see you there Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together.
Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee:—The knave will stick by
thee, I can assure thee that; he will not out; he is
true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing
be merry. *(Knocking heard.)* Look who's at door
there: Ho! who knocks?

[Exit Davy.]

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

(*To Silence, who drinks a bumper.*)

Sil. Do me right,

(*Singing.*)

And dub me knight:

Sam:ngo.

Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court, let him come in.—

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind, which blows no man to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think a' be; but Goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I prythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

(*Sings.*)

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?
And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir.—If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? speak or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;

Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth:

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like

The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak, are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a knight-hood for my fortune.

Pist. What? I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride all night:—O, sweet Pistol:—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit Bard.*]
—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow: I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice.

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

Where is the life that late I led, say they:

Why, here it is; Welcome these pleasant days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. A street.

Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUICKLY and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Doll. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal; an the child I now go with, do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb may miscarry!

1 Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Doll. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer! I will have you as soundly swung for this, you bluebottle rogue! you filthy famished correctioner! if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

1 Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come!

Host. O, that right should thus overcome might! Well; of sufferance comes ease.

Doll. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay; come, you starved blood-hound.

Doll. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy thou!

Doll. Come, you thin thing! come, you rascal!

1 Bead. Very well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A public Place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two Grooms strewing rushes.

1 Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

2 Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice

1 Groom. It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation: Despatch, despatch.

[*Exeunt Grooms.*]

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow, I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. (*To Shallow.*) But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *obsque hoc nihil est*;

'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver;

And make thee rage.

Thy Doll and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base durance, and contagious prison:

Haul'd thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand:—

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,

For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

(*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*)

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the King and his Train, the Chief Justice among them.

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The Heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;

How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape For thee thrice wider than for other men:—

Reply not to me with a full-born jest;

Presume not, that I am the thing I was:

For Heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those, that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been

Approach me; and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots:

Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—

Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life, I will allow you,

That lack of means enforce you not to evil;

And as we hear you do reform yourselves,

We will,—according to your strength, and qualities,—

Give you advancement.—Do it your charge, my lord,

To see perform'd the tencour of our word.

Set on.

[*Exeunt King and his train.*]

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how; unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard, was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet. Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak; I will hear you soon. Take them away.

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.*

[*Exeunt Fal. Shal. Pist. Bard. Page, and Officers.*]

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:

He hath intent, his wonted followers

Shall all be very well provided for;

But all are banish'd till their conversations

Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire,

We bear our civil swords, and native fire,

As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,

Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the king.

Come, will you hence?

[*Exeunt.*]

EPILOGUE.—Spoken by a Dancer.

First, my fear; then, my court'sy; last, my speech.
My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty;
and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for
a good speech now, you undo me; for what I have to
say, is of mine own making; and what, indeed, I
should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring.
But to the purpose, and so to the venture,—Be it known
to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here in the
end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for
it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed,
to pay you with this; which if, like an ill venture,
it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle
creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be,
and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me
some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do,
promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will
you command me to use my legs? and yet that were
but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But
a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction,
and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven
me; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do
not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen
before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too
much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will
continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you
merry with fair Katherine of France: where, for
any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat,
unless already he be killed with your hard opinions:
for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.
My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid
you good night: and so kneel down before you;—but,
indeed, to pray for the queen.

KING HENRY V.



Henry.—“MAY I, WITH RIGHT AND CONSCIENCE, MAKE THIS CLAIM?”—Act i, scene 2.

Persons Represented.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

DUKE OF GLOSTER, } *Brothers to the King.*

DUKE OF BEDFORD, }

DUKE OF EXETER, *Uncle to the King.*

DUKE OF YORK, *Cousin to the King.*

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, AND WARWICK.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

BISHOP OF ELY.

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, } *Conspirators against the*

LORD SCROOP, } *King.*

SIR THOMAS GREY. }

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY, *Officers in King Henry's Army.*

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *Soldiers in the same.*

NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *formerly Servants to Falstaff, now Soldiers in the same.*

Boy, *Servant to them.*

A Herald.

Chorus.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, *King of France.*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.

The Constable of France.

RAMBURES and GRANDPRE, *French Lords.*

Governor of Harfleur.

MONTJOY, *a French Herald.*

Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, *Queen of France.*

KATHARINE, *Daughter of Charles and Isabel.*

ALICE, *a Lady attending on the Princess Katharine.*

QUICKLY, *Pistol's Wife, an Hostess.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

The SCENE, at the beginning of the Play, lies in England; but afterwards wholly in France.

Enter Chorus.

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and
fire,
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirit, that hath dared,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O, the very casques
That did affright the air of Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work:
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see
them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our
kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishments of many years
Into an hour-glass. For the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. *An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of CANTERRURY, and Bishop of ELY.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is
urged,
Which, in the eleventh year o' the last king's
reign,
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against
us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us: being valued thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights;
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses, right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the
bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promised it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire, the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say,—it hath been all-in-all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences;
So that the art and practick part of life
Must be the mistress to this theorick:
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain:
His companions unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the
nettle:

And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness: which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer-grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so: for miracles have ceased;
And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urged by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent;
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us:
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon our spiritual convocation,
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem received, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceived, his grace would fain have done,)
The severals, and unbidden passages,

Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms;
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador, upon that instant,
Craved audience: and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing: Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you; and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the same.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD,
EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND,
and Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolved,

Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, and Bishop of ELY.

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to:
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war;
We charge you in the name of God, take heed:
For never two such kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a wo, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs give edge unto the swords

That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord:
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and you peers,

That owe your lives, your faith, and services,
To this imperial throne; There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—

*In terram Salicam muliers ne succedant,
No woman shall succeed in Salique land:*
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze,
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique lies in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
When Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,

There left behind and settled certain French,
Who holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd there this law,—to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France:
Nor did the French possess the Salique land;
Until four hundred one-and-twenty years
After defunction of king Pharamond,
Idly supposed the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also,—that usurp'd the Crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,—
To fine his title with some shew of truth,
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught),
Convey'd himself as heir to the lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also king Lewis the Tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles, the foresaid duke of Lorain:
By the which marriage, the line of Charles the Great

Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as in the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbare their crooked titles,
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I, with right and conscience, make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—
When the son dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back unto your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy.

Making defeat on the full power of France;
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant deeds,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the
earth

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know, your grace hath cause, and
means, and might;

So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in Eng-
land,

And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the
French;

But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers
only,

But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays;
Girding with grievous siege, castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook, and trembled at the ill neighbour-
hood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than
harm'd my liege:

For hear her but exempl'd by herself,—
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots: whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings;
And make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sunless treasures.

West. But there's a saying, very old and true,

*If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin.*

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weazel Scot

Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,
To spoil and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then, the cat must stay at home
Yet that is but a cursed necessity;
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the arm'd hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts doth keep in one consent;
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. True: therefore doth Heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey bees;
Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts:
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty's surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously:
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark;
As many several ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams run in one self sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our own door from the dog,
Let us be worried; and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the
Dauphin.

[*Exit an Attendant.* The King ascends his throne.
Now are we well resolved: and,—by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,—
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: Or there we'll sit,
Ruling, in large and ample empery,
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms;
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts; or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worship'd with a waxen epitaph,—

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king

Amb. May it please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plain-
ness,

Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the
Third.

In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says,—that you savour too much of your youth:
And bids you be advised, there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won:
You cannot revel into dukedoms there:
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant
with us;

His present, and your pains, we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard:
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a
wrangler,

That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state;
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his
Hath turned his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful ven-
geance

That shall fly with them: for many a thousand
widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear hus-
bands;

Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well hallowed cause.

So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at
it.—

Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

(*Exeunt Ambassadors.*)

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
(*Descends from his throne.*)

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected; and all things thought upon,
That may, with reasonable swiftness, add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits expectation in the air;
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promised to Harry, and his followers.
The French, advised by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear; and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England!—model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,—
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns: and three corrupted
men,—

One, Richard, earl of Cambridge; and the second,
Henry lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland,—
Have, for the gilt of France, (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
(If hell and treason hold their promises.)
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and well digest
The abuse of distance, while we force a play.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London: and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton;
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit;
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit*]

SCENE I.—*The same. Eastcheap.*

Enter NYM and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends
yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not; I say little: but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles;—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a simple one; but what though? It will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's the humour of it.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast, to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France; let it be so, good corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell: things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL and Mrs. QUICKLY.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife:—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?

Pist. Base like, call'st thou me—host? Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. (*Nym draws his sword.*) O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! O Lord! here's corporal Nym's—now shall we have wilful adultery and murder committed. Good lieutenant Bardolph,—good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish.

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland.

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show the valour of a man, and put up thy sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you
solus (*Sheathing his sword.*)

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile! The *solus* in thy most marvellous face: The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat, And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw perdy; And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth! I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels: For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up, And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well: if you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. Oh braggard vile, and damned furious wight; The grave doth gape, and doating death is near; Therefore exhale. (*Pistol and Nym draw.*)

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say:—He that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. (*Draws.*)

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate. Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give; Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get? No; to the spital go,

And from the powdering tube of infamy Fetch forth the lazer kite of Cressid's kind, Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse: I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly For the only she; and—*Pauca*, there's enough.

Enter the Boy

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan—faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Quickly and Boy.*]

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together: Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound; push home.

Bard. By this sword, he that maketh the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay. And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood: I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me:—Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be Unto the camp, and profits will accrue, Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter MRS. QUICKLY.

Quick. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to Sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right. His heart is fractured, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Southampton. A Council-chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

Bed. Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves;

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend
By interception, which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bed-fellow,
Whom he hath cloy'd and graced with princely favours,—

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpet sounds. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP,
CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sets the wind fair, and we will
aboard.

My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of
Masham,—

And you, my gentle knight,—give me your
thoughts:

Think you not, that the powers we bear with us,
Will cut their passage through the force of
France;

Doing the execution, and the act,

For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his
best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that: since we are well per-
suaded,

We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and
loved,

Than is your majesty; there's not, I think, a sub-
ject,

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness

Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. Even those that were your father's
enemies,

Have steep'd their galls in honey; and do serve
you

With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thank-
fulness;

And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil;
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security.
Let him be punished, sovereign; lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir, you show great mercy, if you give him
life,

After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our
eye,

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and
digested,

Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man.

Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their
dear care,

And tender preservation of our person,—

Would have him punish'd. And now to our
French causes;

Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord;

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And me, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then Richard, earl of Cambridge, there
is yours;—

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham;—and, sir
knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—

Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.—

My lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—

We will abroad to night.—Why, how now, gentle-
men?

What see you in those papers, that you lose

So much complexion?—Look ye, how they change!

Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you
there,

That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;

And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey & Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us, but late,
By your own counsel, is suppress'd and kill'd:

You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;

For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,

As dogs upon their masters, worrying them.—

See you, my princes, and my noble peers,

These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge
here,—

You know how apt our love was to accord

To furnish him with all appertinents

Belonging to his honour; and this man

Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,

And sworn unto the practices of France,

To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,

This knight, no less for bounty bound to us

Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn.—But O!

What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop; thou cruel,
Ingrateful savage, and inhuman creature!

Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,

That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,

That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,

Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use?

May it be possible, that foreign hire

Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,

That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,

That, though the truth of it stands off as gross

As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.

Treason and murder, ever kept together,

As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,

Working so grossly in a natural cause,

That admiration did not whoop at them;

But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in

Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murder:

And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,

That wrought upon thee so preposterously,

Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:

And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do boteh and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistening semblances of piety;
But he that temper'd thee, bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do
treason,

Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the old world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions—I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance? Shew men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: Seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: Come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: Seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: Or are they spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;
Not working with the eye, without the ear,
And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither?
Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, and best endued,
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee:
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.—Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of the law;—
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name
of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Henry lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;
And I repent my fault, more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me,—the gold of France did not
seduce;

Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended;
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God, and you, to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your
sentence.

You have conspired against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his
coffers

Received the golden earnest of our death:
Wherein you would have sold your king to
slaughter,

His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom unto desolation.

Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender.
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:

The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance

Of all your dear offences:—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt Conspirators, guarded*]

Now, lords, for France: the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way.

Then forth, dear countrymen, let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerily to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*London. Mrs. Quickly's House in
Eastcheap.*

Enter PISTOL, MRS. QUICKLY, NYM, BAR-
DOLPH, and Boy.

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me
bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—
Bardolph, be blithe;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting
veins;

Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is
dead,

And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. 'Would, I were with him, wheresome'er he
is, either in heaven or in hell!

Quick. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in
Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's
bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it
had been any christom child; 'a parted even just
between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the
tide; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets,
and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers'
ends, I knew there was but one way: for his nose
was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green
fields. How now, Sir John? quoth I: what, man,
be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God,
God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him,
bid him, a' should not think of God; I hoped there
was no need to trouble himself with any such
thoughts yet: So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on
his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt
them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I
felt to his knees, and so upward and upward, and
all as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said, they were devils
incarnate.

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation; 'twas a
colour he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him
about women.

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle
women; but then he was rheumatic; and talked of
the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick
upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said, it was a black
soul burning in hell-fire.

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintained
that fire; that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog off? the king will be gone
from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels, and my moveables;
Let senses rule; the word is, *Pitch and pay*:
Trust none.

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And holdfast is the only dog, my duck;
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke fellows in arms,
Let us to France! like horse-leeches, my boys:
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess.

(*Kissing her.*)

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*France. A room in the French King's Palace.*

Enter the French King attended; the Dauphin, the Duke of BURGUNDY, the Constable, and others.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us:

And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,—
And you, prince Dauphin,—with all swift despatch,

To line, and new repair, our towns of war,
With men of courage, and with means defendant;
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us, then, to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples,
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question),

But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.

Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance;
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne,
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin.
You are too much mistaken in this king.
Question your grace the late ambassadors,—
With what great state he heard their embassy
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in constant resolution,—
And you shall find, his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;

As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots,
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;
And princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captivated, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, black prince of
Wales;

Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain
standing,

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—
Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns, that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from King Henry of England

Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience.
Go and bring them.

[*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.*]

You see, this chase is hotly follow'd. friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit: for coward
dogs
Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to
threaten

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short; and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that, by gift of Heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
He sends you this most memorable line,

(*Gives a paper.*)

In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree;
And, when you find him evenly derived
From his most famed of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint: for if you hide the crown,
 Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
 And therefore in fierce tempests is he coming,
 In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove;
 (That, if requiring fail, he will compel;) *Exe.*
 And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
 Deliver up the crown; and to take mercy
 On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
 Opens his vasty jaws: and on your head
 Turns he the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
 The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
 For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
 That shall be swallowed in this controversy.
 This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;
 Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
 To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this farther:
 To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
 Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,
 I stand here for him: What to him from England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance: slight regard, contempt,
 And anything, that may not misbecome
 The mighty sender, doth he prize you at,
 Thus says my king: and if your father's highness
 Do not, in grant of all demands at large
 Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
 He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
 That caves and womby vaultages of France
 Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
 In second accent of his ordnance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair reply,
 It is against my will: for I desire
 Nothing but odds with England; to that end,
 As matching to his youth and vanity,
 I did present him with those Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
 Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:
 And, be assured, you'll find a difference,
 (As we, his subjects, have in wonder found.)
 Between the promise of his greener days,
 And these he masters now; now he weighs time,
 Even to the utmost grain; which you shall read
 In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind
 at full.

Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
 Comes here himself to question our delay;
 For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd, with fair
 conditions;
 A night is but small breath, and little pause,
 To answer matters of this consequence. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Thus, with imagined wing our swift scene
 flies,
 In motion of no less celerity
 Than that of thought. Suppose that you have
 seen
 The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
 Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning.

Play with your fancies: and in them behold,
 Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing:
 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
 To sounds confused: behold the threaten sails,
 Borne, with the invisible and creeping wind
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think,
 You stand upon the rivage, and behold
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
 For so appears this fleet majestical,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
 And leave your England, as dead midnight, still,
 Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women;
 Either past, or not arrived to, pith and puissance:
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
 Work, work, your thoughts, and therein see a
 siege;

Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes
 back;

Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him
 Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
 The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
 With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
(Alarum; and Chambers go off.)
 And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
 And eke out our performance with your mind.

[Exit]

SCENE I.—The same. Before Harfleur.

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BED-
 FORD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers with scaling
 ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
 once more;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead!
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
 As modest stillness and humility:
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage,
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head,
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
 As fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height!—On, on you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
 Dishonour not your mothers: now attest
 That those, whom you called fathers did beget
 you!
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war!—and you good yeo-
 men,
 Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt
 not;

For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
Follow your spirit: and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint
George!

[*Exeunt, Alarum, and Chambers go off.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Forces pass over; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. 'Pray thee, corporal, stay; the knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a case of lives; the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound;

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;

And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an ale-house in London!
I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth sing on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's plood!—Up to the preaches, you rascals! will you not up to the preaches?

(*Driving them forward.*)

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!

Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. There be good humours!—your honour wins bad humours.

[*Exeunt Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph, followed by Fluellen.*]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-liver'd, and red-faced; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue, and a quiet sword; by the means whereof, 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he hath heard, that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward; but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own: and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it,—purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case: bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew, by

that piece of service, the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so goot to come to the mines: For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th'athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you,) is dight himself four yards under the counter-mine: by Cheshu, I think, 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman: a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the 'orld: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.

Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellously falorous gentlemen, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: By Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the 'orld, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gud-day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot captain Jamy.

Gow. How now, captain Macmorris? have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish la, tish ill done: and work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be very gud, gud feith, good captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me, the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet

calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing; 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand, and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile ligge i' the ground for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sall I surely do, that is the breff and the long: Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you 'tway.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation? What ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal?—What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault.

(*A parley sounded.*)

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war: and there is an end.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the gates of Harfleur.*

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English Forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his Train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
(A name that, in my thoughts, becomes me best),
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
Till in her ashes she lies buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up!
And the flesh'd soldier,—rough and hard of heart,—

In liberty of bloody hand, shall range
With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,—
Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?

We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,

Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of deadly murder, spoil, and villany.
If not, why, in a moment, look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads' dash'd to the walls;

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy:
Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates.—Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers,—we'll retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we address.

[*Flourish. The King, &c., enter the town.*]

SCENE IV.—*Rouen. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

Kath. Alice, tu as este en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le language.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseigne; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main, en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appellee, de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et le doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? ma foy, je oblie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense, qu'ils sont appellee, de fingres; ouy, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagne deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appelez vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? les appellons, de nails.

Kath. De nails. Escoutez; dites moy, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude.

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en failz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appriz appris des à present.

Alice. Il est trop diffici'e, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez: De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie; De elbow. Comment appelez vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De neck: Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le co?, de neck: le menton, de sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur: en verité, vous prononcez les mots oussi droict que le natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu; et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée?

Kath. Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails.—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis je; de elbow, de neck, et de sin; Comment appelez vous les pieds et la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; et de coun.

Kath. De foot, et de con? O Seigneur Dieu! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, et de coun, neant-moins. Je reciteray une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois; allons nous à disner. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The same. Another Room in the same.

Enter the French KING, the DAUPHIN, DUKE of BOURBON, the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord, Let us not live in France: let us quit all, And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,— The emptying of our fathers' luxury, Our scions, put in wild and savage stock, Spurt up so suddenly into the clouds, And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards;

Mort de ma vie! if they march along Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom, To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm In this nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull? On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale, Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,

A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley broth, Decoct their cold blood in such valiant heat?

And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine, Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land, Let us not hang like roping icicles Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields; Poor we may call them, in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour, Our madams mock at us; and plainly say, Our mettle is bred out; and they will give Their bodies to the lust of English youth, To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,

And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos; Saying, our grace is only in our heels, And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? speed him hence;

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—

Up, princes: and, with spirit of honour edged, More sharper than your swords, hie to the field: Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France; You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry, Alencon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy; Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont, Beaumont, Grandpre, Roussi, and Fauconberg, Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois; High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,

For your great seats, now quit you of great shames. Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur: Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow Upon the valleys; whose low vassal seat The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon: Go down upon him,—you have power enough,— And in a captive chariot, into Rouen Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great. Sorry am I, his numbers are so few, His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march; For, I am sure, when he shall see our army, He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear, And, for achievement, offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, hasten on Montjoy;

And let him say to England, that we send To know what willing ransom he will give.— Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.—

Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all; And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—The English Camp in Picardy.

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent service committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man, that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermost powers; he is not (God be praised and plessed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ensign there at the pridge.—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant as Mark Antony: and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld: but I did see him do gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called—ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Do you know him? Here comes the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some
love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound at
heart,

Cf buxom valour, hath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,

That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune
is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to
signify to you, that fortune is plind: And she is
painted also with a wheel; to signify to you, which
is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconst-
ant, and variations, and mutabilities: and her
foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone,
which rolls, and rolls, and rolls—In good truth, the
poet is make a most excellent description of fortune:
fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on
him:

For he hath stolen a *pix*, and hanged must 'a be.
A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free;
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For *pix* of little price.

Therefore go speak, the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your
meaning.

Pist. Why then rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice
at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would
desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put
him to executions, for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and *figo* for thy friend-
ship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain!

[*Exit Pistol.*]

Flu. Very goot.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I
remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave 'ords at
the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day: but
it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is
well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now
and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his
return into London, under the form of a soldier.
And such fellows are perfect in great commanders'
names: and they will learn you by rote, where
services are done; at such and such a sconce, at
such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off
bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms
the enemy stood on: and this they con perfectly
in the phrase of war, which they trick up with
new-tuned oaths: And what a beard of the
general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will
do among foaming bottles, and ale-wash'd wits, is
wonderful to be thought on; but you must learn to
know such slanders of the age, or else you may be
marvellous mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower; I do per-
ceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make
show to the 'orld he is; if I find a hole in his coat,
I will tell him my mind. (*Drum heard*) Hark you,
the king is coming; and I must speak with him
from the pridge.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

Flu. Got pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? camest thou from
the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of
Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge:
the French is gone off, look you; and there is gal-
lant and most prave passages: Marry, th' athvers-
sary was have possession of the pridge: but he is
enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master
of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is
a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been
very great, very reasonable great: marry, for my
part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but
one that is like to be executed for robbing a church,
one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man; his
face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and
flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and
it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and some-
times red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's
out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut
off:—and we give express charge, that, in our
marches through the country, there be nothing
compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid
for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in
disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty
play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the
soonest winner.

Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well, then, I know thee: What shall I
know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of
England. Though we seemed dead, we did but
sleep: Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.
Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur:
but that we thought not good to bruise an injury,
till it were full ripe;—now we speak upon our cue,
and our voice is imperial: England shall repent
his folly, see his weakness, and admire our suffer-
ance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom;
which must proportion the losses we have borne,
the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have
digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his petti-
ness would bow under. For our losses, his ex-
chequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood,
the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and
for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our
feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To
this add—defiance: and tell him, for conclusion,
he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemna-
tion is pronounced. So far my king and master;
so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee
back,

And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais

Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
(Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of such craft and vantage,)
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French;
Who, when they were in health. I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of English legs,
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me,
God,

That I do brag thus!—thus your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am;
My ransome, is this frail and worthless trunk;
My army, but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neigh-

bour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Mont-
joy:

Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your high-
ness. [Exit Montjoy.]

Glo. I hope, they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in
theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward
night:—

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—The French Camp near Agincourt.

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord RAMBURES,
the Duke of ORLEANS, the DAUPHIN, and
others.

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world.
—Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my
horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high con-
stable, you talk of horse and armour,—

Orl. You are as well provided of both, as any
prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not
change my horse with any that treads but on four
pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as
if his entrails were hairs: *le cheval volant*, the Pe-
gasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride
him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the
earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of
his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He is of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast
for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull
elements of earth and water never appear in him,
but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts
him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades
you may call—beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and
excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like
the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance en-
forces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from
the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb,
vary deserved praise on my palfrey: It is a theme
as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent
tongues, and my horse is argument for them all;
'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for
a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the
world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart
their particular functions, and wonder at him. I
once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus—
Wonder of Nature,—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mis-
tress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I com-
posed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well: which is the prescript praise and
perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. *Mu foy!* the other day, methought, your
mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle;
and you rode, like a kerne of Ireland, your French
hose off, and in your straight trossers.

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me then: they that ride so
and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had
rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wear
his own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had
a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomisse-
ment, et la truie lavée au boubier*: thou makest use
of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress;
or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw
in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon
it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many super-
fluously; and 'twere more honour, some were
away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises;
who would trot as well, were some of your brags
dismounted.

Dau. 'Would I were able to load him with his
desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-mor-
row a mile, and my way shall be paved with Eng-
lish faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced
out of my way: But I would it were morning, for I
would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty
English prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere
you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself.

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning. [Exit]

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of
night,

The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play a' dice:
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned Eng-

lish,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. Oh, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile;
And calls them—brothers, friends, and country-

men.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks;
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night;
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where, (O for pity!) shall we much disgrace—
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill disposed in brawl ridiculous,—
The name of Agincourt: Yet, sit and see;
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

[*Exit*]SCENE I.—*The English Camp at Agincourt.**Enter* KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.

K. Hen. Gloster, 'tis true, that we are in great
danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good-morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;

Con. I think, he will eat all he kills.*Orl.* By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.*Con.* Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.*Orl.* He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.*Con.* Doing is activity: and he will still be doing.*Orl.* He never did harm, that I heard of.*Con.* Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name still.*Orl.* I know him to be valiant.*Con.* I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.*Orl.* What's he?*Con.* Marry, he told me so himself: and he said, he cared not who knew it.*Orl.* He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.*Con.* By my faith, sir, but it is; never anybody saw it, but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.*Orl.* Ill will never said well.*Con.* I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.*Orl.* And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.*Con.* Well placed; there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—A pox of the devil.*Orl.* You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.*Con.* You have shot over.*Orl.* 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.*Enter a Messenger.**Mess.* My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.*Con.* Who hath measured the ground?*Mess.* The lord Grandpre.*Con.* A valiant and most expert gentleman,—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning, as we do.*Orl.* What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge!*Con.* If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.*Orl.* That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.*Ram.* That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.*Orl.* Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples: You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the hip of a lion.*Con.* Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef, and iron, and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.*Orl.* Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.*Con.* Then we shall find to-morrow—they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm. Come, shall we about it?*Orl.* It is now two o'clock: but let me see,—by ten,

We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[*Exeunt.*]

For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And made a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better.

Since I may say—Now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains,

Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good-morrow to them; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[Exeunt Glos. and Bedf.]

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. H. No, my good knight;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[Exit.]

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart, thou speakest cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va la?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me: Art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trailest thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so: What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame:

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings

I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry le Roy.

Pist. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Knowest thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon St. Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee then.

K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol called.

[Exit.]

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Chesu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and auncient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept; if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle-taddle, or pibble-pabble, in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you heard him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb; in your conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.]

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning, which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day; but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think, the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the element shews to him, as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing; therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will: but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.

Bates. Then 'would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone: howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds: Methinks, I could not die

anywhere so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We died at such a place; some swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children, rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king, that led them to it; whom to disobey, were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father, that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder: some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and, where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully;

but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. 'Mass, you'll pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! Come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders. But it is no English treason to cut French crowns: and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

“Upon the king! Let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins, lay on the king.”
We must bear all.
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy!
And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, shew me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's
knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee; and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,—
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell:
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,

Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. *[Exit.]*

K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!

Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day, O Lord,

O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new:
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do:
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth;
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay:

I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—

The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The French Camp.*

Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and others.

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.

Dau. *Montez à cheval*:—My horse! valet! lacquay!
ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. *Via!*—*les eaux et la terre*—

Orl. *Rien puis? l'air et le feu*—

Dau. *Ciel!* cousin Orleans.—

Enter Constable.

Now, my lord Constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides;

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage: Ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.

'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,—

Who, in unnecessary action, swarm

About our squares of battle,—were enough

To purge the field of such a hilding foe;

Though we upon this mountain's basis by

Took stand for idle speculation:

But that our honours must not. What's to say?

A very little little let us do,

And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound

The tucket-sonuance, and the note to mount:

For our approach shall so much dare the field.

That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter GRANDPRE.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?

Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:

Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose.

And our air shakes them passing scornfully.

Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,

And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.

Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,

With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades

Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips;

The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;

And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit

Lies foul with chewed grass, still and motionless:

And their executors, the knavish crows,

Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.

Description cannot suit itself in words,

To demonstrate the life of such a battle

In life so lifeless as it shews itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,

And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guard: On, to the field:
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The English Camp.*

Enter the English Host, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—
My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,—
And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee.

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

West. O that we now had here

Enter KING HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin:
If we are marked to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,

For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

That he, who hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:

We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is called the feast of Crispian:

He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say to-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then he will strip his sleeve, and shew his scars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispian's day.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember, with advantages,
What feats he did that day! Then shall our

names,

Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd:
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he, to-day, that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:

And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accursed, they were not here;

And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed,
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, cousin?

West. God's will, my Mege, 'would you and I alone,

Without more help, might fight this battle out!

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;

Which likes me better, than to wish us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor bodies

Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back;

Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?

The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.

A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves: upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;

And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet them,

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then a bounding valour in our English,
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.

Let me speak proudly,—Tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working day:
Our gayness, and our gilt, are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we shall not fly,)
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes: or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,
(As, if God please, they shall,) my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints:

Which if they have as I will leave 'em to them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, king Harry. And so fare thee well:

Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

[Exit.

K. Hen. I fear, thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter the DUKE OF YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers,
march away:—
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Field of Battle.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter French Soldier,
PISTOL, and Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

Pist. Quality, call thou me?—Construe me, art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O, signieur Dew should be a gentleman:—
Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark;—
O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prenez, miséricorde! ayez pitié de moy!*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty
moys:—

For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat,
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

Pist. Brass cur!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. *O, pardonnez moy!*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? Is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy; Ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

Boy. *Escoutez: Comment estes vous appelle?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his name is master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firck him, and ferret him:—discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firck.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prest; car ce soldat icy est desposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

Pist. Ouy, couper gorge, par ma foy, peasant.
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. *O, je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison; gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cent escus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house: and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

Fr. Sol. *Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens: et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombe entre le mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy shew.—
Follow me, cur.

[Exit Pistol.

Boy. *Suivez vous le grand capitaine.*

[Exit French Soldier.

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must say with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: The French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it: for there is none to guard it but boys.

[Exit.

SCENE V.—Another part of the Field of Battle.

Alarums. Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOURBON, Constable, RAMBURES, and others.

Con. *O diable!*

Orl. *O seigneur!—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

Dau. *Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!*

Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes.—*O meschante fortune!*
Do not run away. (*A short alarum.*)

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

Dau. O perdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame.

Let us die instant: Once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminate.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!

Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives
Unto those English, or else die with fame

Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;
Let life be short; else, shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY and Forces;
EXETER, and others.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen:

But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exc. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour,

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

Exc. In which array (brave soldier) doth he lie,
Laid on the plain: and by his bloody side,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,) The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face:

And cries aloud,—*Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk.*

My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:

Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-brast;

As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,

We kept together in our chivalry!

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:

He smiled me in the face, caught me his hand,

And, with a feeble gripe, says—*Dear my lord,*

Commend my service to my sovereign.

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck

He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips;

And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd

A testament of noble ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd

Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;

But I have not so much of man in me,

But all my mother came into my eyes,

And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not:

For, hearing this, I must perforce compound

With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—

(*Alarum.*)

But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—
The French have reinforced their scatter'd men:—
Then every soldier kill his prisoners:
Give the word through.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered in the 'orld: In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoners' throat. O, 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. Ay, he was born at Monmouth, captain Gower: What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the Great was born in Macedon; his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain,—if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth; it is called Wye, at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river. but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, (God knows, and you know,) in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made an end and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, is turn away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I am forget his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I can tell you, there is goot men born at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY with a part of the English Forces; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, and others.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France, Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;

Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill;
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;
And make them skirr away as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;
And not a man of them, that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy:—Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

K. Hen. How now? what means this, herald?
know'st thou not,
That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?

Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them:
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes (wo the while!)
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
(So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes;) and their wounded steeds
Fret, fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not, if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength
for it!—

What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then we call this the field of Agincourt
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Fu. Your grandfather of famous memory, and 't please your majesty, and your great uncle Edward the black prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave battle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Fu. Your majesty says very true: if your majesty is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon St. Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Fu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases His grace, and his majesty too.

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Fu. By Chesu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him.

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to Williams. Exeunt Montjoy and others.*]

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An 't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An 't please your majesty, a rascal, that swaggered with me last night; who, if a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive,) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Fu. He is a craven and a villain else, an 't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Fu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Beelzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Fu. Gower is a goot captain; and is goot knowledge and literature in wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege, [Exit.]

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost love me.

Fu. Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once: and please Got of his grace that I might see it.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Fu. He is my dear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Fu. I will fetch him. [Exit.]

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster.

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May, haply, purchase him a box o' the ear;
It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word,)
Some sudden mischief may arise of it,
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them,—
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter, [Exeunt]

SCENE VIII.—*Before King Henry's Pavilion.**Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.*

Will. I warrant, it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you, now, come apace to the king: there is more goot towards you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

(Strikes him.)

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal world, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir? you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you, in his majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it!) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire, in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.

K. Hen. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it: and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty, here now, (saving your majesty's manhood,) what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope, your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience, now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my liege, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself. you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle of Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow; And wear it for an honour in thy cap, Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns:— And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly:—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawns, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot; 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead numbered?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

(Delivers a paper.)

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;

John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciquault:

Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,

That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead

One hundred twenty-six: added to these,

Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,

Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,

Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:

So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,

There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;

The rest are—princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,

And gentlemen of blood and quality.

The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—

Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;

Jacques of Chatillon, admiral of France;

The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;

Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guischard Dauphin;

John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant,

The brother to the duke of Burgundy;

And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,

Grandpre, and Roussi, Falconberg, and Foix,

Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale.

Here was a royal fellowship of death!—

Where is the number of our English dead?

(Herald presents another paper.)

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,

Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, esquire:

None else of name; and, of all other men,

But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here,

And not to us, but to thy arm alone,

Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,

But in plain shock, and even play of battle,

Was ever known so great and little loss,

On one part and on th' other?—Take it, God?

For it is only thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:

And be it death proclaimed throughout our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to
tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledg-
ment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.
The dead with charity enclosed in clay,
We'll then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Vouchsafe to those, that have not read the
story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Towards Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the sea: Behold the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and
boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd
sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
And, solemnly, see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath:
Where that his lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
Before him, through the city; he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower, but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress,
(As, in good time, he may) from Ireland, coming,
Bringing rebellion broached upon his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more
cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
(As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home:
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them;) and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanced;
Till Harry's back-return again to France.
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgment; and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—*France. An English Court of Guard.*

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your
leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and
wherefore in all things: I will tell you as my friend,
Captain Gower; the rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy,
pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself,
and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a
fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to
me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look
you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place
where I could not breed no contentions with him;
but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap, till I
see him once again, and then I will tell him a little
piece of my desires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-
cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his
turkey-cocks. Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you
scurvy, lousy knave, Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? Dost thou thirst,
base Trojan,

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave,
at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions,
to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you
do not love it, nor your affections, and your appe-
tites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I
would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you.

(*Strikes him.*)

Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die!

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's
will is: I will desire you to live in the mean
time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce
for it (*Striking him again.*) You called me yester-
day mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a
squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you
can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonished
him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my
leek, or I will peat his pate four days.—Pite, I pray
you; it is goot for your green wound, and your
ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of
questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge:
I eat, and eke I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you: Will you have some more
sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to
swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily.
Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin 's goot
for your proken coxcomb. When you take occa-
sions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you mock at
them; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot:—Hold you, there is a groat
to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it:

or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you anything I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

[*Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit, cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare-ye-well.

[*Exit.*

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I that my Nell is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.

Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs

Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd will I turn,

And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I'll steal.

And patches will I get unto these scars,

And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the French King's Palace.*

Enter at one door KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and other Lords: at another the French King, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, &c., the Duke of BURGUNDY, and his Train*

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Unto our brother France,—and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes

To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine!

And (as a branch and member of this royalty,

By whom this great assembly is contrived,)

We do salute you, duke of Burgundy:—

And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,

Most worthy brother England, fairly met:—

So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,

Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting.

As we are now glad to behold your eyes;

Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them

Against the French, that met them in their bent,

The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:

The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,

Have lost their quality; and that this day

Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great kings of France and England! That I have labour'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours

To bring your most imperial majesties

Unto this bar and royal interview,

Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd

That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,

You have congregated; let it not disgrace me

If I demand, before this royal view,

What rub, or what impediment, there is.

Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,

Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,

Should not, in this best garden of the world,

Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?

Alas! she hath from France too long been chased;

And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,

Corrupting in its own fertility;

Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,

Unprun'd dies: her hedges even pleach'd,

Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,

Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas

The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumatory,

Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts,

That should deracinate such savagery:

The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth

The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,

Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,

Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems,

But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,

Losing both beauty and utility.

And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges

Defective in their natures, grow to wildness:

Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,

Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,

The sciences that should become our country;

But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,

That nothing do but meditate on blood,—

To swearing, and stern looks, diffused attire,

And everything that seems unnatural.

Which to reduce into our former favour,

You are assembled: and my speech entreats,

That I may know the let, why gentle peace

Should not expel these inconveniences,

And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,

Whose want gives growth to the imperfections

Which you have cited, you must buy that peace

With full accord to all our just demands;

Whose tenours and particular effects

You have, enscheduled briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which as yet,

There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well, then, the peace,

Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye

O'er glanced the articles: pleaseth your grace

To appoint some of your council presently

To sit with us once more, with better heed

To re-survey them, we will, suddenly,

Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—

And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,—

Warwick,—and Huntingdon,—go with the king:

And take with you free power, to ratify,

Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best

Shall see advantageable for our dignity,

Anything in, or out of, our demands;

And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with
them;

Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urged, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with
us;

She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but Henry, Katharine,
and her Gentlewoman.*]

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!

Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot
speak your England.

K. Hen. O, fair Katharine, if you will love me
soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to
hear you confess it brokenly with your English
tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is—like
me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are
like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment (sauf vostre grace), ainsi
dit-il*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine, and I must
not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont
pleines des tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the
tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. *Ouy*; dat de tongues of de mans is be full
of deceits: dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better English-
woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy
understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no
better English, for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find
me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think I
had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no
ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love
you: then, if you urge me farther than to say, Do
you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your
answer; i' faith do; and so clap hands and a bar-
gain: How say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or
to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me:
for the one, I have neither words nor measure;
and for the other, I have no strength in measure,
yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could
win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my
saddle with my armour on my back, under the cor-
rection of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly
leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love,
or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on
like a butcher, and sit like a jackanapes, never off,
but, before God, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp
out my eloquence; nor I have no cunning in pro-
testation; only downright oaths, which I never use
till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou
canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose
face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in
his glass for love of anything he sees there, let
thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee, plain sol-
dier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if
not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true; but—
for thy love, by the lord, no: yet I love thee, too.

And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of
plain and uncoined constancy: for he, perforce,
must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to
woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite
tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies'
favours,—they do always reason themselves out
again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme
is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight
back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a
curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither;
a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate,
is the sun and moon; or, rather, the sun, and not
the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes,
but keeps his course truly. If thou wouldst have
such a one, take me: And take me, take a soldier;
take a soldier, take a king: And what sayest thou
then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray
thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy
of France?

K. Hen. No: it is not possible you should love
the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you
should love the friend of France: for I love France
so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I
will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is
mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and
you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French?
which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a
new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly
to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France,
et quand vous avez la possession de moi*, (let me see,
what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!)—*donc
vostre est France, et vous estes mienne*. It is as easy
for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak
so much more French: I shall never move thee in
French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous
parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, 'faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speak-
ing of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely,
must needs be granted to be much at one. But,
Kate, dost thou understand thus much English:
Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate?
I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and
at night when you come into your closet, you'll
question this gentlewoman about me; and I know,
Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me,
that you love with your heart: but, good Kate,
mock me mercifully: the rather, gentle princess,
because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine,
Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me, tells me
thou shalt,) I get thee with scrambling, and thou
must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder:
Shall not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and
Saint George, compound a boy half French, half
English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take
the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest
thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; tis hereafter to know, but now to
promise; do but now promise, Kate, you will en-
deavour for your French part of such a boy; and
for my English moiety, take the word of a king
and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle
Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divine daesse*?

Kath. Your majesty ave French enough to deceive
de most sage damoiselle dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French; By m—

honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate : by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me ; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition ! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me : therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the older I wax, better I shall appear ; my comfort is, that old age, that ill-layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face, thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst : and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better ; and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me ? Put off your maiden blushes ; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the look of an empress ; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine ; which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine ; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music ; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken ; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English. Wilt thou have me ?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please de roy, mon père.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate ; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez : ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure ; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisees devant leur noces, il n'est pas le coûtume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam, my interpreter, what says she ?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell what is *baiser*, en English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* better que moy.

K. Hen. It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say ?

Alice. *Ouy, vrayment.*

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs court'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion ; we are the makers of manners, Kate ; and the liberty that follows our places, stops the mouths of all find-faults ; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss ; therefore, patiently and yielding. (*Kissing her.*) You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate : there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council ; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French King and Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WEST-MORELAND, and other French and English Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty ! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English ?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her ; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt ?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz ; and my condition is not smooth : so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her you must make a circle : if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind. Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self. It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield ; as love is blind and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent to winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning : for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes ; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer : and so I will catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so : and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness ; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid, that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspective, the cities turned into a maid ; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife ?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content ; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her : so the maid, that stood in the way of my wish, shall shew me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England ?

West. The king hath granted every article : His daughter, first : and then, in sequel, all, According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only, he hath not yet subscribed this :—Where your majesty demands,—That the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre très cher fils Henry, roy d'Angleterre, heretier de France* ; and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,

Let that one article rank with the rest : And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son : and from her blood raise up

Issue to me : that the contending kingdoms

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage :—on which day,

My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers, for surety of our leagues.—
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[Exeunt

Enter Chorus.

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story:
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small, most greatly lived
This star of England: fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned king
Of France and England, did this thing succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing
That they lost France, and made his England
bleed;
Which oft our stage has shown; and for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

[Exit.

All. Amen!

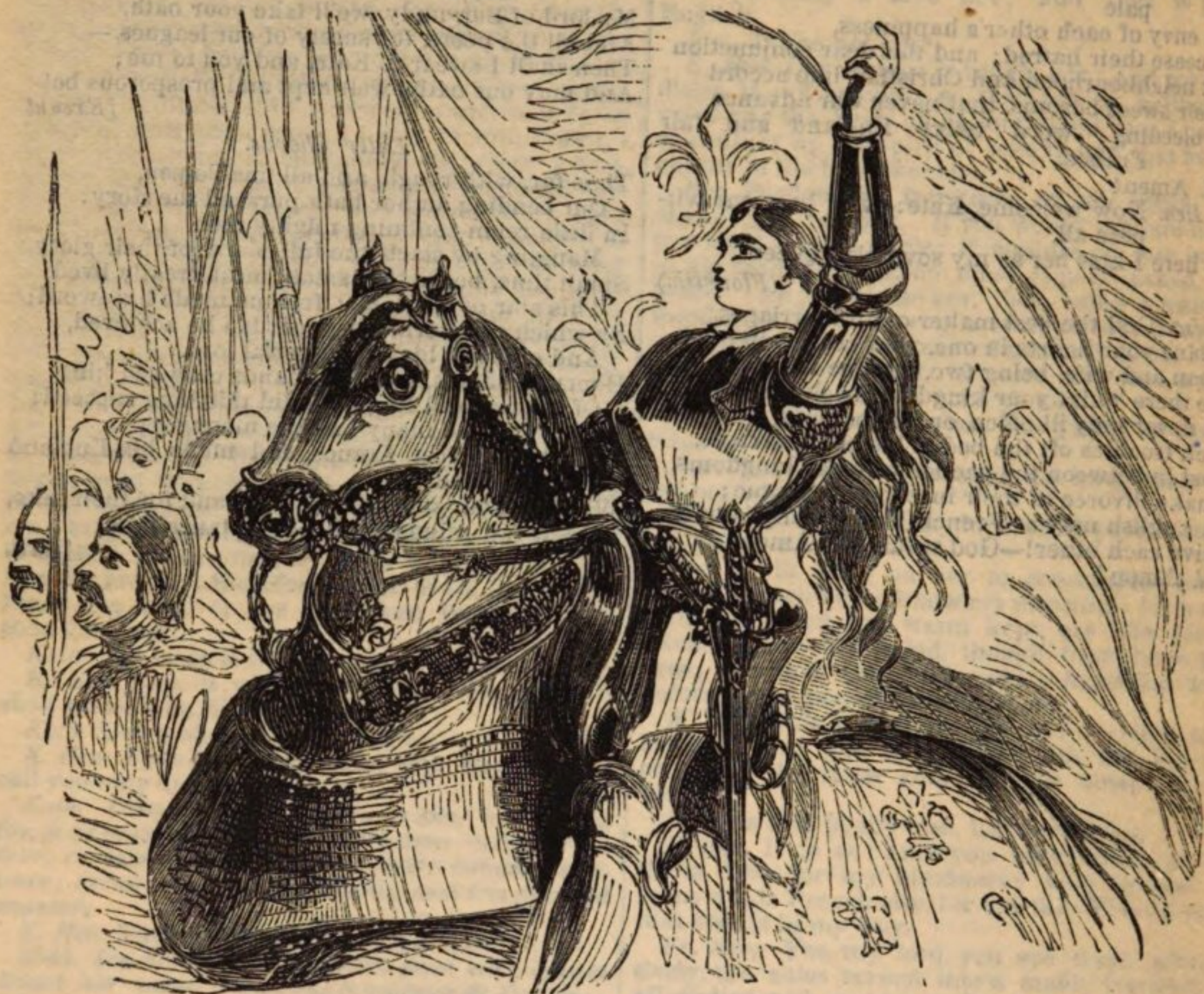
K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

(Flourish.)

Q. Isa. God the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!

A. J. Allen:

KING HENRY VI. PART FIRST.



Puc.—"ADVANCE OUR WAVING COLOURS ON THE WALLS!"—*Act i, scene 6.*

Persons Represented.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, *Uncle to the King, and Protector.*
DUKE OF BEDFORD, *Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.*
THOMAS BEAUFORT, *Duke of Exeter, great Uncle to the King.*
HENRY BEAUFORT, *great Uncle to the King, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal.*
JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl of Somerset, afterwards Duke.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *eldest Son of Richard, late Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York.*
EARL OF WARWICK.
EARL OF SALISBURY.
EARL OF SUFFOLK.
LORD TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.*
JOHN TALBOT, *his Son.*
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*
Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.
SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.
SIR WILLIAM LUCY.
SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE.
SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE.
Mayor of London.

WOODVILLE, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
VERNON, *of the White Rose, or York Faction.*
BASSET, *of the Red Rose, or Lancaster Faction.*
CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.*
REIGNIER, *Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.*
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF ALENCON.
Governor of Paris.
Bastard of Orleans.
Master Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
General of the French Forces in Bordeaux.
A French Sergeant.
A Porter.
An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.
MARGARET, *Daughter to Reignier; afterwards married to King Henry.*
COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
JOAN LA PUCELLE, *commonly called Joan of Arc.*
Fiends appearing to La Pucelle. Lords, Warders of the Tower, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

SCENE,—*Partly in England, and partly in France.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. Corpse of KING HENRY the Fifth discovered lying in state; attended on by the Dukes of BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and EXETER; the Earl of WARWICK, the Bishop of WINCHESTER, Heralds, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!

Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky:
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!
Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command;
His brandish'd sword did blind men with its beams;

His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black: Why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurors and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contrived his end?

Win. He was a king, bless'd of the King of kings.

Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may overawe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector;
And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe.
More than God, or religious churchmen, may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace!

Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.—
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck;

Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears.
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth! thy ghost I invoke!

Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens;
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright——

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?

Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns,
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was used?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.

Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions;
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,

You are disputing of your generals.
One would have ling'ring wars with little cost;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France;—
Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France.—
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance:

France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty towns of no import:
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd:
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
The duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exe. The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 Mess. My gracious lords,—to add to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King's Henry's hearse,—

I must inform you of a dismal fight
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so.

3 *Mess.* O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'er-thrown:

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French,
Was round encompassed and set upon:
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of
hedges,

They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Inacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand
him;

Here, there, and everywhere, enraged he slew:
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood agazed on him;
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward;
He, being in the vaward, (placed behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre,
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled
strength,

Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal;
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need; for Orleans is be-sieged;

The English army is grown weak and faint;
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry
sworn;

Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take leave
To go about my preparation. *[Exit.]*

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. *[Exit.]*

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. *[Exit.]*

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:

I am left out: for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;
The king from Eltham I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

[Exit. Scene closes.]

SCENE II.—*France. Before Orleans.*

Enter CHARLES, with his Forces: ALENCON, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the
heavens

So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have?

At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale
ghosts,

Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull
beeves:

Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender tied to their mouths,
Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege: Why live we idly
here?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none but mad-brained Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum: we will rush on
them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French:—
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. *[Exeunt.]*

Alarums; Excursions; afterwards a Retreat.

*Re-enter CHARLES, ALENCON, REIGNIER, and
others.*

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have
I?—

Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have
fled,

But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide!
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissard, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons, and Goliasses,

It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair
brain'd slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals or device,
Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of ORLEANS.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin? I have news
for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer
appall'd;
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in: [*Exit Bastard.*] But, first,
to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place.
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern:—
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.
(*Retires.*)

*Enter LA PUCELLE, Bastard of ORLEANS, and
others.*

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wond'rous
feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile
me?—

Where is the Dauphin?—come, come from be-
hind;

I know thee well, though never seen before.

Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me:

In private will I talk with thee apart;

Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's
daughter,

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.

Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleased

To shine on my contemptible estate:

Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,

And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,

God's mother deigned to appear to me;

And, in a vision full of majesty,

Will'd me to leave my base vocation,

And free my country from calamity:

Her aid she promised, and assured success:

In complete glory she reveal'd herself;

And, whereas I was black and swart before,

With those clear rays which she infused on me,

That beauty am I bless'd with, which you see.

Ask me what question thou canst possible,

And I will answer unpremeditated:

My courage try by combat, if thou darest,

And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.

Resolve on this: Thou shalt be fortunate,

If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonished me with thy high
terms:

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,—

In single combat thou shalt buckle with me:

And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;

Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepared: here is my keen-edged
sword,

Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;

The which at Touraine, in Saint Katherine church-
yard,

Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come 'o God's name, I fear no
woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

(*They fight.*)

Char. Stay, stay thy hand; thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too
weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help
me:

Impatiently I burn with thy desire;

My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,

Let me thy servant, and not sovereign be;

'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,

For my profession's sacred from above:

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,

Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Meantime, look gracious on thy prostrate
thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to her
smock:

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no
mean?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do
know:

These women are shrewd tempters with their
tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you? what devise you
on?

Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

Puc. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!

Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says, I'll confirm; we'll fight it
out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:

Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,

Since I have entered into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,

Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought.

With Henry's death, the English circle ends;

Dispersed are the glories it included.

Now am I like that proud insulting ship,

Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?

Thou with an eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,

Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.

Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,

How may I reverently worship thee enough?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise the
siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our
honours;

Drive them from Orleans, and be immortalized.

Char. Presently we'll try:—Come, let's away
about it.

No prophet will I trust if she prove false.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*London. Hill before the Tower.*

*Enter, at the gates, the DUKE OF GLOSTER, with
his serving-men, in blue coats.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day:

Since Henry's death, I fear, there is convey-
ance.—

Where be these warders, that they wait not here?

Open the gates; Gloster it is that calls.

(*Servants knock.*)

1 *Ward.* (*Within.*) Who is there that knocks so imperiously?

1 *Serv.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* (*Within.*) Whoe'er he be, we may not let him in.

1 *Serv.* Answer you so the lord protector, villains?

1 *Ward.* (*Within.*) The Lord protect him! so we answer him.

We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willed you; or whose will stands, but mine?

There's no protector of the realm, but I.
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize;
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Servants rush at the Tower gates. Enter to the gates, WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant.

Wood. (*Within.*) What noise is this? what traitors have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloster that would enter.

Wood. (*Within.*) Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;

The cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville prizest him 'fore me?

Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?

Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1 *Serv.* Open the gates unto the lord protector;
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, attended by a train of Servants in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey, what means this?

Glo. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou, that contrivedst to murder our dead lord:
Thou, that givest whores indulgences to sin,
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;

This be Damascus. be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:

Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth,
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou darest; I beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What? am I dared, and bearded to my face?

Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;

(*Gloster and his men attack the bishop.*)

I mean to tug it, and cuff you soundly:
Under my feet, I stamp thy cardinal's hat;
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope!

Glo. Winchester goose, I cry—a rope! a rope!
Now beat them hence, why do you let them stay?
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawny-coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here a great tumult. In the midst of it, enter the Mayor of London, and Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

Glo. Peace, mayor; thou know'st little of my wrongs:

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;
That seeks to overthrow religion,

Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows. [*Here they skirmish again.*]

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,

But to make open proclamation:—

Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst.

Offi. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:

But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we'll meet, to thy dear cost, be sure:

Thy heart-blood I will have, for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away.—

This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it ere long. [*Exeunt.*]

May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart,—

Good God! that nobles should such stomachs bear!

I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*France. Before Orleans.*

Enter, on the walls, the Master-Gunner and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged,

And how the English have the suburbs won.

Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by me:

Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do, to procure me grace.

The prince's espials have informed me,
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars

In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;
And thence discover, how, with most advantage,
They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.

To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed;
And fully even these three days have I watch'd.

If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*]

Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

*Enter, in an upper Chamber of a tower, the Lords
SALISBURY and TALBOT, SIR WILLIAM
GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS GARGRAVE, and
others.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or, by what means got'st thou to be released?
Discourse, I pry'thee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him I was exchanged and ransomed,
But with a baser man of arms, by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdainingly, scorn'd; and craved death
Rather than I would be so piled esteemed.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.

But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my
heart;

Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If now I had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert enter-
tain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious
taunts,

In open market-place produced they me,
To be a public spectacle to all;
Here, said they, is the terror of the French.

The scare-crow, that affrights our children so!
Then broke I from the officers that led me;
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.

My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was
spread,

That they supposed I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:

Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute-while;

And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you en-
dured;

But we will be revenged sufficiently.

Now is the supper-time in Orleans:

Here, through this grate, I can count every one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;

Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.—
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,

Let me have your express opinions,

Where is best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think at the north gate; for there stand
lords.

Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

*(Shot from the town. Salisbury and Sir
Thomas Gargrave fall.)*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath
cross'd us?

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak;
How farest thou, mirror of all martial men?

One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off! —
Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contrived this woful tragedy!

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame!
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—
Yet livest thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth
fail,

One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace.
The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands! —

Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.—

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?

Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.

Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;

Thou shalt not die, whilst —

He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me;

As who would say, *When I am dead and gone,*

Remember to avenge me on the French. —

Plantagenet, I will; and Nero-like,

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:

Wretched shall France be only in my name.

(Thunder heard; afterwards an alarum.)

What stir is this? What tumults in the heavens?

Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd
head:

The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—

A holy prophetess, new risen up,—

Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

(Salisbury groans.)

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth
groan!

It irks his heart, he cannot be revenged.—

Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:—

Pucelle or puzzle, dolphin or dogfish,

Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,

And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—

Convey me Salisbury into his tent,

And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen
dare.

[Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.]

SCENE V.—*The same. Before one of the
Gates.*

*Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT pursueth the
Dauphin, and driveth him in; then enter JOAN LA
PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her. Then
enter TALBOT.*

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my
force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them,
A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes:—I'll have a bout with thee:

Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:

Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,

And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace
thee.

(They fight.)

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?

My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,

And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,

But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

(Pucelle enters the Town, with Soldiers.)

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;

I know not where I am, nor what I do:
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.
They called us, for our fierceness, English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

(A short alarum.)

Hark, countrymen; either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

(Alarum. Another skirmish.)

It will not be:—Retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

(Alarm. Retreat. Exeunt Talbot and his Forces, &c.)

SCENE VI.—The same.

Enter, on the walls, PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENCON, and Soldiers.

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescued is Orleans from the English wolves:—
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Char. Divinest creature, bright Astrea's daughter,

How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetic!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,

When they shall hear how we have played the men.

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;

For which, I shall divide my crown with her;
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was:
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn, more precious

Than the rich jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals

Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter to the Gates, a French Sergeant, and two Sentinels.

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign,
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

1 Sent. Sergeant, you shall. *[Exit Ser.]* Thus are poor servitors

(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces, with scaling ladders; their drums beating a dead march.

Tal. Lord Regent,—and redoubted Burgundy,—
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day caroused and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contrived by art, and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,

Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company,—
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid, and be so martial!

Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine, ere long;

If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:

God is our fortress, in whose conquering name,
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Tal. Not all together; better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fall,
The other yet may raise against their force.

Bed. Agreed: I'll to yon corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

(The English scale the walls, crying St. George! a Talbot! and all enter by the town.)

Sent. *(Within.)* Arm, arm; the enemy doth make assault!

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, Bastard, ALENCON, REIGNIER, half ready, and half unready.

Alen. How now, my lords? what all unready so?

Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scaped so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,

Hearing alarms at our chamber doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I followed arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise

More venturous or more desperate than this.

Bast. I think, this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel how he sped.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make us partakers of a little gain,

That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?

Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail,

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—

Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default,

That, being captain of the watch to-night,

Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,

As that whereof I had the government,

We had not been thus shamefully surprised.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,

Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,

I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the sentinels:

Then how, or which way, should they first break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no farther of the case,
How, or which way; 'tis sure they found some place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made,

And now there rests no other shift but this,—

To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispersed,

And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarm. *Enter an English Soldier, crying, a Talbot!*

a Talbot! They fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;

For I have loaden me with many spoils,

Using no other weapon but his name.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Orleans. Within the Town.*

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain, and others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.

Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

(*Retreat sounded.*)

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;

And here advance it in the market place,

The middle centre of this cursed town.

Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;

For every drop of blood was drawn from him,

There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-night.

And, that hereafter ages may behold

What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,

Within their chiefest temple I'll erect

A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:

Upon the which, that every one may read,

Shall be engraved the sack of Orleans;

The treacherous manner of his mournful death

And what a terror he had been to France.

But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,

I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's grace;

His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc;

Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,

Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,

They did, amongst the troops of armed men,

Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself (as far as I could discern,

For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night,)—

Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull;

When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,

Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,

That could not live asunder day or night.

After that things are set in order here,

We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. All hail, my lords! which of this princely train

Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts

So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,

With modesty admiring thy renown,

By me entreats, good lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe

To visit her poor castle where she lies:

That she may boast she hath beheld the man

Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars

Will turn into a peaceful comic sport,

When ladies crave to be encounter'd with,—

You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,

Yet hath a woman's kindness overruled:—

And therefore tell her, I return great thanks;

And in submission will attend on her.

Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; it is more than manners will:

And I have heard it said,—Unbidden guests

Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,

I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.

Come hither, captain. (*Whispers.*)—You perceive my mind.

Capt. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Auvergne. Court of the Castle.*

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Count. The plot is laid; if all things fall out right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit

As Scythian Thomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine
ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam,
According as your ladyship desired,
By message craved, so is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see, report is fabulous and false:
I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him whether he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like;
And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captive.

Tal. Ha! ha! ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall
turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art thou not the man?

Tal. I am, indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceived, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:

I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce:
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently

*He winds a horn. Drums heard; then a peal of
ordnance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.*

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?

These are his substance, sinews, arms, and
strength,

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks:

Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse;
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gathered by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor miscon-
strue

The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.

What you have done hath not offended me:

No other satisfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what eates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart? and think me hon-
oured

To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. The Temple Garden.

*Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and
WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET,
VERNON, and another Lawyer.*

Plan. Great lords and gentlemen, what means
this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the
truth;

Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
And never yet could frame my will to it,
And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then, be-
tween us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher
pitch;

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better
temper:

Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to
speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him, that is a true-born gentleman
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him, that is no coward, nor no flat-
terer,

But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more.

Till you conclude that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on: Who else?

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;

(*To Somerset.*)

In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall die your white rose in a bloody red.

Plan. Meantime, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,

'Tis not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;

His grandfather was Lionel, Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward, king of England.
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

Plan. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words

On any plot of ground in Christendom:
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will,
For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,

I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still,
And know us, by these colours, for thy foes:
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be choked with thy ambition;

And so farewell, until I meet thee next. *[Exit.*

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. *[Exit.*

Plan. How I am braved, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object against your house,

Shall be wiped out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:

And, if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.

Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.

And here I prophesy,—This brawl to day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner: I daresay,
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*The same. A Room in the Tower.*

Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair by two Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment:
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes,—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,—

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:
Weak shoulders, overborne with burd'ning grief:
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:—
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,

Unable to support this lump of clay,—
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

i Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come.

We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber:
And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfied.—
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms,)

This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
Deprived of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence;
I would his troubles likewise were expired,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

1 *Keep.* My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,

Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despised?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm:

And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew twixt Somerset and me:
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him:
Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance sake,—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,

And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his disease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was:

For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Deposed his nephew Richard; Edward's son,
The first-begotten and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign, the Percies of the North
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason moved these warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young King Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body.)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third, whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark; as in this haughty, great attempt,
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,—
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then derived
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army; weening to redeem,

And have install'd me in the diadem,
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have;
And that my fainting words do warrant death.
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me;

But yet, methinks, my father's execution,
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic;
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And like a mountain, not to be removed.
But now thy uncle is removing hence;
As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O uncle, 'would some part of my young years

Might but redeem the passage of your age!

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me: as that slaughterer doth,

Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral!
And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes!
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war!

(Dies)

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.
Well I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine let that rest.
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.

[*Exeunt Keepers, bearing out Mortimer.*

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Choked with ambition of the meaner sort:—
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,—
I doubt not, but with honour to redress:
And therefore haste I to the parliament;
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I.—*The same. The Parliament House.*

Flourish. *Enter* KING HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the Bishop of WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOSTER offers to put up a bill; WINCHESTER snatches it and tears it.

Win. Comest thou with deep premeditated lines,

With written pamphlets studiously devised,
Humphrey of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I, with sudden and extemporal speech,
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,

Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I prefer'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,

That therefore I have forged, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
 No, prelate, such is thy audacious wickedness,
 Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
 As very infants prattle of thy pride.
 Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
 Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
 Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
 A man of thy profession and degree;
 And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?
 In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
 As well at London bridge, as at the Tower?
 Besides, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
 The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
 From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords, vouch-
 safe

To give me hearing what I shall reply.
 If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
 As he will have me, How am I so poor?
 Or how haps it I seek not to advance
 Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
 And for dissention, Who preferreth peace
 More than I do—except I be provoked?
 No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
 It is not that that hath incensed the duke:
 It is, because no one should sway but he;
 No one but he should be about the king;
 And that engenders thunder in his breast,
 And makes him roar these accusations forth.
 But he shall know, I am as good—

Glo. As good?

Thou bastard of my grandfather!

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
 But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am I not a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
 And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. This Rome shall remedy.

War. Roam thither then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
 And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler,
 It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so
 near.

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
 Is not his grace protector to the king?

Plan. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
 Lest it be said, *Speak, sirrah, when you should*;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?

Else would I have a fling at Winchester. (*Aside.*)

K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
 The special watchmen of our English weal;
 I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
 To join your hearts in love and amity.

O what a scandal is it to our crown,
 That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
 Believe me, my lords, my tender years can tell,
 Civil dissention is a viperous worm,
 That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.

(*A noise within: Down with the tawny-coats!*)
 What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
 Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

(*A noise again: Stones! stones!*)

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May. O my good lords,—and virtuous Henry,—
 Pity the city of London, pity us!

The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
 Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
 Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones;
 And, banding themselves in contrary parts,
 Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
 That many have their giddy brains knock'd out
 Our windows are broke down in every street,
 And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

*Enter, skirmishing, the retainers of Gloster and
 Winchester, with bloody pates.*

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to our-
 self,
 To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the
 peace.

Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 Serv. Nay, if we be
 Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

(*Skirmish again.*)

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish
 broil,
 And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

1 Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a
 man

Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
 Inferior to none but to his majesty:

And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,
 So kind a father of the commonweal,
 To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
 We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
 And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

2 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
 Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.

(*Skirmish again.*)

Glo. Stay, stay, I say!

And, if you love me, as you say you do,
 Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict my
 soul!—

Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
 My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
 Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
 Or who should study to prefer a peace,
 If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My lord protector, yield;—yield, Winches-
 ter;—

Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
 To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
 You see what mischief, and what murder, too,
 Hath been enacted through your enmity:
 Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me
 stoop;

Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest
 Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
 Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
 As by his smooth brows it doth appear:
 Why look you still so stern and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you
 preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin:
 And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
 But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king!—the bishop hath a kindly
 gird,—

For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee!
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay; but I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. So help me God, as I intend it not!

(*Aside.*)

K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful am I made by this contract!—
Away, my masters; trouble us no more;
But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content, I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* And so will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what physic the tavern
affords.

[*Exeunt Servants, Mayor, &c.*]

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign;
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urged, my lord of Warwick;—for,
sweet prince,
An if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right:
Especially, for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of
force:

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompensed.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against
my foot;

And, in requerdon of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
And rise created princely Duke of York:

Plan. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may
fall,

And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of
York!

Som. Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York.
(*Aside.*)

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word, King
Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Exeunt all but Exeter.*]

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in
France,

Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissention, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of forged love,
And will at last break out into a flame:

As fester'd members rot but by degrees,
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry, named the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all:
And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*France. Before Rouen.*

*Enter LA PUCELLE disguised, and Soldiers dressed
like countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men,
That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, (as I hope we shall)
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

1 *Sold.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the
city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock. (*Knocks.*)

Guard. (*Within*) *Qui est la?*

Puc. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France:*
Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.

(*Opens the gates.*)

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the
ground. (*Pucelle, &c., enter the city.*)

*Enter CHARLES, Bastard of ORLEANS,
ALENCON, and Forces.*

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder
tower;
Which, once discern'd, shews, that her meaning
is,—

No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

*Enter LA PUCELLE, on a battlement; holding out a
torch burning.*

Puc. Behold, this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Rouen unto our countrymen;
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our
friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shines it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Alen. Defer no time, delays have dangerous
ends;

Enter, and cry—*The Dauphin!*—presently,
And then do execution on the watch. (*They enter.*)

Alarums. Enter TALBOT, and certain English.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy
tears,

If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—

Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escaped the pride of France.

[*Exeunt to the Town.*]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter, from the Town, BEDFORD, brought in sick, in a chair, with TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the English Forces. Then, enter on the walls, LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, Bastard, ALENCON, and others.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants; want ye corn for I think the duke of Burgundy will fast, [bread? Before he'll buy again at such a rate:

'Twas full of darnel: do you like the taste?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtesan;

I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine own, And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time. [son!

Bed. O, let no words, but deeds, avenge this treason!

Puc. What will you do, good greybeard? break a lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite, Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!

Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,

And twit with cowardice a man half dead?

Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,

Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow,—

[*Talbot and the rest consult together.*]

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field?

Puc. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools, To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,

But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;

Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang!—base muleteers of France!

Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls, And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Puc. Captains, away, let's get us from the walls; For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—

God be wi' you, my lord! we came, sir, but to tell That we are here. [you,

Exeunt La Pucelle, &c., from the walls.

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,

Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!—

Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,

(Prick'd on by public wrongs, sustain'd in France,) Thither to get the town again, or die:

And I,—as sure as English Henry lives,

And as his father here was conqueror;

As sure as in this late-betrayed town

Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried;

So sure I swear, to get the town; or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,

The valiant duke of Bedford:—Come, my lord,

We will bestow you in some better place,

Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:

Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen,

And will be partner of your weal or woe. [you.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade

Bed. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,

That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,

Came to the field, and vanquished his foes:

Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,

Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!—

Then be it so:—Heavens keep old Bedford safe!—

And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,

But gather we our forces out of hand, And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt Burgundy, Talbot, and Forces, leaving Bedford, and others.*]

Alarum. Excursions. Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE, and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight:

We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,

All the Talbots in the world to save my life.

[*Exit.*]

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!

[*Exit.*]

Re'creat. Excursions. Enter, from the town, LA PUCELLE, ALENCON, CHARLES, &c., and exeunt, flying.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please;

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man?

They that of late were daring with their scoffs,

Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[*Dies, and is carried off in his chair.*]

Alarum. Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and others.

Tal. Lost and recover'd in a day again!

This is a double honour, Burgundy;

Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy

Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects

Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle I think her old familiar is asleep; [now?

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?

What, all a-mort? Rouen hangs her head for grief, That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town,

Placing therein some expert officers;

And then depart to Paris, to the king;

For there young Harry, with his nobles, lies.

Bur. What wills lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget

The noble duke of Bedford, late deceased,

But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;

A braver soldier never couched lance.

A gentler heart did never sway in court:

But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;

For that's the end of human misery. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. The Plains near the City.*

Enter CHARLES, the Bastard, ALENCON, LA

PUCELLE, and Forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,

Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,

For things that are not to be remedied.

Let frantic Talbot triumph for awhile,

And like a peacock sweep along his tail;

We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train;

If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but ruled.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,

And of thy cunning had no diffidence;

One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,

And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,

And have thee revered like a blessed saint;

Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise;

By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expelled from France,

And not have title to an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

(*Drums heard.*)

Hark! by the sound of drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance, TALBOT, and his Forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

A French March. Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY and Forces.

Now, in the rearward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

(*A parley sounded.*)

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France;
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defaced
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe!

As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast!
O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!
One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign
gore;

Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots!

Bur. Either she hath bewitched me with her words,

Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,

Doubting thy birth, and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive?
Call we to mind,—and mark but this for proof;—
Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.

See then! thou fight'st against thy countrymen,
And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come, come, return; return thou wand'ring lord;
Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—

Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!

And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:

My forces and my power of men are yours;

So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers.

And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Paris. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and other lords, VERNON, BASSET, &c. To them TALBOT, and some of his officers.

Tal. My gracious prince and honourable peers,—
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm,—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Besides five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
Lest fall his sword before your highness' feet;
And with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege,

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord!

When I was young (as yet I am not old,)
I do remember how my father said,
A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up: and for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[*Exeunt King Henry, Gloster, Talbot, and Nobles.*]

Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York,—
Darest thou maintain the former words thou
spakest?

Bass. Yes, sir; as well as you dare parentage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bass. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.
(*Strikes him.*)

Bass. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is
such,

That, whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave

I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
 When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.
Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as
 you;
 And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room of State.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER,
 YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHES-
 TER, WARWICK, TALBOT, *the Governor of*
Paris, and others.

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry, of that name the
 Sixth!

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,—
 (*Governor kneels.*)

That you elect no other king but him:
 Esteem none friends but such as are his friends;
 And none your foes, but such as shall pretend
 Malicious practices against his state:
 This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!
 [*Exeunt Gov. and his train.*]

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from
 To haste unto your coronation, [*Calais,*]
 A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
 Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!
 I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
 To tear the garter from thy craven's leg
 (*Plucking it off.*)

(Which I have done), because unworthily
 Thou wast installed in that high degree.—
 Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest;
 This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
 When but in all I was six thousand strong,
 And that the French were almost ten to one,—
 Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
 Like to a trusty squire, did run away;
 In which assault we lost twelve hundred men:
 Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
 Were there surprised, and taken prisoners,
 Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
 Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
 This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
 And ill-beseeming any common man;
 Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordained, my
 Knights of the garter were of noble birth; [*lords.*]
 Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
 Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
 Not fearing death, nor shrinking from distress,
 But always resolute in most extremes.
 He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
 Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
 Profaning this most honourable order;
 And should (if I were worthy to be judge,)
 Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
 That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st
 thy doom:
 Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight;
 Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.—
 [*Exit Fastolfe.*]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter,
 Sent from our uncle, duke of Burgundy,

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath changed
 his style? (*Viewing the superscription.*)

No more but plain and bluntly,—*To the king!*

Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?

Or doth this churlish superscription

Pretend some alteration in good will?

What's here?—*I have, upon especial cause,—* [*Reads.*]

Moved with compassion of my country's wreck,

Together with the pitiful complaints

Of such as your oppression feeds upon,—

Forsaken your pernicious faction,

And join'd with Charls, the rightful king of France.

O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot there shall talk
 with him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse:—

My lord, how say you? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes, but that I am pre-
 vented,

I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march unto
 him straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason:

And what offence it is to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord: in heart desiring still,

You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*]

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

Bass. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

York. This is my servant: Hear him, noble prince!

Som. And this is mine: Sweet Harry, favour him!

K. Hen. Be patient, lords; and give them leave
 to speak.—

Say, gentlemen. What makes you thus exclaim?

And wherefore crave you combat; or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me
 wrong.

Bass. And I with him; for he hath done me
 wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong, whereof you both
 complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bass. Crossing the sea from England into France,
 This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
 Upbraided me about the rose I wear;

Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves

Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,

When stubbornly he did impugn the truth,

About a certain question in the law,

Argued betwixt the duke of York and him;

With other vile and ignominious terms.

In confutation of which rude reproach,

And in defence of my lord's worthiness,

I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:

For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,

To set a gloss upon his bold intent,

Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him;

And he first took exceptions at this badge,

Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower

Betray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will
 out,

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good lord! What madness rules in
 brain-sick men;

When, for so light and frivolous a cause,

Such factious emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissention first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bass. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not ashamed,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords,—methinks you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less, to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you, take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness: Good my lords, be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants:

Henceforth, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation;
If they perceive dissentions in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
To wilful disobedience, and rebel?
Besides, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified,
That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France?
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years; and let us not forego
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this dreadful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

(Putting on a red rose.)

That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of York, we institute your graee
To be our regent in these parts of France:—
And, good my lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;—
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[Flourish. *Exeunt King Henry, Glo., Som.,
Win., Suf., and Bass.*

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king,
Prettily, methought, did play the orator,

York. And so he did: but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;

I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And, if I wist he did.—But let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.

[*Exeunt York, Warwick, and Vernon.*

Exe. Well did'st thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice,

For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
Than yet can be imagined or supposed.
But howsoever no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This should'ring of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much, when sceptres are in children's hands,
But more, when envy breeds unkind division;
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Before Bordeaux.

Enter TALBOT with his Forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bordeaux, trumpeter,
Summon their general unto the wall.

*Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the
General of the French Forces, and others.*

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;
And thus he would.—Open your city gates,
Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge,
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou can'st not enter, but by death:
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way can'st thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French hath ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, due thee withal:
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

(Drums afar off.)

Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General, &c., from the walls.*

Tal. He fables not, I hear the enemy,—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline;
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale;

A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood:
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch;
But rather moody-mad, and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.—
God and Saint George! Talbot and England's right
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III.—*Plains in Gascony.**Enter YORK, with Forces; to him a Messenger.*

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord, and give it out,
That he is marched to Bordeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot: As he march'd along,
By your espials were discover'd
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led:
Which join'd with him, and made their march for
Bordeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid;
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English
strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot;
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bordeaux, warlike duke! to Bordeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France and England's honour.
York. O God! that Somerset—who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the distress'd lord.

York. He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get:
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset. [soul!]

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's
And on his son, young John; whom two hours
I met in travel toward his warlike father! [since
This seven years did not Talbot see his son,
And now they meet where both their lives are
done.]

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,
Long all of Somerset, and his delay. [Exit.]

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth:—Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*Other Plains of Gascony.**Enter SOMERSET, with his forces; an Officer of Talbot's with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the
name.

Off. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our over-matched forces forth for aid.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William? whither were you
sent? [lord Talbot;

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold
Who ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default. [him aid.]

Som. York set him on, York should have sent

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace ex-
claims;
Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had the
I owe him little duty, and less love; [horse:
And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.]

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of
France,
Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen
Within six hours they will be at his aid. [straight:]

Lucy. Too late comes rescue; he is ta'en, or
For fly he could not, if he would have fled; [slain;
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.]

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in
you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*The English Camp near Bordeaux.**Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.*

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee,
To tutor thee in stratagems of war;
That Talbot's name might be in thee revived,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavowed danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come dally not, begone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O, if you love my mother,

Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
The world will say—He is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage every one will swear;
But if I bow, they'll say—it was for fear.
There is no hope, that ever I will stay,
If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserved with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's
womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be saved in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not
lose it. [abuse it?

John. Yes, your renowned name: Shall flight

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from
that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly. [die;

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight and
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such
No more can I be sever'd from your side, [blame?
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die:
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—A Field of Battle.

*Alarum: Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son is
hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers,
fight:

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.

Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy
breath;

I give thee life, and rescued thee from death.

John. O twice my father! twice am I thy son!
The life, thou gavest me first, was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determined time thou gavest new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword
struck fire,

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,
Quickened with youthful spleen, and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encountered;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed

Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: *Contaminated, base,
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:—*
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;
Art not thou weary, John? How dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
The help of one stands me in little stead.

O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age;
By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day;
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth and England's fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay:
All these are saved, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me
smart, [heart.

These words of yours draw life-blood from my
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
(To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,)
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse, that bears me, fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France;
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance!
Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And commendable proved, let's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—Another part of the same.

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter TALBOT wounded,
supported by a Servant.*

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is
gone;—

O, where's young Talbot, where is valiant John?—
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity?
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:—
When he perceived me shrink, and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience:
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-eyed fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustering battle of the French:
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
His overmounting spirit; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of JOHN TALBOT.

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is
borne! [scorn,

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite, shall 'scape mortality.—
O thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
Brave death by speaking, whether he will, or no:

Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks; as who should say
Had death been French, then death hath died to-
day.

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

(Dies.)

*Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servants, leaving
the two bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENCON,
BURGUNDY, Bastard, LA PUCELLE, and
Forces.*

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-
wood,

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said,
Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:
But—with a proud, majestic high scorn—
He answered thus: *Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench:*

So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a noble
See, where he lies inhered in the arms [knight:
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms. [asunder;

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no; forbear: for that, which we have
During the life, let us not wrong it dead. [fled

*Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY, attended; a French
Herald preceding.*

Lucy. Herald,
Conduct me to the Dauphin's tent; to know
Who have obtain'd the glory of the day. [sent?

Char. On what submissive message art thou

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin? 'tis a mere French
word;

We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison
But tell me whom thou seek'st? [is.

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury;
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnival of
Sheffield,

The thrice victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the golden fleece;
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth,
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.—

Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain; the Frenchmen's only
scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.

Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them
They would but stink, and putrify the air [here,

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence,
But from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phoenix, that shall make all France afear'd.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what
thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perused the letters from the
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac? [pope,

Glo. I have, my lord, and their intent is this,—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord: and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer bind this knot of amity,—

The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are
And fitter is my study and my books, [young:
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.

Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:

I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

*Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with WIN-
CHESTER, in a cardinal's habit.*

Exe. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?

Then, I perceive, that will be verified,
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophecy,—

*If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.* [suits

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several
Have been consider'd and debated on.

Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And, therefore, we are certainly resolved
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by my lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your
I have inform'd his highness so at large, [master,—
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,—
He doth intend she shall be England's Queen.

K. Hen. In argument, and proof of which con-
tract, [section.

Bear her this jewel (to the Amb.), pledge of my af-
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,

And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt King Henry and Train; Gloster,
Exeter, and Ambassadors.*]

Win. Stay, my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money, which I promised
Should be delivered to his holiness,
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth, or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*France. Plains in Anjou.*

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENCON, LA
PUCELLE, and Forces, marching.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our
drooping spirits;

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French. [*France,*

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be among them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee,

Mess. The English army, that divided was [speak.
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one:
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions, fear is most ac-
cursed:—

Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on, my lords, and France be fortu-
nate! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before Angiers.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen
Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts; [fly.—
And ye choice spirits, that admonish me,
And give me signs of future accidents! (*Thunder.*)
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes,
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy quick appearance argues proof,
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits that are culled
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

(*They walk about, and speak not.*)

O, hold me not with silence over long!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a farther benefit
So you do condescend to help me now.—

(*They hang their heads.*)

No hope to have redress?—My body shall
Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

(*They shake their heads.*)

Not my body, nor blood sacrifice,

Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?

Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.

(*They depart.*)

See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.

My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:

Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*
*Alarums. Enter French and English fighting. LA
PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand. La
Pucelle is taken. The French fly.*

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty.—

A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!

See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Changed to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and
And may ye both be suddenly surprised [thee!
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell, banning hag! enchantress, hold thy
tongue.

Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse awhile.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the
stake. [*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in Lady
MARGARET.*

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly; (*Gazes on her.*)
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands,

And lay them gently on thy tender side. [*peice:*
I kiss these fingers (*Kissing her hand*) for eternal
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name; and daughter to a
The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art. [*king,*

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me.

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again as Suffolk's friend.

(*She turns away as going.*)

O stay!—I have no power to let her pass;

My hand would free her, but my heart says no.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,

Twinkling another counterfeited beam,

So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:

I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind:

Eie, de la Poole! disable not thyself;

Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?

Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,

Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,—

What ransom must I pay before I pass?

For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How canst thou tell, she will deny thy suit,
Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*]

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom
must I pay?

Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman; therefore to be won. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife:
Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aside.*]

Mar. I were best leave him, for he will not hear.
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talks at random: sure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had. [me.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer
Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
 Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing.
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
 And peace established between these realms.
 But there remains a scruple in that too:
 For though her father be the king of Naples,
 Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet he is poor,
 And our nobility will scorn the match. (Aside.)
Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
 Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield:
 Madam, I have a secret to reveal. [knight,
Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a
 And will not any way dishonour me. (Aside.)
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescued by the French;
 And then I need not crave his courtesy. (Aside.)
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now. (Aside.)
Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid pro quo*.
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
 Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,
 Than is a slave in base servility;
 For princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
 If happy England's royal king be free.
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
 To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
 And set a precious crown upon thy head.
 If thou wilt condescend to be my—
Mar. What?
Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
 To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
 And have no portion in the choice myself.
 How say you madam: are you so content?
Mar. And it my father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours
 And, madam, at your father's castle walls [forth:
 We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.
 (Troops come forward.)
 A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the walls.
Suf. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
 I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,
 Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
 Consent, (and, for thy honour, give consent.)
 Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
 Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
 And this her easy-held imprisonment
 Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.
Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
Suf. Fair Margaret knows
 That Suffolk doth not flatter, face or feign.
Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
 To give the answer of thy just demand.
 [Exit from the walls.
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER, below.
Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
 Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.
Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a
 Fit to be made companion with a king! [child,
 What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little
 To be the princely bride of such a lord; [worth,
 Upon condition I may quietly
 Enjoy mine own, the county Maine, and Anjou,
 Free from oppression, or the stroke of war,
 My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
 And those two counties, I will undertake,
 Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I again,—in Henry's royal name,
 As deputy unto that gracious king,
 Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly
 Because this is in traffic of a king: [thanks,
 And yet, methinks, I could be well content
 To be mine own attorney in this case. (Aside.)
 I'll over then to England with this news,
 And make this marriage to be solemnized:
 So, farewell, Reignier! Set this diamond safe
 In golden palaces, as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
 The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.
Mar. Farewell, my lord: Good wishes, praise,
 and prayers, (Going.)
 Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [Margaret:
Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you,
 No princely commendations to my king?
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,
 A virgin, and his servant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly placed, and modestly di-
 But, madam, I must trouble you again,— [rected.
 No loving token to his majesty?
Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart,
 Never yet taint with love, I send the king.
Suf. And this withal. (Kisses her.)
Mar. That for thyself;—I will not so presume,
 To send such peevish tokens to a king.
 [Exit Reignier and Margaret.
Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk,
 Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth; [stay;
 There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
 Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
 Bethink thee on her virtues, that surmount;
 And natural graces, that extinguish art;
 Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
 That, when thou comest to kneel at Henry's feet,
 Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder.
 [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Camp of the Duke of York, in Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others.

YORK. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd.

SHEP. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright!

Have I sought every country far and near,
 And now, it is my chance to find thee out,
 Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
 Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee.

PUC. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
 I am descended of a gentler blood:
 Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

SHEP. Out, out.—My lords, and please you, 'tis not
 I did beget her, all the parish knows: [so;

Her mother liveth yet, can testify,
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle!

God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:

Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan. *[man*

Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—

Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time

Of thy nativity! I would, the milk *[breast,*

Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!

Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field!

I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!

Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?

O, burn her, burn her; hanging is too good. *[Exit.*

York. Take her away; for she hath lived too
To fill the world with vicious qualities. *[long,*

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have con-
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain, *[demned;*

But issued from the progeny of kings;

Virtuous and holy: chosen from above,

By inspiration of celestial grace,

To work exceeding miracles on earth.

I never had to do with wicked spirits.

But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,

Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,

Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—

Because you want the grace that others have,

You judge it straight a thing impossible,

To compass wonders, but by help of devils.

No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been

A virgin from her tender infancy,

Ohaste and immaculate in very thought:

Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,

Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay;—away with her to the execution.

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,

Spare for no fagots, let there be enough:

Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,

That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity;

That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—

I am with child, ye bloody homicides;

Murder not then the fruit within my womb,

Although ye hale me to a violent death. *[child?*

York. Now heaven forefend; the holy maid with

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:

[Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;
Especially, since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceived; my child is none of his:
It was Alençon that enjoyed my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!

It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O give me leave, I have deluded you;

'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I named.

But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think, she knows not
There were so many, whom she may accuse. *[well,*

War. It's a sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—

Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:

Use no entreaty, for it is in vain. *[my curse:*

Puc. Then lead me hence;—with whom I leave

May never glorious sun reflex his beams

Upon the country where you make abode!

But darkness and the gloomy shade of death

Environ you; till mischief and despair,

Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!

[Exit, guarded.

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to

Thou foul accursed minister of hell! *[ashes,*

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence

With letters of commission from the king.

For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,

Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,

Have earnestly implored a general peace

Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;

And here at hand, the Dauphin, and his train,

Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turned to this effect?

After the slaughter of so many peers,

So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,

That in this quarrel have been overthrown,

And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,

Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?

Have we not lost most part of all the towns,

By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,

Our great progenitors had conquered?—

O Warwick, Warwick, I foresee with grief

The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,

It shall be with such strict and severe covenants,

As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter CHARLES, attended; ALENCON, Bastard
REIGNIER, and others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed

That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,

We come to be informed, by yourselves,

What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler

The hollow passage of my poison'd voice, chokes

By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:

That—in regard King Henry gives consent,

Of mere compassion, and of lenity,

To ease your country of distressful war,

And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,

You shall become true liegemen to his crown:

And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear

To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,

Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,

And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?

Adorn his temples with a coronet;

And yet, in substance and authority,

Retain but privilege of a private man?

This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already, that I am possess'd.

With more than half the Gallian territories,

And therein revered for their lawful king;

Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,

Detract so much from that prerogative,

As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?

No, lord ambassador: I'll rather keep

That which I have, than, coveting for more,

Be cast from possibility of all. *[means*

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret

Used intercession to obtain a league;

And, now the matter grows to compromise,

Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?

Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

(*Aside to Charles.*)

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condi-

Char. It shall:

[tion stand?

Only reserved, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

Fork. Then swear allegiance to his majesty
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

(*Charles, and the rest, give tokens of fealty.*)

So now dismiss your army when ye please,
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, in conference with SUFFOLK,
GLOSTER and EXETER following.*

K. Hen. Your wond'rous rare description, noble
earl,

Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts,
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide.
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good lord! This superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them.)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.

And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betrothed
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one, that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists,
By reason of his adversary's odds.
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than
Her father is no better than an earl, [that?
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,

The king of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal
dower;

While Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.

Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.

Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:

And, therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.

For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?

Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a king:
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More than in women commonly is seen.)

Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,

Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.

Then yield, my lords, and here conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your
My noble lord of Suffolk; or for that [report,

My tender youth was never yet attain'd
With any passion of inflaming love,

I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.

Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants: and procure

That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:

For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.

Be gone, I say: for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—

And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,

Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.

And so conduct me where, from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[*Exeunt Gloster and Exeter.*

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd: and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece:

With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.

Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. [*Exit.*

KING HENRY VI. PART SECOND.



Spirit.—"ASK WHAT THOU WILT; THAT I HAD SAID AND DONE?"—Act i, scene 4.

Persons Represented.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
 HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloster, his Uncle.*
 CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester,*
great Uncle to the King.
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*
 EDWARD and RICHARD, *his Sons.*
 DUKE OF SOMERSET,
 DUKE OF SUFFOLK,
 DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, } *of the King's Party.*
 LORD CLIFFORD,
 Young CLIFFORD, *his Son,*
 EARL OF SALISBURY, } *of the York Faction.*
 EARL OF WARWICK, }
 LORD SCALES, *Governor of the Tower.*
 LORD SAY.
 SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and his Brother.*
 SIR JOHN STANLEY.
 A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's Mate, and
 WALTER WHITMORE.
 Two Gentlemen, *Prisoners with Suffolk.*
 A Herald.
 VAUX.

HUME and SOUTHWELL, *two Priests.*
 BOLINGBROKE, *a Conjurer.*
 A Spirit raised by him.
 THOMAS HORNER, *an Armourer.*
 PETER, *his Man.*
 Clerk of Chatham.
 Mayor of St. Alban's.
 SIMPCOX, *an Impostor.*
 Two Murderers.
 JACK CADE, *a Rebel.*
 GEORGE, JOHN, DICK; SMITH, *the Weaver,*
 MICHAEL, &c., *his Followers.*
 ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish Gentleman.*

MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry.*
 ELEANOR, *Duchess of Gloster.*
 MARGERY JOURDAIN, *a Witch.*
 Wife to SIMPCOX.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants: *Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.*

SCENE,—Dispersedly in various parts of England.

The best commentators have agreed, that Shakspeare formed the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI, upon another play, in two parts, entitled, "The whole contention between the two famous houses, Lancaster and York," &c., altering, retrenching, and amplifying as he thought proper. Accordingly, in printing the present edition, the lines found in the original play, with some minute variations, are given without any distinguishing mark. The passages to which inverted commas are prefixed, are believed to have been retouched, or greatly improved, by Shakspeare; and those within crotchets [] were own composition entirely.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of trumpets; then hautboys. Enter on one side, KING HENRY, DUKE OF GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT; on the other, QUEEN MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and others following.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty I had in charge at my departure for France, As procurator to your excellence, To marry Princess Margaret for your grace; So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,— In presence of the kings of France and Sicil, The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and Alençon, Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops,—

I have perform'd my task, and was espoused: And humbly now upon my bended knee, In sight of England and her lordly peers Deliver up my title in the queen To your most gracious hands, that are the substance

Of that great shadow I did represent; The happiest gift that ever marquess gave, The fairest queen that ever king received.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise. — Welcome, Queen Margaret.

I can express no kinder sign of love, Than this kind kiss.—O lord, that lends me life, Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness! For thou hast given me in this beauteous face, 'A world of earthly blessings to my soul, [If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.]

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord;

'The mutual conference that my mind hath had—
'By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;
'In courtly company, or at my beads,—
'With you mine alder-lifest sovereign,
'Makes me the bolder to salute my king
'With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,
'And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish: but her grace in speech,

'Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
'Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys;
'Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—
'Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all.

(Flourish.)

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace, Here are the articles of contracted peace, Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,

'For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [*Reads.*] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French king Charles, and William de la Poole, marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry king of England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.—Item,—That the duchy of Anjou and the county of*

Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father—

K. Hen. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;

Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart, And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no farther.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. Item,—*It is farther agreed between them, that the Duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having dowry.*

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down;

We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk, And girt thee with the sword.—

Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace From being regent in the parts of France, Till term of eighteen months be full expired.—

Thanks, uncle, Winchester, Gloster, York, and Buckingham,

Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;

We thank you all for this great favour done, In entertainment to my princely queen.

Come, let us in; and with all speed provide To see her coronation be perform'd.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.]

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,

'To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,

'Your grief, the common grief of all the land.

'What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,

'His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?

'Did he so often lodge in open field,

'In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,

'To conquer France, his true inheritance?

'And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,

'To keep by policy what Henry got?

'Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,

'Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,

'Received deep scars in France and Normandy?

'Or hath my uncle Beaufort, and myself,

'With all the learned council of the realm,

'Studied so long, sat in the council-house,

'Early and late, debating to and fro

'How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?

'And hath his highness in his infancy

'Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?

'And shall these labours, and these honours, die?

'Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,

'Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?

'O peers of England shameful is this league!

'Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame;

'Blotting your names from books of memory;

'Razing the characters of your renown;

'Defacing monuments of conquer'd France;

'Undoing all, as all had never been!

'*Car.* Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?

'This peroration with such circumstance?

'For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

[Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it if we can;

But now it is impossible we should.]

Suffolk, the new-made duke, that rules the roast,

'Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine

[Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large style

Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of Him who died for all, These counties were the keys of Normandy:—]

But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

'*War.* For grief, that they are past recovery:

For, were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no
tears.

'Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
'Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:
'And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
'Delivered up again with peaceful words?
'Mort Dieu!

[*York.* For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
Before I would have yielded to this league.]
'I never read but England's kings have had
'Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives:
'And our King Henry gives away his own,
'To match with her that brings no vantages.

[*Glo.* A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her:
She would have staid in France and starved in
France,

Before—

Car. My lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot;
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind:]
'Tis not my speeches that you dislike;
'But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
'Rancour will out: Proud prelate, in thy face
'I see thy fury: if I longer stay,
'We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied—France will be lost ere long.

[*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy:
[Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the English crown;
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeased at it.
Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.]
'What though the common people favour him,
'Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster*;
'Clapping their hands, and crying with loud
voice—

'*Jesu maintain your royal excellence!*
'With—*God preserve the good duke Humphrey!*
'I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
'He will be found a dangerous protector.

[*Buck.* Why should he then protect our sover-
eign,

He being of age to govern of himself?—]

'Cousin of Somerset, join you with me.
'And all together—with the duke of Suffolk,—
'We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his
seat.

[*Car.* This weighty business will not brook de-
lay;
I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently.]

[*Exit.*

'*Som.* Cousin of Buckingham, though Hum-
phrey's pride,
'And greatness of his place be grief to us,
'Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
'His insolence is more intolerable
'Then all the princes in the land beside;
'If Gloster be displaced, he'll be protector.

'*Buck.* Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,
[Despite duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.]

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Somerset.*

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
'While these do labour for their own preferment,
'Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
'I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
'Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
'Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
'More like a soldier than a man o' the church,
'As stout, and proud, as he were lord of all,—
'Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
'Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—
'Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age!
'Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping
'Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,
'Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—
'And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
'In bringing them to civil discipline;
'Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,
'When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
'Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the peo-
ple:—

'Join we together, for the public good;
'In what we can to bridle and suppress
'The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal.
'With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;
'And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,
'While they do tend the profit of the land.

[*War.* So God help Warwick, as he loves the
land,

And common profit of his country!

York. And so says York, for he hath greatest
cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto
the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is lost;
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did
win,

[And would have kept, so long as breath did last:]
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant
Maine,

Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exeunt Warwick and Salisbury*

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
[Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolk concluded on the articles;
The peers agreed; and Henry was well pleased
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daugh-
ter.

I cannot blame them all: What is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pil-
lage,

And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone:
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shared, and all is borne away;
Ready to starve, and d^r not touch his own.
So York must sit and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ire-
land,

Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althea burn'd,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.]
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French?
Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Ever as I have of fertile England's soil.

A day will come, when York shall claim his own;
And therefore, I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud duke Humphrey,

And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold his sceptre in his childish fist,
Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a crown.
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve;
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep,
To pry into the secrets of the state;
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
With his new bride, and England's dear bought queen,

And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfumed;
And in my standard bear the arms of York,
To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
And, force per force, I'll make him yield the crown,
Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Duke of Gloster's House.*

Enter GLOSTER and the Duchess.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
[Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,

As frowning at the favours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
'What see'st thou there? King Henry's diadem,
[Enchased with all the honours of the world?

If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
Until thy head be circled with the same.]
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—
'What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine;
[And, having both together heaved it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
And never more abase our sight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.]

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,

'Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts;
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
'Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
'Be my last breathing in this mortal world!
'My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it

'With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,

'Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot,

'But, as I think, it was by the cardinal,

'And on the pieces of the broken wand

'Were placed the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,

'And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.

'This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

Duch. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,

That he, that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove
'Shall lose his head for his presumption.

'But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke,
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;

Where Henry and dame Margaret kneel'd to me,
'And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:

[Presumptuous dame, ill-nurtured Eleanor!]

Art thou not second woman in the realm;

And the protector's wife, beloved of him!

[Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
Above the reach or compass of thy thought?]

And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,

[To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,
From top of honour to disgrace's feet?]

Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Duch. What, what, my lord, are you so choleric

'With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?

'Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,

'And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleased again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,

'You do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,

'Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?

Duch. Yes, good my lord, I'll follow presently.

[*Exeunt Gloster and Messenger*]

'Follow I must, I cannot go before,

[While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,

I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,

And smooth my way upon their headless necks:

And, being a woman, I will not be slack

To play my part in fortune's pageant.]
'Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear not, man,

'We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!

Duch. What say'st thou, majesty! I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,

'Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet confer'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;

And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?

And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised,—to shew your highness

A spirit, raised from depth of under ground,

'That shall make answer to such questions

'As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough: I'll think upon the questions

'When from St. Alban's we do make return,

'We'll see these things effected to the full.

'Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry man

'With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[*Exit Duchess*]

[*Hume.* Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold:]

'Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume?

'Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!
 'The business asketh silent secrecy.
 [Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
 Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.]
 'Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:
 'I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,
 'And from the great and new-made duke of Suffolk;
 'Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,
 'They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,
 'Have hired me to undermine the duchess,
 'And buz these conjurations in her brain.
 [They say, a crafty knave does need no broker;
 Yet am I Suffolk, and the cardinal's broker.
 Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
 To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.
 Well, so it stands: And thus, I fear, at last,
 Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck;
 And her attainure will be Humphrey's fall:
 Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.]

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.**Enter PETER, and others, with petitions.*

'1 Pet. My masters, let's stand close; my lord
 'protector will come this way by and by, and then
 'we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

'2 Pet. Marry, the Lord protect him, for he is a
 'good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK and QUEEN MARGARET.

[1 Pet. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen
 with him: I'll be the first, sure.]

'2 Pet. Come back, fool; this is the duke of
 'Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

'Suf. How now, fellow? wouldst anything with
 'me?

'1 Pet. I pray, my lord, pardon me! I took ye
 'for my lord protector.

'Q. Mar. (*Reading the superscription.*) To my lord
 'protector! are your supplications to his lordship?
 'Let me see them: What is thine?

'1 Pet. Mine is, an't please your grace, against
 'John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keep-
 'ing my house, and lands, and wife, and all, from
 'me.

'Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong, indeed.
 —What's yours?—What's here! (*Reads.*) Against
 the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Mel-
 ford.—How now, sir knave?

'2 Pet. Alas, sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our
 whole township.

[*Peter. (Presenting his petition.)* Against my mas-
 ter, Thomas Horner, for saying that the duke of
 York was rightful heir to the crown.]

'Q. Mar. What say'st thou? Did the duke of
 'York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

'Peter. That my master was? No, forsooth: my
 'master said, That he was; and that the king was
 'an usurper.

'Suf. Who is there? (*Enter Servants.*)—Take this
 fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant
 presently.—We'll hear more of your matter before
 the king.

[*Exeunt Servants, with Peter.*]

'Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected
 'Under the wings of our protector's grace,
 'Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

(*Tears the petition.*)

'Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go

[*All. Come, let's be gone.* [*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

'Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,
 Is this the fashion in the court of England?

Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And this the royalty of Albion's king?

What, shall King Henry be a pupil still,

Under the surly Gloster's governance?

Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke?

'I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours

'Thou ran'st a tit in honour of my love,

'And stolest away the ladies' hearts of France;

'I thought King Henry had resembled thee,

'In courage, courtship, and proportion:

'But all his mind is bent to holiness,

[To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:

His champions are—the prophets and apostles;

His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;

His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves

Are brazen images of canonized saints.

I would the college of cardinals

Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,

And set the triple crown upon his head;

That were a state fit for his holiness.]

'Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause

Your highness came to England, so will I

In England work your grace's full content.

'Q. Mar. Beside the haught protector, have we
 Beaufort,

[The imperious churchman; Somerset, Bucking-
 ham,

And grumbling York: and not the least of these,

But can do more in England than the king.

'Suf. And he of these, that can do most of all,

Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:

Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.]

'Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so
 much.

'As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.

'She sweeps it through the court with troops of
 ladies,

'More like an empress than duke Humphrey's
 wife;

Strangers in court do take her for the queen:

[She bears a duke's revenues on her back,

And in her heart she scorns our poverty:

Shall I not live to be avenged on her?

Contemptuous base-born callat as she is,]

'She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,

The very train of her worst wearing-gown

Was better worth than all my father's lands,

[Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.]

'Suf. Madam, myself have limed a bush for her;

[And placed a quire of such enticing birds,

That she will light to listen to their lays,

And never mount to trouble you again.

So, let her rest: And, madam, list to me;

For I am bold to counsel you in this.

Although we fancy not the cardinal,

Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,

Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.

As for the duke of York,—this late complaint

Will make but little for his benefit;

So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,

And you yourself shall steer the happy helm.]

Enter KING HENRY, YORK, and SOMERSET,
conversing with him; Duke and Duchess of GLOS-
TER, Cardinal BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM,
SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

'K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care not
 which;

Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,

Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
Let York be regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no,
Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

[Sal. Peace, son; and shew some reason, Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.]

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself

To give his censure: these are no women's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace

To be protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;

And at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.

Since thou wert king, (as who is king, but thou?)

The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck:

[The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;

And all the peers and nobles of the realm

Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags

Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,

Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution,

Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,

And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France,

If they were known, as the suspect is great,—

Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.]

[Exit Gloster. The Queen drops her fan.

Give me my fan: What, minion! can you not?

(Gives the Duchess a box on the ear.)

I cry you mercy, madam: Was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,

I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

Duch. Against her will! Good king, look to't in time;

She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:

[Though in this place most master wear no breeches,]

She shall not strike dame Eleanor unrevenged.

[Exit Duchess.

[Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,

And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:

She's tickled now; her fume can need no spurs,

She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[Exit Buckingham.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being overblown,

With walking once about the quadrangle,

I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

As for your spiteful false objections,

Prove them, and I lie open to the law:

But God in mercy so deal with my soul,

As I in duty love my king and country!

But to the matter that we have in hand:—

I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man

To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave]

To shew some reason of no little force,

That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.

First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:

[Next, if I be appointed for the place,

My lord of Somerset will keep me here,

Without discharge, money, or furniture,

Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.

Last time, I danced attendance on his will,

Till Paris was besieged, famish'd, and lost.

War. That I can witness; and a fouler fact

Did never traitor in the land commit.]

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in HORNER and PETER.

Suf. Because here is a man accused of treason:

Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me: what are these?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man

That doth accuse his master of high treason:

His words were these,—that Richard, duke of York,

Was rightful heir unto the English crown;

And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words?

Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords, (holding up his hands,) he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical, I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.—

I do beseech your royal majesty,

Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge

Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,

Because in York this breeds suspicion:

And let these have a day appointed them

For single combat in convenient place;

For he hath witness of his servant's malice;

This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

K. Hen. Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,

We make your grace lord regent o'er the French.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; [for God's sake, pity my case! the spite of man prevaieth against me. O lord have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O lord, my heart!]

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.
K. Hen. Away with them to prison: and the day
 'Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
 'Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*he same. The Duke of Gloster's Garden.*

Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME, SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE.

[*Hume.* Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.]

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided: Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay: What else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: But it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us.] [*Exit. Hume.*] 'Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth:—[*John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.*]

Enter Duchess, above.

[*Duch.* Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this gear; the sooner the better.]

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:]

Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
 'The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
 'The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,

'And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,

That time best fits the work we have in hand.

'Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
 'We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

(Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle; Bolingbroke, or Southwell, reads Conjuror te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.)

[*Spir.* Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath.

By the eternal God, whose name and power
 Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
 For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence

Spir. Ask what thou wilt:—That I had said and done!]

Boling. First, of the king,—What shall of him become?

(Reading out of a paper.)

Spir. The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose,
 But him outlive, and die a violent death.

(As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.)

Boling. What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the duke of Somerset?

Spir. Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains

Than where castles mounted stand.

'Have done, for more I hardly can endure

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:

False fiend, avoid!

[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*

Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily with their Guards, and others.]

'York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.

'Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—

'What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal

'Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains;

'My lord protector will, I doubt it not,

'See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

[*Duch.* Not half so bad as thine to England's king,

Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this?]

[*Shewing her the papers.*

'Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,

'And kept asunder. You, madam, shall with us:—

'Stafford, take her to thee.—

[*Exit Duchess from above.*

'We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming;

'All.—Away!

[*Exeunt Guards, with South. Boling. &c.*

[*York.* Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her well:

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!]

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.

What have we here?

(Reads.)

The Duke yet lives that Henry shall depose.

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*Why, this is just,*

Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.

Well, to the rest:

Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?

By water shall he die, and take his end.—

What shall betide the duke of Somerset?

Let him shun castles;

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.

[*Come, come, my lords;*

These oracles are hardily attained,

And hardly understood.]

'The king is now in progress towards Saint Alban's,

'With him the husband of this lovely lady:

'Thither go these news, so fast as horse can carry them;

'A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

'*Buck.* Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,

'To be the post, in hope of his reward.

'*York.* At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who's within there, ho?

Enter a Servant.

'Invite my lords of Salisbury and Warwick

'To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Saint Alban's.

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers hollaing.

'*Q. Mar.* Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,

'I saw not better sport these seven years' day;

'Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;

'And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

'K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,

'And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—

'To see how God in all his creatures works!

[Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.]

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,

My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;

They know their master loves to be aloft,

[And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.]

'Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,

'That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

'Car. I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.

'Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal: How think you by that?

Were it not good, your grace could fly to heaven?

[K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy!]

'Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts

'Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;

Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,

That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

'Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?

[*Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?*]

'Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;

'With such holiness can you do it?

'Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes

'So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord;

An't like your lordly lord protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, peace,

Good queen; and whet not on these furious peers,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector, with my sword!

Glo. 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to that!

(*Aside to the Cardinal.*)

'Car. Marry, when thou darest.

(*Aside.*)

'Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter,

'In thine own person answer thy abuse.

(*Aside.*)

'Car. Ay, where thou darest not peep: an if thou darest,

'This evening on the east side of the grove.

(*Aside.*)

'K. Hen. How now, my lords?

'Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,

'Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,

'We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand sword.

(*Aside to Glo.*)

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advised?—the east side of the grove?

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you.

(*Aside.*)

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster?

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—

Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for this.

[Or all my fence shall fail.

Car. *Medice teipsum;*]

'Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

(*Aside.*)

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs, lords.

(*Aside.*)

[How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

I pray, my lords let me compound this strife.]

Enter an Inhabitant of St. Alban's crying,

A Miracle!

Glo. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

Inhab. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

Inhab. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half hour, hath received his sight;

A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be praised! that to believing souls

'Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of Saint Alban's, and his Brethren; and SIMPCOX, borne between two persons in a chair; his Wife and a great Multitude following.

[Car. Here come the townsmen in procession,
To present your highness with the man.

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king,

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,

That we for thee may glorify the Lord.]

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restored?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou could'st have better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick, in the north, an't like your grace.

'K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:

'Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,

'But still remember what the Lord hath done.

[Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, camest thou here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?]

'Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd

'A hundred times, and oft'ner, in my sleep

'By good Saint Alban; who said,—*Simpcox, come;*

'Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

[Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft

Myself have heard a voice to call him so.]

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How camest thou so?

Simp. A fall off a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

[*Wife.* Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. 'Mass, thou lovedst plums well, that wouldst venture so.]

'*Simp.* Alas! good master, my wife desired some damsons,

'And made me climb, with danger of my life.

[*Glo.* A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—]

'Let me see thine eyes;—wink now; now open them:—

'In my opinion yet thou see'st not well.

'*Simp.* Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said: What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. Hen. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day, a many.

[*Wife.* Never, before this day, in all his life.]

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit thou there, the lyingest knave

In Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, Thou mightst as well have known our names, as thus

To name the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly

To nominate them all's impossible.—

My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle;

And would ye not think that cunning to be great.

That could restore this cripple to his legs?

Simp. O, master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Alban's, have you not beades in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. (*A stool brought out.*) Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone:

You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, with the Beadle.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.—Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet, quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the people follow, and cry, A miracle!*

[*K. Hen.* O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long?

Q. Mar. It made me laugh, to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.]

Glo. Let them be whipp'd through every market town, till they come to Berwick, whence they came.

[*Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c*

'*Car.* Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

'*Suf.* True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

'*Glo.* But you have done more miracles than I;

'You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

'*K. Hen.* What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

'*Buck.* Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

'A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,—

'Under the countenance and confederacy

'Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,

'The ringleader and head of all this rout,—

'Have practised dangerously against your state,

'Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:

'Whom we have apprehended in the fact;

'Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,

'Demanding of King Henry's life and death,

'And other of your highness' privy council,

'As more at large your grace shall understand.

'*Car.* And so, my lord protector, by this means

'Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.

'This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;

'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to Gloster.*]

'*Glo.* Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!

[Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers:

And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,

Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones;

Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;

And, look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.]

'*Glo.* Madam, for myself, to Heaven I do appeal,

'How I have loved my king, and commonweal:

'And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;

'Sorry I am to hear what I have heard:

'Noble she is; but if she have forgot

'Honour and virtue, and conversed with such

'As, like to pitch, defile nobility,

'I banish her my bed and company;

'And give her, as a prey, to law and shame,

'That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

'*K. Hen.* Well, for this night, we will repose us here:

'To-morrow, toward London, back again,

'To look into this business thoroughly,

'And call these foul offenders to their answers

And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,
'Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause
prevails.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*London. The Duke of York's Garden.*

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

'York. Now my good lords of Salisbury and
Warwick,

'Our simple supper ended, give me leave,

'In this close walk, to satisfy myself,

'In craving your opinion of my title,

'Which is infallible, to England's crown.

[*Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.*]

'War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be
good,

The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

[*York. Then thus:—*

'Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:

'The first, Edward the Black Prince, prince of
Wales;

'The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,

'Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom,

'Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster,

'The fifth, was Edmund Langley, duke of York;

'The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of
Gloster;

'William of Windsor was the seventh and last.

'Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father;

'And left behind him Richard, his only son,

'Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd as
king;

'Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,

'The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,

'Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,

'Seized on the realm; deposed the rightful king;

'Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she
came,

'And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,

'Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.

[*War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;*

Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

'York. Which now they hold by force, and not by
right;

For Richard, the first son's heir being dead,

The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

'Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an
heir.

'York. The third son, duke of Clarence, (from
whose line

I claim the crown,) had issue—Philippe a daughter,

Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March:

Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March;

Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.]

'Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,

'As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;

'And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,

'Who kept him in captivity, till he died.

[*But to the rest.*]

'York. His eldest sister, Anne,

'My mother, being heir unto the crown,

'Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was
son

'To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth
son.

'By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir

'To Roger, earl of March; who was the son

'Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,

'Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:

'So, if the issue of the elder son

'Succeed before the younger, I am king.

'War. What plain proceedings are more plain
than this?

'Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,

'The fourth son; York claims it from the third.

'Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign;

'It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee.

'And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock—

'Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together:

'And, in this private plot, be we the first

'That shall salute our rightful sovereign

'With honour of his birthright to the crown.

*Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's
king!*

'York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your
king

'Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd

'With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster:

[*And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;*

But with advice, and silent secrecy.

Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,

Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,

At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,

At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,

Till they have shared the shepherd of the flock,

That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey.

'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,

Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

'Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind
at full.]

'War. My heart assures me, that the Earl of War-
wick

'Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

'York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself.—

'Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick

'The greatest man in England, but the king.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Hall of Justice.*

*Trumpets sounded. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN
MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK,
and SALISBURY; the DUCHESS OF GLOS-
TER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL,
HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.*

*K. Hen. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham,
Gloster's wife:*

'In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great;

'Receive the sentences of the law, for sins

'Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.—

[*You four, from hence to prison back again;*

(To Jourd. &c.)

From thence unto the place of execution:

The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to ashes,

And you three shall be strangled on the gal-
lows.—]

'You, madam, for you are more nobly born,

'Despoiled of your honour in your life,

'Shall, after three days' open penance done,

'Live in your country here, in banishment,

'With sir John Stanley, in the Isle of man.

'Duch. Welcome is banishment, welcome were my
death.

[*Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged
thee;*

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—]

[*Exeunt the Duchess and the other
Prisoners guarded.*

'Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief

'Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
'Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!—
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
'Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey, duke of Gloster: ere
thou go,

'Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
'Protector be: and God shall be my hope,
'My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet!
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less beloved,
Than when thou wert protector to the king.

[*Q. Mar.* I see no reason, why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child.—]

'God and King Henry govern England's helm:

'Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

'*Glo.* My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my staff:

'As willingly do I the same resign,

'As ere thy father Henry made it mine;

And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,

As others would ambitiously receive it.

'Farewell, good king: When I am dead and
gone,

May honourable peace attend thy throne!

[*Exit.*

[*Q. Mar.* Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret
queen;

And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,

That bears so shrewd a maim; two pulls at once,—

His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;

This staff of honour raught:—There let it stand,]

'Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

[*Suf.* Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his
sprays;

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.]

'*York.* Lords, let him go.—Please it your ma-
jesty,

'This is the day appointed for the combat;

'And ready are the appellant and defendant,

'The armourer and his man to enter the lists,

'So please your highness to behold the fight.

[*Q. Mar.* Ay, good my lord; for purposely there-
fore

Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.]

'*K. Hen.* O' God's name, see the lists and all
things fit,

'Here let them end it, and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,

Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,

The servant of this armourer, my lords,]

*Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his Neighbours,
drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he
enters bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened
to it; a drum before him: at the other side, PETER,
with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by
Prentices drinking to him.*

1 *Neigh.* Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you
in a cup of sack: And fear not, neighbour, you
shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of
charnecco.

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer,
neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all:
And a fig for Peter!

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not
afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master;
fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank, you all: [drink, and pray for me,
I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last

draught in this world.]—Here, Robin, an if I die, I
give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my
hammer:—and here Tom, take all the money that
I have.—O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am
never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt
so much fence already.

Sal. Come leave your drinking, and fall to
blows.—

Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master
well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon
my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and
myself an honest man: [and touching the duke
of York, —will take my death, I never meant
him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen:] And
therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright
blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.

[*York.* Despatch.—This knave's tongue begins to
double.—

Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.]

Alarum. They fight, and Peter strikes down
his master.

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess
treason.

(*Dies.*)

[*York.* Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank
God, and the good wine in thy master's way.]

'*Peter.* O God! have I overcome mine enemies in
'this presence? O, Peter, thou hast prevailed in
'right!

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our
sight;

For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt:

And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to have murder'd wrong-
fully.—

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The same. A Street.

*Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning
cloaks.*

[*Glo.* Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a
cloud;

And, after summer evermore succeeds
Barren Winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:

So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.]

Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

'*Glo.* Ten is the hour that was appointed me,

'To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:

'Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,

'To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.

Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook

The abject people, gazing on thy face,

With envious looks laughing at thy shame

That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,

When thou didst ride in triumph through the
streets.

[But, soft! I think she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stained eyes to see her miseries.]

Enter the DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, in a white sheet, with papers pinn'd upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; SIR JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives; let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame? Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze! 'See, how the giddy multitude do point,
'And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee!

'Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks;

'And, in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
'Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;
[And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-set groans.]
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And, when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.

'Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?

[Trow'st thou, that e'er I look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?

No; dark shall be my light, and night and day;
To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.]

Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;

And he a prince, and ruler of the land:

Yet so he ruled, and such a prince he was,

As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,

'Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,

To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;

Stir not at nothing, till the axe of death

Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.

For Suffolk,—he, that can do all in all,

'With her that hateth thee, and hates us all,—

And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,

Have all limed bushes to betray thy wings,

And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:

[But fear not thou, until thy foot be snared,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;

I must offend, before I be attainted;

And had I twenty times so many foes,

And each of them had twenty times their power,

All these could not procure me any scathe,

So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.]

'Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?

'Why, yet thy scandal were not wiped away,

'But I in danger for the breach of law,

'Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell;

'I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience;

'These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er asked herein before! This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[Exit Herald.]

My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

'*Sher.* An't please your grace, here my commission stays:

'And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
'To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

'*Glo.* Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

'*Stan.* So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
You use her well: the world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if

You do it her. And so, Sir John, farewell.

Duch. What, gone, my lord; and bid me not
farewell?

'*Glo.* Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[Exeunt Gloster and Servants.]

'*Duch.* Art thou gone too? [All comfort go with thee!

For none abides with me; my joy is—death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—]

'Stanley, I pr'ythee go, and take me hence;

'I care not whither, for I beg no favour,

'Only convey me where thou art commended.

[Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man.

There to be used according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And shall I then be used reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and duke Humphrey's
lady,

According to that state you shall be used.]

'*Duch.* Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare;

'Although thou hast been conduct of my shame!

'*Sher.* It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

'*Duch.* Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is dis-
charged.—

'Come, Stanley, shall we go?

'*Stan.* Madam, your penance done, throw off this
sheet;

'And go we to attire you for our journey,

'*Duch.* My shame will not be shifted with my
sheet:

[No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And shew itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison.]

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Abbey at Bury.

Enter to the Parliament, KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and others.

'*K. Hen.* I muse, my lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,

'Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

'*Q. Mar.* Can you not see? or will you not
observe

'The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?

'With what a majesty he bears himself;

'How insolent of late he has become,

'How proud, peremptory, and unlike himself?

'We know the time, since he was mild and affable,

'And, if we did but glance a far-off look,

'Immediately he was upon his knee,

'That all the court admired him for submission:

'But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,

'When every one will give the time of day,

'He knits his brow, and shews an angry eye,

'And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,

'Disdaining duty that to us belongs.

'Small curs are not regarded when they grin;

'But great men tremble when the lion roars;
 'And Humphrey is no little man in England.
 'First, note, that he is near you in descent;
 'And should you fall he as the next will mount.
 'Me seemeth then, it is no policy,—
 'Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears.
 'And his advantage following your decease,—
 'That he should come about your royal person,
 'Or be admitted to your highness' council.
 'By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;
 'And, when he please to make commotion,
 'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
 'Now, 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
 'Suffer them now, and they'll o'ergrow the garden,
 'And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
 'The reverent care I bear unto my lord,
 'Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
 'If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
 'Which fear, if better reasons can supplant,
 'I will subscribe and say—I wrong'd the duke.
 'My lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham,—and York,—
 'Reprove my allegation, if you can:
 'Or else conclude my words effectual.

'Suf. Well, hath your highness seen into this duke;
 'And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
 I think I should have told your grace's tale.
 [The duchess, by his subornation,
 Upon my life, began her devilish practices;
 Or if he were not privy to those faults,
 Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
 (As next the king, he was successive heir,)
 And such high vaunts of his nobility,
 Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,
 By wick'd means to frame our sovereign's fall.]
 Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep;
 [And in his simple show he harbours treason.]
 The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.
 No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
 Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

[Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
 Devise strange deaths, for small offences done?]

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
 [Levy great sums of money through the realm,
 For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
 By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown,
 Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once: The care you have of us,
 To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
 Is worthy praise: But shall I speak my conscience?
 Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
 From meaning treason to our royal person,
 As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove:
 The duke is virtuous, mild; and too well given,
 To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond affiance!

Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
 For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
 Is he a lamb? his skin is surely lent him,
 For he's inclined as are the ravenous wolves.
 Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
 Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
 Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign!

K. Hen. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news from France?

'Som. That all your interest in those territories
 Is utterly bereft you; all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, lord Somerset: but God's will be done!

York. Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
 [Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
 And caterpillars eat my leaves away:
 But I will remedy this gear ere long,
 Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

(Aside)

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
 Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon.

'Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art:
 I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest;
 [A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.

The purest spring is not so free from mud,
 As I am clear from treason to my sovereign:]
 Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,

And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay,
 By means whereof, his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?

'I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay;
 'Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
 'So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,—
 'Ay, night by night,—in studying good for England!

'That doit, that e'er I wrested from the king,
 'Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
 'Be brought against me at my trial day!
 'No! many a pound of mine own proper store,
 'Because I would not tax the needy commons,
 'Have I disbursed to the garrisons,
 'And never ask'd for restitution.

[Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.
 Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!]

York. In your protectorship, you did devise
 Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
 That England was defamed by tyranny.

Glo. Why 'tis well known, that, whiles I was protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me;
 [For I should melt at an offender's tears,
 And lowly words were ransome for their fault.]
 'Unless it were a bloody murderer,
 'Or foul felonious thief, that fleeced poor passengers.

'I never gave them condign punishment:
 'Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortured
 'Above the felon, or what trespass else.

'Suf. My lords, these faults are easy, quickly answered:

'But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
 'Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
 'I do arrest you in his highness' name;
 'And here commit you to my lord cardinal
 'To keep, until your farther time of trial.

K. Hen. My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope
 'That you will clear yourself from all suspects:

My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous!

[Virtue is choked with foul ambition,
And charity chased hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exiled your highness' land,
I know, their complot is to have my life:]
'And, if my death might make this island happy,
'And prove the period of their tyranny,
'I would expend it with all willingness:
'But mine is made the prologue to their play;
'For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
'Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
'Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,

'And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
'Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
'And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
'Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
'By false accuse doth level at my life:—

'And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
'Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;
[And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up
My liefeft liege to be mine enemy:—

Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,
Myself had notice of your conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltless life:
'I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
'Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
'The ancient proverb will be well affected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

[*Car.* My liege, his railing is intolerable:
If those, that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.]

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here
'With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd,
'As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations, to o'erthrow his state.

'*Q. Mar.* But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant; I lose, indeed;—

'Beshrew the winners, for they played me false!
[And well such losers may have leave to speak.]

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day.—

'Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

'*Car.* Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throws away his crutch,

Before his legs be firm to bear his body:

'Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
'And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.

'Ah, that my fears were false! ah, that it were!

'For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants, with Gloster.*

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms seemeth best,

Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your highness leave the parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with grief,

[Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery;

For what's more miserable than discontent?—

Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I proved thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wroeng;
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house:
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good;
So mighty are his vowed enemies.]
'His fortunes I will weep: and, 'twixt each groan,
'Say,—Who's a traitor? *Gloster he is none.*

[*Exit.*

[*Q. Mar.* Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity: and Gloster's show
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining chequer'd slough, doth sting a child,
That, for the beauty thinks it excellent.

Believe, me, lords, were none more wise than I,
(And yet, herein, I judge mine own wit good.)]

'This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,

'To rid us from the fear we have of him.

[*Car.* That he should die is worthy policy:
But yet we want a colour for his death:

'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:

The king will labour still to save his life;

The commons haply rise to save his life;

And yet we have but trivial argument,

More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.

York. So that by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'Tis York, that hath more reason for his death.—

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk,—

Say as you think, and speak it from your souls,—

Were't not all one, an empty eagle were set

To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,

As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector?]

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

'*Suf.* Madam, 'tis true: And were't not madness, then,

'To make the fox surveyor of the fold?

'Who being accused a crafty murderer,

'His guilt should be but idly posted over,

'Because his purpose is not executed.

'No; let him die, in that he is a fox,

'By nature proved an enemy to the flock,

'Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood;

'As Humphrey, proved by reasons, to my liege.

'And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay him:

'Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,

'Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,

'So he be dead; for that is good deceit

'Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

[*Q. Mar.* Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done: For things are often spoke, and seldom meant: But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,— Seeing the deed is meritorious, And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,— Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest: Say, you consent, and censure well the deed, And I'll provide his executioner, I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have spoke it, It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come again,

'To signify—that rebels there are up,
'And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
[Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.]

Car. A breach that craves a quick expedient stop!]

'What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither:

'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;

'Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,

'Had been the regent there instead of me,

'He never would have staid in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:

'I rather would have lost my life betimes,

[Than bring a burden of dishonour home,

By staying there so long, till all were lost.

Shew me one scar character'd on thy skin:

Men's flesh preserved so whole, do seldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,

If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:—

No more, good York, sweet Somerset, be still;—

Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,

Might haply have proved far worse than his.]

York. What, worse than nought? nay, then a shame take all!

Som. And in the number, thee, that wishest shame!

Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.

The uncivil kernes of Ireland are in arms,

And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:

To Ireland will you lead a band of men,

Collected choicely, from each county some,

And try your hap against the Irishmen?

[*York.* I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent;

And, what we do establish, he confirms:

Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.]

York. I am content: Provide me soldiers, lords, Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.

'But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,

'That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.

And so break off; the day is almost spent:

Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,

'At Bristol I expect my soldiers:

'For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York,

[*Exeunt all but York.*

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,

'And change misdoubt to resolution:

[Be that thou hopest to be; or what thou art

Resign to death, it is not worth the enjoying:

Let pale-faced fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought
on thought;

And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.

My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,

Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.

Well, nobles, well, 'tis politicly done,

To send me packing with an host of men:

I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,

Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.

'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me:

'I take it kindly; yet, be well assured

You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.

'Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,

[I will stir up in England some black storm,

Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell:

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage

Until the golden circuit on my head,

Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,

Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.]

'And for a minister of my intent,

'I have seduced a headstrong Kentishman,

'John Cade of Ashford,

'To make commotion, as full well he can,

'Under the title of John Mortimer

[In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade

Oppose himself against a troop of kernes;

And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts

Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:

And, in the end being rescued, I have seen him

Caper upright like a wild Morisco,

Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.

Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kerne,

Hath he conversed with the enemy;

And undiscover'd come to me again,

And given me notice of their villanies.

This devil here shall be my substitute;

For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,

In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:]

'By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,

'How they affect the house and claim of York.

'Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;

'I know, no pain they can inflict upon him,

'Will make him say—I moved him to those arms,

'Say, that he thrive, (as 'tis great like he will,)

'Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,

'And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd:

'For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,

'And Henry put apart, the next for me.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Bury. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

1 *Mur.* Run to my lord of Suffolk; let him know,

[We have despatched the duke, as he commanded.

2 *Mur.* O, that it were to do!—What have we done?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?]

Enter SUFFOLK.

1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.
Suf. Now, sirs, have you
 Despatch'd this thing?
 1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord; he's dead.
Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my
 house;
 'I will reward you for this venturous deed.
 'The king and all the peers are here at hand.—
 'Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
 'According as I gave directions?
 1 *Mur.* 'Tis, good my lord.
Suf. Away, be gone.

[Exeunt Murderers.]

*Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET,
 Cardinal BEAUFORT, SOMERSET, Lords, and
 others.*

'*K. Hen.* Go, call our uncle to our presence
 straight;
 'Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
 'If he be guilty, as 'tis published.
Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord.
[Exit.]
 'K. Hen. Lords, take your places;—And I pray
 you all,
 'Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
 'Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
 'He be approved in practice culpable.
[Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should prevail,
 That faultless may condemn a nobleman!
 Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!
K. Hen. I thank thee, Margaret: these words
 content me much.—]

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

'How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest
 'thou?
 'Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?
Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is
 dead.
[Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!
Car. God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-
 night,
 The duke was dumb, and could not speak a
 word.]

(The King swoons.)

'*Q. Mar.* How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the
 king is dead.
[Som. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.
Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—O Henry, ope thine
 eyes!
Suf. He doth revive again.—Madam, be patient.
K. Hen. O heavenly God!
Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?
Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry,
 comfort!
K. Hen. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort
 me?
 Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
[Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;]
 And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
 'By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
 'Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
[Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words.
 Lay not thy hands on me; forbear I say;
 Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.]
 Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
 'Upon thy eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
 'Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.
 'Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:—

'Yet do not go away;—Come, basilisk,
 'And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight.
*[For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
 In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.]*
Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk
 thus?

*[Although the duke was enemy to him,
 Yet he most Christian like, laments his death:
 And for myself—foe as he was to me,
 Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
 Or blood consuming sighs recall his life,
 I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
 Look pale as primrose, with blood drinking sighs,
 And all to have the noble duke alive.]*
 'What know I how the world may deem of me?
 'For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
 'It may be judged, I made the duke away;
*[So shall my name with slander's tongue be
 wounded,
 And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
 This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!
 To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!]*

'*K. Hen.* Ah, wo is me, for Gloster, wretched
 man!

Q. Mar. Be wo for me, more wretched than he
 is.

What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
 I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
*[What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
 Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
 Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
 Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
 Erect his statue then, and worship it,
 And make my image but an alehouse sign.]*
 Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea;
 'And twice by awkward wind from England's
 bank
 'Drove back again unto my native clime?
 What boded this, but well-forewarning wind
 Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
*[Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
 What did I then, but cursed the gentle gusts,
 And he that loosed them from their brazen caves;
 And bid them blow towards England's blessed
 shore,
 Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock?
 Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
 But left that hateful office unto thee:
 The pretty vaulting sea refused to drown me;
 Knowing, that thou wouldst have me drown'd on
 shore,*

With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness:
 The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
 As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
 When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm:
 And when the dusky sky began to rob
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
 I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
 A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
 And threw it towards thy land,—the sea received
 it;

And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart:
 And even with this, I lost fair England's view,
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart:
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
 For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy)

To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold
His father's acts, commenced in burning Troy?
Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like
him?

Ah me, I can no more! Die, Margaret!
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.]

Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY.
The Commons press to the door.

'War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
'That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murder'd
'By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
'The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
'That want their leader, scatter up and down,
'And care not who they sting in his revenge.
'Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
'Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true;
But how he died, God knows, not Henry:
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,
With the rude multitude, till I return.

[*Warwick goes into an inner room, and Salisbury retires.*]

[K. Hen. O, thou, that judgest all things, stay my thoughts;
My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life!
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
For judgment only doth belong to thee!
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears:
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
And to survey his dead and earthly image,
What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

The folding doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his bed: WARWICK and others standing by it.

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made:

For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace;
For seeing him, I see my life in death.]

'War. As surely as my soul intends to live
'With that dread King, that took our state upon him,
'To free him from his Father's wrathful curse,
'I do believe, that violent hands were laid
'Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

'Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!

'What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

'War. See how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth

To blush and beautify the cheek again.

But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;

'His eye-balls farther out than when he lived,
'Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
'His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling:

'His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
'And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued.

'Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
'His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,

'Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodged.

'It cannot be, but he was murder'd here:

'The least of all these signs were probable.

'Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?

'Myself, and Beaufort, had him in protection;

'And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

'War. But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's foes;

'And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep:

'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend;

[And 'Tis well seen he found an enemy.]

'Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noble men

[As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.]

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,

And sees fast by a butcher with an ax,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk; where's your knife?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite? where are his talons?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scour'd in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge:—
Say, if thou darest, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[*Exeunt Cardinal, Somerset, and others.*]

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare him?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,

Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still; with reverence may I say;

For every word you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your dignity.

'Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!
If every lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip; whose fruit thou art,

And never of the Nevils' noble race,

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say—it was thy mother, that thou mean'st,
That thou thyself was born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,

If from this presence thou darest go with me.

War. Away, even now, or I will drag thee hence:
[Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost.]

[*Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.*]

K. Hen. What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?

Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just:
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.]

(*A noise within.*)

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful weapons drawn

'Here in our presence? dare you be so bold?—

'Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

[*Sal.* Sirs, stand apart; the king shall know your mind.—]

(*Speaking to those within.*)

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,

'They will by violence tear him from your palace,
[And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.]

They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died;

'They say, in him they fear your highness' death:

'And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,—

'Free from a stubborn opposite intent,

'As being thought to contradict your liking,—

'Makes them thus forward in his banishment.

[They say, in care of your most royal person,

That, if your highness should intend to sleep,

And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,

In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;

Yet notwithstanding such a strait edict,

Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,

That slyly glided towards your majesty,

It were but necessary you were waked;

Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,

The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:

And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,

That they will guard you, wh'er you will or no,

From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;

With whose envenomed and fatal sting,

Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,

They say, is shamefully bereft of life.]

Commons. (Within.) An answer from the king,
my lord of Salisbury.

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds.

Could send such message to their sovereign:

But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,

To shew how quaint an orator you are:

But all the honour Salisbury hath won,

Is—that he was the lord ambassador,

Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. (Within.) An answer from the king, or
we will all break in.

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,

I thank them for their tender loving care:

'And had I not been cited so by them,

'Yet did I purpose as they do entreat,

'For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy

'Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.

'And therefore—by his majesty I swear,

'Whose far unworthy deputy I am,—

'He shall not breathe infection in this air

'But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

'*Q. Mar.* O Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

'*K. Hen.* Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.

'No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,

'Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.

'Had I but said, I would have kept my word;

'But when I swear, it is irrevocable:—

[If, after three days' space, thou here be'st found

On any ground that I am ruler of,

The world shall not be ransome for thy life,—]

'Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;

'I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt K. Henry, Warwick, Lords, &c.*]

'*Q. Mar.* Mischance and sorrow go along with you!

'Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,

'Be playfellows to keep you company!

'There's two of you; the devil make a third,

'And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps.

[*Suf.* Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,

And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.]

'*Q. Mar.* Fy, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch!

'Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,

'I would invent as bitter-searching terms,

[As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,]

Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,

'With full as many signs of deadly hate,

As lean-faced envy in her loathsome cave:

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;

My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;

Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:

And even now my burden'd heart would break,

Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!

Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!

Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!

Their chiefest prospects, murdering basilisks!

Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!

Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss;

And boding screech-owls make the concert full!

All the foul-terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk; thou torment'st thyself;

[And these dread curses—like the sun 'gainst glass,

Or like an over-charged gun,—recoil,

And turn the force of them upon thyself.]

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,

Well could I curse away a winter's night,

Though standing naked on a mountain top,

Where biting cold would never let grass grow,

And think it but a minute spent in sport.

[*Q. Mar.* O, let me entreat thee, cease! Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.]
'O, could this kiss be printed in thy hand;

(*Kisses his hand.*)

[That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
'Through whom a thousand sighs are breathed for thee!

'So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmised whilst thou art standing by,
[As one that surfeits thinking on a want.]

'I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,
'Adventure to be banished myself:
[And banished I am, if but from thee.]

Go, speak not to me; even now be gone.—

O, go not yet!—Even thus two friends, condemn'd,
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
Loather a hundred times to part than die.

Yet now farewell; and farewell life with thee!]

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.

[Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence:
A wilderness is populous enough,

So Suffolk had thy heavenly company:
For where thou art, there is the world itself,

With every several pleasure in the world:
And where thou art not, desolation.

I can no more:—Live thou to joy thy life;
Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.]

Enter VAUX.

'*Q. Mar.* Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news
I prythee?

'*Vaux.* To signify unto his majesty,
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death:

'For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
'That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the

air,
'Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.

'Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
'Were by his side; sometime, he calls the king,

And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
[The secrets of his overcharged soul:]

'And I am sent to tell his majesty,
'That even now he cries aloud for him.

'*Q. Mar.* Go, tell this heavy message to the
king.

(*Exit Vaux.*)

'Ah me! what is this world? what news are
these?

'But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
'Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?

'Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
'And with the southern clouds contend in tears;

'Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sor-
rows?

'Now, get thee hence: The king, thou knowst is
coming!

'If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

'*Suf.* If I depart from thee, I cannot live:

'And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?

Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
'As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,

Dying with mother's dug between its lips:
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,

'And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
'To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth;

'So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,

And then it lived in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest;

From thee to die, were torture more than death:
O, let me stay, befall what may befall.

'*Q. Mar.* Away! though parting be a fretful cor-
rosive,

'It is applied to a deathful wound.
'To France, sweet Suffolk: Let me hear from

thee;
'For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.
Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the woful'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth.

Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

SCENE III.—London. Cardinal Beaufort's
Bed-chamber.

*Enter KING HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK,
and others. The Cardinal in bed; Attendants with
him.*

[*K. Hen.* How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort,
to thy sovereign.]

'*Car.* If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's
treasure,

'Enough to purchase such another island,
'So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

[*K. Hen.* Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
When death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to
thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.]

'Died he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live, wh'er they will or no?—

[O! torture me no more, I will confess.—]

'Alive again? then shew me where he is;

'I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—

[He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—]

'Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands up-
right,

'Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—

'Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary

'Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

[*K. Hen.* O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege upon this wretch's soul,

And from his bosom purge this black despair!]

'*War.* See how the pangs of death do make him
grin.

[*Sal.* Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure
be!]

'Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
'Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—

'He dies, and makes no sign; O God, forgive
him!

'*War.* So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

'*K. Hen.* Forbear to judge, for we are sinners
all.—

'Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;

'And let us all to meditation.

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Kent. The Sea-shore near Dover.*
Firing heard at Sea. Then enter from a boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's-Mate, WALTER WHITMORE, and others; with them SUFFOLK, and other Gentlemen, prisoners.

[*Cap.* The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
 Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
 And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades,
 That drag the tragic melancholy night;
 Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings,
 Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty
 jaws

Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
 Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
 For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
 Here shall they make their ransome on the sand,
 Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—]
 'Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
 'And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
 'The other, (*pointing to Suffolk*,) Walter Whitmore,
 is thy share.

'1 *Gent.* What is my ransome, master? let me know.

'*Mast.* A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

'*Mate.* And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

'*Cap.* What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?—

Cut both the villains throats;—for die you shall;

The lives of those, which we have lost in fight,

Cannot be counterpoised with such a petty sum.

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.]

'*Whit.* I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,

'And therefore to revenge it, shalt thou die;

(*To Suffolk*.)

And so should these, if I might have my will.

[*Cap.* Be not rash; take ransome, let him live.]

'*Suf.* Look on my George, I am a gentleman;

'Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.

'*Whit.* And so am I; my name is—Walter Whitmore.

'How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death affright?

'*Suf.* Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.

'A cunning man did calculate my birth,

'And told me—that by *Water* I should die:

'Yet let not this make thee be bloody minded;

'Thy name is—*Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.

'*Whit.* *Gaultier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not,

'Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,

'But with our sword we wiped away the blot;

'Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,

'Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defaced,

'And I proclaimed a coward through the world!

(*Lays hold on Suffolk*.)

'*Suf.* Stay, Whitmore, for thy prisoner is a prince,

'The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.

'*Whit.* The Duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;

Jove sometime went disguised, and why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

'*Suf.* Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood,

The honourable blood of Lancaster,

'Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup?

'Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,

'And thought thee happy when I shook my head?

'How often hast thou waited at my cup,

'Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,

'When I have feasted with Queen Margaret?

[Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n:

Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:

How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,

And duly waited for my coming forth?]

'This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,

'And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

[*Whit.* Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.]

'*Cap.* Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side

Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. Yes, Poole.

Suf. Poole?

Cap. Poole? Sir Poole? lord?

'Ay, kennel, puddle, sink: whose filth and dirt

'Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.

'Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,

'For swallowing the treasure of the realm.

'Thy lips that kissed the queen, shall sweep the ground;

'And thou, that smil'dst at good duke Humphrey's death,

'Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,

[Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:

And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,

For daring to affy a mighty lord

Unto the daughter of a worthless king,

Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.

By devilish policy art thou grown great,

And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorged

With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.

By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France,

The false revolting Normans, through thee,

Disdain to call us Lord; and Picardy

Hath slain their governors, surprised our forts,

And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.

The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,—

Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,—

As hating thee, are rising up in arms:

And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,

By shameful murder of a guiltless king,

And lofty proud encroaching tyranny,—

Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours

Advance our half-faced sun, striving to shine,

Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus*.

The commons here in Kent are up in arms:

And, to conclude, reproach, and beggary,

Is crept into the palace of our king,

And all by thee:—Away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain
here,

'Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
'Than Bargulus, the strong Illyrian pirate.
'Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-
hives.

It is impossible, that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
'Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
'I go of message from the queen to France;
'I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

'*Cap.* Walter,—
'*Whit.* Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy
death.

[*Suf.* *Gelidus timor occupat artus*:—'tis thee I
fear.]

'*Whit.* Thou shalt have cause to fear before I leave
thee.

'What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?
'1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him
fair.

'*Suf.* Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
'Used to command, untaught to plead for favour.
'Far be it, we should honour such as these
'With humble suit: no, rather let my head
'Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
'Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
'And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
'Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
[True nobility is exempt from fear:—]

'More can I bear, than you dare execute.
'*Cap.* Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

'*Suf.* Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can,
'That this my death may never be forgot!
'Great men oft die, by vile bezonians:
'A Roman sworder, and banditto slave,
'Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus' bastard hand
'Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,
'Pompey the Great: and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit Suf., with Whit. and others.*]

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have
set,

It is our pleasure, one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the first Gentleman.*]

Re-enter WHITMORE with SUFFOLK'S body.

'*Whit.* There let his head and lifeless body lie,
'Until the queen his mistress bury it.

[*Exit.*]

'1 *Gent.* O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
'His body will I bear unto the king:
'If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
'So will the queen, that living held him dear.

[*Exit, with the body.*]

SCENE II.—Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, and JOHN HOLLAND.

'*Geo.* Come, and get thee a sword, though made
'of lath; they have been up these two days.

'*John.* They have the more need to sleep now
then.

'*Geo.* I tell thee, Jack Cade, the clothier, means
'to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a
'new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 'tis threadbare. Well,

I say, it was never merry world in England, since
gentlemen came up.

'*Geo.* O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in
handicraftsmen.]

'*John.* The nobility think scorn to go in leather
'aprons.

'*Geo.* Nay, more, the king's council are no good
workmen.

John. True; and yet it is said,—Labour in thy
vocation: which is as much to say, as,—let the
magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should
we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better sign
of a brave mind than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son,
the taxner of Wingham;—

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to
make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,—

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and
iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver.

Geo. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

John. Come, come, let's fall in with them.]

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the butcher, SMITH the
weaver, and others in great number.

'*Cade.* We, John Cade, so termed of our supposed
'father,—

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.
(*Aside.*)

'*Cade.*—for our enemies shall fall before us, in-
'spired with the spirit of putting down kings and
'princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good brick-
layer.

(*Aside.*)

'*Cade.* My mother a Plantagenet,—

'*Dick.* I knew her well, she was a midwife.
(*Aside.*)

'*Cade.* My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedler's daughter, and
sold many laces.

(*Aside.*)

'*Smith.* But, now of late, not able to travel
'with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at
'home.

(*Aside.*)

'*Cade.* Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable;
and there was he born, under a hedge; for his
father had never a house, but the cage.

(*Aside.*)

[*Cade.* Valiant I am.

Smith. 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant.]
(*Aside.*)

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him
whipped three market days together.

(*Aside.*)

Cade. I neither fear sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat
is of proof.

(*Aside.*)

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of
fire, being burnt i' the hand for stealing of sheep.

(*Aside.*)

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave,
and vows reformation. There shall be, in England,
seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny, the three-

hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And when I am king, (as king I will be)—

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people; there shall be 'no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; 'and I will apparel them all in one livery, that 'they may agree like brothers, and worship me 'their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the 'lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of CHATHAM.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boy's copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H'as a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjuror.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, 'on mine honour, unless I find him guilty, he shall 'not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine 'thee: What is thy name?

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters;— 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy 'name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an 'honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed: away with him; he's a 'villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his 'pen and inkhorn about his neck.

Exeunt some with the Clerk.

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! Sir Humphrey Stafford and 'his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down:

'He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself:

'He is but a knight, is 'a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight 'presently; rise up, Sir John Mortimer. Now have at him.

Enter SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM, his brother, with drum and Forces.

[Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,

Mark'd for the gallows,—lay your weapons down, Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;—

The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclined to blood,

If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.]

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not;

It is to you, good people, that I speak, [O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign; For I am rightful heir unto the crown.]

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plasterer; 'And thou thyself a sheerman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, Married the duke of Clarence' daughter: Did he not?

W. Staf. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her, he had two children at one birth.

W. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true:

'The elder of them, being put to nurse,

'Was by a beggar-woman stolen away;

'And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,

'Became a bricklayer, when he came to age;

'His son am I; deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore deny it not.

[Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,

That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get ye gone.]

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

[Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself.] *(Aside.)*—Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that—for his father's sake, Henry the Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns,—I am content he shall reign, but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the lord 'Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England 'maimed, and fain to go with a staff, but that my 'puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, 'that that lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, 'and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he 'can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen 'are our enemies: go to then, I ask but this: Can 'he, that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a 'good counsellor, or no?

[All. No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail,

Assail them with the army of the king.]

Staf. Herald, away: and, throughout every town,

'Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;

'That those, which fly before the battle ends,

'May, even in their wives' and children's sight,

'Be hang'd up for example at their doors:—

'And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[Exeunt the two Staffords, and Forces.

[Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me.—

Now shew yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;
For they are thrifty honest men, and such
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order when we are
most out of order. Come march forward.]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of Blackheath.*

Alarums. The two parties enter, and fight, and both
the STAFFORDS are slain.

Cade. Where's Dick the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen,
'and thou behavest thyself as if thou hadst been in
'thine own slaughter-house: therefore thus will
'I reward thee,—The Lent shall be as long again
'as it is; and thou shalt have a licence to kill for a
'hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

[*Cade.* And, to speak truth, thou deservest no
less. This monument of the victory will I bear;
and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse's heels,
till I do come to London, where we will have the
mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break
open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's
march towards London.]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING HENRY, *reading a supplication*; the
Duke of BUCKINGHAM and Lord SAY, *with*
him; *at a distance*, QUEEN MARGARET, *mourn-*
ing over SUFFOLK'S head.

[*Q. Mar.* Oft have I heard that grief softens the
mind,

And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;
But where's the body that I should embrace?]

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the
'rebels' supplication?

[*K. Hen.* I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:]
'For God forbid, so many simple souls
'Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
'Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
'Will parley with Jack Cade, their general.—
'But stay, I'll read it over once again.

[*Q. Mar.* Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely
face

Ruled, like a wandering planet, over me;
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?]

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to
have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have
his.

K. Hen. How now, madam? Still
Lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death?
I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,

'Thou wouldst not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but
die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now! what news? why comest thou
in such haste?]

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark; Fly, my
lord!

'Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
'Decended from the duke of Clarence' house;

'And calls your grace usurper openly,

'And vows to crown himself in Westminster.

'His army is a ragged multitude

'Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:

'Sir Humprey Stafford and his brother's death

'Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:

'All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,

'They call—false caterpillars, and intend their
death.

[*K. Hen.* O graceless men! they know not what
they do.]

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Kenilworth,
Until a power be raised to put them down.

[*Q. Mar.* Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now
alive,

These Kentish rebels would be soon appeased.]

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee,

'Therefore away with us to Kenilworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in
danger;

'The sight of me is odious in their eyes.

'And therefore in this city will I stay,

'And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

[*2 Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge;
the citizens

Fly and forsake their houses:

The rascal people, thirsting after prey,

Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear,

To spoil the city, and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take
horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will
succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is de-
ceased.

K. Hen. Farewell, my lord; (*To Lord Say*) trust
not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,

'And therefore am I bold and resolute.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. The Tower.*

Enter LORD SCALES, *and others, on the walls.*

Then enter certain Citizens, below.

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain?

1 Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for
they have won the bridge, killing all those that
withstand them: The lord mayor craves aid of
your honour from the Tower, to defend the city
from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare you shall com-
mand;

But I am troubled here with them myself;

The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.

But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,

And thither I will send you Matthew Gough:

Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;

And so farewell, for I must hence again.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. Cannon-street.*

Enter JACK CADE, and his Followers. He strikes his staff on London-stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade! Jack Cade!

Cade. Knock him down there.

(They kill him.)

[Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more; I think he hath a very fair warning.]

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: But, first, go and set London-bridge on fire; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*The same. Smithfield.*

Alarum. *Enter, on one side, CADE and his company; on the other, Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH. They fight: the Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain.*

Cade. So, sirs:—Now, go some and pull down the Savoy; others to the inns of court; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Mass, 'twill be sore law then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

(Aside.)

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

(Aside.)

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the Parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

(Aside.)

Cade. And henceforth all things shall be in common.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ny lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, which sold the towns in France; [he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.]

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the LORD SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times, —Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! Now art thou within point blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the pre-

sence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb; and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

[Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.]

Say. You men of Kent.—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

[Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.]

Kent, in the commentaries Caesar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done:
Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands,
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learn'd clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king:
And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven,—

Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.
Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box 'o the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes]

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.
[Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the pap of a hatchet.]

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear provoketh me.

'Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say,
'I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand
'steadier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and
'behead him.

[Say. Tell me, wherein I have offended most?
Have I affected wealth, or honour; speak?
Are my chests filled up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injured, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shed-
ding,

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts,
O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words:
but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for
pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he
has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o'
God's name.] 'Go, take him away, I say, and
'strike off his head presently; and then break into
'his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and
'strike off his head, and bring them both upon two
'poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

[Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your
prayers,

God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.]

[Exeunt some, with Lord Say.

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a
'head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute;
'there shall not a maid be married, but she shall
'pay to me her maidenhead ere they have it: Men
'shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and
'command, that their wives be as free as heart can
'wish, or tongue can tell.

'Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside,
'and take up commodities upon our bills?

'Cade. Marry, presently.

'All. O brave!

Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of LORD SAY, and
his Son-in-law.

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one
'another, for they loved well, when they were
'alive. Now part them again, lest they consult
'about the giving up of some more towns in France.
'Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night:
'for with these borne before us, instead of maces,
'will we ride through the streets; and at every
'corner, have them kiss.—Away!

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE, and all his Rabblement.

[Cade. Up Fish-street! down St. Magnus' corner!
kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—
(A parley sounded, then a retreat.) What noise is
this I hear? dare any be so bold to sound retreat
or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM and Old CLIFFORD, with
Forces.

'Buck. Ay, here they be, that dare and will dis-
turb thee:

'Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king
'Unto the commons, whom thou hast misled:

'And here pronounce free pardon to them all,
'That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

'Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,
'And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you;
'Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?

'Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,
'Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!

'Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
'Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,

'Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

'All. God save the king! God save the king!

'Cade. What, Buckingham, and Clifford, are ye
'so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe
'him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons
'about your necks? Hath my sword therefore
'broke through London Gates, that you should
'leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I
'thought, ye would never have given out these
'arms, till you had recovered your ancient free-
'dom: but you are all recreants, and dastards;
'and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let
'them break your backs with burdens, take your
'houses over your heads, ravish your wives and
'daughters before your faces: For me,—I'll make
'shift for one; and so—God's curse 'light upon you
'all!

'All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

'Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth,
'That thus you do exclaim—you'll go with him?
'Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
'And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?

'Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;

'Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,

'Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.

'Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,

'The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,

'Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?

'Methinks, already, in this civil broil,

'I see them lording it in London streets,

'Crying—*Villageois*! unto all they meet.

'Better, ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,

'Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's
mercy.

'To France, to France, and get what you have
lost;

'Spare England, for it is your native coast:

'Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;

'God on our side doubt not of victory.

'All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king,
'and Clifford.

'Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and
'fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the
'Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and
'makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay
'their heads together, to surprise me; my sword
'make way for me, for here is no staying.—In
'despite of the devils and hell, have through the
'very midst of you! and heavens and honour be
'witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only
'my followers' base and ignominious treasons,
'makes me betake me to my heels.

[Exit.

'Buck. What, is he fled? go some, and follow
him;

'And he that brings his head unto the king,

'Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward,—

[Exeunt some of them.

'Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean

'To reconcile you all unto the king.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—*Kenilworth Castle.*

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the terrace of the Castle.

[*K. Hen.* Was ever king, that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months' old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.]

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.

[*Buck.* Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surprised?
Or is he but retired to make him strong?]

Enter, below, a great number of CADE'S Followers, with halters about their necks.

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;

'And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,

'Expect your highness' doom of life or death.

K. Hen. Then, Heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,

'To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—

'Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,

'And shew'd how well you love your prince and country:

'Continue still in this so good a mind,

'And Henry, though he be unfortunate,

'Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:

'And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,

'I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

[*Mess.* Please it your grace to be advertised,
The Duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
With a puissant and a mighty power,
Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee]

'The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

[*K. Hen.* Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distress'd;

Like to a ship, that, having 'scaped a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispersed;
And now is York in arms to second him.—

I pray thee, Buckingham, go forth and meet him;

And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.

Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower;

And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,

Until his army be dismissed from him.

Som. My lord,

I'll yield myself to prison willingly,

Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms;
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better;

For yet may England curse my wretched reign.]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*Kent. Iden's Garden.*

Enter CADE.

[*Cade.* Fy on ambition! fy on myself; that have a sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods; and durst not peep out, for all the country is lay'd for me; but now I am so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick-wall have I climbed into this garden; to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good: for, many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.]

Enter IDEN, with Servants.

'*Iden.* Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,

'And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?

'This small inheritance, my father left me,

'Contenteth me, and is worth a monarchy.

'I seek not to wax great by others' waning;

'Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy:

'Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,

'And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

'*Cade.* Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave.—Ah, villain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of the king for carrying my head to him; but I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

'*Iden.* Why, rude companion, whatso'er thou be,

'I know thee not: Why then should I betray thee?

'Is't not enough, to break into my garden,

'And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,

'Climbing up walls in spite of me the owner,

'But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was broached, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door nail, I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

'*Iden.* Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,

Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.

'Oppose thy steadfast gazing eyes to mine,

'See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.

'Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;

'Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;

'Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;

'My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;

'And if my arm be heaved in the air,

'Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.

'As for more words, whose greatness answers words,

'Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

[*Cade.* By my valour, the most complete champion that ever I heard.]—'Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burley-boned clown's

'chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech God on my knees, thou mayest be turned to hobnails. (*They fight. Cade falls.*) O, I am slain! famine, and no other hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?

'Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
'And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
[Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.]

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour.

(*Dies.*)

[*Iden.* How much thou wrong'st me, Heaven be my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.]

'Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
'Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
'And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
'Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
'Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[*Exit, dragging out the body.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. Fields between Dartford and Blackheath.*

The King's Camp on one side. On the other, enter YORK attended, with drum and colours: his Forces at some distance.

'*York.* From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
'Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
'To entertain great England's lawful king
Ah, *sancta majestas!* who would not buy thee dear?
'Let them obey that know not how to rule;
'This hand was made to handle nought but gold;
'I cannot give due action to my words,
'Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.
'A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul;
'On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

'Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?

'The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

'*Buck.* York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

'*York.* Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

'Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

'*Buck.* A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,

'To know the reason of these arms in peace;

Or why, thou—being a subject as I am—

'Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn.
'Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,
'Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

'*York.* Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.

'O, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,

'I am so angry at these abject terms;

'And now, like Ajax Trelamonus,

'On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury! *Aside.*

'I am far better born than is the king;

'More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts:

'But I must make fair weather yet a while,

'Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.

'O Buckingham, I prythee, pardon me,

'That I have given no answer all this while:

'My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.

'The cause why I have brought this army hither,

'Is—to remove proud Somerset from the king,

'Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

'*Buck.* That is too much presumption on thy part:

'But if thy arms be to no other end,

'The king hath yielded unto thy demand;

The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

'*York.* Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—

'Soldiers, I thank you all: disperse yourselves;

'Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,

'You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.

[And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,

Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,

As pledges of my fealty and love,

I'll send them all as willing as I live;

Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have

Is his to use, so Somerset may die.]

'*Buck.* York, I commend this kind submission:

'We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter KING HENRY, attended.

'*K. Hen.* Buckingham, doth York intend me harm to us,

'That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

[*York.* In all submission and humility,

York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. Hen. Then what intend these forces thou dost bring?]

'*York.* To heave the traitor Somerset from hence:

'And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,

'Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE'S head.

'*Iden.* If one so rude, and of so mean condition,

'May pass into the presence of a king,

'Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,

'The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

'*K. Hen.* The head of Cade?—Great God, how just art thou!—

'O let me view his visage being dead,

'That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.

'Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

'*Iden.* I was, an't like your majesty.

'*K. Hen.* How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

'*Iden.* Alexander Iden, that's my name;

'A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king

[*Buck.* So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created knight for his good service.]

'*K. Hen.* Iden kneel down; (*he kneels.*) Rise up
a knight.

'We give thee for reward a thousand marks;

'And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

'*Iden.* May Iden live to merit such a bounty,

'And never live but true unto his liege!

'*K. Hen.* See, Buckingham! Somerset comes
with the queen;

'Go bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET and SOMERSET.

'*Q. Mar.* For thousand Yorks he shall not hide
his head,

'But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

'*York.* How now! is Somerset at liberty?

'Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,

'And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

'Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—

'False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,

'Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

'King did I call thee? no, thou art not king:

'Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

'Which darest not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

'That head of thine doth not become a crown;

'Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,

'And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.

'That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;

'Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,

'Is able with the change to kill and cure.

'Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,

'And with the same to act controlling laws.

'Give place; by Heaven, thou shalt rule no more

'O'er him, whom Heaven created for thy ruler.

'*Som.* O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee,
York.

'Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:

[Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.]

York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask
of these,

If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—

Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;

[*Exit an Attendant.*

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,

They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchise-
ment.]

'*Q. Mar.* Call hither Clifford; bid him come
again,

[To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!]

'The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,

'Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those

'That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET,
with Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces
also, Old CLIFFORD and his Son.

[See, where they come; I'll warrant they'll make
it good.]

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford to deny their
bail.]

'*Clif.* Health and happiness to my lord the king!
(*Kneels.*)

'*York.* I thank thee, Clifford: Say, what news
with thee?

'Nay, do not fright us with an angry look;

'We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;

'For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

'*Clif.* This is my king, York, I do not mistake;

'But thou mistakest me much, to think I do:—

'To Bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

'*K. Hen.* Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious
humour

'Makes him oppose himself against his king.

'*Clif.* He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,

'And chop away that factious pate of his.

'*Q. Mar.* He is arrested, but will not obey;

'His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

'*York.* Will you not, sons?

'*Edw.* Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

'*Rich.* And if words will not, then our weapons
shall.

[*Clif.* Why, what a brood of traitors have we
here.

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;

I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—]

'Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

[That with the very shaking of their chains,

They may astonish these fell lurking curs;

Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.]

Drums. *Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY,*
with Forces.

'*Clif.* Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears
to death,

'And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,

'If thou darest bring them to the baiting-place.

[*Rich.* Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening cur

Run back and bite, because he was withheld;

Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,

Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cried:

And such a piece of service will you do,

If you oppose yourself to match lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn your-
selves.

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to
bow?—

Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,

Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!

What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,

And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?

O, where is faith? O, where is loyalty?

If it be banish'd from the frosty head,

Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—

Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,

And shame thine honourable age with blood?

Why art thou old, and want'st experience?

Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?

For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,

That bows unto the grave with mickle age

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself

The title of this most renowned duke;

And in my conscience do repute his grace

The rightful heir of England's royal seat.

K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto
me?

Sal. I have.

K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with Heaven for
such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;

But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.

Who can be bound by any solemn vow

To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,

To force a spotless virgin's chastity,

To reave the orphan of his patrimony,

To wring the widow from her custom'd right;

And have no other reason for this wrong,

But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

'K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,

I am resolved for death or dignity.

'Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

'War. You were best to go to bed, and dream again,

To keep thee from the tempest of the field

Clif. I am resolved to bear a greater storm, Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;

And that I'll write upon thy burgonet, Might I but know thee by thy household badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest.

The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,

This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet,

(As on a mountain top the cedar shews,

That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm,)

Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet I'll rend thy bear,

And tread it under foot with all contempt,

'Despite the bearward that protects the bear.

'Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father, To quell the rebels, and their 'complices.

Rich. Fy! charity, for shame! speak not in spite, For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

'Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou can tell.

'Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE II.—*St. Alban's.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls! And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear, Now,—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm, And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,— Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me! Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland, Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

'How now, my noble lord? what all a-foot?

'York. The deadly handed Clifford slew my steed;

'But match to match I have encounter'd him,

'And made a prey for carrion kites and crows

'Even of the bonny beast he loved so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

'War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chase,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou fight'st.—

'As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,

'It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[Exit Warwick.]

'Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?

'York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,

'But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

'Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,

'But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.

'York. So let it help me now against thy sword

'As I in justice and true right express it!

'Clif. My soul and body on the action both!—

'York. A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.

(They fight, and Clifford falls.)

'Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.*

(Dies.)

'York. Thus war hath given the peace, for thou art still.—

'Peace with his soul, Heaven, if it be thy will!

[Exit.]

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

[Y. Clif.] Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds

Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,

Whom angry heavens do make their minister,

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part

Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:

He, that is truly dedicate to war,

Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,

Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,

The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end.

(Seeing his dead father.)

And the premised flames of the last day

Knit earth and heaven together!

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,

Particularities and petty sounds

To cease!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,

To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve

The silver livery of advised age;

And, in thy reverence, and thy chair days, thus

To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,

My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 'tis mine,

It shall be stony. York not our old men spares,

No more will I their babes: tears virginal

Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;

And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,

Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

Henceforth, I will not have to do with pity;

Meet I an infant of the house of York,

Into as many gobbets will I cut it,

As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:

In cruelty will I seek out my fame.]

'Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;

(Taking up the body.)

'As did Æneas old Anchises bear,

'So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;

[But then Æneas bare a living load.

Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.]

[Exit.]

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET fighting, and SOMERSET is killed.

Rich. So, lie thou there:—

'For, underneath an alehouse paltry sign,

The Castle in St. Albans, Somerset

Hath made the wizard famous in his death.—

[Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:

Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

[Exit.]

Alarums: Excursions. Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, and others, retreating.

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow; for shame, away!

[K. Hen.] Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not fight, nor fly:

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,

To give the enemy way: and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

(*Alarum afar off.*)

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes: but, if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
We shall to London get; where you are loved;
And where this breach now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief
set,

I would speak blasphemy, ere bid you fly;
But fly you must; incurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.
Away, for your relief! and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give:
Away, my lord, away!]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Fields near Saint Albans.*

*Alarum: Retreat. Flourish: then enter YORK,
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and
Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him;
[That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
Aged contusions, and all brush of time;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.]

Rich. My noble father,
Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him, thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any farther act;
But still, where danger was, still there I met
him;
[And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body.
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.]

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought
to-day;

By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you,
Richard:

God knows, how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleased him, that three times to-day
You have defended me from imminent death.—
[Well lords, we have not got that which we have:
Tis not enough our foes are at this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know, our safety is to follow them:

For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,

To call a present court of parliament.

Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:—

What says Lord Warwick? shall we after
them?—

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.

Now by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:

Saint Albans' battle, won by famous York,

Shall be eternized in all age to come.—

Sound, drums and trumpets;—and to London all

And more such days as these to us befall!

[*Exeunt.*]

KING HENRY VI. PART THIRD.



Gloster.—"DOWN, DOWN TO HELL, AND SAY—I SENT THEE THITHER."—*Act v, scene 6.*

Persons Represented.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his son.*

LEWIS XI, *King of France.*

DUKE OF SOMERSET,

DUKE OF EXETER,

EARL OF OXFORD,

EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,

EARL OF WESTMORELAND,

LORD CLIFFORD,

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*

EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards*
King Edward IV,

EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland,*

GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence,*

RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of Gloster,*

DUKE OF NORFOLK,

MARQUIS OF MONTAGUE,

EARL OF WARWICK,

EARL OF PEMBROKE,

LORD HASTINGS,

LORD STAFFORD,

*Lords on King
Henry's side.*

his Sons.

*of the Duke of York's
Party.*

SIR JOHN MORTIMER, } *Uncles to the Duke of*
SIR HUGH MORTIMER, } *York.*

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a Youth.*

LORD RIVERS, *Brother to Lady Grey.*

SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.

SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.

SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

Tutor to Rutland.

Mayor of York.

Lieutenant of the Tower.

A Nobleman.

Two Keepers.

A Huntsman.

A Son that has killed his Father.

A Father that has killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.

LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to Edward IV.*

BONA, *Sister to the French Queen.*

*Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry and
King Edward, Messengers, Watchmen, &c.*

SCENE,—*During part of the third Act in France; during all the rest of the Play. in England.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. The Parliament House.

Drums. Some Soldiers of York's Party break in. Then, enter the DUKE OF YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and others, with white roses in their hats.

War. I wonder how the king escaped our hands.

York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north,

He slyly stole away, and left his men:

Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,

Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,

'Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,

'Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,

'Charged our main battle's front, and, breaking in,

'Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,

'Is either slain, or wounded dangerous:

I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;

'That this is true, father, behold his blood.

(Shewing his bloody sword.)

Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood,

(To York, shewing his.)

Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

(Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's head.)

[York. Richard hath best deserved of all my sons.]

What, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King Henry's head.

War. And so do I.—Victorious prince of York, Before I see thee seated in that throne

Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,

I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.

This is the palace of the fearful king,

'And this the regal seat: possess it York:

For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;

'For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you; he that flies, shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords;—

'And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,

Unless he seek to thrust you out by force.

(They retire.)

[York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,

But little thinks we shall be of her council:

By words, or blows, here let us win our right.]

Rich. Arm'd as we are let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd, Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;

And bashful Henry deposed, whose cowardice Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

'York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;

I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,

'The proudest he that holds up Lancaster, Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.

'I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:— Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

(Warwick leads York to the throne, who seats himself.)

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and others, with red roses in their hats.

K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,

Even in the chair of state! belike, he means,

(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,) To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—

Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—

And thine, lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

'*North.* If I be not, Heavens, be revenged on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:

'My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he; He durst not sit there, had your father lived.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament

Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

K. Hen. Ah, know you not, the city favours them,

And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But, when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,

To make a shambles of the parliament house!

Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,

Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—

(They advance to the Duke.)

Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;

I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou art deceived, I am thine.

Exe. For shame, come down; he made thee duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown, In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke of York.

'*K. Hen.* And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

'*York.* It must, and shall be so. Content thyself.

War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster;

And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget.

That we are those which chased you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

'*North.* Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death, before I stir.

'*War.* Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats!

York. Will you, we shew our title to the crown?

'If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seized upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks,
you lose:—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, (to *York*,) as thou lovest and
honour'st arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king
will fly,

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou! and give King Henry leave
to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him,
lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly
throne,

Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

'Ay, and their colours—often borne in France;

And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you lords?

'My title's good, and better far than his

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be
king.

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth, by conquest got the
crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. I know not what to say; my title's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

'*K. Hen.* An if he may, then am I lawful king:

'For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

[*York.* Why whisper you, my lords, and answer
not?]

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to
him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not that Henry shall be so deposed.

'*War.* Deposed he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceived: 'tis not thy southern
power,

'Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the duke up, in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,

'Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!

'*K. Hen.* O Clifford, how thy words revive my
heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown:—
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

(*He stamps, and the Soldiers shew themselves.*)

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one
word,—

'Let me, for this my life time, reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine
heirs,

And thou shalt reign in quiet, while thou livest.

K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince, your
son?

War. What good is this to England, and him-
self?

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

'*Clif.* How hast thou injured both thyself and
us?

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen these
news.

[*West.* Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate
king,

In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.]

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,

'And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd and despised!

[*Exeunt Northumberland, Clifford, and
Westmoreland.*

[*War.* Turn this way, Henry, and regard them
not.]

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not
yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but for
son,

Whom I unnaturally should disinheret.

But, be it as it may:—I here entail

'The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign,

[And neither by treason, nor hostility,

To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.]

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

(*Coming from the throne.*)

War. Long live King Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconciled.

Exe. Accursed be he that seeks to make them foes.

(*Senet. The Lords come forward.*)

York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.

War. And I'll keep London, with my soldiers.

Norfolk. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt York and his Sons, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

[*K. Hen.* And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.]

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, and the PRINCE OF WALES.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger:

I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.

(*Going.*)

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such extremes? [Ah wretched man! would I had died a maid, And never seen thee, never borne thee son, Seeing thou hast proved so unnatural a father! Hath he deserved to lose his birthright thus? Hadst thou but loved him half so well as I, Or felt that pain which I did for him once, Or nourish'd him as I did with my blood, Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,

Rather than made that savage duke thine heir, And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me: If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son:—
The Earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforced me.

Q. Mar. Enforced thee! art thou king, and wilt be forced?

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch! Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me; And given unto the house of York such head, [As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance. To entail him and his heirs unto the crown, What is it but to make thy sepulchre, And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais; Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas; The duke is made protector of the realm;

'And yet shalt thou be safe? [such safety finds The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.]

'Had I been there, which am a silly woman, 'The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,

'Before I would have granted to that act.

[But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour:]

'And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself, 'Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed, 'Until that act of Parliament be repeal'd, 'Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:

'And spread they shall be; to thy foul disgrace,

'And utter ruin of the house of York.

'Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away;

'Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field, I'll see your grace: till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Q. Marg. and the Prince.*]

'*K. Hen.* Poor queen! how love to me and to her son,

'Hath made her break out into terms of rage!

'Revenged may she be on that hateful duke;

[Whose haughty spirit winged with desire,

Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,

Tire on the flesh of me, and of my son!

The loss of those three lords torments my heart:

I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—

Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

'*Rich.* Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

'*York.* Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?

What is your quarrel? how began it first?

'*Edw.* No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

'*Rich.* About that, which concerns your grace and us,—

'The crown of England, father, which is yours.

'*York.* Mine boy, not till King Henry be dead.

[*Rich.* Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now! By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe, It will outrun you, father, in the end.]

'*York.* I took an oath, that he should quietly reign.

'*Edw.* But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:

'I'd break a thousand oaths, to reign one year.

'*Rich.* No; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.

'*York.* I shall be, if I claim by open war.

'*Rich.* I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

'*York.* Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
 'Before a true and lawful magistrate,
 'That hath authority over him that swears:
 'Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
 'Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
 'Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
 'Therefore to arms. [And, father, do but think,
 How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown:
 Within whose circuit is Elysium,
 And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.
 Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
 Until the white rose, that I wear be dyed
 Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.]
York. Richard, enough; I will be king or
 die.—
 'Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
 'And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
 'Thou, Richard, shall unto the duke of Norfolk,
 'And tell him privily of our intent.—
 'You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
 With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise;
 'In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
 'Witty and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
 'While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
 'But that I seek occasion how to rise;
 'And yet the king not privy to my drift,
 'Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But stay; What news? Why comest thou in such
 post?

Mess. The queen with all the northern earls and
 lords,

Intend here to besiege you in your castle:
 She is hard by with twenty thousand men;
 And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st thou
 that we fear them?

'Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;—
 'My brother Montague shall post to London;
 Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
 Whom we have left protectors of the king,
 With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
 And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
 And thus most humbly I do take my leave.]

[*Exit.*

Enter SIR JOHN and SIR HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine
 uncles!

'You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
 The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in
 the field.

'*York.* What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

A woman's general: What should we fear?

(*A march afar off.*)

'*Edw.* I hear their drums; let's set our men in
 order;

'And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

'*York.* Five men to twenty!—though the odds be
 great,

'I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

'Many a battle have I won in France,

'When as the enemy hath been ten to one;

'Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Plains near Sandal Castle.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter RUTLAND and
 his Tutor.*

'*Rut.* Ah, whither shall I fly to 'scape their
 hands?

Ah, tutor! look where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy
 life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke,
 Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

'*Tut.* Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent
 child,

'Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear
 That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

'*Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
 That trembles under his devouring paws:

And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;

And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder,—

Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,

And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.

Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath.

Be thou revenged on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's
 blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should
 enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
 He is a man, and Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and
 thine

Were not revenge sufficient for me!

No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,

And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,

It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.

The sight of any of the house of York

Is as a fury to torment my soul;

'And till I root out their accursed line,

'And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore—

(*Lifting his hand.*)

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death:—

To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

'*Rut.* I never did thee harm: Why wilt thou slay
 me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;

Lest in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—

He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days;

And when I give occasion of offence,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause?

Thy father slew my father; therefore die.

(*Clifford stabs him.*)

Rut. *Di faciant, laudis summa sit ista tua!*

(*Dies.*)

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade,

Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,

Congea'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.**Alarum. Enter YORK.*

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:
 'My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;
 'And all my followers to the eager foe
 'Turn back and fly, like ships before the wind,
 'Or lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves.
 'My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them:
 But this I know,—they have demeaned themselves
 Like men born to renown, by life or death.
 'Three times did Richard make a lane to me;
 And thrice cried,—*Courage, father! fight it out!*
 'And full as oft came Edward to my side,
 With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
 'In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
 'And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
 'Richard cried,—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
 'And cried,—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb!*
 'A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!
 With this, we charged again: but, out, alas!
 'We bodged again; as I have seen a swan
 'With bootless labour swim against the tide,
 And spend her strength with over-matching
 waves.

(A short alarum within.)

'Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;
 'And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury;
 'And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury:
 'The sands are number'd that make up my life;
 'Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Soldiers.

'Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
 'I dare your quenchless fury to more rage;
 'I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, pread Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm,
 With downright payment, shew'd unto my father.
 Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
 And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth
 'A bird, that will revenge upon you all;
 'And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
 Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
 'Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no
 farther;

'So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
 So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
 Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
 'And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:
 [And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face:]
 And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,

'Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere
 this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
 But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

(Draws.)

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand
 causes,

I would prolong awhile the traitor's life:—
 Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so
 much,
 To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart;
 What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,

For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
 When he might spurn him with his foot away?
 It is war's prize to take all vantages;
 'And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

(They lay hands on York, who struggles.)

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the
 gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

(York is taken prisoner.)

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd
 booty;

So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have doth unto
 him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northum-
 berland,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here;

'That raught at mountains with outstretched arms
 Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—

[What! was it you that would be England's King?]

Was't you, that revell'd in our parliament,

And make a preachment of your high descent?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?

'And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,

Dicky, your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?

Look York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point

Made issue from the bosom of the boy:

And, if thine eyes can water for his death,

I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,

I should lament thy miserable state.

I pr'ythee, grieve to make me merry, York;

Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine en-
 trails,

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?

[Why art thou so patient, man? thou should'st be
 mad;

And I, to make thee mad, doth mock thee thus.]

Thou wouldst be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—

A crown for York:—and, lords, bow low to
 him.—

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on,—

(Putting a paper crown upon his head.)

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!

Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,

And this is he was his adopted heir.—

But how is it, that great Plantagenet

Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?

As I bethink me, you should not be king

Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.

And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,

And rob his temples of the diadem,

Now in his life, against your holy oath?

O 'tis a fault, too, too unpardonable!—

Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his

head;

And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he

makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves

of France,

'Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's

tooth!

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian trull,
'Upon their woes whom fortune captivates !
But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush :
To tell thee whence thou camest, of whom de-
rived,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shameless.

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem ;
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult ?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen .
Unless the adage must be verified,—
That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud ;
But God, he knows, thy share thereof is small :
'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admired
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at :
'Tis government, that makes them seem divine,
The want thereof makes thee abominable :
Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide ;
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the
child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to wear a woman's face ?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible ;
'Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
'Bids't thou me rage ? why, now thou hast thy
wish :

Wouldst have me weep ? why, now thou hast thy
will :

'For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies ;
'And every drop cries vengeance for his death,—
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford,—and thee, false French-
woman.

North. Beshrew [me, but his passions move me
so,

That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd
with blood :

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—
O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears :
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this :

(*He gives back the handkerchief.*)

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears,
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—Alas, it was a piteous deed !—
There, take the crown, and with the crown, my
curse ;

And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand !
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world ;
My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads !

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my
kin,

'I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northum-
berland ?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's
death.

(*Stabbing him.*)

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted
king.

(*Stabbing him.*)

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God !
'My soul flies through these wounds to seek out
thee.

(*Dies.*)

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York
gates ;

So York may overlook the town of York.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in Herefordshire.

Drums. Enter EDWARD, and RICHARD, with
their forces marching.

[*Edw.* I wonder, how our princely father 'scaped ;
Or whether he be 'scaped away or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit :
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the
news :]

Had he been slain, we should have heard the
news ;
[Or, had he 'scaped, methinks, we should have
heard

The happy tidings of his good escape.—]
'How fares my brother ? why is he so sad ?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolved
Where our right valiant father is become.
'I saw him in the battle range about ;
'And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.
'Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat :

[Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs ;
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
So fared our father with his enemies ;]

'So fled his enemies my warlike father :
'Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
See how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun
[How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love !]

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns.

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect
sun ;

Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see ! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable :
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
In this the heaven figures some event.

[*Edw.* 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never
heard of.]

I think, it cites us, brother, to the field ;
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
'Each one already blazing by our meeds,
Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together
'And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
'Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair shining suns.

[*Rich.* Nay, bear three daughters:—by your leave
speak it,
You love the breeder better than the male.]

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
‘Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woeful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,
[Your princely father, and my loving lord.]

‘*Edw.* O speak no more! for I have heard too much.

‘*Rich.* Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

‘*Mess.* Environed he was with many foes;
[And stood against them as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks, that would have enter’d
Troy,

But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber’d oak.]

‘By many hands your father was subdued;

‘But only slaughter’d by the ireful arm

‘Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:

‘Who crown’d the gracious duke in high despite;

‘Laugh’d in his face; and, when with grief he wept,

‘The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,

‘A napkin steep’d in the harmless blood

‘Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:

‘And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,

‘They took his head, and on the gates of York

‘They set the same; and there it doth remain,

‘The saddest spectacle that e’er I view’d.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon;

‘Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—

[O Clifford, boist’rous Clifford, thou hast slain

The flower of Europe for his chivalry;

And treacherously hast thou vanquish’d him,

For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish’d
thee!]

Now my soul’s palace is become a prison:

Ah, would she break from hence! that this my
body

· Might in the ground be closed up in rest:

· For never henceforth shall I joy again,

· Never, O never shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body’s moisture

Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:

[Nor can my tongue unload my heart’s great
burden;

For self-same wind that I should speak withal,

Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,

And burn me up with flames, that tears would
quench.

To weep, is to make less the depth of grief:

Tears, then, for babes; blows and revenge for
me!—]

Richard, I bear thy name, I’ll venge thy death,

‘Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with
thee;

‘His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle’s bird,

Shew thy descent by gazing ‘gainst the sun:

For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;

Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. *Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE,
with Forces.*

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what
news abroad?

M

‘*Rich.* Great lord of Warwick, if we should re-
count

Our baleful news, and, at each word’s deliver-
ance,

Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,

The words would add more anguish than the
wounds.

O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly, as his soul’s redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown’d these news in
tears:

And now, to add more measure to your woes,

I come to tell you things since then befall’n.

After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,

Where your brave father breathed his latest
gasp.

Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,

Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.

I then in London, keeper of the king,

Muster’d my soldiers, gather’d flocks of friends,

And very well appointed, as I thought,

March’d towards St. Alban’s to intercept the
queen,

Bearing the king in my behalf along:

For by my scouts I was advertised,

That she was coming with a full intent

To dash our late decree in parliament,

‘Touching King Henry’s oath, and your succes-
sion.

Short tale to make,—we at Saint Alban’s met,

Our battles join’d, and both sides fiercely fought:

But, whether ’twas the coldness of the king,

Who look’d full gently on his warlike queen,

That robb’d my soldiers of their heated spleen;

Or whether ’twas report of her success;

Or more than common fear of Clifford’s rigour,

Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,

I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,

Their weapons like to lightning came and went;

Our soldiers—like the night-owl’s lazy flight,

‘Or like a lazy thresher with a flail,—

Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.

I cheer’d them up with justice of our cause,

With promise of high pay, and great rewards:

But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,

And we, in them, no hope to win the day.

So that we fled; the king, unto the queen;

Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,

In haste, post-haste, are come to join with
you;

For in the marches here, we heard, you were,

Making another head to fight again.

‘*Edw.* Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle
Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to Eng-
land?

‘*War.* Some six miles off the duke is with the
soldiers;

And for your brother,—he was lately sent

From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,

‘With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. ’Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick
fled:

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit.

But ne’er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou
hear;

For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of
mine

Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry’s head,

And wring the awful sceptre from his fist;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is famed for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame me not;

'Tis love I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;

And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford and the aught Northumber-land,

And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster.

'Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,

Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
'And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak:

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
'That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;

And when thou fail'st, (as God forbid the hour!)

Must Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March but duke of York;

'The next degree is, England's royal throne:
For king of England shalt thou be proclaimed
In every borough as we pass along;

And he, that throws not up his cap for joy,
'Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.

King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,

'But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

[*Rich.* Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,

(As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,)

I come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums;—God and Saint George, for us!]

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,

The queen is coming with a puissant host;

And craves your company for speedy counsel.

'*War.* Why then it sorts, brave warriors: Let's away.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Before York.*

Enter KING HENRY, QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE OF WALES, CLIFFORD, and NOR. THUMBERLAND, with Forces.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown;
'Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

'*K. Hen.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck:—

To see this sight, it irks my very soul,—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Not wittingly have I infringed my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on
'And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows.

He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;

Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,

'Which argued thee a most unloving father,
Unreasonable creatures feed their young.

And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,

Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
'Which sometime they have used with fearful

flight,)

Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?

For shame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy

Should lose his birthright by his father's fault;
And long hereafter say unto his child,—

*What my great grand-father and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away!*

Ah, what a shame were this? Look on the boy:

And let his manly face, which promiseth

Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,

To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,

Inferring arguments of mighty force.

'But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,—
That things ill got had ever bad success?

And happy always was it for that son,

Whose father, for his hoarding, went to hell?

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;

And 'would my father had left me no more!

For all the rest is held at such a rate,

'As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,

'Than in possession any jot of pleasure.

Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends did know,

How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

'*Q. Mar.* My lord, cheer up your spirits; our foes are nigh,

'And this soft courage makes your followers faint.

'You promised knighthood to our forward son;

'Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson,—Draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly
leave,

I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness;
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaim him king, and many fly to him:
'Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would depart the
field;
The queen hath best success when you are
absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our
fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore
I'll stay

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble
lords,

And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheath your sword, good father, cry *Saint*
George.

March. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD,
WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and
Soldiers.

'*Edw.* Now, perjured Henry, wilt thou kneel for
grace,

And set thy diadem upon my head,
[Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?]

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting
boy!

'Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
'Before thy sovereign and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his
knee;

I was adopted heir by his consent;
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You—that are king, though he do wear the
crown,—

Have caused him, by new act of parliament,

'To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too;

Who should succeed the father, but the son?

'*Rich.* Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot
speak!

'*Clif.* Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer
thee,

'Or any he the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was
it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the
fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield
the crown?

'*Q. Mar.* Why, how now, long-tongued Warwick?
dare you speak?

When you and I met at Saint Alban's last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis
thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me
thence.

'*North.* No, nor your manhood, that durst make
you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;—
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain

The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father: Call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous
coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere sunset, I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and
hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them, then, or else hold close thy
lips.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileged to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting
here,

Cannot be cured by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By Him that made us all, I am resolved,

'That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

'*Edw.* Say, Henry, shall I have my right or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,

That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;

For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right, which Warwick says is
right,

There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire nor
dam;

But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,

'As venom'd toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,

(As if a channel should be call'd the sea,)
'Shamest thou not, knowing whence thou art ex-

traught,
'To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A whisp of straw were worth a thousand
crowns,

To make this shameless callet know herself.—

[Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,

Although thy husband may be Menelaus:

And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd

By that false woman, as this king by thee.]

'His father revell'd in the heart of France,

And tamed the king and made the Dauphin stoop;

And, had he match'd according to his state,

He might have kept that glory to this day.

But, when he took a beggar to his bed,

And graced thy poor sire with his bridal day;

'Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for him,

'That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,

And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.

'For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy pride?

Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept?

And we, in pity of the gentle king,

Had slipp'd our claim unto another age.

'*Geo.* But, when we saw our sunshine made thy
spring,

'And that thy summer bred us no increase,

We set the axe to thy usurping root:

And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,

'Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,

'We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bathed thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this resolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!
And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer
stay:

These words will cost ten thousand lives to-day.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Field of Battle between Towton and
Saxton, in Yorkshire.*

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

'*War.* Forespent with toil, as runners with a
race,

I lay me down a little while to breathe:
For strokes received, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
'And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle Heaven! or strike, ungentle
death!

'For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is
clouded.

War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope
of good?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is lost, our hope but sad despair:]
Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:

What counsel give you, whither shall we fly?

'*Edw.* Bootless is flight, they follow us with
wings;

And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn
thyself?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,

'Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance:

'And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,—

'Like to a dismal clangour heard from far,—

'*Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!*

'So underneath the belly of their steeds,

'That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,

'The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

'*War.* Then let the earth be drunken with our
blood:

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.

[Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,

Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;

And look upon, as if the tragedy

Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?]

'Here on my knee I vow to God above,

'I'll never pause again, never stand still,

'Till either death hath closed these eyes of mine,

'Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;

'And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.—

[And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,

I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,]

'Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!

'Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,

'That to my foes this body must be prey,—

'Yet that the brazen gates of heaven may open,

'And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—

'Now, lords, take leave, until we meet again,

Where'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand; and, gentle
Warwick,

'Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:—

'I, that did never weep, now melt with wo,

'That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

'*War.* Away, away! Once more, sweet lords,
farewell.

'*Geo.* Yet let us all together to our troops,

'And give them leave to fly that will not stay;

'And call them pillars that will stand to us;

'And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards

'As victors wear at the Olympian games:

[This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;

For yet is hope of life and victory.—

Fore-slow no longer, make we hence amain.]

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the Field.*

Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

'*Rich.* Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone:

'Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York.

'And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,

'Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:

This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;

And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;

And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,

And cheers these hands that slew thy sire and
brother,

To execute the like upon thyself;

And so, have at thee.

(*They fight. WARWICK enters;
CLIFFORD flies.*)

'*Rich.* Nay, Warwick, single out some other
chase;

'For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY.

[*K. Hen.* This battle fares like to the morning's
war,

When dying clouds contend with growing light;

What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,

Can neither call it perfect day nor night.]

'Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,

'Forced by the tide to combat with the wind;

'Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea,

'Forced to retire by fury of the wind:

'Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the
wind;

'Now, one the better; then, another best;

'Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,

'Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:

'So is the equal poise of this fell war.

[Here on this molehill will I sit me down.

To whom God will, there be the victory!]

For Margaret, my queen, and Clifford too,

'Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,

'They prosper best of all when I am thence.

'Would I were dead! if God's good will were
so:

'For what is in this world but grief and wo?

[O God! methinks it were a happy life,

To be no better than a homely swain:

To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 Thereby to see the minutes, how they run:
 How many make the hour full complete,
 How many hours bring about the day,
 How many days will finish up the year,
 How many years a mortal man may live.
 When this is known, then to divide the times:
 So many hours must I tend my flock;
 So many hours must I take my rest;
 So many hours must I contemplate;
 So many hours must I sport myself;
 So many days my ewes have been with young;
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
 So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:
 So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,

Pass'd over to the end they were created,
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
 O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
 And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.]

Alarum. Enter a Son that has killed his Father, dragging in the dead body.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.—
 'This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
 'May be possessed with some store of crowns:
 [And I, that haply take them from him now,
 May yet, ere night, yield both my life and them
 To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—]
 'Who's this?—O God! It is my father's face,
 'Whom in this conflict I un'wares have kill'd.
 'O heavy times, begetting such events!
 'From London by the king was I press'd forth;
 'My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
 'Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
 'And I, who at his hands received my life,
 'Have, by my hands, of life bereaved him,—
 'Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
 [My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
 And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.]

'*K. Hen.* O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
 Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
 'Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
 [Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
 And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
 Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharged with grief.]

Enter a Father who has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.

'*Fath.* Thou, that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 'Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
 'For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
 'But let me see:—is this our foeman's face?
 'Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—
 [Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,

Throw up thine eyes; see, see, what showers
 arise,
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
 Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—]

'O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
 'What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
 'Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
 'This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
 'O, boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
 'And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!
K. Hen. Wo above wo! grief more than common
 grief!
 'O, that my death would stay these ruthful
 deeds!—

[O pity, pity, gentle Heaven, pity!—]
 The red rose and the white are on his face,
 The fatal colours of our striving houses:
 [The one, his purple blood right well resembles:
 The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present:]
 Wither, one rose, and let the other flourish!
 'If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
 Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied?

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my
 son,

'Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied?

'*K. Hen.* How will the country, for these woful
 chances,

'Mis-think the king, and not be satisfied?

'*Son.* Was ever son, so rued a father's death?

'*Fath.* Was ever father, so bemoan'd a son?

'*K. Hen.* Was ever king, so grieved for subjects'
 wo?

'Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

'*Son.* I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my
 fill

[Exit, with the body.

[*Fath.* These arms of mine shall be thy winding-
 sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
 For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
 My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell:
 And so obsequious will thy father be,
 Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
 As Priam was for all his valiant sons.)
 I'll bear thee hence: and let them fight that will,
 For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[Exit with the body.

'*K. Hen.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone with
 care,

'Here sits a king more woful than you are.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter QUEEN MARGA-
 RET, PRINCE OF WALES, and EXETER.*

'*Prince.* Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are
 fled,

'And Warwick rages like a chafed bull;

'Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick
 post amain:

'Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds

'Having the fearful flying hare in sight,

'With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,

And bloody steel grasped in their ireful hands,

'Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

'*Exe.* Away! for vengeance comes along with
 them;

'Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed;

Or else come after, I'll away before.

'*K. Hen.* Nay, take me with thee, good sweet
 Exeter;

'Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
'Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.

'*Clif.* Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,

Which, while it lasted, gave King Henry light.

O Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,

More than my body's parting with my soul.

My love and fear glew'd many friends to thee:

'And now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.

Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York,

The common people swarm like summer-flies:

And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun?

And who shines now but Henry's enemies?

O Phoebus! hadst thou never given consent

That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,

'Thy burning car never had scorch'd the earth:

And Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,

Or as thy father, and his father, did,

Giving no ground unto the house of York,

[They never then had sprung like summer flies;]

'I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,

Had left no mourning widows for our death,

And thou this day had'st kept thy chair in peace.

For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?

'And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?

Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;

'No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:

The foe is merciless, and will not pity;

For, at their hands, I have deserved no pity.

'The air hath got into my deadly wounds.

And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:—

Come, York and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;

[*'I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.*]
(*He faints.*)

Alarum and retreat. Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK and Soldiers.

'*Edw.* Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us pause;

'And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.—

[Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen;—]

'That led calm Henry, though he were a king,

'As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,

'Command an argosy to stem the waves.

'But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape;

For, though before his face I speak the words,

Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:

'And, wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

(*Clifford groans and dies.*)

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Edw. See who it is; and, now the battle's ended,

If friend, or foe, let him be gently used.

'*Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;

'Who, not contented that he lopp'd the branch

'In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,

'But set his murdering knife unto the root

'From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,

'I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,

Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:

'Instead whereof, let this supply the room;

Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,

'That nothing sung but death to us and ours:

'Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,

'And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

(*Attendants bring the body forward.*)

War. I think his understanding is bereft.

Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?—

Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of life,

And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, 'would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth;

'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,

'Because he would avoid such bitter taunts,

'Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

'*Rich.* Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford! swear as thou wast wont.

'*Rich.* What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,

'When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath:—

I know by that, he's dead; And, by my soul,

'If this right hand would buy two hours' life,

That I in all despite might rail at him,

'This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood

Stifle the villain, whose unslaked thirst

York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands.—

And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crown'd England's royal king.

'From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,

And ask the lady Bona for thy queen:

So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;

'And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;

For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them buzz, to offend thine ears.

First, will I see the coronation;

'And then to Britany I'll cross the sea,

To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be:

[For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;

And never will I undertake the thing,
Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—]
'Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;—
'And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as our-
self,
'Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George of
Gloster;

For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation;

Richard, be duke of Gloster: Now, to London,
To see these honours in possession.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Chase in the North of England.

Enter Two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

'1 *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake we'll
shroud ourselves;

'For through this laund anon the deer will come;

'And in this covert will we make our stand,

'Culling the principal of all the deer.

[2 *Keep.* I'll stay above the hill, as both may
shoot.

1 *Keep.* That cannot be, the noise of thy cross-
bow

Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

Here stand we both, and aim we at the best;

And, for the time shall not seem tedious,

I'll tell thee what befell me on a day

In this self-place, where now we mean to stand.]

'2 *Keep.* Here comes a man, let's stay till he be
past.

*Enter KING HENRY, disguised, with a
prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stolen, even of pure
love,

'To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.

'No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;

[Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,

Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast
anointed:]

'No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,

[No humble suitors press to speak for right,]

No, not a man comes for redress of thee:

For how can I help them, and not myself?

'1 *Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's
fee:

'This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon
him.

[*K. Hen.* Let me embrace these sour adversi-
ties;

For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

2 *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon
him.

3 *Keep.* Forbear a while; we'll hear a little
more.]

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France
for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick

'Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister

'To wife for Edward: If this news be true,

'Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost:

For Warwick is a subtle orator,

'And Lewis a prince soon won with moving
words.

'By this account, then, Margaret may win him,

'For she's a woman to be pitied much:

[Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;

Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;

The tiger will be mild, while she doth mourn;

And Nero will be tainted with remorse,

To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.

Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:]

She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;

He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.

She weeps, and says—her Henry is deposed;

He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd;

[That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no
more:

Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the
wrong,

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;

And, in conclusion, wins the King from her,

With promise of his sister, and what else,

To strengthen and support King Edward's place.

O Margaret, thus 'twill be; and thou, poor soul,

Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.]

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings
and queens?

'*K. Hen.* More than I seem, and less than I was
born to:

'A man at least, for less I should not be;

And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

'2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a
king.

'*K. Hen.* Why, so I am, in mind; and that's
enough.

2 *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy
crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my
head;

[Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,

Nor to be seen: my crown is call'd, content;]

'A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

'2 *Keep.* Well, if you be a king, crown'd with
content,

Your crown content, and you, must be contented

'To go along with us: for, as we think,

'You are the king, King Edward hath deposed;

'And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,

'Will apprehend you as his enemy.

[*K. Hen.* But did you never swear and break an
oath?

2 *Keep.* No, never such an oath, nor will not
now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell, when I was king
of England?

2 *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now
remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months
old;

My father and my grandfather were kings;

And you were sworn true subjects unto me;

And tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

1 *Keep.* No;

For we were subjects, but while you were king.

[*K. Hen.* Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a
man?

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.

Look as I blow this feather from my face,

And as the air blows it to me again,

Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

And yielding to another when it blows,

Commanded always by the greater gust;

Such is the lightness of you common men,

But do not break your oaths; for, of that sin

My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.

Go where you will, the king shall be commanded;
And be you kings; command and I'll obey.

1 *Keep*. We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry,
If he were seated as King Edward is.]

1 *Keep*. We charge you, in God's name, and in
the king's,
To go with us unto the officers.

'*K. Hen.* In God's name, lead; your king's name
be obey'd:

[And what God will, then let your king perform;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto.]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE,
and Lady GREY.

'*K. Edw.* Brother of Gloster, at Saint Alban's
field

'This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
His lands then seized on by the conqueror:

Her suit is now, to repossess those lands;

'Which we in justice cannot well deny,

Because in quarrel of the house of York

'The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well to grant her
suit;

[It were dishonour to deny it her.]

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a
pause.

'*Glo.* Yea! is it so?

(*Aside to Clarence.*)

I see the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. He knows the game: How true he keeps
the wind!

(*Aside.*)

Glo. Silence!

(*Aside.*)

'*K. Edw.* Widow, we will consider of your suit;

'And come some other time, to know our mind.

'*L. Grey.* Right gracious lord, I cannot brook
delay:

'May it please your highness to resolve me now;

'And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

'*Glo.* (*Aside.*) Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you
all your lands,

'An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.

'Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

[*Clar.* I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

(*Aside.*)

Glo. God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.]

(*Aside.*)

'*K. Edw.* How many children hast thou, widow?
tell me.

Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her.

(*Aside.*)

Glo. Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her
two.

(*Aside.*)

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be ruled by
him.

(*Aside.*)

K. Edw. 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's
land.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it
then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's
wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have
leave,

'Till youth take leave and leave you to the crutch.

(*Gloster and Clarence retire to the other side.*)

[*K. Edw.* Now tell me, madam, do you love your
children?

L. Grey. Ay, fall as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much, to do them
good?

L. Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some
harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do
them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.]

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be
got.

[*L. Grey.* So shall you bind me to your highness'
service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give
them?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to
do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my
boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do
it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to
ask.

L. Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace
commands.

Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the
marble.

(*Aside.*)

Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must
melt.]

(*Aside.*)

L. Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear
my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a
subject.

K. Edw. Why then thy husband's lands I freely
give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand
thanks.

Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a
curt'sy.

'*K. Edw.* But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I
mean.

[*L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving
liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me, in another sense.]

What love think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

'*L. Grey.* My love till death, my humble thanks,
my prayers;

'That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such
love.

[*L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought
you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my
mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I per-
ceive

Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.]

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with
thee.

[*L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.]

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

'Accords not with the sadness of my suit;

Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request; No; if thou dost say no, to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

(*Aside.*)

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

(*Aside.*)

K. Edw. (*Aside.*) Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;

[Her words do shew her wit incomparable;

All her perfections challenge sovereignty:]

One way or other, she is for a king;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—

Say, that King Edward take thee for his queen?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:

I am a subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,

I speak no more than what my soul intends;

And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto:

'I know, I am too mean to be your queen;

And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call you—father.

K. Edw. No more, than when my daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;

And by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing

To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

(*Aside.*)

Clar. When he was made shriver, 'twas for shift.

(*Aside.*)

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

[*Glo.* The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.]

K. Edw. You'd think it strange, if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers; I can tell you both,

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry, your foe, is taken,

'And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,

To question of his apprehension.—

'Widow, go you along;—Lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt King Edward, Lady Grey, Clarence, and Lord.*]

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,

'That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,

'To cross me from the golden time I look for!

'And yet, between my soul's desire and me,

[(*The lustful Edward's title buried.*)]

'Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,

'And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,

'To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:

A cold premeditation for my purpose!

[*Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty;*

Like one that stands upon a promontory,

And spies a far-off shore, where he would tread,

Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;

And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,

Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way:

So do I wish the crown, being so far off:

And so I chide the means, that keep me from it;

And so I say—I'll cut the causes off,

Flattering me with impossibilities.—

My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much

Unless my hand and strength could equal them.

Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard;

What other pleasure can the world afford?]

'I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,

'And deck my body in gay ornaments,

And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks,

'O miserable thought! and more unlikely,

'Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns!

Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb:

'And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,

'She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe

'To shrink mine arm up like a withered shrub,

'To make an envious mountain on my back,

Where sits deformity to mock my body:

'To shape my legs of an unequal size;

'To disproportion me in every part,

Like to a chaos, or unlick'd bear-whelp,

That carries no impression like the dam.]

And am I then a man to be beloved?

'O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!

[*Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,*

But to command, to check, to o'erbear such

As are of better person than myself,

I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown;

And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,

Until my mis-shaped trunk that bears this head,

Be round impaled with a glorious crown.

And yet I know not how to get the crown,

For many lives stand between me and home:

And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,

That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns

Seeking a way, and straying from the way,

Not knowing how to find the open air,

But toiling desperately to find it out,—
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.]
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile;
'And cry, content, to that which grieves my
heart;

[And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor.
Deceive more sliily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy;]
I can add colours to theameleon;
'Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
'And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
'Tut! were it farther off, I'll pluck it down.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—*France. A Room in the Palace.*

*Flourish. Enter LEWIS, the French King, and
Lady BONA, attended; the King takes his state.
Then enter QUEEN MARGARET, Prince ED-
WARD, her son, and the Earl of OXFORD.*

K. Lew. Fair queen of England, worthy Mar-
garet,

(*Rising.*)

'Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state
'And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis
doth sit.

[*Q. Mar.* No, mighty king of France; now Mar-
garet

Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,
Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs
this deep despair?

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes
with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in
cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thy-
self,
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck

(*Seats her by him.*)

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eased, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my droop-
ing thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak.
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,
And forced to live in Scotland, a forlorn;
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,—
With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir,—
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid;

And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done:
[Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seized, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou see'st, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm
the storm,
While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows
our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour
thee.

Q. Mar. O, but impatience waiteth on true sor-
row:

And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.]

Enter WARWICK, attended.

'*K. Lew.* What's he, approacheth boldly to our
presence?

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest
friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings
thee to France?

(*Descending from his state. Queen Margaret rises.*)

[*Q. Mar.* Ay, now begins the second storm to
rise;

For this is he that moves both wind and tide.]

'*War.* From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come,—in kindness and unfeigned love,—
First to do greeting to thy royal person;

And, then, to crave a league of amity,
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

'*Q. Mar.* If that go forward, Henry's hope is
done.

War. And, gracious madam, (*to Bona,*) in our
king's behalf,

'I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart:
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath placed thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis,—and Lady Bona,—hear me
speak,

'Before you answer Warwick. His demand
[Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest
love,

But from deceit, bred by necessity:
But how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,—
That Henry liveth still: but were he dead,
Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's
son.

Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and
marriage,

Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour:
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth
wrongs.]

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp;
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of
Gaunt.

Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,

'Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France:
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,

You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that Henry the Fifth had gotten?

Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that,

But for the rest.—You tell a pedigree

Of threescore and two years; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

'Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege,

Whom thou obey'dst thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,

Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree?

For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.

'Oxf. Call him my king by whose injurious doom

'My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,

Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
'When nature brought him to the door of death?

No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,

'Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,

'While I use farther conference with Warwick.

[Q. Mar. Heaven grant that Warwick's words bewitch him not!]

(Retiring with the Prince and Oxford.)

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,

'Is Edward your true king? for I were loath

'To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then farther, all dissembling set aside,
'Tell me for truth the measure of his love

'Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,

As may beseem a monarch like himself.

Myself have often heard him say, and swear,—

That this his love was an eternal plant:

Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground.

The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;

Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,

Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—

Yet I confess (to War.) that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

[K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus,—Our sister shall be Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn

Touching the jointure that your king must make.

Which with her dowry shall be counterpoised:—]

Draw near, Queen Margaret; and be a witness,

That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

[Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to made void my suit;

Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,

As may appear by Edward's good success,—

Then 'tis but reason, that I be released

From giving aid, which late I promised.

Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,

That your estate requires, and mine can yield.?

War. Henry now lives in Scotland at his ease;

Where, having nothing, nothing he can lose.

And as for you yourself, our quondam queen,—

You have a father able to maintain you;

And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.

[Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace;

Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings!

I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,

Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold

Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;

For both of you are birds of self-same feather.]

(A horn sounded within.)

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us or thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you;

Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.—

These from our king unto your majesty.—

And, madam, these for you; from whom I know not.

(To Margaret. They all read their letters.)

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress

Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as if he were nettled:

[I hope, all's for the best.]

'K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady Grey?

'And now, to soothe your forgery and his,

'Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?

'Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?

'Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

[Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before:]

This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest,—in sight of Heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,—

That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's.

No more my king, for he dishonours me;

But most himself, if he could see his shame.—

Did I forget, that by the house of York

My father came untimely to his death?

Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?

Did I impale him with the regal crown?

Did I put Henry from his native right;

'And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?

[Shame on himself! for my desert is honour.

And, to repair my honour lost for him,

I here renounce him and return to Henry.]

'My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor;
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my
hate to love;

'And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
'And joy, that thou becomest King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned
friend,

That, if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
[And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,

He's very likely now to fall from him;
For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be revenged,
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry
live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel, and this English queen's are
one.

War. And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with
yours.

K. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and
Margaret's.]

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolved,
You shall have aid.

[*Q. Mar.* Let me give humble thanks for all at
once.]

K. Lew. Then England's messenger, return in
post;

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.

[Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king withal]

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower
shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid
aside,

And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, That he hath done me
wrong;

And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
There's thy reward; be gone.

[*Exit Mess.*]

K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou
And Oxford, with five thousand men,
Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:
[And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.]

'Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt;—

'What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty;—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

'*Q. Mar.* Yes, I agree, and thank you for your
motion:—

'Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
'Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;

'And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
'That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

[*Prince.* Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves
it;

And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.]

[*He gives his hand to Warwick.*]

'*K. Lew.* Why stay me now? These soldiers
shall be levied,

'And thou, lord Bourbon, our high admiral,

'Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—

'I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,

'For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all but Warwick.*]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET,
MONTAGUE, and others.*

'*Glo.* Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think
you

'Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?

[Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to
France;

How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the
king.]

Flourish. *Enter KING EDWARD, attended; LADY
GREY, as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD,
HASTINGS, and others.*

[*Glo.* And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.]

'*K. Edw.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like
you our choice,

'That you stand pensive as half malcontent?

'*Clar.* As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of
Warwick;

'Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,

'That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

'*K. Edw.* Suppose they take offence without a
cause,

'They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,

'Your king and Warwick's, and must have my
will.

'*Glo.* And you shall have your will, because our
king:

'Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended
too?

'*Glo.* Not I:

'No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd,

'Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere
pity

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

'*K. Edw.* Setting your scorns and your mislike
aside,

'Tell me some reason why the lady Grey

'Should not become my wife, and England's
queen:

'And you, too, Somerset and Montague,

'Speak freely what you think.

Enter a Messenger.

Clar. Then this is my opinion,—that King Lewis

Becomes your enemy, for mocking him

About the marriage of the lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,

Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeased,

By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,

Would more have strengthen'd this our common-wealth

'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes; but the safer when it is back'd with France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France, than trusting France:

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas, Which he hath given for fence impregnable,

And with their helps only defends ourselves; In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.]

Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves

To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and grant;

[And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.]

Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,

'To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales

'Unto the brother of your loving bride;

'She better would have fitted me or Clarence:

But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir

'Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,

'And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,

'That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you shew'd your judgment;

'Which, being shallow, you shall give me leave

'To play the broker in mine own behalf;

'And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,

'And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleased his majesty

'To raise my state to title of a queen,

'Do me but right, and you must all confess

'That I was not ignoble of descent,

[And meaner than myself have had like fortune.

But as this title honours me and mine,

So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,

Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.]

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns;

'What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,

'So long as Edward is thy constant friend,

'And their true sovereign whom they must obey?

'Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,

'Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:

'Which, if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,

'And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.]

(Aside)

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what news, From France?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters; and few words,

'But such as I, without your special pardon, Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee, therefore in brief,

'Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.

'What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart, these were his very words:

Go, tell false Edward, thy supposed king,—

That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,

To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.

'But what said lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess. These were her words utter'd with mild disdain;

Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less;

'She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?

'For I have heard that she was there in place.

Mess. Tell him, quoth she, my mourning weeds are done,

And I am ready to put armour on.

K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon. But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incensed against your majesty

'Than all the rest, discharged me with these words:

Tell him from me that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?

'Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:

'They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.

'But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so link'd in friendship,

'That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.

[Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,

For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;

That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage

I may not prove inferior to yourself.—

You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[Exit Clarence, and Somerset follows.]

[Glo. Not I:]

My thoughts aim at a farther matter; I Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.]

(Aside.)

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick!

[Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen; And haste is needful in this desperate case.—]

'Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf

'Go levy men and make prepare for war;

'They are already, or quickly will be landed:

'Myself in person will straight follow you.

Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.

'But, ere I go, Hastings,—and Montague,—

'Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,

'Are near to Warwick, by blood and by alliance

'Tell me if you love Warwick more than me?
'If it be so then both depart to him;
'I rather wish you foes than hollow friends:
'But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
'Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
'That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause!

'*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

'*K. Edw.* Why so; then am I sure of victory.
Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with French and other Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well:
The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come;—
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick.

And welcome, Somerset:—I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful, where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, Clarence, my daughter shall be thine.

And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:
[That as Ulysses, and stout Diomedes,
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds;

So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not—slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.—]
You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

(*They all cry—Henry!*)

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Edward's Camp, near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the King's tent.

[1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his stand;

The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

1 *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a solemn vow

Never to lie and take his natural rest,

Till Warwick, or himself, be quite surpris'd.

2 *Watch.* To-morrow, then, belike, shall be the day,

If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman is that,

That with the king here resteth in his tent?

1 *Watch.* 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

3 *Watch.* O, is it so? But why commands the king,

That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,

While he himself keepeth in the cold field?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because more dangerous.

3 *Watch.* Ay; but give me worship and quietness,

I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,

But to defend his person from night-foes?]

Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET, and Forces.

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.

'Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!

'But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

Warwick, and the rest, cry all—Warwick!

Warwick! and set upon the Guard: who fly, crying—Arm! arm! Warwick and the rest following them.

The drum beating, and trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK, and the rest, bringing the King out in a gown, sitting in a chair; Gloster and Hastings fly.

'*Som.* What are they that fly there?

'*War.* Richard and Hastings: let them go, here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,

Thou call'dst me king?

'*War.* Ay, but the case is alter'd:

'When you disgraced me in my embassy,

'Then I degraded you from being king,

And come now to create you duke of York.

Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,

That know not how to use ambassadors;

Nor how to be contented with one wife;

Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;

[Nor how to study for the people's welfare;

Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?]

[*K. Edw.* Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?

Nay, then I see, that Edward needs must down.—]

'Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,

'Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,

'Edward will always bear himself as king:

[Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.]

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:

(Takes off his crown.)

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
[And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—]

My lord of Somerset, at my request,

'See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd

'Unto my brother, archbishop of York.

'When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,

'I'll follow you, and tell what answer

'Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:

Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.

[K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[Exit King Edward led out; Somerset with him.

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do;

But march to London with our soldiers?]

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;

'To free King Henry from imprisonment,

And see him seated in the regal throne.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

'Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn.

What late misfortune is befall'n King Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

'Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

'Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

'Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;

'Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,

'Or by his foe surprised at unawares:

'And as I farther have to understand,

'Is new committed to the bishop of York,

'Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

'Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief:

'Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;

'Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

[Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay,

And I the rather wean me from despair,

For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:

This is it that makes me bridle passion,

And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross;

Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,

And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,

Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown

King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

'Q. Eliz. I am informed that he comes toward London,

[To set the crown once more on Henry's head:

Guess thou the rest; King Edward's friends must down.]

'But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,

(For trust not him, that hath once broken faith,)

'I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,

'To save at least the heir of Edward's right;

'There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.

'Come, therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;

'If Warwick take us, we are sure to die.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A Park near Middleham Castle, in Yorkshire.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, Sir WILLIAM STANLEY, and others.

'Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,

'Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,

'Into this chiefest thicket of the park.

'Thus stands the case: You know, our king, my brother,

'Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands

'He hath good usage and great liberty;

'And often, but attended with weak guard,

'Comes hunting this way to disport himself.

'I have advertised him by secret means,

'That if about this hour he make this way,

'Under the colour of his usual game,

'He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,

'To set him free from his captivity.

Enter KING EDWARD, and a Huntsman.

'Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

'K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.—

'Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,

'Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

'Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:

'Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

'K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

'Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

'Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for what was my meaning.

'K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

[Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.]

'K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

'Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

[Glo. Come, then, away; let's have no more ado.]

'K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;

And pray that I may repossess the crown.

[Exeunt

SCENE VI.—A Room in the Tower.

Enter KING HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET. Young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

[K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends

Have shaken Edward from the regal seat;

And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their
sovereigns;

But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using
me?

Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kind-
ness,

For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:

Ay, such a pleasure as encaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—

But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.

Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;]

'Warwick, although my head still wear the
crown,

'I here resign my government to thee,
'For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

[*War.* Your grace hath still been famed for
virtuous;

And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me, when Clarence is in place.

Cla. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the
sway,

To whom the heavens, in their nativity,
Adjudged an olive branch, and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for pro-
tector.

K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both
your hands;
Now join your hands, and, with your hands your
hearts,

That no dissention hinder government:]

'I make you both protectors of this land;

'While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's
will?

[*Clar.* That he consents, if Warwick yield con-
sent;

For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loath, yet must I be
content:

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.

And, Clarence, low then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,
And all his lands and goods be confiscate.]

Clar. What else? and that succession be de-
termined.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his
part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your chief
affairs,
Let me entreat, (for I command no more.)

That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed:
For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclipsed.]

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all
speed,

'*K. Hen.* My lord of Somerset, what youth is
that,

'Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

'*Som.* My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Rich-
mond.

'*K. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope: If secret
powers

(*Lays his hand on his head.*)

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,

'This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.

'His looks are full of peaceful majesty;

'His head by nature framed to wear a crown,

'His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself

'Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.

Make much of him, my lords: for this is he,

'Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

[*War.* What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward has escaped from your
brother,

And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news: But how made he
escape?

Mess. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Glos-
ter,

And the lord Hastings, who attended him

In secret ambush on the forest side,

And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him;

For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his
charge.—

But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt K. Henry, War., Clar. Lieut.,
and Attendants.*

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Ed-
ward's;

For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help;

And we shall have more wars, before 't be long.

As Henry's late presaging prophecy

Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Rich-
mond;

So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts

What may befall him, to his harm and ours:

Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,

Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany,

Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay; for, if Edward repossess the crown,

'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to Brittany.

Come, therefore, let's about it speedily.]

[*Exeunt*

SCENE VII.—Before York.

*Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS,
and Forces.*

'*K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings
and the rest;

'Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,

'And says—that once more I shall interchange

My waned state for Henry's regal crown.

Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arrived
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of
York,

But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like not
this;

[For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush man! abodements must not now
affright us;

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon
them.

*Enter on the walls, the Mayor of York and his
brethren.*

May. My lords, we were forewarned of your
coming,

And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;

For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your
king,

Yet, Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

May. True, my good lord; I know you for no
less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenged nothing but my
dukedom;

[As being well content with that alone.]

Glo. But, when the fox hath once got in his
nose,

He'll soon find means to make the body follow.

(Aside.)

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a
doubt?

Open the gates, we are King Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be
open'd.

[Exeunt from above.]

Glo. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon!

Hast. The good old man would fain that all
were well,

So 'twere not 'long of him: but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.]

Re-enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must
not be shut,

But in the night, or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;

(Takes his keys.)

For Edward will defend the town, and thee,

And all those friends that deign to follow me.

*Drum. Enter MONTGOMERY, and Forces,
marching.*

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceived.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come
you in arms?

Mont. To help King Edward in his time of
storm,

As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: But we
now forget

Our title to the crown; and only claim

Our dukedom, till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence
again.

I came to serve a king, and not a duke,—

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

(A march begun.)

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile; and we'll
debate,

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few
words,

If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,

I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone

To keep them back that come to succour you:

Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice
points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll
make our claim:

Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms
must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto
crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;

The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my
right,

And Henry but usurps the diadem.]

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like him-
self;

And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here
proclaim'd:—

[Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.]

(Gives him a paper. Flourish.)

Sold. *(Reads.)* Edward the Fourth, by the grace
of God, king of England and France, and lord of
Ireland, &c.

Mont. And whosoe'er gainsays king Edward's
right,

By this I challenge him to single fight.

(Throws down his gauntlet.)

All Long live Edward the Fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and
thanks unto you all,

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York:

And when the morning sun shall raise his car

Above the border of this horizon,

We'll forward towards Warwick and his mates;

For, well I wot, that Henry is no soldier.—

[Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it beseems thee,
To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and War-
wick.—

Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;

And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.]

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE,
MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.*

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Bel-
gia,

With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,

And with his troops doth march amain to London,
And many giddy people flock to him.

[Oxf. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.]

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
'Shalt stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
'The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
'Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
'Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shall find
'Men well inclined to hear what thou com-
mandest:—

And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well beloved,
In Oxfordshire, shalt muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens,—
[Like to his island, girt in with the ocean,
Or modest Dian, circled with the nymphs,—]
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's
true hope.

[*Clar.* In sign of truth, I kiss your highness'
hand.]

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortun-
ate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord!—and so I take my
leave.

Oxf. And thus (*Kissing Henry's hand.*) I seal my
truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Mon-
tague,

And all at once, once more a happy farewell.]

War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Co-
ventry.

[*Exeunt War. Clar. Oxf. and Mont.*]

[*K. Hen.* Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear, my meed hath got
me fame.

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears:
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much
err'd;

Then why should they love Edward more than
me?

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace;
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.]

(*Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!*)

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are
these?

Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

'*Edw.* Seize on the shame-faced Henry, bear him
hence,

'And once again proclaim us king of England.—
[You are the fount, that makes small brooks to
flow;

Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them
dry,

And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—]

'Hence with him to the Tower; let him not
speak.

[*Exeunt some with King Henry.*]

'And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
'Where peremptory Warwick now remains:
'The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
'Cold biting winter mars our hoped-for hay.

[*Glo.* Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.]

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Coventry.

*Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of
Coventry, two Messengers, and others.*

War. Where is the post that came from valiant
Oxford?

How far thence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

'1 *Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hither-
ward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?—

Where is the post that came from Montague?

'2 *Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant
troop.

Enter SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.

'*War.* Say, Somerville, what says my loving
son?

And, by the guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

'*Som.* At Southam, I did leave him with his
forces,

And do expect him here some two hours hence.

(*Drum heard.*)

'*War.* Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his
drum.

[*Som.* It is not his, my lord; here Southam
lies;

The drum, your honour hears, marcheth from
Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for
friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly
know.]

*Drums. Enter KING EDWARD, GLOSTER,
and Forces, marching.*

[*K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a
parle.]

'*Glo.* See how the surly Warwick mans the
wall.

War. O, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduced,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city
gates.]

'Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy
knee?—

'Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy,
'And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

'*War.* Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces
hence,

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?—
Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent,

And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said—the
king;

Or did he make the jest against his will?

[War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?
Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.]

War. 'Twas I that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then, 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

'War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

[K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner:]

'And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this,—
What is the body, when the head is off?

'Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more forecast,

But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,

'The king was slyly fingered from the deck!

You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,

And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

[Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time, kneel down,
kneel down:

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide
thy friend;

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,

Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,

Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—]

'Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter OXFORD, with drum and colours.

[War. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford
comes!]

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

(Oxford and his Forces enter the City.)

'Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

'K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs:
[Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:]

'If not, the city being but of small defence,

'We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

(He and his Forces enter the City.)

'Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason,

'Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

[K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory,

My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.]

Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

(He and his Forces enter the City.)

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,

Have sold their lives unto the house of York;

And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps
along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
[With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brether's love;
Come Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick
calls.]

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?

(Takes the red rose out of his cap.)

'Look here I throw my infamy at thee:

I will not ruin my father's house,

Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,

'And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou Warwick,

'That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,

'To bend the fatal instruments of war

'Against his brother, and his lawful king?

[Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath;

To keep that oath, were more impiety

Than Jephtha's, when he sacrificed his daughter.

I am so sorry for my trespass made,

That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,

I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;

With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,

(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)

To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.]

And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,

And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—

'Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;

'And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,

'For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

'K. Edw. Now welcome more and ten times more
beloved,

Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate.

'Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjured and unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:

I will away towards Barnet presently,

And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou darest.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads
the way:—

Lords, to the field; Saint George, and victory!

[March. Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A field of Battle, near Barnet.

*Alarums, and Excursions. Enter KING EDWARD
bringing in WARWICK, wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;

For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all,—

Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee.

That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.]

[Exit.]

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,

And tell me, who is victor, York or Warwick?

Why ask I that? my mangled body shews.

[My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shews,]

That I must yield my body to the earth,

And, by my fall, the conquest of my foe.

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept:

Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spreading tree,
[And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.

These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,

Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world:]
The wrinkles in my brow, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
For who lived king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?

Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?

And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

[*Som.* Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,

We might recover all our loss again!]

'The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;

'Even now we heard the news: Ah, couldst thou fly!

'*War.* Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,

[If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!
Thou lovest me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood
That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

'*Som.* Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breathed his last;

'And to the latest gasp, cried out for Warwick,

'And said—Commend me to my valiant brother.

'And more he would have said; and more he spoke,

'Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,

'That might not be distinguish'd; but, at last

'I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,—

'O, farewell, Warwick!

War. Sweet rest to his soul!—

Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet again in heaven.

(*Dies*)

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!

[*Exeant, bearing off Warwick's body.*

SCENE III.—Another part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD, in triumph: with CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and the rest.

'*K. Edw.* Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,

'And we are graced with wreaths of victory.

'But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,

'I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,

'That will encounter with our glorious sun,

'Ere he attain his easeful western bed:

'I mean, my lords,—those powers, that the queen

'Hath raised in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,

'And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

'*Clar.* A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,

And blow it to the source from whence it came,
Thy very beams will dry those vapours up:
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valued thirty thousand strong,]

'And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;

'If she have time to breathe, be well assured,

Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertised by our loving friends,

That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury

'We, having now the best at Barnet field,

'Will thither straight, for willingness rids way:

'And, as we march, our strength will be augmented

In every county as we go along.—

Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—Plains near Tewksbury.

March. Enter QUEEN MARGARET, PRINCE EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.

[*Q. Mar.* Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,

But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.]

'What though the mast be now blown over-board,

'The cable broke the holding anchor lost,

'And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?

'Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet that he

'Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,

[With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;

Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,

Which industry and courage might have saved?

Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!

'Say, Warwick was our anchor: what of that?

'And Montague our top-mast: what of him?

'Our slaughter'd friends the tackles: what of these?

'Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?

'And Somerset another goodly mast?

'The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?

'And though unskilful, why not Ned and I

'For once allowed the skilful pilot's charge?

'We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;

[But keep our course though the rough wind say—no,

From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.

As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.

And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?

What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?

And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?

All these the enemies to our poor bark.

Say, you can swin; alas, 'tis but a while:

Tread on the sand; why there you quickly sink:

Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,]

Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.

'This speak I, lords, to let you understand,

In case some of you would fly from us,

That there's no hoped-for mercy with the brothers,

More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.

Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,

'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.

Prince Methinks a woman of this valiant spirit

Should, if a coward heard her speak these words

Infuse his breast with magnanimity,

And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.]

'I speak not this, as doubting any here:

'For, did I but suspect a fearful man,

'He should have leave to go away betimes;

'Lest, in our need he might infect another,

'And make him of like spirit to himself.

'If any such be here, as God forbid!

'Let him depart before we need his help.

'*Oxf.* Women and children of so high a courage!

And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.

'O brave young prince! thy famous grandfather

Doth live again in thee: Long may'st thou live,

'To bear his image, and renew his glories!

'*Som.* And he, that will not fight for such a hope,

'Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,

If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

[*Q. Mar.* Thanks, gentle Somerset; sweet Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing else.]

Enter a Messenger.

'*Mess.* Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,

Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

'*Oxf.* I thought no less: it is his policy,

To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceived, we are in readiness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

March. *Enter, at a distance, KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood,

Which, by the Heavens' assistance and your strength,

Must by the roots be hewn up ere night.

[I need not add more fuel to your fire,

For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:

Give signal to the fight, and to it lords.]

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should say.

'My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,

'Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.

'Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your sovereign,

'Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,

'His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,

'His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;

'And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.

'You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,

'Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both armies.*

SCENE V.—Another part of the same.

Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a retreat. Then, enter KING EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces; with QUEEN MARGARET, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, prisoners.

'*K. Edw.* Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.

Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle straight:

For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

'Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

'*Som.* Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.*

[*Q. Mar.* So part we sadly with this troublous world,

To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made,—that who finds Edward,

Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is: and lo, where youthful Edward comes.]

Enter Soldiers, with PRINCE EDWARD.

[*K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak.

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?]

'Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,

'For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,

[And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?]

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!

Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth;

Resign thy chair, and where I stand, kneel thou,

Whilst I suppose the self-same words to thee,

Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolved!

'*Glo.* That you might still have worn the petticoat,

And ne'er have stolen the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;

His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By Heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.

'*K. Edw.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are too undutiful.

Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjured George,—

And thou mis-shapen Dick,—I tell ye all,

I am your better, traitors as ye are:—

[And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.]

K. Edw. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.

(*Stabs him.*)

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that, to end thy agony.

(*Glo. stabs him.*)

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.]

(*Clar. stabs him.*)

Q. Mar. O kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall

(*Offers to kill her.*)

'*K. Edw.* Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

'*K. Edw.* What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.'

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king, my brother;

'I'll hence to London, on a serious matter:

'Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

'*Clar.* What? what?

Glo. The Tower, the Tower!

[*Exit.*]

Q. Mar. O Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother, boy!

'Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers! They that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all, Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame, [If this foul deed were by, to equal it.]
'He was a man; this, in respect, a child. And men ne'er spend their fury on a child. What's worse than murderer, that I may name it? [No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:— And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—]
'Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals! [How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!]
'You have no children, butchers! if you had,
'The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:

'But, if you ever chance to have a child, Look in his youth to have him so cut off, As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince!

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here;

Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death. What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By Heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do it.

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself; 'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

'What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,

Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou? Thou art not here. Murder is thy alms-deed; Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you and yours, as to this prince!

[*Exit, led out forcibly.*]

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

'*Clar.* To London, all in post; and, as I guess, To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

'Now march we hence: discharge the common sort

'With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
'And see our gentle queen how well she fares;

'By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*London. A Room in the Tower.*

KING HENRY is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending. Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book so hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord—my lord, I should say rather;

'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better: Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike, [And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.

[*Exit Lieutenant*]

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf;

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece. And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—] What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind; The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

'*K. Hen.* The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,

'With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush; And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird, Have now the fatal object in my eye, Where my poor young was limed, was caught, and kill'd.

'*Glo.* Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,

'That taught his son the office of a fowl?

'And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

'*K. Hen.* I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;

Thy father, Minos, that denied our course:

'The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,

'Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,

'Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.

[Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!]

'My breast can better brook thy dagger's point, Than can my ears that tragic history.—

[But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?]

'*Glo.* Think'st thou, I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;

'If murdering innocents be executing,

Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.

'And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,

Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;

'And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,

'And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—

'Men for their sons, wives for their husband's fate,

'And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—

'Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;

The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,

And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,

And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope:

'To wit,—an indigest deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,

To signify,—thou camest to bite the world:

And, if the rest be true which I have heard,

'Thou camest—

Glo. I'll hear no more,—Die, prophet, in thy speech;

(*Stabs him.*)

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.

O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee!

(*Dies.*)

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.

See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death!

'O may such purple tears be always shed
'From those that wish the downfall of our house!—
'If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say—I sent thee thither,
(Stabs him again.)

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
'And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,
O Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!
'And so I was; which plainly signified—
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
'Then, since the Heavens have shaped my body
so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother, I am like no brother.
'And this word—love, which greybeards call
divine,

Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me, I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee!
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
'That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
'King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
'Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—
'I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[Exit.]

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

KING EDWARD is discovered sitting on his throne,
QUEEN ELIZABETH, with the infant Prince,
CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and others,
near him.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal
throne,
Repurchased with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride!
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:

Two Cliffords, as the father and the son:
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound
'With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and
Montague,

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
'Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were
laid;

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my
back:—

Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.
(Aside.)

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely
queen,

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother
thanks.

Glo. And that I love the tree from whence thou
sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:—
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his
master;

'And cried—all hail! when as he meant—
all harm. (Aside.)

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Mar-
garet?

Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransome.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to
France.

And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?

Sound, drums and trumpets! farewell, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[Trumpets.]

KING RICHARD III.



K. Richard.—"GIVE ME ANOTHER HORSE,—BIND UP MY WOUNDS."—*Act v, scene 3.*

Persons Represented.

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH. EDWARD, <i>Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V,</i> RICHARD, <i>Duke of York,</i> GEORGE, <i>Duke of Clarence,</i> RICHARD, <i>Duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III,</i> <i>A young Son of Clarence.</i> HENRY, <i>Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.</i> CARDINAL BOURCHIER, <i>Archbishop of Canterbury.</i> THOMAS ROTHERAM, <i>Archbishop of York.</i> JOHN MORTON, <i>Bishop of Ely.</i> DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. DUKE OF NORFOLK, <i>EARL OF SURREY, his Son.</i> EARL RIVERS, <i>Brother to King Edward's Queen.</i> MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, <i>her Sons.</i> EARL OF OXFORD LORD HASTINGS. LORD STANLEY. LORD LOVEL. SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.	<i>Sons to the King.</i> <i>Brothers to the King.</i>	SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF. SIR WILLIAM CATESBY. SIR JAMES TYRREL. SIR JAMES BLUNT. SIR WALTER HERBERT. SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, <i>Lieutenant of the Tower</i> CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, <i>a Priest.</i> <i>Another Priest.</i> <i>Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.</i> ELIZABETH, <i>Queen of King Edward IV.</i> QUEEN MARGARET, <i>Widow of King Henry VI.</i> DUCHESS OF YORK, <i>Mother to King Edward IV, Clarence, and Gloster.</i> LADY ANNE, <i>Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, Son to King Henry VI, afterwards married to the Duke of Gloster.</i> <i>A young Daughter of Clarence.</i> <i>Lords, and other Attendants ; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.</i>
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SCENE—*England.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*London. A Street.**Enter GLOSTER.*

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds, that lower'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious
wreaths;

Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern alarms changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled
front;

And now,—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I,—that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's ma-
jesty,

To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity:

And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To set my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate, the one against the other:
And, if King Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
'This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up;
About a prophecy, which says—that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul! here Clarence
comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: What means this armed
guard,

That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is—George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers:—
O, belike, his majesty hath some intent,
That you shall be new christen'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I pro-
test,

As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says—a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be;

And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he:
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have moved his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are ruled by
women;—

'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower;
My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower;
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

Clar. By Heaven, I think, there is no man se-
cure,

But the queen's kindred, and night-walking
heralds

That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity,
Got my lord Chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentle-
women,

Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so? and please your worship, Braken-
bury,

You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man, we say, the king
Is wise, and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous.—
We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip,
A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks:
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to
do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell
thee, fellow,

He that doth nought with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave:—Wouldst thou betray
me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and,
withal,

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will
obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,—
Were it to call King Edward's widow—sister,—
I will perform it to enfranchise you.

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long
I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
Meantime, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce, farewell.

[*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guards.*]

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must:

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;

For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity, that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home;
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.

O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consumed his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.

What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[Exit Hastings.]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is—to become her husband and her father:
The which will I; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto,
But yet I run before my horse to market;
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns;

When they are gone, then I must count my gains.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Street.*

Enter the corpse of KING HENRY THE SIXTH, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds, to guard it; and LADY ANNE as mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,—

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—

Whilst I a while obsequiously lament

The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—

Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!

Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!

Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!

Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,

To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,

Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,

Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!

Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,

I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—

O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!

Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it!

Cursed the blood, that led this blood from hence!

More direful hap betide that hated wretch,

That makes us wretched by the death of thee,

Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,

Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!

If ever he have child, abortive be it,

Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,

Whose ugly and unnatural aspect

May fright the hopeful mother at the view;

And that be heir to his unhappiness!

If ever he have wife, let her be made

More miserable by the death of him,

Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—

Come, now, toward Chertsey with your holy load,

Taken from Paul's to be interred there;

And still as you are weary of the weight,

Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

[The bearers take up the corpse, and advance.]

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,

To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by St. Paul, I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

1 Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,

Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,

And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

(The bearers set down the coffin.)

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,

And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!

Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,

His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,

Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclams.

If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,

Behold, this pattern of thy butcheries:—

O gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds

Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;

For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood

From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;

Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,

Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—

O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death!

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!

Either, Heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,

Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;

As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,

Which his hell-governed arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,

Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man;

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,

Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,

By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffused infection of a man,

For these known evils, but to give me leave,

By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can make thee, let me have

Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excused

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,

That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not?

Anne. Why then, they are not dead:

But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest; Queen Margaret saw

Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood;

The which thou once didst bend against her breast, But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,

That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,

That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:

Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!

O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the king of heaven that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send him hither;

For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glo. So will it, inadam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—

To leave this keen encounter of our wits,

And fall somewhat into a slower method,—

Is not the causer of the timeless deaths

Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,

As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accursed effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;

Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,

To undertake the death of all the world,

So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide, These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck,

You should not blemish it, if I stood by;

As all the world is cheer'd by the sun,

So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,

To be revenged on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,

To be revenged on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,

Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: (*she spits at him.*) Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. 'Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,

Shamed their aspects with store of childish drops! These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,—

Not, when my father York and Edward wept,

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,

When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him;

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,—

Told the sad story of my father's death,

And twenty times made pause, to sob and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time,

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;

And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never sued to friend nor enemy;

My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word;

But now thy beauty is proposed my fee,

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

(*She looks scornfully at him.*)

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,

Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adorest thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

(He lays his breast open; she offers at it with his sword.)

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry;—
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now despatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young
Edward;—

(She again offers at his breast.)

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

(She lets fall the sword.)

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy
death,

I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figured in

My tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then man

Was never true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know

Hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men,

I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take, is not to give.

(She puts on the ring.)

Glo. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy
finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart,
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you, leave these sad
designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place:
Where—after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monast'ry, this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
I will, with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me
too,

To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressel and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve,
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkley.]

Glo. Take up the corse, sirs.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my
coming.

[Exeunt the rest, with the corse.]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.

What! I that kill'd her husband, and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate;

With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,

The bleeding witness of her hatred by;

With God, her conscience, and these bars against
me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,

But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,

And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!

Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,

Edward, her lord, whom I some three months
since,

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?

A sweeter and lovelier gentleman,—

Framed in the prodigality of nature,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,—

The spacious world cannot again afford:

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet
prince,

And made her widow to a woful bed?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?

On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus?

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,

I do mistake my person all this while:

Upon my life, she finds, though I cannot,

Myself to be a marvellous proper man.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass;

And entertain a score or two of tailors,

To study fashions to adorn my body:

Since I am crept in favour with myself,

I will maintain it with some little cost.

But, first, I'll turn yon fellow in his grave;

And then return lamenting to my love.—

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,

That I may see my shadow as I pass.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS,
and LORD GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt,
his majesty

Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him
worse:

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of
me?

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all
harms.

Grey. The Heavens have bless'd you with a
goodly son,

To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young: and his minority

Is put into the trust of Richard Gloster,

A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determined, not concluded yet

But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,

To your good prayers will scarcely say—amen.

Yet Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,

And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured,

I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe

The envious slanders of her false accusers;

Or, if she be accused on true report,

Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds

From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham, and I,

Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement

Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,

And between them and my lord chamberlain;

And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well!—But that will never be;—

I fear, our happiness is at the highest.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—

Who are they, that complain unto the king,

That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?

By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,

That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.

Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,

Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,

Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,

I must be held a rancorous enemy.

Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,

But thus his simple truth must be abused

By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, thou hast nor honesty, nor grace.

When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?—

Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?

A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—

Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:

The king, of his own royal disposition,

And not provoked by any suitor else;

Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,

That in your outward action shows itself,

Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,

Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather

The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell;—The world is grown so bad,

That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch:

Since every Jack became a gentleman.

There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster:

You envy my advancement, and my friends;

God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,

Myself disgraced, and the nobility

Held in contempt; while great promotions

Are daily given, to ennoble those

That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him, that raised me to this careful height

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,

I never did incense his majesty

Against the duke of Clarence, but have been

An earnest advocate to plead for him.

My lord, you do me shameful injury,

Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause

Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for—

Glo. She may, lord Rivers?—why, who knows not so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that:

She may help you to many fair preferments;

And thou deny her aiding hand therein,

And lay those honours on your high deserts.

What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What marry, may she? marry with a king,

A bachelor, a handsome stripling too:

I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne

Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:

By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,

Of those gross taunts I often have endured.

I had rather be a country servant-maid,

Than a great queen, with this condition—

To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at:

Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God I beseech thee!

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What? threat you me with telling of the king?

Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said

I will avouch, in presence of the king:

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:

Thou killd'st my husband Henry in the Tower,

And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends;

To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,

Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—

And, Rivers, so were you:—Was not your husband

In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?
 Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
 What you have been ere now, and what you are;
 Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,

Ay, and forswore himself,—Which Jesu pardon!—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;
 And, for his meed, poor lord he is mew'd up:
 I would to God, my heart were flint like Edward's,
 Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;
 I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,

Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
 Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
 We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king;
 So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be?—I had rather be a pedlar:
 Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
 You should enjoy, were you this country's king;
 As little joy you may suppose in me,
 That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
 For I am she, and altogether joyless,
 I can no longer hold me patient.—

(Advancing.)

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
 In sharing that which you have pill'd from me:
 Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
 If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects;
 Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels?
 Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;

That will I make, before I let thee go

Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment,

Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband, and a son, thou owest to me,—
 And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:
 This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
 And all the pleasures you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,—
 When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
 And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout,
 Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—

His curses, then from bitterness of soul
 Denounced against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
 And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
 And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,

And turn you all your hatred now on me?

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with Heaven,

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
 Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
 Could all but answer for that peevish brat?

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—
 Why, then give away, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
 As ours by murder, to make him a king!

Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
 For Edward, my son, that was prince of Wales,
 Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!

Thyself a queen, forme that was a queen,
 Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!

Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss;
 And see another, as I see thee now,

Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!

Long die thy happy days before thy death;

And, after many lengthened hours of grief,
 Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—

Rivers,—and Dorset,—you were standers by,—

And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my son
 Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,

That none of you may live your natural age,
 But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,

Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,

O let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,

And then hurl down their indignation

On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!

The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul!

Thy friends suspect for traitors whilst thou livest,

And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!

No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,

Unless it be while some tormenting dream

Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!

Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity

The slave of nature, and the son of hell!

Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb!

Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!

Thou rag of honour, thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
 That thou had'st called me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.

O let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breathed your curse
 against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
 Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me

To help thee curse this pois'nous hunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse!
 Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all moved mine.

Riv. Were you well served, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis, you are malapert:
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current:
O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry; learn it, learn it, marquis.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born so high,
Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!—
Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your airy buildeth in our airy's nest:—
O God, that see'st it, do not suffer it;
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,—
And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace,
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him;
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow;
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's!

[Exit.

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine; I muse, why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains;—
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advised:—
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

(Aside.)

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you.—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come:—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. Madam, we will attend upon your grace.

[Exeunt all but Gloster.]

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others,
Clarence—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness—
I do beweepe to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it; and withal whet me
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil;
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.—
How now, my hardy, stout-resolved mates?
Are you now going to despatch this thing?

1 Murd. We, are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
[Gives the warrant.]
When you have done, repair to Crosby place.
But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 Murd. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be assured,
We go to use our hands and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fool's eyes drop tears:
I like you, lads;—about your business straight;
Go, go, despatch.

1 Murd. We will, my noble lord.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights.

That, as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
'Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream my lord? I pray
you tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the
Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches, thence we look'd toward Eng-
land,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes,) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of
death,

To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had, and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after
life;

O, then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cried aloud,—*What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?*
And so he vanish'd: Then came wand'ring by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood: and he shriek'd out aloud,—
*Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,—
That stabb'd me in the field of Tewksbury;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!*—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howl'd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell;
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done these things,—
That now give evidence against my soul,—
For Edward's sake; and, see, how he requites
me!—

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,

But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor chil-
dren!—

I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good
rest!—

(Clarence reposes himself on a chair.)

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares:
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 *Murd.* Ho! who's there?

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow? and how
camest thou hither?

1 *Murd.* I would speak with Clarence, and
came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

2 *Murd.* O, sir, 'tis better to be brief than
tedious:—

Let him see our commission; talk no more.

*(A paper is delivered to Brakenbury, who
reads it.)*

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—
I will not reason what is meant thereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys;—there sits the duke asleep:
I'll to the king; and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Murd.* You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom:
Fare you well.

[Exit Brakenbury.]

2 *Murd.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Murd.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly,
when he wakes.

2 *Murd.* When he wakes! why, fool, he shall
never wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Murd.* Why, then, he'll say we stabb'd him
sleeping.

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath
bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murd.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it,
but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
no warrant can defend me.

1 *Murd.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell
him so.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope
this holy humour of mine will change; it was wont
to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Murd.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murd.* 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience
are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward when the deed's
done.

2 *Murd.* Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Murd.* In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murd.* So, when he opens his purse to give us
our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few or
none will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, it's a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing, shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work.

1 *Murd.* Take him over the costard with the hilt of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt, in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

2 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murd. To, to, to,—

Clar. To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so, And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,

To slay the innocent? what is my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me;

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he that hath commanded is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of Kings Hath in the table of his law commanded, That thou shalt do no murder: Wilt thou, then, Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?

Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand, To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee,

For false forswearing, and for murder too:

Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight

In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God, Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade

Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,

When thou hast broke it in such dire degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:

He sends you not to murder me for this;

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O, know you, that he doth it publicly;

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;

He needs no indirect nor lawless course,

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister, When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet, That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

1 *Clar.* My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hired for meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloster;

Who shall reward you better for my life,

Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceived, your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:

Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,

And charged us from his soul to love each other,

He little thought of this divided friendship:

Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune.

And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,

That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you

From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul

To counsel me to make my peace with God,

And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God, by murdering me?—
Ay, sirs, consider, he, that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your sou's.

1 *Murd.* Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—
If two such murderers as yourself came to you,—
Would not entreat for life?

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;

O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,

As you would beg, were you in my distress:

A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord?

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not
do,

(*Stabs him.*)

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[*Exit, with the body.*]

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately des-
patch'd!

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 *Murd.* How now? what mean'st thou, that
thou help'st me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you
have been.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had saved his
brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain.

[*Exit.*]

1 *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial;
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I must not stay.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, (*led in sick*), QUEEN
ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS,
BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others.

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a good
day's work;—

You peers, continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;

And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand;

Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By Heaven, my soul is purged from grudging
hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your
king;

Lest he, that is the supreme King of kings,

Confound your hidden falsehood, and award

Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in
this.—

Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;

You have been factious one against the other.

Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand!

And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings;—I will never more
remember

Our former hatred. So thrive I, and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love
lord marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

(*Embraces Dorset.*)

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou
this league

With thy embracement to my wife's allies,

And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his
hate

Upon your grace, (*to the Queen*) but with all duteous
love

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me

With hate in those where I expect most love

When I have most need to employ a friend,

And most assured that he is a friend,

Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,

Be he unto me! this do I beg of Heaven,

When I am cold in love to you or yours.

(*Embracing Rivers, &c.*)

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Bucking-
ham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,

To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble
duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king and
queen;

And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the
day:—

Brother, we have done deeds of charity;

Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,

Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege.—

Among this princely heap, if any here,

By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,

Hold me a foe;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage,

Have aught committed that is hardly borne

By any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his friendly peace:

'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;

I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—

First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,

Which I will purchase with my duteous service;—

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,

If ever any grudge were lodged between us;—

Of you, lord Rivers,—and lord Grey, of you,—

That all without desert have frown'd on me;

Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all,

I do not know that Englishman alive,

With whom my soul is any jot at odds,

More than the infant that is born to-night;

I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy-day shall this be kept here-
after:—

I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—

My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be so flouted in this royal presence?

Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?

(They all start.)

You do him injury, to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead? who knows
he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing Heaven, what a world is
this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the
presence,

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was re-
versed.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,
That came too lag to see him buried:
God grant, that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service
done!

K. Edw. I prythee, peace; my soul is full of
sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear
me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou re-
quest'st.

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's
life,

Who slew to-day a righteous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's
death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advised?

Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?

Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake

The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?

Who told me in the field at Tewksbury,

When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,

And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*

Who told me, when we both lay in the field,

Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me

Even in his garment; and did give himself,

All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath

Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my mind.

But, when your carters, or your waiting-vassals,

Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced

The precious image of our dear Redeemer,

You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:

But for my brother, not a man would speak,—

Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself

For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all

Have been beholding to him in his life;

Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—

O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold

On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this.—

Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. O,
Poor Clarence!

*[Exeunt King, Queen, Hastings, Rivers,
Dorset and Grey.]*

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness!—Mark'd you
not,

How that the guilty kindred of the queen

Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence's
death?

O, they did urge it still unto the king:

God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go

To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter the Duchess of YORK, with a son and daughter
of CLARENCE.*

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your
breast;

And cry, *O Clarence, my unhappy son!*

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your
head,

And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the king,

As loath to lose him, not your father's death;

It were lost sorrow, to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then grandam, you conclude that he is
dead.

The king my uncle is to blame for this:

God will revenge it; whom I will importune

With earnest prayers all to that effect—

Daugh. And so will I

Duch. Peace children, peace! the king doth love
you well;

Incapable and shallow innocents,

You cannot guess who caused your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle
Gloster

Told me, the king, provoked to 't by the queen,

Devised impeachments to imprison him:

And when my uncle told me so, he wept,

And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek,

Bade me rely on him, as on my father,

And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle
shapes,

And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!

He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,

Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble, gran-
dam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is
this?

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, distractedly; RIVERS
and DORSET following her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah, who shall hinder me to wail and
weep

To chide my fortune, and torment myself?

I'll join with black despair against my soul,

And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impa-
tience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragical violence,—

Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.—

Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?

Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?—

if you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!

I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived by looking on his images;
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.

Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from my
arms,

And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O what cause have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief,)

To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries?

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's
death;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left un-
moan'd,

Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:

All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being governed by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Cla-
rence.

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and
Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What stay had I, but Edward? and he's
gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but Clarence? and he's
gone.

Duch. What stays had I, but they? and they are
gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;

Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I:

I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—

Alas! you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much dis-
pleased,

That you take with unthankfulness his doing;

In common worldly things, 'tis called ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,

Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;

Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven,

For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your son: send straight for
him,

Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:

Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

*Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY,
HASTINGS, RATOLIFF, and others.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause

To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not see your grace:—Humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee; and put meekness in thy
breast,

Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old
man!—

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;

I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

(Aside.)
Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart sorrowing
peers,

That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,

Now cheer each other in each other's love:

Though we have spent our harvest of this king,

We are to reap the harvest of his son.

The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,

But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,

Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept:

Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,

Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be
fetch'd

Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why, with some little train, my lord of Buck-
ingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new heal'd wound of malice should break out;
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green, and yet un-
govern'd:

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,

And may direct his course as please himself,

As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,

In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:

Yet, since it is but green, it should be put

To no apparent likelihood of breach,

Which, haply, by much company, might be urged;

Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,

That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine

Who they shall be that straight shall post to Lud-
low.

Madam,—and you, my mother,—will you go

To give your censures in this weighty business?

[Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloster.]

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,

For God's sake, let not us two stay at home:

For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,

As index to the story we late talk'd of,

To part the queen's proud kindred from the King.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,

My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,

I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[Exeunt]

SCENE III.—The same. A Street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away
so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself:
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; the king's dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes the better:

I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Wo to that land, that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of Government; That, in his nonage, council under him, And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself, No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state, when Henry the Sixth Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd With politic grave counsel; then the king Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father;

Or, by his father, there were none at all: For emulation now, who shall be nearest, Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not. O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster;

And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:

And were they to be ruled, and not to rule, This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand; When the sun sets, who doth not look for night? Untimely storms make men expect a dearth: All may be well; but, if God sort it so, 'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear: You cannot reason almost with a man That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so: By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see The water swell before a boist'rous storm. But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the Young DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the DUCHESS OF YORK.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford;

And at Northampton they do rest to-night: To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince;

I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say, my son of York

Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow

More than my brother: Ay, quoth my uncle Gloster,

Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast, Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold

In him that did object the same to thee:

He was the wretched'st thing, when he was young, So long a growing, and so leisurely,

That, if this rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,

To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast, That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old; 'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy: Go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: What news?

Mess. Such news, my lord, As grieves me to unfold.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news?

Mess. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are sent to Pomfret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes, Gloster and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence?

Mess. The sum of all I can I have disclosed; Why, or for what, the nobles were committed, Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house! The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind; Insulting tyranny begins to jut

Upon the innocent and awless throne:—

Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were tost,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown themselves: the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self 'gainst self:—O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen:
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary.
—Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go,

(*To the Queen.*)

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep; and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Street.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the PRINCE OF WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOURCHIER, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years

Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit:

No more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows,
Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.

Those uncles, which you want, were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.—

[*Exeunt Mayor, &c.*]

I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fy, what a slug is Hastings! that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,

But by his mother was perforce withhold.

Buck. Fy! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers?—Lord cardinal, with your grace,
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?

If she deny,—lord Hastings, go with him.

And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak errand

Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here: But if she be obdurate

To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid

We should infringe the holy privilege

Of blessed sanctuary! not for all this land,

Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Back. You are too senseless obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:

Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,

You break not sanctuary in seizing him.

The benefit thereof is always granted

To those whose dealings have deserved the place,

And those who have the wit to claim the place:

This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserved it;

And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:

Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,

You break no privilege nor charter there.

Oft have I heard of sanctuary men:

But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.—

Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.*]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,

Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.

If I may counsel you, some day, or two,

Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:

Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit

For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;

Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported

Successively from age to age he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd;

Methinks, the truth shall live from age to age,

As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,

Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

(*Aside.*)

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.

Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,

I moralize two meanings in one word.

(*Aside.*)

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;

With what his valour did enrich his wit,

His wit set down to make his valour live:

Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;

For now he lives in fame, though not in life.

I'll tell you what my cousin Buckingham

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward
spring.

(*Aside.*)

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the CARDINAL.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of
York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving
brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you
now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours:
Too late he died, that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince, my brother, hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholden to you than I.

Glo. He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, then, give me this
dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it?

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light
gifts;

In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little
lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you
call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in
talk,--

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with
me:--

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;

Because that I am little, like an ape,

He thinks that you should bear me on your
shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he
reasons!

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himself:

So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord, will't please you, pass
along?

Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,

Will to your mother; to entreat of her

To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my
lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, sir, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings, Cardinal,
and Attendants.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating
York

Was not incensed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.--

Come hither, gentle Catesby; thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,

As closely to conceal what we impart:

Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way;--

What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter

To make William lord Hastings of our mind,

For the instalment of this noble duke

In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He, for his father's sake, so loves the
prince,

That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will
not he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well, then, no more but this: Go, gentle
Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings,

How he doth stand affected to our purpose;

And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,

To set about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,

Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons;

If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,

Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,

And give us notice of his inclination:

For we to-morrow hold divided councils,

Wherein thyself shalt highly be employed.

Glo. Commend me to lord William, tell him,
Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries

To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle;

And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,

Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more:

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business
soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I
can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we
sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there shall you find us
both.

[*Exit Catesby.*]

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we
perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man;--somewhat we will
do:--

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me

The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables

Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's
hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kind-
ness.

Come, let us sup betimes; that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before Lord Hastings' House.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord,—

(*Knocking.*)

Hast. (*Within.*) Who knocks?

Mess. One from Lord Stanley.

Hast. (*Within.*) What is't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep the tedious nights?

Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then,—

Mess. And then he sends you word, he dreamt
To-night the boar had rased off his helm:
Besides, he says, there are two councils held;
And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,

If presently you will take horse with him,
And, with all speed post with him toward the north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;

Bid him not fear the separated councils:

His honour, and myself, are at the one;

And at the other, is my good friend Catesby;

Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,

Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance:

And for his dreams, I wonder he's so fond

To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers;

To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,

Were to incense the boar to follow us,

And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;

And we will both together to the Tower,

Where, we shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring.

What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;

And, I believe, will never stand upright,

Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland? dost thou mean the crown?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders,

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplaced.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward

Upon his party, for the gain thereof:

And, thereupon, he sends you this good news,—

That this same very day, your enemies,

The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,

Because they have been still my adversaries:

But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,

To bar my master's heirs in true descent,

God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,—

That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older.

I'll send some packing, that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,

When men are unprepared, and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe

As thou and I; who as thou knowest, are dear

To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you,—

For they account his head upon the bridge.

(*Aside.*)

Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserved it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; and good morrow, Catesby:—

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,

I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord I hold my life as dear as yours;

And never in my life, I do protest,

Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:

Think you, but that I know our state secure,

I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,

Were jocund, and supposed their states were sure,

And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;

But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast,

This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!

What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what, my lord?

To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,

Than some, that have accused them, wear their hats.

But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.*]

How now, sirrah? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,

Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet:

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,

By the suggestion of the queen's allies;

But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)

This day those enemies are put to death,

And I in better state than ere I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me.

(*Throwing him his purse.*)

Purs. I thank your honour.

[*Exit Pursuivant.*]

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well, met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:

I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not,

(*Aside.*)

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Pomfret. Before the Castle.*

Enter RATCLIFF, with a guard, conducting RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN, to execution.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day, shalt thou behold a subject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry wo for this hereafter.

Rat. Despatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret; Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death:

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,

We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she Buckingham,

Then cursed she Richard:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!

And for my sister, and her princely sons,—

Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace:

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*London. A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, the Bishop of ELY, CATESBY, LOVEL, and others, sitting at a table; Officers of the council attending.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met

Is—to determine of the coronation:

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are; and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?

Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,—

He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;

Nor I, of his, my lord, than you of mine:—

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;

But, for his purpose in the coronation,

I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my noble lord, may name the time;

And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,

Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow:

I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,

My absence doth neglect no great design,

Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounced your part,—

I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder:

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—

My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,

I saw good strawberries in your garden there;

I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit Ely.*]

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

(*Takes him aside.*)

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business;

And finds the testy gentleman so hot,

That he will lose his head, ere give consent,

His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,

Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt Gloster and Buckingham.*]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;

For I myself am not so well provided,

As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have sent
For these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.
I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,

By any likelihood he shew'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended!

For, were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,

Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders: Whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.

Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up;
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,

Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—

Off with his head:—now, by Saint Paul I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.—

Lovel, and Catesby, look, that it be done;

The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[Exeunt Council, with Gloster and Buckingham.]

Hast. Wo, wo, for England! not a whit for me;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this:

Stanley did dream, the bear did raise his helm;

But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,

And startled, when he looked upon the Tower,

As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I want the priest that spake to me:

I now repent I told the pursuivant,

As too triumphing, how mine enemies

To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Cate. Despatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,

Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!

Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;

Ready, with every nod, to tumble down

Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, despatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard!—miserable England!

I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee,

That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—

Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head:

They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*The same. The Tower Walls.*

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rusty armour marvellous ill-favoured.

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour?

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—

And then again begin, and stop again,

As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tat, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;

Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,

Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,

Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks

Are at my service, like enforced smiles;

And both are ready in their offices,

At any time, to grace my stratagems.

But what, is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor,—

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark, hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent for you,—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with Hastings' head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends,—Ratcliff and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor, The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless creature

That breathed upon the earth a Christian;

Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded

The history of all her secret thoughts:

So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,

That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—

I mean his conversation with Shore's wife,—

He lived from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor

That ever lived.—Look you, my lord mayor,

Would you imagine, or almost believe,

(Were't not, that by great preservation,

We live to tell it you,) the subtle traitor

This day had plotted, in the council-house,

To murder me, and my good lord of Gloster?

May. What! had he so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?

Or that we would, against the form of law,

Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death;

But that the extreme peril of the case,

The peace of England, and our persons' safety,

Enforced us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserved his death;

And your good graces both have well proceeded,

To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

I never look'd for better at his hands,

After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determined he should die,

Until your lordship came to see his end;

Which now the loving haste of these our friends,

Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons:
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve.

As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,

To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you came too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Lord Mayor.*]

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham,
The mayor toward Guildhall hies him in all post:

There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying—he would make his son
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters,
wives,

Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person:—
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found, that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself; and so, my lord, adieu!

Glo. If thou thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle;

Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well learn'd bishops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit Buckingham.*]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw,—
Go thou (*to Cat.*) to friar Penker; bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt Lovel and Catesby.*]

Now will I in, to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give notice, that no manner of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord
Hastings;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,

That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:—
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me;
The precedent was full as long a doing:
And yet within these five hours Hastings lived,
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while!—Who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says—he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—The same. Court of Baynard's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citizens?

Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France:

The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,—
As being got, your father then in France;
And his resemblance being not like the duke

Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—

Being the right idea of your father,

Both in your form and nobleness of mind;

Laid open all your victories in Scotland,

Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,

Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;

Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpose,

Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse.

And, when my oratory grew to an end,

I bade them, that did love their country's good,

Cry—*God save Richard, England's royal king!*

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word;

But, like dumb statues, or breathless stones,
Stared on each other, and look'd deadly pale.

Which when I saw, I reprehended them;

And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence:

His answer was—the people were not used
To be spoke to, but by the recorder.

Then he was urged to tell my tale again;—

Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;

But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.

When he had done, some followers of mine own,

At lower end o' the hall, hurl'd up their caps,

And some ten voices cried—*God save King Richard!*

And thus I took the vantage of those few,—

Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;

This general applause, and cheerful shout,

Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard:

And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they! would
they not speak?

Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand; intend some fear:

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:

And look you get your prayer-book in your hand,

And stand between two churchmen, good my lord;

For on that ground I'll make a holy descant;

And be not easily won to our requests ;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor
knocks.

[*Exit Gloster.*]

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think, the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suit would he be moved,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious
duke;

Tell him, myself, the mayor, and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight.

[*Exit.*]

Buck. Ah, la, my lord, this prince is not an
Edward,

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul;
Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof:
But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend, his grace should say
us nay!

Buck. I fear, he will: Here Catesby comes
again;—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled

Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before;
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By Heaven, we come to him in perfect love
And so once more return and tell his grace,

[*Exit Catesby.*]

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter, GLOSTER, in a gallery above, between two
Bishops. CATESBY returns.*

May. See where his grace stands 'tween two
clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity;
And, see, a book of prayer is in his hand;
True ornaments to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right Christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God
above,

And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord;—would it might please
your grace,

On our entreaties to amend your fault!

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian
land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you
resign

The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish'd stock:
Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good,)
The noble isle doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defaced with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock grafted with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.

Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land:
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition.
If, not to answer,—you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to speak, and to avoid the first;
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,—
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks; but my desert
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,—
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(And much I need to help you, if need were;)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me.

The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this, argues conscience in your grace;

But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that Edward is your brother's son;
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife:
For first he was contract to lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witness to his vow;
And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put by, a poor petitioner,
A care-crazed mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Make prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To base declension and loath'd bigamy:
By her, in his unlawful bed he got
This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why should you heap those cares on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty;—
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know whe'r you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
And, in this resolution, here we leave you.—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Citizens.*]

Cate. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit;

If you deny them all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Well, call them again; I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

[*Exit Catesby.*]

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham,—and sage, grave men,—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-faced reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;

For God he knows and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live King Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;

And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again.—

[*To the Bishops.*]

Farewell, good cousin;—farewell, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before the Tower.*

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, and MARQUIS OF DORSET; on the other, ANNE, Duchess of Gloster, leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, Clarence's young daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet,

Led in the hand by her kind aunt of Gloster?

Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,

On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince —

Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No farther than the Tower; and, as I guess,

Upon the like devotion as yourselves,

To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks, we'll enter all together:

Enter BRAKENBURY

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,

How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them;

The king hath strictly charged the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!

Hath he set bounds between their love and me?

I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:

Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit Brakenbury.*]

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,

And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
(*To the Duchess of Gloster.*)

There to be crown'd Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace asunder;
That my pent heart may have some scope to
beat,

Or else I swoon with this dead killing news.

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O displeasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer.—Mother, how fares your
grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee
gone,

Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children;
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel,
madam:—

Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—
O my accursed womb, the bed of death;
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavowed eye is murderous!

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was
sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.
O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my husband
now,
Came to me as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his
hands,

Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping fol-
lowed;

O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—*Be thou, quoth I, accursed,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!*

Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart,
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prove the subject of mine own soul's curse:
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awaked.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complain-
ing.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for
yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory.

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that takest thy leave of
it!

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune
guide thee!

(*To Dorset.*)

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!—

(*To Anne.*)

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess
thee!

(*To Q. Elizabeth.*)

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of
teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the
Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immured within your walls!

Rough cradle for such pretty little ones!

Rude ragged nurse! old sullen play-fellow

For tender princes, use my babies well!

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets. RICHARD, as King, upon his
throne; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and
others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart,—Cousin of Bucking-
ham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy
advice,

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:—

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the
touch,

To try if thou be current gold, indeed:—

Young Edward lives;—Think now what I would
speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be
king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned
liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so, but Edward
lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince!—

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:—

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness
freezes:

Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause,
dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve your grace immediately.

[*Exit.*

Cate. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his
lip,

(*Aside.*)

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools.

(*Descends from his throne.*)

And unrespective boys; none are for me,

That look into me with considerate eyes;—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—
Boy,—

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:

Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man: Go, call him
hither, boy.—

[Exit *Page*.]

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels:
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby; rumour is
abroad,

That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence'
daughter:—

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out,
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage
me.—

[Exit *Catesby*.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name—Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient sub-
ject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of
mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two ene-
mies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep ene-
mies,

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come
hither, Tyrrel;

Go, by this token:—Rise, and lend thine ear:

(*Whispers.*)

There is no more but so:—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will despatch it straight.

[Exit.]

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have considered in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to
Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—Well,
look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by pro-
mise,

For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she con-
vey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just re-
quest?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king!—perhaps—

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at
that time,

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy shew'd me the castle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name I
started,

Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold

To put your grace in mind of what you promised
me.

K. Rich. Well, but what is't o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke

Of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why, let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st
the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will, or
no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me; I am not in the
vein.

[*Exeunt King Richard and Train.*]

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Hastings; and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.

[Exit]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done:
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,—
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:

*Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once, quoth Forrest, almost changed my mind;
But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she framed.—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.*

Enter KING RICHARD.

And here he comes.—All health, my sovereign lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;

But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their death.

Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,

And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. *[Exit.]*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I penn'd up close;

His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,

And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.

Now, I know the Bretagne Richmond aims

At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,

And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,

To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord,—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou comest in so bluntly?

Cate. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,

Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.

Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting

Is leaden servitor to dull delay;

Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary:

Then fiery expedition be my wing,

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!

Go, muster men: My counsel is my shield;

We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,

To watch the waning of my enemies.

A dire induction am I witness to;

And will to France; hoping, the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.

Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comest
here?

*Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the
DUCHESS OF YORK.*

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,

And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,

Hover about me with your airy wings,

And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right

Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have crazed my voice,

That my wo wearied tongue is still and mute,—

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,

Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?

When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was
done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal-living ghost,

Wo's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life
usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,

Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

(Sitting down.)

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!

Ah, who hath any cause to mourn, but we?

(Sitting down by her.)

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,

Give mine the benefit of seniory,

And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society,

(Sitting down with them.)

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

I had a husband, till a Richard kill'd him:

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him,

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;

I had a Rutland too, thou help'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou had'st a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:

That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;

That foul defacer of God's handy-work;

That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,

That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,

Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—

O upright, just, and true-disposing God,

How do I thank thee that this carnal cur

Preys on the issue of his mother's body,

And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!

Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls,
And send them hither: But at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God I pray,
That I may live to say the dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou did'st prophesy, the time would come,

That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune;

I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didst usurp my place: and dost thou not
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;

From which even here I slip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife,—and queen of sad mis-
chance,—

These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skilled in curses, stay a while,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day:

Compare dead happiness with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:

Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse;
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce like mine.

[Exit.]

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do im-
part

Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied: go with me,

And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons
smother'd.

(Drum, within.)

I hear his drum,—be copious in exclams.

Enter KING RICHARD, and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast
done.

Q. Eliz. Hidest thou that forehead with a golden crown,

Where should be branded if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my chil-
dren?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say.—

(Flourish. Alarums.)

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and your-
self.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condi-
tion,

That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood thou know'st it well,

Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy school-days, frightful, desperate, wild and
furious;

Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and ventu-
rous;

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever graced me in thy company?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that
call'd your grace

To breakfast once, forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend you, madam,—
Strike up the drum!

Duch. I pr'ythee hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordi-
nance,

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;

Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore, take with thee my most heavy curse;

Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,

Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st!

My prayers on the adverse party fight;

And there the little souls of Edward's children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,

And promise them success and victory.

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;

Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend.

[*Exit.*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less
spirit to curse

Abides in me; I say amen to her. (*Going.*)

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak a word with
you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood,
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O, let her
live,

And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty:

Slander myself, as false to Edward's bed;

Throw over her the veil of infamy;

So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,

I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal
blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say—she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her
brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births, good stars were op-
posite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were con-
trary.

K. Rich. All unavoids is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes des-
tiny:

My babes were destined to a fairer death,

If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my
cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle
cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hands soever lanced their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,

To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,

And dangerous success of bloody wars,

As I intend more good to you and yours,

Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of
heaven,

To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children,
gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their
heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of for-
tune,

The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;

Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,

Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and
all,

Will I withal endow a child of thine;

So in the Lethe of thy angry soul

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those
wrongs,

Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy
kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul, I love
thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her
soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter, from
thy soul:

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her bro-
thers;

And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my mean-
ing:

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,

And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be
her king?

K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen: Who
else should be?

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. Even so: What think you of it,
madam?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,

As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew her
brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave,

Edward and York; then, haply, will she weep:

Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret

Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—

A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain

The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou madest away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt
Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam: this is not the
way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then, indeed, she cannot choose but
hate thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done, cannot be now
amended:

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss, you have, is but—a son being king,
And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that, with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter,—
wife,

Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan, with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bashful years with your experi-
ence;

Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
Of golden sov'reignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chastised
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What, were I best to say? her father's
brother

Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,

That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this
alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still
lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command
entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King
forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty
queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life
last?

K. Rich. As long as Heaven and nature lengthens
it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell and Richard likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject
love.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such
sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly
told.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my loving
tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a
style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow, and too
quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and
dead:—

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that
is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings
break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my
crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profaned, dishonour'd, and the third
usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.

Thy George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgraced his kingly glory:
If something thou wouldst swear to be believed,
Swear then by something that thou hast not
wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself,—

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-misused.

K. Rich. Why then, by God,—

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
The unity the king thy brother made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had graced the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. By the time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time
o'erpast;

For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaugh-
ter'd,

Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age:
The parents live, whose children thou hast but-
cher'd,

Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come: for that thou hast
Misused ere used, by times ill-used o'erpast.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent!
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
Heaven and fortune, bar me happy hours!
Day, yield me not thy light; nor night, thy rest!
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her consists my happiness, and thine;
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish fond in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, and if the devil tempt thee to do
good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong
yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury
them:

Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so
farewell.

(*Kissing her.*)

[*Exit Queen Elizabeth.*]

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman!
How now? what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western
coast

Rideth a puissant navy; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolved to beat them back:
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke
of Norfolk:—

Ratcliff, thyself;—or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither: Post to Salis-
bury;

When thou comest hither—Dull, unmindful villain,
(*To Catesby.*)

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness'
pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby;—Bid him levy
straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go.

[*Exit.*]

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salis-
bury?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before
I go?

Rat. Your highness told me, I should post
before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is changed.—Stanley, what
news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with
the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor
bad!

What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on
him!

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and
Morton,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword un-
sway'd?

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive, but we?

And who is England's king, but great York's
heir?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your
liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege, therefore mistrust me
not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him
back?

Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the
north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they in
the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the
west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty
king:

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends; and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join
with Richmond:

I will not trust you, sir.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well, go, muster men. But, hear you,
leave behind
Your son, George Stanley; look your heart be
firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.
[*Exit Stanley.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his eldest brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in
arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3 Mess. My lord, the army of great Bucking-
ham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of
death? (*He strikes him.*)
There, take thou that, till thou bring better
news.

3 Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty,
Is,—that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy:
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my
liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4 Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis
Dorset,

'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
The Bretagne navy is dispersed by tempest:
Richmond in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hoised sail, and made his course again for Bre-
tagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in
arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is
taken,
That is the best news: That the earl of Richmond
is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury; while we
reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost:—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury:—the rest march on with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A Room in Lord Stanley's House.

*Enter STANLEY and SIR CHRISTOPHER
URSWICK.*

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from
me:—

That, in the sty of this most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in
Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great fame and worth:
And towards London do they bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend me
to him;

Tell him, the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell.

(*Gives papers to Sir Christopher.*)
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Salisbury. An open Place.

*Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM,
led to execution.*

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with
him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers,
Grey,

Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice:
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!—
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's
doomsday.

This is the day, which, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies:
This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul,
Is the determined respite of my wrongs.
That high All-seer which I dallied with,
Turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begged in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms:
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck,—
When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.—
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of
blame.

[*Exeunt Buckingham, &c.*]

SCENE II.—*Plain near Tamworth.*

Enter, with drum and colours. RICHMOND, OXFORD, SIR JAMES BLUNT, SIR WALTER HERBERT, and others, with Forces marching.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil'd your summer fields, and fruitful
vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his
trough
In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand
swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends
for fear;

Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name,
march:

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Bosworth Field.*

Enter KING RICHARD, and Forces: the DUKE OF NORFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bos-
worth field.—

My lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my
looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; Ha!
must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving
lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-
night;

(*Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.*)

But where to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that,—
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost
power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—
Call for some men of sound direction:—
Let's want no discipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other Lords. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—
Give me some ink and paper in my tent;—
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit each leader to his several charge,
And part in just proportion our small power.
My lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Brandon,—
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;—
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent:—

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,
(Which, well am I assured, I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with
him,

And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my Lord, I'll undertake it;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come
gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
In to my tent, the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

Enter, to his Tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, and CATESBY

K. Rich. What is 't o'clock?

Cate. It's supper time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
Give me some ink and paper.—

What, is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readi-
ness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle
Norfolk. [*Exit.*]

Nor. I warrant you, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch:—

(*To Catesby.*)

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Nor-
thumberland?

Rat. Thomas, the earl of Surrey and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine.
I have not that alacrity of spirit,

Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
So, set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

*King Richard retires into his tent. Exeunt.
Ratcliff and Catesby.*

*RICHMOND'S Tent opens, and discovers him and
his Officers, &c.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can
afford,

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war:
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.

Farewell: The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love!
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon:
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and speed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regi-
ment:

I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentle-
men. [*Exeunt Lords, &c., with Stanley*]

O Thou! whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still!

(*Sleeps.*)

*The Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, son to Henry the
Sixth, rises between the two tents.*

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

(*To King Richard.*)

Think how thou stab'dst me in my prime of youth
At Tewksbury: Despair therefore, and die!—

Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged souls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comfort thee.

The Ghost of KING HENRY the Sixth rises.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
(*To King Richard.*)

By thee was punched full of deadly holes:
Think on the Tower and me: Despair, and die;
Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die,—

Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!

(*To Richmond.*)

Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleep: Live, and flourish!

The Ghost of CLARENCE rises.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

(*To King Richard.*)

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!

To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword: Despair, and die!—
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster.

(*To Richmond.*)

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flourish!
*The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN,
rise.*

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,

(*To King Richard.*)

Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair, and die!

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

(*To King Richard.*)

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty
fear,

Let fall thy lance! Despair, and die!—

(*To King Richard.*)

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's
bosom

(*To Richmond.*)

Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of HASTINGS rises.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;

(*To King Richard.*)

And in a bloody battle end thy days!

Think on lord Hastings; and despair, and die!—

Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake!

(*To Richmond.*)

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the
Tower;

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and die.—

Sleep Richmond, sleep in peace, and wake in joy,
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of QUEEN ANNE rises.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne, thy
wife,

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword: Despair, and die!

Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep;

(*To Richmond.*)

Dream of success and happy victory;

Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the
crown:

(*To King Richard.*)

The last was I that felt thy tyranny:

O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!

Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath;

I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid:

(*To Richmond.*)

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:

God, and good angels, fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

(The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts out of his dream.)

K. Rich. Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,—

Have mercy, Jesu,—Soft;—I did but dream.—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am:
Then fly, — What, from myself? Great reason:
Why?

Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?
I love myself. Wherefore? for any good,
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no: alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no soul will pity me:—
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought, the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent: and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village
cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful
dream!

What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of
shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.

[Exeunt King Richard and Ratcliff.]

Richmond wakes. Enter OXFORD and others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentle-
men,

That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding
dreams,

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard
murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried—On! victory!

I promise you, my heart is very jocond
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give
direction.— *(He advances to the Troops.)*

More than I have said loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: Yet remember this,—
God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help
him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy.
Then if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing
swords:

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
God, and Saint George! Richmond, and victory!

[Exeunt.]

*Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF,
Attendants and Forces.*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touch-
ing Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: And what said
Surrey then?

Rat. He smiled and said, the better for our pur-
pose.

K. Rich. He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it
is. *(Clock strikes.)*

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the
book,

He should have braved the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the
field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle;—Caparison my horse;—

Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:—
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be order'd.
My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot;
Our archers shall be placed in the midst:
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.
They thus directed, we ourself will follow
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning.

(Giving a scroll.)

K. Rich. (Reads.)

Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe;
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Breagnes, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloy'd country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, disdain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold, as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Breagnes! whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters?—Hark! I hear their drum.

(Drum afar off.)

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off instantly with his son George's head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh;
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom:

Advance our standards, set upon our foes;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them! Victory sits on our helm,

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Another part of the Field.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, and Forces; to him CATESBY.

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue,
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger:
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die:
I think, there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him:—
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[Exeunt.]

Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD, and RICHMOND; and exeunt, fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then enter RICHMOND, STANLEY bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richm. God, and your arms, be praised, victorious friends:

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!

Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal:
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, Amen, to all!—
But, tell me first, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town:
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us;

And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose with the red:—

Smile Heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—

What traitor hears me, and says not,—amen?

England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,

The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire;

All this divided York and Lancaster,

Divided, in their dire division.—

O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true succeeders of each royal house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!

And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so,)—

Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,

With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,

That would reduce these bloody days again,

And make poor England weep in streams of blood:

Let them not live to taste this land's increase,

That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;

That she may long live here, God say—Amen.

[Exeunt.]

KING HENRY VIII.



Wolsey.—"WHAT SHOULD THIS MEAN?"—Act iii, scene 2.

Persons Represented.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor,
Charles V.
CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.
BISHOP OF LINCOLN.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.

GRIFFITHS, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.
Three other Gentlemen.
DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.
GARTER, King at Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, and a Sergeant at Arms
Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber.
Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner.
A Crier.
QUEEN KATHARINE, wife to King Henry, afterwards
divorced.
ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour, afterwards
Queen.
An old lady Friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katharine.
Several Lords, and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women
attending upon the Queen; Spirits which appear
to her: Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—Chiefly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbolton

PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and wo,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree,
The play may pass; if they be still, and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived: for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a shew
As fool and flight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring,
(To make that only true we now intend.)
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are
known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat,
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

ACT I

SCENE I.—*London. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, at one door: at the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, and the LORD ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four throned ones could
have weigh'd—

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner,

Nor. Then you lost

The view of earthly glory: Men might say,
Till this time pomp was single; but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its: To-day, the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they

Made Britian, India: every man, that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubims, all gilt: the madams too,
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this mask
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them: him in eye,
Still him in praise: and, being present both,
'Twas said they saw but one; and no discerners
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these
suns

(For so they praise them) by their heralds chal-
lenged

The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous
story,

Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believed.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
Order gave each thing view: the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pie is
freed

From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder,
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff, that puts him to these ends:
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, (whose grace
Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon
For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that Heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What Heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he
that?

If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such,
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon; and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in the papers.

Aber. I do know

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on
them

For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly, I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd was
A thing inspired; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath at-
tach'd

Our merchants' goods at Bordeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenced?

Nor. Marry is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace; and purchased
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider farther, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that
rock,

That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, (the purse borne before
him,) certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries
with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth
his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him,
both full of disdain.*

Wol. The duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?
Where's his examination?

1 Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buck-
ingham
Shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt Wolsey and Train.]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouthed, and
I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore
best

Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worth's a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chafed?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance
only,

Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye reviled

Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: He's gone to the
king;

I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advised;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot,
That it do singe yourself: We may outrun,
By violent swiftmess, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be ad-
vised:

I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch
as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform it: his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,)
Only to shew his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning
cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleased; and they were ratified,
As he cried, Thus let be: to as much end,
As give a crutch to the dead: But our count-cardi-
nal

Has done this, and 'tis well; for worthy Wolsey
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam treason,)—Charles the emperor,
Under pretences to see the queen his aunt,
(For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, though their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
Peep'd harms, that menaced him: He privily
Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow,—
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promised; whereby his suit was
granted

Ere it was ask'd;—but when the way was made,
And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired,—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king
know,

(As soon he shall by me,) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry,
To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON; a Sergeant at Arms before him,
and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Ser. Sir,

My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing,
To plead mine innocence; for that die is on me,
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of
Heaven

Be done in this and all things! I obey.
O my lord Aberg'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:—The
king (To Abergavenny.)
Is pleased you shall to the Tower; till you know
How he determines farther.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of Heaven be done, and the king's plea-
sure
By me obey'd.

Brand. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great
cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold. My life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Council-Chamber.

Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY,
the Lords of the Council, SIR THOMAS LOVELL,
Officers, and Attendants. The King enters, leaning
on the Cardinal's shoulder.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks

To you that choked it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

The King takes his State. The Lords of the Council
take their several places. The Cardinal places him-
self under the King's feet, on his right side.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen! Enter
the QUEEN, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK
and SUFFOLK; she kneels. The King raiseth from
his State, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by
him.

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a
suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—Half your
suit

Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commis-
sions

Sent down among them, which hath flaw'd the
heart

Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,
(Whose honour Heaven shield from soil!) even he
escapes not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
It doth appear: for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger,
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You, that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file,
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike; which are not whole-
some

To those which would not know them, and get
must

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devised by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction!

The nature of it? In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promised pardon. The subjects'
grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from
each

The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is named, your wars in France:—This makes bold
mouths:

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts
freeze

Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did; and it's come to
pass,

This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no farther gone in this, than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me, but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I am traduced by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing,—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow,
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no farther
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only

K. Hen. Things, done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
Things, done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take,
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission: pray, look to 't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. *(To the Secretary.)*
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The grieved
commons

Hardly conceive of me; let it be noised,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
Farther in the proceeding. *[Exit Secretary.]*

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry, that the duke of Bucking-
ham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:

The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound; his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.

Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once cor-
rupt,

They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so com-
plete,

Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when
we,

Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall
hear

(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate
what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his: These very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny; to whom by oath he menaced
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophesy of Nicholas Hopkins.

K. Hen. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

K. Hen. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to
France,

The duke, being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultny, did of me demand
What was the speech amongst the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd, the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; that oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence

*This pausingly ensued — Neither the king, nor his heirs, —
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.*

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed,

You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul! I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on:—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived; and that 'twas dangerous for him,
To ruminate on this so far, until
It forged him some design, which, being believed,
It was much like to do: He answer'd, *Tush!*
It can do me no damage: adding farther,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man.—Canst thou say farther,

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reproved the duke
About Sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember,
Of such a time:—Being my servant sworn,
The duke retain'd him his—But on? Whathence?

Surv. If, quoth he, *I for this have been committed,*
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon

The usurper Richard: who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence; which, if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,

And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee; what say'st?

Surv. After—the duke his father,—with the knife,—
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,

Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenour
Was,—Were he evil used, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us: by day and night,
He's traitor to the height. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.— A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and LORD SANDS.

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For, when they hold them, you would swear
directly,

Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones;
one would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That sure, they have worn out Christendom.—How
now?

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

Lov. Faith, my lord.

I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I am glad, 'tis there; now I would pray
our monsieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either

(For so run conditions) leave these remnants
Of fool and feather that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance,
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights and fireworks,
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings.
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel
And understand again like honest men;

Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laughed at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physic, their
diseases

Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,

There will be wo indeed, lords; the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad they're
going;

(For, sure, there's no converting of them;) now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song
And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r-lady,
Held current music too

Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?

Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord; has wherewithal; in him

Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine :
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so :
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;

Your lordship shall along :—Come, good Sir Thomas,

We shall be late else : which I would not be,
For I was spoke to with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.*

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the CARDINAL, a longer table for the guests. Enter at one door ANNE BULLEN, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests; at another door, enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace Salutes ye all : This night he dedicates To fair content and you : none here, he hopes, In all this noble bevy, has brought with her One care abroad; he would have all as merry As first-good company, good wine, good welcome, Can make good people.—O, my lord, you are tardy ;

Enter Lord Chamberlain, LORD SANDS, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL.

The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these Should find a running banquet ere they rested, I think, would better please them : By my life, They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor To one or two of these!

Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,

Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this :
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women placed together makes cold weather :—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking ;

Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies :

(*Sits himself between Anne Bullen and another lady.*)

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too :
But he would bite none ; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

(*Kisses her*)

Cham. Well said, my lord.—

So now you are fairly seated :—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY attended;
and takes his state.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests ; that noble lady

Or gentleman that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend : This, to confirm my welcome ;
And to you all good health.

(*Drinks.*)

Sands. Your grace is noble :—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you : cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry ;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have them

Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship : and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing,—

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

(*Drums and trumpe's within : Chambers discharged.*)

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you.

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Wol. What warlike voice?

And to what end is this? Nay, ladies, fear not ;
By all the laws of war you are privileged.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers ;
For so they seem : they have left their barge and landed ;

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French tongue ;

And pray, receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them :—Some attend him.—

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All arise, and tables removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet ; but we'll mend it.

A good digestion to you all : and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you,—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and twelve others, as maskers, habited like shepherds, with sixteen torchbearers ; ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace,—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,

Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

(Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses Anne Bullen.)

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee.

(Music. Dance.)

Wol. My lord,—

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

(Cham. goes to the company, and returns.)

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see, then.—

(Comes from his state.)

By all your good leaves, gentlemen,—Here I'll make
My royal choice,

K. Hen. You have found him, cardinal:

(Unmasking.)

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad,

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas
Bullen's daughter,
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By Heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet-heart,

I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,

I must not yet forsake you:—Let's be merry;—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half-a-dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure

To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it.
[Exeunt, with Trumpets.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter Two Gentlemen meeting.

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast?

2 *Gent.* O,—God save you!

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 *Gent.* I'll save you

That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony

Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 *Gent.* Were you there?

1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2 *Gent.* Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.

2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?

1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 *Gent.* I am sorry for 't.

1 *Gent.* So are a number more.

2 *Gent.* But pray, how pass'd it?

1 *Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions,
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired
To him brought, *viva voce*, to his face:

At which appear'd against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck, his chancellor; and John Court,
Confessor to him; with that devil monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 *Gent.* That was he,

That fed him with his prophecies?

1 *Gent.* The same.

All these accused him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could
not:

And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar,—
to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly,
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2 *Gent.* I do not think, he fears death.

1 *Gent.* Sure he doth not.

He never was so womanish: the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gent.* Certainly,

The cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis likely,

By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainder;
Then deputy of Ireland; who removed,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gent.* At his return,
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally; whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buck-
ingham,

The mirror of all courtesy;—

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM, from his arraignment; Tip-
staves before him, the axe with the edge towards him;
halberds on each side; with him, SIR THOMAS
LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WIL-
LIAM SANDS, and common people.*

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,

You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die: Yet Heaven bear
witness,

And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death:
It has done, upon the premises, but justice:
But those, that sought it, I could wish more Chris-
tians:

Be what they will, I heartily forgive them:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men:
For then my guiltless blood must cry against
them.

For farther life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few, that loved
me,

And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's
name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all:
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, I can't take peace with: no black
envy

Shall make my grave.—Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and
prayers

Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever beloved, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your
grace;

Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,

The duke is coming: see, the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward
Bohun:

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it:
And with that blood will make them one day groan
for't.

My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all,
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes
me

A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes.—Both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved
most;

A most unnatural and faithless service!
Heaven has an end in all. Yet you that hear
me,

This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make
friends,

And give your hearts to, when they once per-
ceive

The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye; the last
hour

Of my long weary life is come upon me,
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done: and God forgive
me.

[*Exeunt Buckingham and train.*]

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity!—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads,
That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of wo; yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!
Where may it be? You do not doubt my faith,
sir?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill re-
quire
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it;
I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident;
You shall, sir: Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing, of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor, straight

To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: To confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

2. *Gent.* I think you have hit the mark: But is 't
not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The car-
dinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.

Cham. My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for,
with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and
furnished. They were young, and handsome: and of
the best breed in the north. When they were ready to
set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's,
by commission, and main power, took 'em from me;
with this reason,—His master would be served be-
fore a subject, if not before the king: which stopped
our mouths, sir.

I fear he will, indeed: Well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my good
Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him in private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems the marriage with his brother's
wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. The king will know him one
day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself
else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the
league

Between us and the emperor, the queen's great
nephew.

He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his mar-
riage:

And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,

That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre:
Of her, that loves him with that excellence,
That angels love good men with: even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: And is not this course
pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis
most true,

These news are every where; every tongue speaks
them,

And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day
open

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages: all men's honours
Lie in one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.

Nor. Let's in;
And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon
him:—

My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Hea th to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

*NORFOLK opens a folding-door. The king is dis-
covered sitting, and reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure he is much afflicted.

K. Hen. Who is there? ha?

Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.

K. Hen. Who's there, I say? how dare you thrust
yourselves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. You are too bold;
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?—

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O my
Wolsey,

The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,

(*To Campeius.*)

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom;
Use us and it:—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

(*To Wolsey.*)

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. We are busy; go.

(*To Norfolk and Suffolk.*)

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another.

[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of
wisdom

Above all princes, in committing freely

Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:

Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?

The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,

The trial just and noble. All the clerks,

I mean, the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,

Have their free voices; Rome, the nurse of judg-
ment,

Invited by your noble self, hath sent

One general tongue unto us, this good man,

This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;

Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him
welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves;

They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd
for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all
strangers' loves,

You are so noble: To your highness' hand

I tender my commission; by whose virtue,

(The court of Rome commanding,)—you, my lord

Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,

In the impartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be ac-
quainted

Forthwith, for what you come:—Where's Gar-
diner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always loved her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that

A woman of less place might ask by law,

Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and
my favour

To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,

Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;

I find him a fit fellow.

[*Exit Wolsey.*]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour
to you:

You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded

For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.
(*Aside.*)

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

(*They converse apart.*)

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread
then

Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved
him,

That he ran mad and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!

That's Christian care enough: for living mur-
murers,

There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;

For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,

If I command him, follows my appointment;

I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,

We live not to be griped by meaner persons.

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit Gardiner.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of,

For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;

There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—

My Wolsey, see it furnish'd.—O my lord,

Would it not grieve an able man, to leave

So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, con-
science,—

O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*An Ante-Chamber in the Queen's Apartments.*

Enter ANNE BULLEN, and an old Lady.

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang
that pinches:

His highness having lived so long with her; and
she

So good a lady, that no tongue could ever

Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,

She never knew harm-doing;—O now, after

So many courses of the sun enthroned,

Still growing in a majesty and pomp,—the which

To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than

'Tis sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,

To give her the avaunt! it is a pity

Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper

Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better,

She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,

Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce

It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging

As soul and body's severing.

Old L. Alas, poor lady!

She's a stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more

Must pity drop upon her. Verily,

I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,

And range with humble livers in content,

Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,

And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content

Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,

I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,

And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,

For all this spice of your hypocrisy:

You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,

Have, too, a woman's heart; which ever yet

Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;

Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts

(Saving your mincing) the capacity

Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth and troth,—You would not be a queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange, a threepence bowed would hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs,
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a little;

I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How do you talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know

The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,

Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high notes
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a-year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes

Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his highness;
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you.—I have perused her well;

(Aside.)

Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet,

But from this lady may proceed a gem,
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord.

[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!

I have been begging sixteen years in court,
(Am yet a courtier beggarly,) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, (O fate!)
A very fresh-fish here, (fy, fy upon
This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd
up,

Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence,
no,

There was a lady once, ('tis an old story,)
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt:—Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The marchioness of Pem-
broke!

A thousand pounds a-year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: by my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a duchess;—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. 'Would I had no being.
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Pray, do not deliver
What here you have heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Hall in Black-Friars.

Trumpets. senet, and corne's. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habits of doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury, alone; after him the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at Arms, bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, Wolsey and Campeius; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen and their trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court in manner of a consistory; between them the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What's the need?

It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so:—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry, King of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry, King of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Sav, Katharine, Queen of England, come into court.

Crier. Katharine, Queen of England, &c.

(The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.)

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right, and justice;

And to bestow your pity on me: for I am a most poor woman, and a stranger, Born out of your dominions; having here No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir, In what have I offended you; what cause Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, That thus you should proceed to put me off, And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,

I have been to you a true and humble wife, At all times to your will conformable: Ever in fear to kindle your dislike, Yea, subject to your countenance; glad, or sorry, As I saw it inclined. When was the hour, I ever contradicted your desire, Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends, Have I not strove to love, although I knew He were mine enemy? what friend of mine, That had to him derived your anger, did I Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind,

That I have been your wife, in this obedience, Upward of twenty years, and have been blest With many children by you: If, in the course And process of this time, you can report, And prove it too, against mine honour aught, My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty, Against your sacred person, in God's name, Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt Shut door upon me and so give me up To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir, The king, your father, was reputed for A prince most prudent, of an excellent And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand, My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many

A year before: It is not to be question'd, That they had gather'd a wise council to them Of every realm that did debate this business, Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore I humbly

Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may Be by my friends in Spain advised; whose counsel I will implore: if not, i' th' name of God Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady, (And of your choice,) these reverend fathers; men Of singular integrity and learning, Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless

That longer you desire the court; as well For your own quiet, as to rectify What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace Hath spoken well, and justly: Therefore, madam, It's fit this royal session do proceed; And that, without delay, their arguments Be now produced and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord Cardinal,—

To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,

I am about to weep; but thinking that We are a queen, (or long have dream'd so,) certain,

The daughter of a king, my drops of tears I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,

Or God will punish me. I do believe, Induced by potent circumstances, that You are mine enemy; and make my challenge, You shall not be my judge; for it is you Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,— Which God's dew quench!—therefore, I say again, I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul, Refuse you for my judge: whom, yet once more, I hold my most malicious foe, and think not At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,

You speak not like yourself; who ever yet Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice For you, or any: how far I have proceeded, Or how far farther shall, is warranted By a commission from the consistory, Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,

That I have blown this coal; I do deny it: The king is present; if it be known to him, That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound, And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much As you have done my truth. But, if he know, That I am free of your report, he knows, I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him It lies, to cure me; and the cure is, to Remove these thoughts from you: The which before

His highness shall speak in, I do beseech You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking, And to say no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,

I am a simple woman, much too weak To oppose your cunning. You are meek and humble-mouth'd;

You sign your place and calling, in full seeming, With meekness and humility: but your heart Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride. You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours, Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,

Where powers are your retainers: and your words, Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you, You tender more your person's honour, than Your high profession spiritual: That again I do refuse you for my judge; and here, Before you all, appeal unto the pope, To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness, And to be judged by him.

(She courtesies to the King, and offers to depart.)

Cam. The queen is obstinate, Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well She's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine, Queen of England, come into the court.

Grif. Madam, you are call'd back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:

When you are call'd, return.—Now the Lord help, They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on:

I will not tarry: no, nor ever more,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, Griffith, and her other Attendants.*]

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate!

That man i' th' world, who shall report he has
A better wife let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,—
Obeying in commanding,—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and
bound,

There must I be unloosed; although not there
At once and fully satisfied,) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you,—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady,—spake one the least word, might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My lord cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excused:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desired it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd;
oft

The passages made toward it:—on my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me
to't,—

I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give
heed to't:—

My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassa-
dor;

Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary: i' the progress of this busi-
ness,

Ere a determinate resolution, he
(I mean, the bishop) did require a respite;
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook

The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forced such way,
That many mazed considerings did throng,
And press'd in with this caution. First, me-
thought,

I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceived a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to't, than
The grave does to the dead; for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had air'd them: Hence I took a
thought,

This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should
not

Be gladdened in't by me: Then follows, that
I weigh'd the danger, which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now present here together; that's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learn'd.—First, began in private
With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first moved you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleased yourself
to say

How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel, which I had, to doubt;
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then moved you,
My lord of Canterbury; and got your leave
To make this present summons:—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on:
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature,
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 'tis needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till farther day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

(*They rise to depart.*)

K. Hen. I may perceive,
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee return! with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
I say, set on.

[*Exeunt, in manner as they entered*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the Queen's Apartment.*

The Queen, and some of her Women, at work.

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst; leave working.

SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals

Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces

To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business

With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.

They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:

But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a house-wife?

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw

Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here;

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!

My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy

Above a number,) if my actions

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,

Envy and base opinion set against them,

I know my life so even: If your business

Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,

Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—*

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin;

I am not such a truant since my coming,

As not to know the language I have lived in:

A strange tongue makes my cause more strange,
suspicious:

Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,

If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake:
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,

The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady,

I am sorry, my integrity should breed

(And service to his majesty and you,)

So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.

We come not, by the way of accusation,

To taint that honour, every good tongue blesses;

Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;

You have too much, good lady: but to know

How you stand minded in the weighty difference

Between the king and you; and to deliver,

Like free and honest men, our just opinions,

And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,

My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,

Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;

Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure

Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)—

Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,

His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me.

(*Aside.*)

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God, ye prove so!)

But how to make you suddenly an answer,

In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,

(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,

And to such men of gravity and learning,

In truth, I know not. I was set at work

Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking

Either for such men, or such business,

For her sake that I have been, (for I feel

The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,

Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;

Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears;

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England,

But little for my profit: can you think, lords,

That any Englishman dare give me counsel?

Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure

(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)

And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,

They, that must weigh out my afflictions,

They, that my trust must grow to, live not here;

They are as all my other comforts, far hence,

In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace

Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;

He's loving, and most gracious; 'twill be much

Both for your honour better, and your cause;

For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,

You'll part away disgraced.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:

Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye!

Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge,

That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye:
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for Heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once

The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing: Wo upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me

(If you have any justice, any pity;
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits,)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him,
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long—(let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends,)—a wife, a true one?

A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,)
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? loved him next Heaven? obey'd him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband;
One, that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;

And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title,
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. 'Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.

What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

(To her women.)

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost, no grave allow'd me: Like the Lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,

You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,

Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance by this carriage.

The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
Those we profess; peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;

Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye wil, my lords: And pray, forgive me,

If I have used myself unmannerly;
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,

Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Ante-chamber to the King's Apartment.*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
To be revenged on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontain'd gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures;
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him, (though now the time
Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found

Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I could wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was
read,

How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce: For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*
My king is tangled in affection to

A creature of the queen's, lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he
coasts,

And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord!
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to't!

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memorized.

Suf. But, will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, amen!

Suf. No, no;

There be more wasps, that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Cam-
peius

Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cried, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry ha, louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd queen; but princess dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain

In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

The cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell, gave it you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bedchamber.

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently

He did unseal them: and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind; a heed

Was in his countenance: You, he bade

Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready

To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.—

[Exit Cromwell.]

It shall be to the duchess of Alençon,

The French king's sister: he shall marry her.—

Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:

There is more in it than fair visage.—Bullen!

No, we'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pem-
broke!

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king

Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,

Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman; a knight's
daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen.—

This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;

Then, out it goes.—What though I know her vir-
tuous,

And well-deserving? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of

Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one

Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,

And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Suf. I would, 'twere something that would fret
the string,

The master-cord of his heart!

Enter the King, reading a schedule; and LOVELL.

Suf. The king, the king.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumu-
lated

To his own portion! and what expense by the
hour

Seems to flow from him? How, i' the name of
thrift,

Does he rake this together?—Now, my lords;

Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have

Stood here observing him: Some strange commo-
tion

Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;

Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,

Then lays his finger on his temple; straight,

Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,

Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts

His eye against the moon: in most strange pos-
tures

We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required; And, wot you, what I found
There; on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's Heaven's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

*(He takes his seat, and whispers Lovell,
who goes to Wolsey.)*

Wol. Heaven forgive me!
Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inven-
tory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce
time

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit: Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke to-
gether,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well-saying!

K. Hen. 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved
you:

He said, he did; and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come
home,

But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean?

Sur. The Lord increase this business!

(Aside.)

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell
me,

If what I now pronounce, you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purpose requite; which went
Beyond all men's endeavours;—my endeavours

Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fill'd with my abilities: Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to Heaven for you; my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated: The honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour,
more

On you, than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twere in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that am, have, and will be,
Though all the world should crack their duty to
you,

And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them
and

Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken:
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er this:

(Giving him papers.)

And, after, this: and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have.

*[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey:
the nobles throng after him, smiling, and
whispering.]*

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman, that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear the story of his anger.—'Tis so:
This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 'twill stir him strongly; Yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. What's this—to the Pope!
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his holiness. Nay, then, farewell!
I have touch'd the highest point of all my great-
ness;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK, and SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal; who commands you

To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher-house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear farther from his highness.

Wol. Stay,
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot
carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross them?
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do
it,

(I mean, your malice,) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have christian warrant for them, and, no
doubt,

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave
me:

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness.
Tied it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest;

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me deputy for Ireland;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all,
That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest
him:

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts: how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour;
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst
feel

My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My
lords,

Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,

Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king: your good-
ness,

Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I'll startle you
Worse than the scaring bell, when the brown
wench

Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this
man,

But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's
hand:

But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is, to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have
at you.

First, that, without the king's assent, or know-
ledge,

You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that, without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great sea!

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,
Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable sub-
stance,

(By what means got, I leave to your own con-
science,)

To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you correct them. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's farther pleasure is,—

Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *præmunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank
you.

So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root.
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new opened: O, how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amazed

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured
me,

I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honour:
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad, your grace has made that right
use of it.

Wol. I hope, I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is
chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden:

But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in bless-
ings,

May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight, that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me,—all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops, that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Crom-
well;

I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told
him

What, and how true thou art: he will advance
thee;

Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,

Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Crom-
well;

And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of
honour,—

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that, that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate
thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O
Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
And,—Pry thee, lead me in:

There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all

I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal
 I served my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewell.
 The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.
 [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* You are well met once again.
 2 *Gent.* And so are you.
 1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold
 The lady Anne pass from her coronation?
 2 *Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
 The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
 1 *Gent.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd
 sorrow:
 This, general joy.
 2 *Gent.* 'Tis well: The citizens,
 I am sure, have shewn at full their royal minds;
 As, let them have their rights, they are ever forward
 In celebration of this day, with shews,
 Pageants, and sights of honour.
 1 *Gent.* Never greater,
 Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.
 2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
 That paper in your hand?
 1 *Gent.* Yes; 'tis the list
 Of those that claim their offices this day,
 By custom of the coronation.
 The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
 To be high steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
 He to be earl marshal; you may read the rest.
 2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir: had I not known those
 customs,
 I should have been beholden to your paper.
 But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
 The princess dowager? how goes her business?
 1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
 Of Canterbury, accompanied with the other
 Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
 Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
 From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
 She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not;
 And, to be short, for not appearance, and
 The king's late scruple, by the main assent
 Of all these learned men she was divorced,
 And the late marriage made of none effect:
 Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
 Where she remains now sick.
 2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady!—

(Trumpets.)

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A lively flourish of trumpets; then, enter

1. Two Judges.
2. Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.

3. Choristers singing.

(Music.)

4. Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head, a gilt copper crown.
5. Marquis Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.
6. Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.
7. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the queen in her robe; her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.
8. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.
9. Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—Who's that, that bears the sceptre?

1 *Gent.* Marquis Dorset:
 And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman. And that should be
 The duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the same; high-steward.

2 *Gent.* And that my lord of Norfolk?

1 *Gent.* Yes.

2 *Gent.* Heaven bless thee!

(Looking on the queen.)

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady;

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gent.* They that bear
 The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
 Of the Cinque ports.

2 *Gent.* Those men are happy; and so are all, are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,
 Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gent.* It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars,
 indeed;

And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 *Gent.* No more of that.

[Exit Procession with a great flourish of trumpets.]

Enter a Third Gentleman.

God save you, sir? Where have you been broiling?

3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i' the abbey; where a finger

Could not be wedged in more; and I am stifled
 With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gent.* You saw
 The ceremony?

3 *Gent.* That I did.

1 *Gent.* How was it?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
 Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
 To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
 A distance from her, while her grace sat down

To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think,) flew up: and had their
faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such
joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man
living
Could say, *This is my wife*, there; all were
woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But, 'pray, what follow'd?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest
paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, saint
like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly,
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people;
When, by the archbishop of Canterbury,
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such em-
blems

Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state paced back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.* Sir, you
Must no more call it York-place, that is past;
For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd—Whitehall.

3 *Gent.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately altered, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.* What two reverend bishops
Were those, that went on each side of the
queen?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Win-
chester,
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,)
The other, London.

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it
comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from
him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell:
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend.—The king
Has made him master o' the jewel house,
And one, already, of the privy council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests;
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

Enter KATHARINE, dowager, sick: led between
GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death:

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair;—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Did'st thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st
me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wol-
sey,

Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he
died:

If well, he stepp'd before me happily,
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him for-
ward

(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Lei-
cester,

Lodged in the abbey: where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably received him;
To whom he gave these words,—O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Give him a little earth for charity!

So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on
him!

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak
him,

And yet with charity,—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion,
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful;
His promises were, as he was then, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading:
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;

But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.

And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died, fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn music.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down
quiet.
For fear we wake her;—Softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend courtesies: then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head; which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, (as it were by inspiration,) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven; and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:

Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams

Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,

They are harsh and heavy to me.

(Music ceases.)

Pat. Do you note,

How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? Mark you her eyes?

Grif. She is going, wench; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?

Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.

Mes. I humbly do entreat you highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly: There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: But this fellow

Let me ne'er see again.

[Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray
you,

What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,

First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request, that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;

'Tis like a pardon after execution:
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor
name

Banish'd the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

(Giving it to Katharine.)

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his good-
ness

The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:—

The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on
her!—

Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding;

(She is young, and of a noble modest nature:

I hope, she will deserve well;) and a little

To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor peti-
tion

Is, that his noble grace would have some pity

Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble:
And, sure, those men are happy, that shall have
them.

The last is, for my men;—they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by:
If heaven had pleased to have given me longer
life,

And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents:—And, good my
lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the
king

To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heaven, I will;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good
wench,

Let me be used with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.—

[*Exeunt, leading Katharine.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Gallery in the Palace.

*Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page
with a torch before him, met by Sir THOMAS
LOVELL.*

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is 't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, Sir
Thomas,

Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the
matter?

It seems, you are in haste; an if there be
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend

Some touch of your late business: Affairs, that
walk

(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in
labour,

They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit, she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry thee amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve your better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, Sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,—
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,—
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, ye speak of two
The most remark'd 'i the kingdom. As for Crom-
well,—

Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master,
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; farther, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him: The arch-
bishop

Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are, that dare; and I myself have ventured
To speak my mind of him: and indeed, this day,
Sir, (I may tell it you,) I think I have
Incensed the lords o' th' council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is,)
A most arch heretic, a pestilence,
That does infect the land: with which they moved,
Have broken with the king; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, (of his great grace
And princely care; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him,) he hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council board
He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord; I rest your
servant.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*]

*As Lovell is going out, enter the King and the
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.*

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play,—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest humbleness, and desired your high-
ness

Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!

To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her suffer-
ance made

Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Will not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.—

[*Exit Suffolk.*]

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us,

[*Exit Denny.*]

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily come hither.

(*Aside.*)

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.

(*Lovell seems to stay.*)

Ha!—I have said.—Begone.
What!—

[*Exeunt Lovell and Denny.*]

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to
know

Wherefore I sent for you?

Cran. It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. 'Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your
hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being con-
sider'd,

Have moved us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till farther trial, in those charges,
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You, a brother
of us,

It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion

Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder; for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious
tongues,

Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard
you

Without indurance farther.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty;
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not how
Your state stands i' the world, with the whole
world?

Your enemies
Are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? Such things have been
done.

You are potently opposed; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjured witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap, is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
You do appear before them: if they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you; if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man
weeps,

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—

[*Exit Cranmer.*]

He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gent. (Within.) Come back; what mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I
bring,

Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good
angels

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks

I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: The God of Heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'tis a girl,
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger; 'tis as like you
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell,—

Enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.

[Exit King.]

Lady. An hundred marks! By this light, I'll have more.

An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl is like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay't; and now
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Lobby before the Council-Chamber.

Enter CRANMER; Servants, Door-keeper, &c. attending.

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman,
That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
To make great haste. All fast! what means this?
—Hoa!

Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: The king
Shall understand it presently.

[Exit Butts.]

Cran. 'Tis Butts,

(Aside.)

The king's physician: as he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!
Pray Heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For
certain,
This is of purpose laid, by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts! I never sought their
malice.)
To quench mine honour: they would shame to
make me
Wait else at door; a fellow counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter, at a window above, the King and BUTTS.

Butts. I'll shew your grace the strangest sight,—
K. Hen. What's that, Butts?

Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.

K. Hen. Body 'o me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;

Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,

Pages, and footboys.

K. Hen. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had thought

They had parted so much honesty among them,
(At least, good manners,) as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,

And at the door, too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:

Let them alone, and draw the curtain close:

We shall hear more anon.—

[Exeunt.]

The Council-Chamber.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, EARL OF SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand: a seat being left void above him, as for the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. The rest seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as secretary.

Chan. Speak the business, master secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop,
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

(Cranmer approaches the council-table.)

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: But we all are men,
In our own natures frail; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which frailty,

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,

Have misdeemean'd yourself, and not a little,

Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling

The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains

(For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,

Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies,

And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords: for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle;

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them,

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness, and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewell, all physic: And what follows then?
Commutations, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours,

The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress,

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the stroug course of my authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever, to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords,)
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience, and his place,
Defacers of a public peace, than I do.

'Pray Heaven, the king may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,

That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,

And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower:
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you,

You are always my good friend; if you will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful: I see your end,
'Tis my undoing: Love, and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience,
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much:
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord,—It stands agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be conveyed to the Tower a prisoner;
There to remain, till the king's farther pleasure
Be known unto us: Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome:

Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Chan. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by Heaven: I told ye all,

When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

Chan. 'Tis now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales, and informations,
Against this man, (whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,)
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: Now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them: takes his seat.

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound
to Heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour, and to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;

But whatsoe'er thou takest me for, I am sure
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.—
Good man, (*to Cranmer*) sit down. Now let me see
the proudest

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that's holy, he had better starve,
Than but once think his place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some understand-
ing

And wisdom of my council: but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man, (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?
Why, what a shame was this? Did my commis-
sion

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom: There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was pur-
posed

Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I am sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
Be friends, for shame, my lords.—My lord of Can-
terbury,

I have a suit, which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid, that yet wants bap-
tism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may
glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your
spoons; you shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old duchess of
Norfolk,
And lady Marquis Dorset: Will these please
you?

Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge
you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, these joyful tears shew thy
true heart.

The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canter-
bury*

A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.

Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Palace Yard.*

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and
his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals:
Do you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude
slaves, leave your gaping.

(*Within.*) Good master porter, I belong to the
larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you
rogue: is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a
dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are
but switches to them.—I'll scratch your heads:
You must be seeing-christenings? Do you look for
ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient; 'tis as much impos-
sible

(Unless we sweep them from the door with
cannons)

To scatter them, as 'tis to make them sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be:
We may as well push against Paul's, as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hanged?

Man. Alas, I know not: How gets the tide in?
As much as, one sound cudgel of four foot
(You see the poor remainder) could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Col-
brand, to mow them down before me: but, if I
spared any, that had a head to hit, either young or
old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me
never hope to see chine again; and that I would
not for a cow, God save her.

(*Within.*) Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master
puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock them down
by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or
have we some strange Indian with the great tool
come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me,
what a fry of fornication is at door! On my
Christian conscience, this one christening will beget
a thousand; here will be father, godfather, and al-
together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There
is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be
a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty
of dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand
about him are under the line, they need no other
penance: That fire-drake did I hit three times on
the head, and three times was his nose discharged
against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece,
to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of
small wit near him, that railed upon me till her
pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling
such a combustion in the state. I miss'd the
meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out,
clubs! when I might see from far some forty trun-
cheoneers draw to her succour, which were the
hope of the Strand, where she was quartered. They
fell on; I made good my place; at length they
came to the broomstaff with me, I defied them
still; when suddenly a file of boys behind them,
loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles,
that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let
them win the work: The devil was among them, I
think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a
play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no
audience but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the

limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of them in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too, from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,

These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows.

There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have

Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour, We are but men; and what so many may do, Not being torn a pieces, we have done: An army cannot rule them.

Cham. As I live, If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves; And here ye lie baiting of bumbards, when Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound; They are come already from the christening: Go, break among the press, and find a way out To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail; I'll pick you o'er the pales else.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Palace.*

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, with his marshal's staff, DUKE OF SUF-FOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the Child, richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the MARCHIONESS OF DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King and Train.

Cran. (*Kneeling.*) And to your royal grace, and the good queen, My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:— All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy, May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop; What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—

(*The King kisses the Child.*)

With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!

Into whose hands I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, you have been too prodigal:

I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady, When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir, For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.

This royal infant, (*Heaven still move about her!*) Though in her cradle, yet now promises Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings, Which time shall bring to ripeness: She shall be (*But few now living can behold that goodness*) A pattern to all princes living with her, And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue, Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces, That mould up such a mighty piece as this is, With all the virtues that attend the good, Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her, Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her: She shall be loved and fear'd: Her own shall bless her:

Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:

In her days, every man shall eat in safety Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours: God shall be truly known; and those about her From her shall read the perfect ways of honour, And by those claim their greatness, not by blood. Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix, Her ashes new create another heir, As great in admiration as herself: So shall she leave her blessedness to one, (*When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,*)

Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour, Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was, And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,

That were the servants to this chosen infant, Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him; Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, His honour, and the greatness of his name Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish, And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches To all the plains about him.—Our children's children

Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England, An aged princess; many days shall see her, And yet no day without a deed to crown it. 'Would I had known no more! but she must die, She must, the saints must have her; yet a virgin, A most unspotted lily shall she pass To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord archbishop, Thou hast made me now a man; never, before This happy child, did I get any thing: This oracle of comfort has so pleased me, That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.— I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor, And your good brethren, I am much beholden;

I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way,
lords;—

Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holyday.

[Exeunt.

EPILOGUE

'Tis ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here: Some come to take their ease,

And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frightened with our trumpets; so, 'tis clear,
They'll say, 'tis naught: others, to hear the city
Abused extremely, and to cry,—*that's witty!*
Which we have not done neither: that, I fear,
All the expected good we are like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we show'd them: If they smile,
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.



LEAR, King of Britain.
KING OF BRITAIN.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloucester.
Edgar, Son to Gloucester.
Edmund, Bastard Son to Gloucester.
Goneril, a Gentlewoman.
Regan, a Gentlewoman.
Oswald, Gentleman.
A Herald.
Gentlemen attendant on Goneril.
Gentlemen attendant on Regan.
Gentlemen attendant on Edmund.
Gentlemen attendant on Edgar.
Gentlemen attendant on Oswald.
Gentlemen attendant on the Herald.
Gentlemen attendant on the Gentlemen.

KING LEAR.



Lear.—"BLOW, WIND, AND CRACK YOUR CHEEKS! RAGE! BLOW!"—Act iii, scene 2.

Persons Represented.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*
 KING OF FRANCE.
 DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
 DUKE OF CORNWALL.
 DUKE OF ALBANY.
 EARL OF KENT.
 EARL OF GLOSTER.
 EDGAR, *Son to Gloster.*
 EDMUND, *Bastard Son to Gloster.*
 CURAN, *a Courtier.*
 Old Man, *Tenant to Gloster.*
 Physician.
 Fool.

OSWALD, *Steward to Goneril.*
 An Officer, employed by Edmund
 Gentleman, attendant on Cordelia.
 A Herald.
 Servants to Cornwall.

GONERIL, }
 REGAN, } *Daughters to Lear.*
 CORDELIA, }

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers,
 Soldiers, and Attendants.*

SCENE,—*Britain.*

ACT I

SCENE I.—A Room of State in King Lear's Palace.

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent. I thought the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am brazed to it.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some years older than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again.—The king is coming.

(*Trumpets sound within.*)

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt Glo. and Edm.*]

Lear. Meantime, we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the map there.—Know, that we have divided

In three, our kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,

And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters,

(Since now we will divest us both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state,)

Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?

That we our largest bounty may extend

Where merit doth most challenge it.—Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first.

Gon. Sir, I

Do love you more than words can wield the matter,

Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;

No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,
honour;

As much as child e'er loved, or father found.

A love, that makes breath poor, and speech unable;

Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.

(*Aside.*)

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd;

With plenteous rivers, and wide-skirted meads,

We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issue

Bethis perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,

And prize me at her worth. In my true heart

I find, she names my very deed of love;

Only she comes too short,—that I profess

Myself an enemy to all other joys,

Which the most precious square of sense possesses;

And find, I am alone felicitate

In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia!—

(*Aside.*)

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's
More richer than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,

Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;

No less in space, validity, and pleasure,

Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now our joy,

Although the last, not least; to whose young love

The vines of France and milk of Burgundy,

Strive to be interest'd; what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing?

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak again.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty

According to my bond; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,

Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good, my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, loved me: I

Return those duties back as are right fit,

Obey you, love you, and most honour you.

Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,

They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,

That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall
carry

Half my love with him, half my care and duty:

Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,

To love my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. Ay, good my lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender?

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so. Thy truth, then, be thy
dower:

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun;

The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;

By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and relieved,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege,—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!

(*To Cordelia.*)

So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who
stirs?

With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.

I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects,
That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly
course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions to a king;
The sway,

Revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. (*Giving the crown.*)

Kent. Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the
shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old
man,

Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness
honour's bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judg-
ment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo,—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

Lear. O vassal: miscreant!

(*Laying his hand on his sword.*)

Alb. & Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent. Do:

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon thy foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance hear me!—

Since thou has sought to make us break our vow,
(Which we durst never yet,) and, with strain'd
pride,

To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,)
Our potency made good, take thy reward.

Five days do we allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: Away! by Jupiter,
This shall not be revoked.

Kent. Fare thee well, king; since thus thou wilt
appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,

(*To Cordelia.*)

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

(*To Regan and Goneril.*)

That good effects may spring from words of
love.—

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter GLOSTER; with FRANCE, BURGUNDY,
and Attendants.*

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble
lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy,
We first address towards you, who with this king
Hath rivall'd for our daughter; what, in the least
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little, seeming substance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pieced,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir,
Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Unfriended, new-adapted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our
oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that
made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,

(*To France.*)

I would not from your love make such a stray.
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech
you

To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch, whom nature is ashamed
Almost to acknowledge hers.

France. This is most strange!
That she, that even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of
time

Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Could never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty,
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,

I'll do't before I speak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer,—
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue,
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadst not been born, than not to have pleased me
better.

France. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature,
Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich,
being poor;
Most choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st
neglect

My love should kindle to inflamed respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my
chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy,
Shall buy this unprized precious maid of me.—
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine;
for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall,*
Albany, Gloster, and Attendants.]

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd
eyes

Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults, as they are named. Use well our
father:

To your professed bosoms I commit him;
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place,

So farewell to you both.

Gon. Prescribe not us our duties.

Reg. Let your study

Be, to content your lord, who hath received you
At fortune's alms. You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have
wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning
hides;

Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*]

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of
what most nearly appertains to us both. I think,
our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next
month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the
observation we have made of it hath not been
little: he always loved our sister most; and with
what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, ap-
pears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath
ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath
been but rash; then must we look to receive from
his age, not alone the imperfections of long-en-
grafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly way-
wardness, that infirm and choleric years bring with
them.

Reg. Such inconstant starts are we like to have
from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is farther compliment of leave-taking
between France and him. Pray you, let us hit
together: If our father carry authority with such
dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his
will but offend us.

Reg. We shall farther think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Earl of Gloster's Castle.

Enter EDMUND, with a letter

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy
law

My services are bound: Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-
shines

Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore
base?

When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base,
base?

Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops.
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land:
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate: Fine word,—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscribed his power!

Confined to exhibition! All this done.
Upon the gad!—Edmund! how now? what news?

Edm.. So please your lordship, none.

(Putting up the letter.)

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? what needed then that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your overlooking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir.

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's 'justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

Glo. (Reads.) *This policy and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR.*—Humph!—Conspiracy!—Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue,—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his, but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord, but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course;

where if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom: I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution.

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently; convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time: Machinations, hollow-ness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves!—Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing; do it carefully.—And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty!—Strange! strange!

[Exit.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world! that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour,) we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail; and my nativity was under ursa major; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

Enter EDGAR.

And pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: My cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, mi.

Edw. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edg. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that?

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and

maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him; and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, till some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go armed; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray, you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit Edgar.*]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion it.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds; I'll not endure it:
His nights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:—
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

(*Horns within.*)

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:

If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know in that are one,
Not to be overruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be used
With checks, as flatteries,—when they are seen
abused,

Remember what I have said.

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so:

I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak: I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course,—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Hall in the same.*

Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue,
For which I razed my likeness.—Now, banish'd
Kent,

If thou can'st serve where thou doth stand condemn'd,
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lovest,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. *Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? what wouldst thou with us?

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly, that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight, when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Who wouldst thou serve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What service canst thou do?

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing; I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool? Go you, and call my fool hither:

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you,—

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the [Exit

clot-poll back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mongrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependents, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look farther into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her.—Go you, call hither my fool.

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I, sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you whoreson dog! you slave! you cur!

Stew. I am none of this, my lord; I beseech you, pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?
(*Striking him.*)

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tripped neither; you base foot-ball player.
(*Tripping up his heels.*)

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you differences; away, away: if you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to; Have you wisdom? so.

(*Pushing the Steward out.*)

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

(*Giving Kent money.*)

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too;—Here's my coxcomb.

(*Giving Kent his cap.*)

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part, that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coxcomb. Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters!

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine: beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah: the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when Lady, the brach, may stand by the fire and stink.

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou throwest,
Set less than thou trowest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Lear. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then 'tis like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing for't: Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

(*To Kent.*)

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my lord, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsell'd thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,—
Or do thou for him stand:

The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there!

Lear. Dost thou call me fool boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thy clovest thy crown i' the middle and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year; (Singing.)

For wise men are grown foppish;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since then madest thy daughters thy mother: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches.

*Then they for sudden joy did weep, (Singing.)
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among*

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

Fool. I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for lying; and sometimes, I am whipp'd for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle: thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on? Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face (*to Gon.*) bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum
Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a shealed peas-cod.

(Pointing to Lear.)

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool, But other of your insolent retinue, Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir, I had thought by making this well known unto you, To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on By your allowance; which if you should, the fault Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep; Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal, Might in their working do you that offence, Which else were shame, that then necessity Will call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir, I would you would make use of that good wisdom whereof I know you are fraught; and put away these dispositions, which of late transform you from what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an ass know, when the cart draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why, this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes: Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's shadow? I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters—

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

Lear. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir;

This admiration is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright;

As you are old and reverend, you should be wise: Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires; Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold, That this our court, infected with their manners, Shews like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel, Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak

For instant remedy: Be then desired By her, that else will take the thing she begs, A little to disquantity your train; And the remainder, that shall still depend, To be such men as may besort your age, And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!— Saddle my horses; call my train together.— Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee; Yet have I left a daughter.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents.—O sir, are you come? Is it your will? (*To Alb.*) Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend, More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child, Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest:

(To Goneril.)

My train are men of choice and rarest parts, That all particulars of duty knew; And in the most exact regard support The worships of their name.—O most small fault, How ugly didst thou in Cordelia shew! Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature

From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love, And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear! Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

(Striking his head.)

And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant Of what hath moved you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord—Hear, nature, hear; Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful! Into her womb convey sterility! Dry up in her the organs of increase; And from her derogate body never spring A babe to honour her! If she must teem, Create her child of spleen; that it may live, And be a thwart disnatured torment to her! Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth: With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks; Turn all her mother's pains and benefits To laughter and contempt; that she may feel How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is To have a thankless child!—Away, away!

[Exit.]

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause; But let his disposition have that scope That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clapt Within a fortnight?

Alb. What's the matter, sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee;—Life and death! I am
ashamed

That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus:
(*To Goneril.*)

That these hot tears, which break from me per-
force,

Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs
upon thee!

The untended woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so.—Yet have I left a daughter,
Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant
thee.

[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.*]

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril.

To the great love I bear you,—

Gon. Pray you, content.—What Oswald, ho!
You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.
(*To the Fool.*)

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take
the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter,
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*]

Gon. This man hath had good counsel.—A hun-
dred knights!

'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
At point a hundred knights. Yes, that's on every
dream,

Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far.

Gon. Safer than trust:

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Nor fear to still be taken. I know his heart:
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have shew'd the unfitness—How now,
Oswald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to
horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear:

And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone;

And hasten your return. [*Exit Stew.*] No, no, my
lord,

This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attask'd for want of wisdom,
Than praised for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot
tell;

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then,—

Alb. Well, well; the event.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Court before the same

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters:
acquaint my daughter no farther with any thing
you know, than comes from her demand out of the
letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be
there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have de-
livered your letter. [*Exit.*]

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, were't
not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry: thy wit shall
not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee
kindly: for though she's as like this as a crab is
like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to
a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands i'
the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep his eyes on either side his
nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may
spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong:—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither: but I can tell why a snail
has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it
away to his daughters, and leave his horns without
a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!
—Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason
why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a
pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed: Thou wouldst make a good
fool.

Lear. To take it again, perforce!—Monster in-
gratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee
beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shouldst not have been old before
thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet
Heaven!

Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!

Enter Gentleman.

How now? Are the horses ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that is maid now, and laughs at my
departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut
shorter, [*Exeunt*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloster.

Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father;

and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

Edm. Not I: 'Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir.

[*Exit.*

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business! My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queazy question, Which I must act. — Briefness and fortune, work! —

Brother, a word; — descend: Brother, I say;

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches. — O sir, fly this place: Intelligence is given where you are hid; You have now the good advantage of the night. — Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?

He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,

And Regan with him. Have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming, — Pardon me: In cunning I must draw my sword upon you: Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well,

Yield; come before my father. Light, ho, here! Fly, brother. — Torches! torches! — So, farewell. —

[*Exit Edgar.*

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion
(*Wounds his arm.*)

Of my more fierce endeavour. I have seen drunkards

Do more than this in sport. — Father! father! Stop, stop. No help?

Enter GLOSTER and Servants with torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon To stand his auspicious mistress: —

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could —

Glo. Pursue him, ho! — Go after. — [*Exit Serv.*] By no means, — what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;

But that I told him, the revenging gods 'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend; Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond The child was bound to the father; — Sir, in fine,

Seeing how loathly opposite I stood To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,

P

With his prepared sword, he charges home My unprovided body, lanced mine arms, But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits, Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to the encounter, Or whether gasted by the noise I made, Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught; And found — Despatch. — The noble duke my master, My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night: By his authority I will proclaim it, That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks, Bringing the murderous coward to the stake; He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent, And found him pight to do it, with curst speech I threaten'd to discover him: He replied, *Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think, If I would stand against thee, would the reposal Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee Make thy words faith'd? No: what I should deny, (As this I would: ay, though thou didst produce My very character,) I'd turn it all To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice: And thou must make a dullard of the world, If they not thought the profits of my death Were very pregnant and potential spurs To make thee seek it.*

Glo. Strong and fasten'd villain!

Would he deny his letter? I never got him. —

(*Trumpets within*)

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes.

All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape; The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture I will send far and near, that all the kingdom May have due note of him; and of my land, Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came hither, (Which I can call but now,) I have heard strange news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short, Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?

Glo. O madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your life?

He, whom my father named? Your Edgar?

Glo. O lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous knights

That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not madam:

It is too bad, too bad. —

Edm. Yes, madam, he was.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected; 'Tis they have put him on the old man's death, To have the waste and spoil of his revenues. I have this present evening from my sister Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,

That, if they come to sojourn at my house, I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan. —

Edmund, I hear that you have shewn your father A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo. He did bewray his practice; and received
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursued?

Glo. Ay, my good lord, he is.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you,
Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit
you,—

Reg. Thus out of season; threading dark-eyed
night.

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some polze,
Wherein we must have use of your advice:—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers
From hence attend despatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.

Glo. I serve you, madam:

[*Exeunt.*]

Your graces are right welcome.

SCENE II.—*Before Gloster's Castle.*

Enter KENT and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good dawning to thee, friend: Art of the
house?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. I' the mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would
make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee
not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knave; a rascal, an eater of broken
meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-
suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking
knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave; a
whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical
rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that
would'st be a bawd, in way of good service, and
art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar,
coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel
bitch: one whom I will beat into a clamorous
whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy
addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou,
thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee,
nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to
deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I
tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king?
Draw, you rogue; for, though it be night, the moon
shines; I'll make a sop 'o the moonshine of
you: Draw, you whoreson cullionly barber-monger,
draw.

[*Drawing his sword.*]

Stew. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters
against the king; and take vanity the puppet's
part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you
rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks—Draw,
you rascal; come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand;
you neat slave, strike.

[*Beating him.*]

*Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN,
GLOSTER, and Servants.*

Edm. How now? What's the matter?

Kent. With you Goodman boy, if you please;
come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter
here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives;
He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the
king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirr'd your
valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in
thee; a tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make
a man?

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter,
could not have made him so ill, though they had
been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have
spared,

At suit of his grey beard,—

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary
letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will
tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub
the wall of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey
beard, you wagtail!

Corn. Peace, sirrah!

You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger has a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a
sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as
these

Like rats, oft bite the holy chords atwain

Which are too intrinse t' unlocse: smooth every
passion

That in the natures of their lords rebel:

Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;

Reneg, affirm, and turn their balcyon beaks

With every gale and vary of their masters,

As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—

A plague upon your epileptic visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,

I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out?

Say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's
his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, or his, or
hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:

I have seen better faces in my time,
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect

A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, he!—
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plain-

ness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phoebus' front,—

Corn. What mean'st by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you dis-
commend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer:
he, that beguiled you in a plain accent, was a plain
knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I
should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. Never any:
It pleased the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdued;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend
braggart,
We'll teach you.—

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn;
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks!
As I've life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.

Reg. Till noon! till night, my lord; and all night
too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

(Stocks brought out.)

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the
stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so:
His fault is much, and the good king his master
Will check him for't: your purposed low correc-

tion
Is such, as basest and contemned'st wretches,
For pilferings and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill,
That he's so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,

For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—

(*Kent is put in the stocks.*)

Come, my good lord; away.

[*Exeunt Regan and Cornwall.*]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's
pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for
thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd and tra-
vell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:
Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill
taken.

[*Exit.*]

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common
saw;

Thou out of heaven's benediction comest
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery;—I knew, 'tis from Cordelia;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course; and shall find time
From this enormous state,—seeking to give
Losses their remedies:—All weary and o'er-

watch'd.
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy
wheel!

(*He sleeps.*)

SCENE III.—A Part of the Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;
And by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself: and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with
filth;

Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots,
And with presented nakedness out-face
The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with
prayers,

Henceforth their charity.—Poor Turlygood! poor
Tom!

That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Before Gloster's Castle.

Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart
from home,

And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,

The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!

Lear. How!

Makest thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha; look! he wears cruel garters!
Horses are tied by the heads; dogs and bears by
the neck; monkeys by the loins, and men by the
legs; when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he
wears wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place
mistook,

To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't;

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than
murder

To do upon respect such violent outrage:

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that shew'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting
forth

From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took
horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceived, had poison'd mine,
(Being the very fellow that of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness,)
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He raised the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese
fly that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,

Do make their children blind;

But fathers, that bear bags,

Shall see their children kind.

Fortune, that arrant whore,

Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours
for thy daughters, as thou canst tell in a-year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my
heart!

Hysterica passio!—down, thou climbing sorrow.
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not:

Stay here.

[Exit.

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you
speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An that thou hadst been set i' the stocks
for that question, thou hadst well deserved it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach
thee there's no labouring in the winter. All, that
follow their noses, are led by their eyes, but blind
men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but
can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold,
when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break
thy neck with following it; but the great one that
goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a
wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine
again. I would have none but knaves follow it,
since a fool gives it.

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,

And follows but for form,

Will pack, when it begins to rain,

And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool that runs away;

The fool no knave perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick?
they are weary?

They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord,

You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremoveable and fix'd he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!
Fiery! what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them
so.

Lear. Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me,
man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall: the
dear father

Would with his daughter speak, commands her
service:

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and
blood!—

Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,

Whereto our health is bound; we are not our-
selves,

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the
mind

To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;

And am fallen out with my more headier will,

To take the indisposed and sickly fit

For the sound man.—Death on my state! where-
fore

(Looking on Kent.)

Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
That this remotion of the duke and her

Is practice only. Give me my servant forth:

Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'll speak with
them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear
me

Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it cry—*Sleep to death.*

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you.

[*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but,
down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the
eels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she
rapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried
Down, wantons, down. 'Twas her brother, that, in
pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and
Servants.*

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace!

(*Kent is set at liberty.*)

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what rea-
son

I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulch'ring an adulteress.—O, are you free?

(*To Kent.*)

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,
Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here,—

(*Points to his heart.*)

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
Of how depraved a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine: you should be ruled, and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself: therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house:

*Dear daughter, I confess that I am old,
Age is unnecessary; on my knees I beg,*

(*Kneeling.*)

That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly
tricks:

Return you to my sister.

Lear. Never, Regan:

She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.—
All the stored vengeance of Heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!

Corn. Fy, fy, fy!

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding
flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
To fall and blast her pride!

Reg. O the blest gods!

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood's on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my
curse;

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness; her eyes are fierce, but
thine

Do comfort and not burn: 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good, sir, to the purpose.

(*Trumpets within.*)

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her
letter,

That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride,
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have
good hope
Thou didst not know of 't.—Who comes here? O
Heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my
part!—

Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?—

(*To Goneril.*)

O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I
offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!

Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the
stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own dis-
orders

Deserved much less advancement.

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision,
Which shall be needful for your entertainment:

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air;
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life a-foot:—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom.

(*Looking on the Steward.*)

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me
mad;

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell;
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:
Mend when thou canst; be better, at thy leisure;
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,
I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome: Give ear, sir, to my sister;
For those that mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to think you old, and so—
But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken, now?

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir: What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many? sith that both charge and
danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one
house,

Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'tis hard; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive at-
tendance

From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chanced
to slack you,

We could control them: If you will come to me,
(For now I spy a danger,) I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries;
But kept a reservation to be follow'd
With such a number: What, must I come to you
With five-and-twenty, Regan? said you so?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord: no more with
me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-
favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the
worst,
Stands to some rank of praise.—I'll go with thee:

(*To Goneril.*)

'Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her love,

Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What need one?

Lear. O, reason not the need: our basest
beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true
need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I
need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you, that stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!
O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural
hags,

I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall
be

The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
Or e'er I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt Lear, Gloster, Kent, and Fool.*]

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.
(*Storm heard at a distance.*)

Reg. This house
Is little; the old man and his people cannot
Be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put
Himself from rest, and must needs taste his
folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purposed,
Where is my lord of Gloster?

—*Re-enter GLOSTER.*

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth:—he is re-
turn'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going?

Glo. He calls to horse; but will I know not
whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads him-
self.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to
stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak
winds

Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O Sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure,
Must be their schoolmasters: Shut up your
doors;

He is attended with a desperate train:
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild
night;

My Regan counsels well: come out o' the storm.
[*Exeunt*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Heath.

A Storm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter
KENT and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent. Who's there, beside foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most un-
quietly.

Kent. I know you; where's the king?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curved waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease; tears his white
hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,

Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn
The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
couch,
The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbombed he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the fool, who labours to out-
jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Corn-
wall;

Who have (as who have not, that their great
stars
Throned and set high?) servants who seem no
less:

Which are to France the spies and speculations
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king; or something deeper,
Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings;—
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To shew their open banner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.

Gent. I will talk farther with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia,
(As fear not but you shall) shew her this ring;
And she will tell you who your fellow is,
That yet you do not know. Fly on this storm!
I will go see the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more to
say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all
yet;
That when we have found the king, (in which your
pain
That way; I'll this;) he, that first lights on him,
Holla the other. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE II.—Another part of the Heath. Storm
continues.

Enter LEAR and Fool.

Lear. Blow, wind, and crack your cheeks! rage!
blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once,
That make ungrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house
is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good
nuncle, in, and ask thy daughter's blessing; here's
a night pities neither wise men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly-full! Spit, fire! spout
rain;

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription; why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in, has
a good head-piece.

*The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse!—
So beggars marry many.*

*The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.*

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made
mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I
will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's
a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir, are you here? things, that love
night,

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves; Since I was
man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of horrid wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man's nature cannot
carry

The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou
wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou blood-
hand;

Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue,
That art incestuous. Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practised on man's life. Close pent-up guilts
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed!

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tem-
pest;

Repose you there: while I to this hard house,
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis raised;
Which even but now, demanding after you,

Denied me to come in,) return, and force
Their scanty courtesy.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw my
fellow?

The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your
hovel,

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has a little tiny wit.—
With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy—Come, bring us to
this hovel.

[*Exit Lear and Kent.*]

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtesan.—
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go.

When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues;
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field;
And bawds and whores do churches build;—
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion,
Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
That going shall be used with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before
his time.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this un-
natural dealing. When I desired their leave that
I might pity him, they took from me the use of
mine own house; charged me, on pain of their
perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him,
entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to: say you nothing. There is division
between the dukes; and a worse matter than that.
I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous
to be spoken;—I have locked the letter in my
closet: these injuries the king now bears will be
revenged home; there is part of a power already
footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek
him, and privily relieve him; go you, and maintain
talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him
perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to
bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me,
the king my old master must be relieved. There
is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you,
be careful.

[*Exit.*]

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
Instantly know: and of that letter too:—
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all:
The younger rises, when the old doth fall.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—A part of the Heath, with a Hovel.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord,
enter:

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure.

(*Storm still.*)

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own. Good my lord,
enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this conten-
tious storm

Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear:
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the
mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave
all,—

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that:
No more of that,—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own
ease:

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:
In boy; go first. (*To the fool.*) You houseless
poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—
(*Fool goes in.*)

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend
you

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the Heavens more just.

Edg. (*Within.*) Fathom and half, fathom and
half! Poor Tom!

(*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*)

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor
Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'
the straw?
Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold
wind.—

Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom

the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-icched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there.

(Storm continues.)

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?—

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all ashamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues, that in the pendulous air

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's-hill;—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy parents: keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array: Tom's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it: Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk: False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lender's books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by.

(Storm still continues.)

Lear. Why, thou wert better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated! Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings:—Come, unbutton here.—

(Tearing off his clothes.)

Fool. Prythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in. Now a little fire in a

wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet: he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold:

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;

Bid her alight,

And her troth plight,

And, aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is 't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tad-pole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped from tything to tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,—

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,

Have been Tom's food for seven long year,

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Mudo he's eall'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughters' hard commands: Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;

Yet have I ventured to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher:—

What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. Good my lord, take his offer;

Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban:—

What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord,

His wits begin to unsettle.

Glo. Canst thou blame him?

His daughters seek his death:—Ah, that good Kent!—

He said it would be thus:—Poor banish'd man!—

Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,

I am almost mad myself: I had a son,

Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late; I loved him, friend,—
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

(Storm continues.)

The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night 's this,

I do beseech your grace,—

Lear. O, cry you mercy,

Noble Philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom 's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words:

Hush.

Child Rowland to the dark tower came,

Edg. His word was still,—Pie, foh, and fum,

I smell the blood of a British man.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A room in Gloster's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector.

Corn. Go with me to the duchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. (Aside.) If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—A Chamber in a Farm House, adjoining the Castle.

Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way

to his impatience.—The gods reward your kindness!

[Exit Gloster.]

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits

Come hissing in upon them:—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight,—

Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer:—

(To Edgar.)

Thou sapient sir, sit here. (To the Fool.)—Now, you she-foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—

Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herrings. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first.—Bring in the evidence.—

Thou robed man of justice take thy place:—

(To Edgar.)

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,

(To the Fool.)

Bench by his side.—You are of the commission, Sit you too.

(To Kent.)

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur! the cat is gray.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistress: Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there! Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place! False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,

(Aside.)

They'll mar my counterfeiting

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see they bark
at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them:—Avaunt,
you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons, if it bite;
Mastiff, grey-hound, mongrel grim,
Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lyn;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail;
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Sessa. Come, march to wakes
and fairs, and market towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn
is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what
breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in
nature, that makes these hard hearts—You, sir,
I entertain you for one of my hundred; only I do
not like the fashion of your garments: you will
say, they are Persian attire; but let them be
changed.

(*To Edgar.*)

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest
awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise; draw the
curtains: So, so, so: We'll go to supper i' the
morning: So, so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend. Where is the king, my
master?

Kent. Here, sir; but trouble him not, his wits are
gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy
arms;

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt
meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy
master

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps:—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken
senses,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.—Come help to bear thy
master;
Thou must not stay behind.

(*To the Fool.*)

Glo. Come, come, away.

(*Exeunt Kent, Gloster, and the Fool, bearing
off the King.*)

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our
woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;
Leaving free things, and happy shews, behind:
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the king
bow;

He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles
thee,
In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe 'scape the
king!

Lurk, lurk.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—A Room in Gloster's Castle.

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL,
EDMUND, and Servants.*

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband;
shew him this letter: the army of France is landed.
—Seek out the villain Gloster.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*]

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund,
keep you our sister company; the revenges we are
bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not
fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where
you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we
are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and
intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister;—
farewell, my lord of Gloster.—

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him
hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependents,
Are gone with him towards Dover: where they
boast

To have well armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt Goneril and Edmund.*]

Corn. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor
Gloster,

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:

[*Exeunt other Servants.*]

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice; yet our power
Shall do a curtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The
traitor?

Re-enter Servants, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends,
consider:

You are my guests; do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say.

(*Servants bind him.*)

Reg. Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn. To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt
find—

(*Regan plucks his beard.*)

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee. I am your host;

With robbers' hands, my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors,
Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one opposed.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore

To Dover? Wast thou not charged at thy peril—

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glo. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He help the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou shouldst have said, *Good porter, turn the key;*
All cruels else subscribed.—But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

Corn. See it shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair:

Epon these eyes of thine, I'll set my foot.

(Gloster is held down in his chair, while Cornwall plucks out one of his eyes, and sets his foot on it.)

Glo. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help.—O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance,—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:

I have served you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

Corn. My villain!

(Draws and runs at him.)

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger.

(Draws. They fight. Cornwall is wounded.)

Reg. Give me thy sword. *(To another Servant.)*—
A peasant stand up thus!

(Snatches a sword, comes behind, and stabs him.)

Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him.—O!

(Dies.)

Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

(Tears out Gloster's other eye, and throws it on the ground.)

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!

Then Edgar was abused:—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell

His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look you?

Corn. I have received a hurt:—Follow me, lady.—

Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:

Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.

[Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.—Servants unbind Gloster, and lead him out.]

1 *Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

2 *Serv.* If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

1 *Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam

To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2 *Serv.* Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites
of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, Heaven help him!

[Exeunt severally.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Heath.

Enter EDGAR.

Edg. Yet better thus, and known to be con-
temn'd,

Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear;
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?—

Enter GLOSTER, led by an Old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your
tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore
years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—Ah, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. (Aside.) O gods! Who is't can say, *I am at the worst?*

I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. (Aside.) And worse I may be yet: The worst is not,

So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg. I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw; Which made me think a man a worm: My son Came then into my mind; and yet my mind Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard more since:

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,— They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?—

Bad is the trade must play the fool to sorrow, Ang'ring itself and others. *(Aside.)*—Bless thee, master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain, I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love; And bring some covering for this naked soul, Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he's mad.

Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure; Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best parel that I have,

Come on't what will.

[Exit.

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it farther.

(Aside.)

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. (Aside.) And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horseway and footpath. Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: Bless the good man from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness; *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the Heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched, Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still! Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man, That slaves your ordinance, that will not see Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly; So distribution should undo excess, And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep: Bring me but to the very brim of it, And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear.

With something rich about me: from that place I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm:

Poor Tom shall lead thee.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.*

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND; Steward meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband

Not met us on the way.—Now, where's your master?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man so changed:

I told him of the army that was landed; He smiled at it: I told him, you were coming; His answer was, *The worse*: of Gloster's treachery. And of the loyal service of his son, When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot; And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out:—What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him:

What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no farther.

(To Edmund.)

It is the cowish terror of his spirit, That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs, Which tie him to an answer: Our wishes on the way,

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother; Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers: I must change arms at home, and give the distaff Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf, A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech; *(Giving a favour.)*

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak, Would stretch thy spirits up into the air; Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster!

[Exit Edmund.

O, the difference of man and man! To thee A woman's services are due: my fool Usurps my bed.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.

[Exit.

Enter ALBANY

Gon. I have been worth the whistle

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust, which the rude wind, Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition; That nature, which contemns its origin, Cannot be border'd certain in itself; She, that herself will sliver and disbranch From her material sap, perforce most wither, And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:

Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?

A father, and a gracious aged man, Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick, Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you murdered.

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?

A man, a prince, by him so benefitted?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
'Twill come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st,
Fools do these villains pity, who are punish'd
Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy
drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats:
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and criest,
Alack! why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!
Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for
shame,
Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones;—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?
Mess. O my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's
dead;
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!
Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with re-
morse,
Opposed against the act, bending his sword
To his great master; who, thereat enraged,
Flew on him, and 'mongst them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shews you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mess. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. (*Aside.*) One way I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloster with her
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way
The news is not so tart.—I'll read and answer.

[*Exit.*]

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his
eyes?

Mess. Come with my lady hither.
Alb. He is not here.
Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?
Mess. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against
him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punish-
ment
Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend;
Tell me what more thou knowest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The French Camp, near Dover.*

Enter KENT and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly
gone back, know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state;
Which, since his coming forth, is thought of;
which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and
danger,

That his personal return was most required,
And necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent. The Maréchal of France, Monsieur le
Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen to any
demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my
presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it moved her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow
strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have
seen
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and
tears

Were like a better day: Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted
thence,

As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sor-
row

Would be a rarity most beloved, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. Faith, once or twice she heaved the name
of father

Pantingly forth, as if it pressed her heart;
Cried, Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters!

Kent! father! sisters! What? 't' the storm? 't' the
night?

Let pity not be believed!—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd; then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her
since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir; the poor distressed Lear is i' the
town:

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own
unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd
her

To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters;—these things
sting

His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia.

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,

And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile:
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Tent.*

Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he; why, he was met even
now

As mad as the vex'd sea: singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an officer.*] What
can man's wisdom do,

In the restoring his bereaved sense?

He, that help him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam:

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant, and reme-
diate.

In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for him;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Madam, news;

The British powers are marching hitherward,

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about,
Therefore great France

My mourning, and important tears, hath pittied.

No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right:
Soon may I hear, and see him!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*A Room in Gloster's Castle.*

Enter REGAN and Steward.

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself

In person there?

Stew. Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at
home?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to
him?

Stew. I know not, lady.

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund I think is gone
In pity of his misery, to despatch
His nighted life; moreover to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my
letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with
us;

The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam;

My lady charged my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might
not you

Transport her purposes by word? Belike,
Something—I know not what.—I love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather—

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her hus-
band:

I am sure of that: and at her late being here,
She gave strange o'liads, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund: I know, you are o' her bosom.

Stew. I, madam?

Reg. I speak in understanding; you are, I know
it:

Therefore, I do advise you, take this note:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's:—You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from
you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.

So, fare you well,

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I
would shew

What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The Country near Dover.*

*Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR dressed like a
peasant.*

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same
hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now; look, how we
labour.

Glo. Methinks the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep!

Hark, do you hear the sea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imper-
fect

By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:

Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase and manner than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceived; in nothing am I
changed,

But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand
still.—How fearful

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one eyes so low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway
air,

Shew scarce so gross as beetles: half way down,

Hangs one that gathers samphire, — dreadful trade!

Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy,
Almost too small for sight: The murmuring
surge,

That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within a foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies and
gods,

Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now, fare you well, good sir.

(Seems to go.)

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off;

If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

(He leaps and falls along.)

Edg. Gone, sir; farewell.—

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life; when life itself
Yields to the theft, had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!
Thus might he pass indeed:—Yet he revives:
What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer
feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou hadst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost
breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art
sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky
bourn
Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some com-
fort,

When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm:

Up:—So;—How is't? Feel you your legs? You
stand.

Glo. Too well, too well

Edg. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his
eyes

Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd and waved like the enridged
sea;

It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think, that the clearest gods, who make them
honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself,

Enough, enough, and die. That thing you speak of
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,

The fiend, the fiend: he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who
comes here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed up with flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining;
I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's
your press-money. That fellow handles his bow
like a crow-keeper; draw me a clothier's yard.—
Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece
of toasted cheese will do't.—There is my gauntlet;
I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.
—O, well flown, bird! i' the clout, i' the clout;
hewh!—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril—with a white beard!—They
flatter'd me like a dog: and told me I had white
hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there.
To say, ay, and no, to every thing I said!—Ay and
no, too, was no good divinity. When the rain came
to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter;
when the thunder would not peace at my bidding;
there I found them, there I smelt them out.
Go to, they are not men o' their words; they told
me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-
proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:

When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life: What was thy cause?—
Adultery.—

Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To't, luxury, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers.—
Behold yon' simpering dame.

Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and doth shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;

The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above:

But to the girdle do the gods inherit,

Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's dark-

ness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption;—Fy, fy, fy! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

Glo. O let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid! I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report;—it is, And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears; see how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: Change places; and handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.—

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:

Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind, For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear; Robes, and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks: Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it. None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em: Take that of me, my friend, who have the power To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes; And, like a scurvy politician, seem To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now;

Pull off my boots,—harder, harder; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd!

Reason in madness!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:

Thou must be patient; we came crying hither.

Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air, We wawl, and cry:—I will preach to thee; mark me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day!

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come

To this great stage of fools;—This is a good block? It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe

A troop of horse with felt: I'll put it in proof;

And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law, Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is; lay hand upon him.—Sir, Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even

The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;

You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon, I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? all myself?

Why, this would make a man a man of salt,

To use his eyes for garden water-pots,

Ay, and for laying autumn's dust.

Gent. Good sir,—

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom What?

I will be jovial; come, come; I am a king,

My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[Exit, running; Attendants follow.]

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch; Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,

Who redeems nature from the general curse

Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,

Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,

How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,

Her army is moved on.

Edg. I thank you, sir.

[Exit Gent.]

Glo. You ever gentle gods, take my breath from me;

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again

To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame by fortune's blows:

Who by the art of known and feeling sorrows.

Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,

I'll lead you to some bidding.

Glo. Hearty thanks:

The bounty and the benison of heaven

To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!

That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh

To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor,

Briefly thyself remember:—The sword is out

That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand

Put strength enough to it.

(Edgar opposes.)

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,

Darest thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;

Lest that the infection of his fortune take

Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch'ill not let go zir, without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of

my life, 'twould not ha' been so long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, che vor'ye, or ise try whether your costard or my bat he the harder: Ch'll be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'll pick your teeth, zir: Come; no matter vor your foins.

(They fight; and Edgar knocks him down.)

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me:—Villain, take my purse;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out
Upon the British party:—O untimely death!

(Dies.)

Edg. I know thee well: A serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead?

Edg. Sit you down, father; rest you.—

Let's see his pockets: these letters, that he speaks
May be my friends. He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see:—
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame me not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful.

(Reads.) Let our reciprocal vows be remembered.
You have many opportunities to cut him off; if your
will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered.
There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror:
Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from
the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the
place for your labour.

Your wife, (so I would say,) and your affectionate
servant,

GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will!
A plot upon a virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother!—Here, in the
sands,

Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practised duke: For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

[Exit Edgar, dragging out the body.]

Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile
sense,

That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—A Tent in the French Camp. LEAR
on a bed, asleep; Physician, Gentlemen, and others
attending.

Enter CORDELIA, and KENT.

Cor. O thou, good Kent, how shall I live, and
work,
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid.

All my reports go with the modest truth:
No more, nor clipp'd, but so.

Cor. Be better suited:

These weeds are memories of those worser hours,
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam;

Yet to be known, shortens my made intent;
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—How does the
king?

(To the Physician.)

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,

Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Phys. So please your majesty,

That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake
him;

I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you draw near.—Louder the music
there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white
flakes

Had challenged pity of them. Was this a face
To be exposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross-lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that
night

Against my fire: And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your
majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the
grave:—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: When did
you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair
day-light?—

I am mightily abused.—I should even die with
pity,

To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assured
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—

No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Me'hinks, I should know you, and know this
man;

Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is: and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh
at me;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray,
weep not;

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.

I know, you do not love me; for your sisters

Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:

You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam: the great
rage,

You see, is cured in him: and yet it is danger

To make him even o'er the time he has lost.

Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,

Till farther settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:

Pray now, forget and forgive: I am old and
foolish.

[*Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Physician, and
Attendants.*]

Gent. Holds it true, sir.

That the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said,

The bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar,

His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent

In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.

'Tis time to look about, the powers o' the
kingdom

Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be a bloody.

Fare you well, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought,

Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Camp of the British Forces, near
Dover.*

*Enter with drum and colours EDMUND, REGAN,
Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose
hold;

Or, whether since he is advised by aught

To change the course: He's full of alteration,

And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.

(*To an Officer, who goes out.*)

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,

You know the goodness I intend upon you:

Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,

Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's
way

To the forefended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have ever been
conjunct

And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her: Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not:

She, and the duke her husband,—

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me.

(*Aside.*)

Alb. Our very loving sister well be-met.—

Sir, this I hear,—The king is come to his daughter,

With others, whom the rigour of our state

Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest,

I never yet was valiant: for this business,

It toucheth us as France invades our land,

Not holds the king: with others, whom, I fear,

Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason'd?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy:

For these domestic and particular broils

Are not to question here.

Alb. Let us then determine

With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us?

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. O ho, I know the riddle. (*Aside.*)—I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR, disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so
poor,

Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt Edmund, Regan, Goneril, Officers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter,

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound

For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,

I can produce a champion, that will prove

What is avouched there: If you miscarry,

Your business of the world hath so an end,

And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,

And I'll appear again.

[*Exit.*]

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy
paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers,

Here is the guess of their true strength and forces

By diligent discovery; but your haste

Is now urged on you.

Alb. We will greet the time.

[*Exit.*]

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love;

Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive: To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia,—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Field between the two Camps.*

Alarums within. Enter, with drum and colours, Lear, Cordelia, and their Forces; and exeunt.

Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive.
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir!

[*Exit Edgar.*

Alarums; afterwards a Retreat. Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand,
away;

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter
ta'en:

Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No farther, sir; a man may rot even
here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must
endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all: Come on.

Glo. And that's true too,

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The British Camp near Dover.*

Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, EDMUND; LEAR and CORDELIA, as prisoners: Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers, take them away: good
guard;

Until their greater pleasures first be known,
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the
worst.

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters, and these
sisters?

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to
prison:

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues

Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them
too,—

Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught
thee?

He that parts us, shall bring a brand from Heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The gouteers shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve
first.

Come.

[*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note; (*giving a paper.*) go, follow
them to prison;

One step I have advanced thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes. Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword.—Thy great employ-
ment

Will not bear question; either say, thou'lt do 't,
Or thrive by other means.

Off. I'll do 't, my lord.

Edm. About it, and write happy, when thou hast
done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Off. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it.

[*Exit Officer.*

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, Officers, and Attendants

Alb. Sir, you have shewn to-day your valiant
strain,

And fortune led you well. You have the captives,
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit

To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the
queen:

My reason all the same: and they are ready
To-morrow, or at a farther space, to appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time,
We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his
friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness.—
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded
Ere you had spoken so far. He led our powers;
Bore the commission of my place and person

The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:

In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Gon. That were the most, if he should husband
you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!

That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should
answer

From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title
thine.

(To Edmund.)

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason:—Edmund, I arrest
thee,

On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent: (*pointing to Gon.*)—for your
claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife:

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,

And I, her husband, contradict your bans,

If you will marry, make your love to me,

My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—Let the trumpet
sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy person,
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge. (*Throwing down a glove.*) I'll
prove it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O sick!

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison.

(Aside.)

Edm. There's my exchange. (*Throwing down a
glove.*) What in the world he is,

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.

Call by thy trumpet: he, that dares approach,

On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain

My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue: for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, have in my name

Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Enter a Herald.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[Exit Regan, led.]

Come hither, herald,—Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.

Off. Sound, trumpet.

(A trumpet sounds.)

Herald reads.

If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of
the army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl

of Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear
at the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his
defence.

Edm. Sound.

(1 Trumpet.)

Her. Again.

(2 Trumpet.)

Her. Again.

(3 Trumpet.)

(Trumpet answers within.)

Enter EDGAR, armed, preceded by a trumpet.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker bit:
Yet I am noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he that speaks for Edmund, earl of
Gloster?

Edm. Himself:—what say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of my honours,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,—
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor:
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, No,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some 'say of breeding breathes
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which, (for they yet glance by, and scarcely
bruise,)

This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.

(Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.)

Alb. O save him, save him!

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster:

By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to an-
swer

An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguiled.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it.—Hold, sir:—
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.

(Gives the letter to Edmund.)

Gon. Say, if I do: the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for't?

Alb. Most monstrous!

Knowest thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know.

[Exit.]

Alb. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her.
(To an Officer, who goes out.)

Edm. What you have charged me with, that have
I done;

And more, much more; the time will bring it out

'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou,
That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,
I do forgive thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

Alb. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee;
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince,
I know it well.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief
tale;

And, when 'tis told, O that my heart would
burst!—

The bloody proclamation to escape,
That follow'd me so near, (O our lives' sweetness!
That with the pain of death we'd hourly die,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, saved him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath moved me,
And shall, perchance, do good; but speak you on:
You look as you had something more to say.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
While I was big in clamour, came there a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst Heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack. Twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranced.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who, in dis-
guise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes:

It came even from the heart of—

Alb. Who, man? speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!
This judgment of the Heavens, that makes us
tremble,
Touches us not with pity.

[Exit Gentleman.]

Enter KENT.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O! it is he.

The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's
Cordelia?—

See'st thou this object, Kent?

(The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.)

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was beloved:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send—
Be brief in it—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia:—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run!

Edg. To who, my lord?—Who has the office?
send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Haste thee, for thy life.

[Exit Edgar.]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and
me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she foredid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence
awhile.

(Edmund is borne off.)

*Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms;
EDGAR, Officer, and others.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men
of stone;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack:—O, she is gone
for ever!

I know, when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promised end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master!

(Kneeling.)

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all! I might have saved her; now she's gone for ever! Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft, Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman: I kill'd the slave, that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion I would have made them skip: I am old now, And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you? Mine eyes are none o' the best:—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she loved and hated, One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same;

Your servant Kent: Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that; He'll strike, and quickly too:—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,

Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly.

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves,

And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain it is That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here,—

You lords, and noble friends, know our intent. What comfort to this great decay may come, Shall be applied: For us, we will resign, During the life of this old majesty, To him our absolute power:—You to your rights;

(To Edgar and Kent.)

With boot, and such addition as your honours Have more than merited. All friends shall taste The wages of their virtue, and all foes The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no, life:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no more,

Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray you, undo this button: Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,— Look there, look there!—

(He dies.)

Edg. He faints!—my lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O let him pass! he hates him much

That would upon the rack of this tough world Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endured so long: He but usurp'd his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business

Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain

(To Kent and Edgar.)

Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;

My master calls, and I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey; Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.

The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young, Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[Exeunt with a dead march]

ROMEO AND JULIET.



Jul.—"WILT THOU BE GONE? IT IS NOT YET NEAR DAY."—Act iii, scene 5.

Persons Represented.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona*
 PARIS, *a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.*
 MONTAGUE, } *Heads of two Houses, at variance with*
 CAPULET, } *each other.*
 An Old Man, *Uncle to Capulet.*
 ROMEO, *Son to Montague.*
 MERCUTIO, *Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to*
 Romeo.
 BENVOLIO, *Nephew to Montague, and Friend to*
 Romeo.
 TYBALT, *Nephew to Lady Capulet.*
 FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Franciscan.*
 FRIAR JOHN, *of the same Order.*
 BALTHAZAR, *Servant to Romeo.*
 SAMPSON, } *Servants to Capulet.*
 GREGORY, }

ABRAM, *Servant to Montague.*
 An Apothecary.
 Three Musicians.
 Chorus.
 Boy.
 Page to Paris.
 PETER.
 An Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, *Wife to Montague.*
 LADY CAPULET, *Wife to Capulet.*
 JULIET, *Daughter to Capulet.*
 Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; several Men and Women, relations to both Houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE,—During the greater part of the Play, in Verona; once, in the Fifth Act, at Mantua.

PROLOGUE.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood make civil hands unclean,
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Do with their death, bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
To which, if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

ACT I

SCENE I.—A Public Place.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.
Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.
Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.
Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar.
Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.
Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.
Sam. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.
Gre. To move, is—to stir; and to be valiant, is—to stand to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'st away.
Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.
Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.
Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.
Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.
Sam. 'Tis all one, I will shew myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.
Gre. The heads of the maids?
Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids: or their maiden-heads; take it in what sense thou wilt.
Gre. They must take it in sense that feel it.
Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.
Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been Poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM and BALTHAZAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.
Gre. How? turn thy back, and run?
Sam. Fear me not.
Gre. No, marry; I fear thee!
Sam. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.
Gre. I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law on our side, if I say—ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir, but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you; I serve as good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.

Gre. Say—better, here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow.

(They fight.)

Ben. Part fools: put up your swords; you know not what you do.

(Beats down their swords.)

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy sword, Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What, drawn and talk of peace? I hate the word.

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee: Have at thee, coward.

(They fight.)

Enter several Partizans of both Houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs.

1 Cit. Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! Down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, in his gown; and LADY CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come, And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and LADY MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain, Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter Prince, with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—What, ho! you men, you beasts,—

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once, more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince, and Attendants: Capulet,
Lady Capulet, Tybalt, Citizens, and
Servants.*]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new
abroach?—

Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary,
And yours, close fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared:
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn:
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Men. O, where is Romeo?—saw you him to-
day?

Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drove me to walk abroad:
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side,—
So early walking did I see your son:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections by my own,—
That most are busied when they are left alone,—
Pursued my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been seen,
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs:
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night:
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

Ben. Have you importuned him by any means?

Mon. Both by myself, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See where he comes: So please you step
aside;

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay,
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.

[*Exeunt Montague and Lady.*]

B n. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was:—What sadness lengthens Romeo's
hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes
them short.

Ben. In love.

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will!

Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray was
here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O any thing, of nothing first create!

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming forms!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick
health!

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!—

This love feel I, that feel no love in this.

Dost thou not laugh?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression,—

Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast;

Which thou wilt propagate, to have it prest

With more of thine: this love, that thou hast
shewn,

Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Love is a smoke, raised with the fume of sighs;

Being purged, a fire, sparkling in lovers' eyes;

Being vex'd, a sea, nourish'd with lovers' tears:

What is it else? a madness most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz.

(*Going.*)

Ben. Soft, I will go along;

And if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut, I have lost myself: I am not here;

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who she is you love.

Rom. What, shall I groan, and tell thee?

Ben. Groan? why, no;

But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will:—

Ah, word ill urged to one that is so ill!—

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I supposed you loved.

Rom. A right good marksman!—And she's fair I
love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be
hit

With Cupid's arrow, she hath Dian's wit;

And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste;

For beauty, starved with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise; wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquisite, in question more:
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair:
He, that is stricken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Shew me a mistress, that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note,
Where I may read, who pass'd that passing fair?
Farewell; thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early made.

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but she,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her consent is but a part;
An she agree, within her scope of choice,
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.

At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light.
Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be:

Such, amongst view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me;—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, (*gives a paper,*) and
to them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt Capulet and Paris*]

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here? It is written—that the shoemaker shall meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish:
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd and tormented, and—Good e'en, good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good e'en.—I pray, sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book:
But, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Serv. Ye say honestly: Rest you merry!

Rom. Stay, fellow: I can read.

(*Reads.*)

Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters;
County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters;
The lady widow of Vitruvio;
Signor Placentio, and his lovely nieces;
Mercutio, and his brother Valentine;
Mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters;
My fair niece Rosaline;
Livia;
Signior Valent, and his cousin Tybalt;
Lucio, and the lively Helena.

A fair assembly; (*gives back the note.*) Whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither?

Serv. To supper; to our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

Serv. Now, I'll tell you without asking: My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray, come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry. [*Exit.*]

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go hither, and with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall shew,
And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye

Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires!

And these,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—

Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye:
But in those crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will shew you, shining at this feast,
And she shall scant shew well, that now shews best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead,—at twelve year old,—

I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—

God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter:—Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret. Nurse, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel,

Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have but four,—

She is not fourteen; how long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen:
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I
trow,

To bid me trudge,
And since that time it is eleven years:
For then she could stand alone; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about.

For even the day before, she broke her brow:
And then my husband—God be with his soul!

A was a merry man;—took up the child:
Yea, quoth he, dost thou fail upon thy face?

Thou wilt fall backwards, when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule? and, by my holy-dam,

The pretty wretch left crying, and said—*Ay*:
To see now, how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: Wilt thou not, Jule? quoth
he:

And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—*Ay*.

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam; yet I cannot choose but laugh,

To think it should leave crying, and say—*Ay*:

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;

A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly.

Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face?

Thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age;

Wilt thou not, Jule? it stinted, and said—*Ay*.

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:

An I might live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very theme

I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,

How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were I not thine only nurse,
I'd say, thou hast suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,

Are made already mothers: by my count,

I was your mother much upon these years,

That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?

This night you shall behold him at our feast;

Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,

And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;

Examine every married lineament,

And see how one another lends content;

And what obscured in this fair volume lies,

Find written in the margin of his eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound lover,

To beautify him, only lacks a cover:

The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride,

For fair without the fair within to hide:

That book in many's eyes doth share the glory,

That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;

So shall you share all that he doth possess,

By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye,

Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?

Or shall we on without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:

We'll have no cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,

Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper;

Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke

After the prompter, for our entrance:

But let them measure us by what they will,

We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch,—I am not for this amb-ling;

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing shoes,

With nimble soles: I have a soul of lead,

So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,

And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore empierced with his shaft,

To soar with his light feathers; and so bound,

I cannot bound a pitch above dull wo:

Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden love;

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,

Too rude, too boist'rous; and it pricks like thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love;

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down,—

Give me a case to put my visage in.

(*Putting on a mask.*)

A visor for a visor!—what care I,

What curious eye doth quote deformities?

Here are the beetle-brows, shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter; and no sooner in, But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart,

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire

Of this (save reverence) love, wherein thou stick'st

Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

Take our good meaning; for our judgment sits

Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask; But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed, asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O, then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the fore-finger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:

Her waggon-spokes made of long-spinners' legs;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;

The traces, of the smallest spider's web;

The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:

Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:

Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,

Not half so big as a round little worm

Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,

Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.

And in this state she gallops night by night

Through lover's brains, and then they dream o' love!

O'er courtier's knees, that dream on courtesies straight;

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:

O'er ladies lips, who straight on kisses dream;

Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,

Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.

Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,

And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:

And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,

Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,

Then dreams he of another benefice:

Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,

And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,

Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,

Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon

Drums in his ear; at which he starts, and wakes;

And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,

And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,

That plats the manes of horses in the night;

And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,

Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,

That presses them, and learns them first to bear,

Making them women of good carriage.

This, this is she—

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;

Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;

Which are the children of an idle brain,

Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;

Which is as thin of substance as the air;

And more inconstant than the wind, who woos

Even now the frozen bosom of the north,

And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,

Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a despised life, closed in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail!—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A Hall in Capulet's House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate:—good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1 *Serv.* You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there, too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*]

Enter CAPULET, &c. with the Guests, and the Maskers.

Cap. Gentlemen, welcome! ladies, that have their toes

Unplagued with corns, will have a bout with you.—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all Will now deny to dance? she, that makes dainty, she,

I'll swear hath corns: Am I come near you now?

You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,

That I have worn a visor; and could tell

A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis

gone:

You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Music plays, and they dance.*]

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;

For you and I are past our dancing days:

How long is't now, since last yourself and I

Were in a mask!

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so

much:

'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,

Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,

Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder,

sir;

His son is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the

hand

Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night

Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!

So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,

As yonder lady o'er her fellows shews.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague—

Fetch me my rapier, boy.—What! dares the

slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,

To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?

Now by the stock and honour of my kin,

To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 *Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore

storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is Montague, our foe;

A villain, that is hither come in spite,

To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 *Cap.* Young Romeo is't?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,

He bears him like a portly gentleman;

And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,

To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth;

I would not, for the wealth of all this town,

Here in my house, do him disparagement:

Therefore be patient, take no note of him,

It is my will; the which if you respect,

Shew a fair presence, and put off these frowns,

An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest;

I'll not endure him.

1 *Cap.* He shall be endured:

What, Goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—Go to;—

Am I the master here, or you? go to.

You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul!—

You'll make a mutiny among my guests!

You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.

1 *Cap.* Go to, go to,

You are a saucy boy:—Is't so indeed?—

This trick may chance to scathe you;—I know

what.

You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time—

Well said, my hearts:—You are a prince; go:—

Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!—

I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly my hearts.

[*Tyb.* Patience perforce with wilful choler meet-

ing

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall,

Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

[*Exit.*]

Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand

[*To Juliet.*]

This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this,—

My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too

much;

Which mannerly devotion shews in this;

For saints have hands, that pilgrims' hands do

touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers

too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purged.

(*Kissing her.*)

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

Rom. What is her mother.

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,

Her mother is the lady of the house,

And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:

I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;

I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,

Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

1 Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone: We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—

More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, (*To 2 Cap.*) by my fay, it waxes late:

I'll to my rest.

[*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse: what is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;

The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!

Too early seen unknown, and known too late,

Prodigious birth of love it is to me,

That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now

Of one I danced withal.

(*One calls within, Juliet.*)

Nurse. Anon, anon:—

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Chorus.

Now old desire doth on his death-bed lie,

And young affection gapes to be his heir;

That fair, for which love groan'd sore, and would die,

With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.

Now Romeo is beloved, and loves again,

Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;

But to his foe supposed he must complain,

And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:

Being held a foe, he may not have access

To breathe such vows as lovers used to swear;

And she as much in love, her means much less

To meet her new-beloved any where:

But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet.

[*Exit*]

AOT II.

SCENE I.—*An open Place, adjoining Capulet's Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is here?

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.

(*He climbs the wall, and leaps down within it.*)

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stolen him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall:

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—

Romeo! humours! madman! passion! lover!

Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh,

Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;

Cry but—Ah me! couple but—love and dove;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,

One nickname for her purblind son and heir,

Young Adam Cupid, he that shet so trim,

When king Cophetua loved the beggar-maid.—

He heareth not, stirreth not, he moveth not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—

I conjure thee by Rosalie's bright eyes,

By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,

By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,

That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle

Of some strange nature, letting it there stand,

Till she had laid it, and conjured it down;

That were some spite: my invocation

Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,

I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among those

trees,

To be consorted with the humorous night:

Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.

Now will he sit under a medlar tree,

And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,

As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—

Romeo, good night:—I'll to my truckle-bed,

This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:

Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain

To seek him here, that means not to be found.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*Capulet's Garden.*

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

(*Juliet appears above, at a window.*)

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
 Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
 Who is already sick and pale with grief,
 That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
 Be not her maid, since she is envious;
 Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
 And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
 It is my lady; O, it is my love.
 O, that she knew she were!—
 She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?
 Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
 I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:
 Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
 Having some business, do entreat her eyes
 To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
 What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
 The brightness of her cheek would shame those
 stars,
 As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright,
 That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
 See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
 Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
 Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

(*Aside.*)

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—
 Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
 What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
 Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
 What's in a name? that, which we call a rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet;
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
 Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
 And for that name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
 Call me but love, and I'll be new baptised;
 Heneeforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in
 night,
 So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
 I know not how to tell thee who I am:
 My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
 Because it is an enemy to thee;
 Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred
 words
 Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound:
 Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How camest thou hither, tell me? and where-
 fore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;

And the place death, considering who thou art,
 If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch
 these walls:

For stony limits cannot hold love out:
 And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
 Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
 Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
 And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee
 here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
 sight;

And, but thou love me, let them find me here:

My life was better ended by their hate,
 Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this
 place?

Rom. By love, who first did prompt me to in-
 quire;

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
 I would adventure for such merchandize.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my
 face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
 For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
 'Tain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
 What I have spoke; but farewell compliment!

Dost love me? I know, thou wilt say—Ay;

And I will take thy word: yet, if thou swear'st.

Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,

They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:

Or if you think'st I am too quickly won,

I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,

So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;

And therefore thou mayst think my haviour light:

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

Than those that have more cunning to be strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,

My true love's passion: therefore pardon me;

And not impute this yielding to light love,

Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the inconstant

moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,

Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt swear by thy gracious self,

Which is the god of my idolatry,

And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee

I have no joy of this contract to-night:

It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;

Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,

Ere one can say—It lightens. Sweet, good night!

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,

May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.

Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest

Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction shalt thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it: And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again. And yet I wish but for the thing I have.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.—

(*Nurse calls within.*)

I hear some noise within: Dear love, adieu!—
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay, but a little, I will come again.

[*Exit.*]

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night,
indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world.

Nurse. (Within.) Madam!

Jul. I come, anon:—But if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee,—

Nurse. (Within.) Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come:—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night!

[*Exit.*]

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy
light,—
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their
books;
But love from love, toward school with heavy
looks.

(*Retiring slowly.*)

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist, Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My sweet!

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget to have thee still stand
there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still for-
get,

Forgetting any other house but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning, I would have thee
gone:

Q

And yet no farther than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again.
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:

Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet
sorrow,
That I shall say—good night, till it be morrow.

[*Exit.*]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast!—

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning
night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of
light;

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path-way, made by Titan's
wheels:

Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours,

With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers,
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:

And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find;

Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.

O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:

For nought so vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give;

Nor aught so good, but strain'd from that fair
use,

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;

And vice sometime's by action dignified.

Within the infant rind of this small flower

Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:

For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each
part;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.

Two such opposed foes encamp them still

In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;

And, where the worser is predominant,

Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father!

Fri. Benedicite!

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?—

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,

So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,

And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;

But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd brain

Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
reign:

Therefore thy earliness doth me assure,

Thou art up-roused by some distemp'ature;

Or if not so, then here I hit it right—

Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true, the sweeter rest was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son: But where hast thou been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy;

Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,

That's by me wounded; both our remedies

Within thy help and holy physic lies:

I bear no hatred, blessed man; for lo,

My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;

And all combined, save what thou must combine

By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,

We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,

I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray.

That thou consent to marry us this day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!

In Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,

So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria! What a deal of brine

Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!

How much salt water thrown away in waste,

To season love, that of it doth not taste!

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;

Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit

Of an old tear, that is not wash'd off yet:

If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,

Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline;

And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then—

Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. For doating, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow,
The other did not so.

Fri. O, she knew well,

Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come go with me,

In one respect I'll thy assistant be;

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. Wisely and slow; They stumble that run fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.

Mer. Ah, that same pale hard-hearted wench,
that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-bey's but-shaft: And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O, he is the most courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house,—of the first and second cause: Ah, the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pex of such antic, lispings, affecting fantasticos; these new tuners of accents! *By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!*—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez moy's*, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip: Can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower.

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Well said: Follow me this jest now, till thou hast worn out thy pump; that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest, solely singular for the singleness!

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done; for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is this not better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived, I would have made it short: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here's goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Prythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you: what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—For himself to mar, quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worse well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So, ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenter pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar,

And an old hare hoar,

Is very good meat in lent:

But a hare that is hoar,

Is too much for a score,

When it hoars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady: farewell, lady, lady, lady.

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.]

Nurse. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk: and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down an 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and, if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates:—And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you: I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what she bade me say, I will keep to myself: but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her into a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress.

I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift

This afternoon;

And there she shall, at friar Laurence' cell,

Be shrived, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall,

Within this hour my man shall be with thee;

And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair:

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy

Must be my convoy in the secret night.

Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say—

Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee: my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing,—O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lieve see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the varsal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse: What of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R, is for the dog. No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

[*Exit.*]

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Capulet's Garden.*

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promised to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—

O, she is lame! love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams,

Driving back shadows over lowering hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,

And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve

Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,

She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,

And his to me:

But old folks, many feign as they were dead;

Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter Nurse and PETER.

O God, she comes!—O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate.

[*Exit Peter.*]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse.—O lord! why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;

If, good, thou shamest the music of sweet news

By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile;—

Fy, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me—that thou art out of breath?

The excuse, that thou dost make in this delay,

Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.

Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;

Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:

Let me be satisfied, Is 't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare: He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; serve God:—What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: But all this did I know before:

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!

It beats as if it would fall in twenty pieces.

My back o' t' other side,—O, my back, my back!—

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,

To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I faith, I am sorry that thou art not well:

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman, And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within; Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest?

Your love says like an honest gentleman,—

Where is your mother?

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;

Is this the poultrice for my aching bones?

Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil;—Come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to friar Laurence's cell,

There stays a husband to make you a wife:

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They'll be at scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church; I must another way,

To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark:

I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;

But you should bear the burden soon at night.

Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—honest nurse, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act, That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy,

That one short minute gives me in her sight:

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then love-devouring death do what he dare,

It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: The sweetest
honey

Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady; O, so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamers,
That idle in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall: so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us
both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too
much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness, that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in
words,

Braggs of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make
short work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I.—A public Place.

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and
Servants.*

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stir-
ring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows, that,
when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me
his sword upon the table, and says, *God send me no
need of thee!* and, by the operation of the second
cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is
no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy
mood as any in Italy: and as soon moved to be
moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should
have none shortly, for one would kill the other.
Thou! why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that
hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than
thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for
cracking nuts, having no other reason but because
thou hast hazel eyes: What eye, but such an eye,
would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as
full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and
yet thy head has been beaten as addle as an egg,

for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a
man for coughing in the street, because he hath
wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the
sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for
wearing his new doublet before Easter? with
another, for tying his new shoes with old riband?
and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

Ben. An I were apt to quarrel as thou art, any
man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an
hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple! O simple!

Enter TYBALT, and others.

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to
them.—

Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple
it with something; make it a word and a
blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if
you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion without
giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,—

Mer. Consort! what, dost thou make us
minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to
hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick;
here's that shall make you dance. Zounds, con-
sort!

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of
men:

Either withdraw into some private place,
And reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them
gaze,

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, L

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir! here comes
my man.

Mer. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your
livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him —
man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love
thee

Doth much accuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting:—Villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest I never injured thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata carries it away.—

(*Draws.*)

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your
nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and as
you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the
eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher

by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you.

(Drawing.)

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado.

(They fight.)

Rom. Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for shame,
Forbear this outrage;—*Tybalt*—*Mercutio*—

The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona streets:—hold, *Tybalt*;—good *Mercutio*.

[*Exeunt Tybalt and his Partisans.*]

Mer. I am hurt;—

A plague o' both your houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis
enough.—

Where is my page?—Go, villain, fetch a surgeon.

[*Exit Page.*]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide
as a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask
for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave
man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world:—
A plague o' both your houses!—'Zounds, a dog, a
rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a
braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book
of arithmetic!—Why, the devil came you between
us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worm's meat of me;
I have it, and soundly too.—Your houses!

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With *Tybalt's* slander, *Tybalt*, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio's* dead;
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth
depend:
This but begins the wo, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and *Mercutio* slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!—
Now, *Tybalt*, take the villain back again,
That late thou gavest me; for *Mercutio's* soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him
here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

(They fight: *Tybalt* falls.)

Ben. *Romeo*, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and *Tybalt* slain:—

Stand not amazed:—the prince will doom thee
death,

If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit Romeo.*]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 *Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd *Mercutio*?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.

1 *Cit.* Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended; MONTAGUE, CAPULET,
their Wives, and others.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young *Romeo*,
That slew thy kinsman, brave *Mercutio*.

La. Cap. *Tybalt*, my cousin;—O my brother's
child!

Unhappy sight! ah me, the blood is spilt
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

Ben. *Tybalt*, here slain, whom *Romeo's* hand did
slay;

Romeo that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure:—All this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
bow'd,—

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of *Tybalt*, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold *Mercutio's* breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to *Tybalt*, whose dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, swifter than his
tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious thrust from *Tybalt* hit the life
Of stout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled:
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout *Tybalt* slain;
And, as he fell, did *Romeo* turn and fly;
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague,
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* must not live.

Prin. *Romeo* slew him, he slew *Mercutio*;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

Mon. Not *Romeo*, prince; he was *Mercutio's*
friend;
His fault concludes but, what the law should end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an interest in your hates' proceeding,
My blood, for your rude brawls, doth lie a bleed-
ing;

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out abuses,
Therefore use none; let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That run-away's eyes may wink; and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties, or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown
bold,
Think true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night!—Come, Romeo!—come, thou day in
night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd
night,
Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him, and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my
nurse.

Enter Nurse, with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue that
speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there?
the cords,
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.

(*Throws them down.*)

Jul. Ah me! what news? why dost thou wring
thy hands?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's
dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's killed, he's dead!

Jul. Oan heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo, Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me
thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.

Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.
If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not, no:
Brief sounds determine of my weal, or wo.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine
eyes,

God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I swoonded at the sight.

Jul. O break my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at
once!

To prison, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt, the best friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughter'd; and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-loved cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom!
For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;
Romeo that kill'd him, he is banished.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's
blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! volkish-ravens lamb!
Despised substance of divinest shew!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint, an honourable villain!—
O nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjured,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where's my man; give me some *aqua vitae*:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me
old.

Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that killed
your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy
name,

When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled it?
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my hus-
band:

All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banished;
That—*banished*, that one word—*banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was wo enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if sour wo delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have moved?
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished,—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead:—*Romeo is banished*,—
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that wo sound.—

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine
shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.

Take up those cords:—Poor ropes, you are be-
guiled,

Both you and I; for Romeo is exiled:

He made you for a highway to my bed:

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding
bed;

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

Nurse. Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.

Jul. O find him! give this ring to my true
knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Friar Laurence's Cell.*

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful
man;

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's
doom?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company:

Bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's
doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—
death:

For exile hath more terror in his look

Much more than death: do not say—banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banished:

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence-banished is banish'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then banishment
Is death mis-term'd: calling death—banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is
here,

Where Juliet lives: and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,

Live here in heaven, and may look on her,

But Romeo may not.—More validity,

More honourable state, more courtship lives

In carrion flies, than Romeo: they may seize

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,

And steal immortal blessing from her lips;

Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,

Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;

But Romeo may not; he is banished.

Flies may do this, when I from this must fly:

They are free men, but I am banished.

And sayst thou yet, that exile is not death?

Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground

knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,

But—banished—to kill me; banished?

O friar, the damned use that word in hell;

Howlings attend it: How hast thou the heart,

Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,

A sin-absolver, and a friend profess'd,

To mangle me with that word—banishment?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a
word.

Rom. O thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,

To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet banished?—hang up philosophy!

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,

Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom;

It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see, that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have
no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost
not feel:

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,

An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,

Doting like me, and like me banished,

Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tea

thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Fri. Arise; one knocks: good Romeo, hide thy-
self.

(*Knocking within.*)

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick

groans,

Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

(*Knocking.*)

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—

Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—stand up;

(*Knocking.*)

Run to my study:—By and by:—God's will!

What wilfulness is this?—I come, I come.

(*Knocking.*)

Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurse. (*Within.*) Let me come in, and you shall know my errand;

I come from lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurse

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar, Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O, he is even in my mistress' case, Just in her case!

Fri. O woful sympathy! Piteous predicament!

Nurse. Even so lies she, Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering—Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man: For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand; Why should you fall into so deep an O?

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the end of all.

Rom. Speakest thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer, Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy With blood removed but little from her own? Where is she? and how doth she? and what says My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up, And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries, And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name, Shot from the deadly level of a gun, Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand Murder'd her kinsman.—O tell me, friar, tell me, In what vile part of this anatomy Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack The hateful mansion.

(*Drawing his sword.*)

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand: Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art; Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote The unreasonable fury of a beast: Unseemly woman, in a seeming man! Or ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both! Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order, I thought thy disposition better temper'd. Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself? And slay thy lady too that lives in thee, By doing damned hate upon thyself? Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet

In thee at once: which thou at once wouldst lose. Fy, fy! thou shamest thy shape, thy love, thy wit; Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all, And usest none in that true use indeed Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit. Thy noble shape is but a form of wax, Digressing from the valour of a man; Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury, Killing that love, which thou hast vow'd to cherish;

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love, Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both, Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flask,

Is set on fire by thine own ignorance, And thou dismember'd with thine own defence. What, rouse thee, man! thy Juliet is alive, For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead; There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee, But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too: The law that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend, And turns it to exile; there art thou happy: A pack of blessings light upon thy back; Happiness courts thee in her best array; But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench, Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love: Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable. Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed, Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her; But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set, For then thou canst not pass to Mantua; Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends, Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back With twenty hundred thousand times more joy Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady; And bid her hasten all the house to bed, Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto: Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord, I could have staid here all the night, To hear good counsel: O, what learning is! My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet, prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bade me give you, sir:

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

(*Exit Nurse.*)

Rom. How well my comfort is revived by this!

Fri. Go hence: good night; and here stands all your state;—

Either begone before the watch be set, Or by the break of day disguised from hence: Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man, And he shall signify from time to time Every good hap to you, that chances here: Give me thy hand: 'tis late: farewell; good night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me: It were a grief, so brief to part with thee: Farewell.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily, That we have had no time to move our daughter: Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly. And so did I;—Well we were born to die.—'Tis very late, she'll not come down to-night: I promise you, but for your company, I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of wo afford no time to woo: Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early tomorrow; To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled In all respects by me; nay more, I doubt it not. Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed; Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;

And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But soft; what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon,

O' Thursday let it be:—O' Thursday, tell her,

She shall be married to this noble earl:—

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?

We'll keep no great ado;—a friend, or two:—

For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

It may be thought we held it carelessly,

Being our kinsman, if we revel much:

Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,

And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—O' Thursday be it then:—

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day:—

Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!

Afore me, it is so very late, that we

May call it early by and by:—Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Juliet's Chamber.*

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,

That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear:

Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:

Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,

No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;

I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:

It is some meteor, that the sun exhales,

To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,

And light thee on thy way to Mantua:

Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,

'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;

Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:

I have more care to stay, than will to go:—

Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.—

How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;

It is the lark that sings so out of tune,

Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.

Some say, the lark makes sweet division;

This doth not so, for she divideth us;

Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;

O, now I would they had changed voices too!

Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,

Hunting thee hence, with hunts-up to the day.

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber;

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit Nurse.*]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.

(*Romeo descends.*)

Jul. Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!

I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,

For in a minute there are many days:

O! by this count I shall be much in years,

Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul

Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exit Romeo.*]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him,

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;

For then I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,

But send him back.

La. Cap. (*Within.*) Ho, daughter! are you up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?

Is she not down so late or up so early?

What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death,

What, wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?

An if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;

Therefore, have done: Some grief shews much of love!

But much of grief shews still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder,

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;

And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands,

Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
That shall bestow on him so sure a draught,
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart so for a kinsman vex'd:—
Madam, if you could but find out a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it;
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him named,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt
Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such
a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needful time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father,
child;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,
That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday
morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris, at Saint Peter's Church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.

I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo.

I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so
yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle
dew;

But for the sunset of my brother's son,
It rains downright.—

How now? a conduit, girl? what, still in tears?

Evermore showering? in one little body

Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind:

For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,

Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,

Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;

Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with
them,—

Without a sudden calm, will overset

Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife?

Have you delivered to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives
you thanks.

I would the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you,
wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her bless'd,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought

So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you
have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;

But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logic! What is
this?

Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you
not;—

And yet not proud:—Mistress minion, you,

Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,

But settle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,

To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,

Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.

Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you bag-
gage!

You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fy, fy! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient
wretch!

I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face:

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;

My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us
bless'd,

That God hath sent us but this only child;

But now I see this one is one too much,

And that we have a curse in having her:

Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your
tongue,

Good prudence; smatter with your gossips, go.

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O, God ye good den!

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!

Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,

For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: Day,
night, late, early,

At home, abroad, alone, in company,

Waking or sleeping, still my care hath been

To have her match'd: and having now provided

A gentleman of princely parentage,

Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,

Stuff'd, as they say, with honourable parts,

Proportion'd, as one's heart could wish a man,—

And then to have a wretched puling fool,

A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,

To answer—I'll not wed,—I cannot love,

I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;

But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:

Graze where you will, you shall not house with me.

Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.

Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise:

An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;

An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the streets:

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,

Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:

Trust to 't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[Exit.]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!

Delay this marriage for a month, a week;

Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed

In that dim monument, where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a
word:

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[Exit.]

Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What sayst thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
Is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a dishclout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. From my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. To what?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me marvellous much,
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to Laurence's cell,
To make confession, and be absolved.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done.

[Exit.]

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin—to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue,
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.

Fri. You say you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway;
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society:

Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. I would I knew not why it should be slow'd.

(Aside.)

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!

Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this father?

Jul. To answer that, were to confess to you.

Par. Do not deny to him that you love me.

Jul. I will confess to you that I love him.

Par. So will you, I am sure, that you love me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough, before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, that is a truth;
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter,
now.—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devotion!—

Juliet, on Thursday, early will I rouse you:

Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit.]

Jul. O, shut the door! and when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; Past hope, past cure, past help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits;
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this,
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent,
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,

That cop'st with death himself to scape from it;
And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring

bears;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-covered quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his shroud;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me

tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent

To marry Paris: Wednesday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off:
When, presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no pulse shall keep
His natural progress, but surcease to beat:
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, (as the manner of our country is,)
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither shall he come: and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame:
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, O give me! tell me not of fear.

Fri. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous

In this resolve: I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall
help afford.

Farewell, dear father!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, Nurse, and
Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ.—
[*Exit* Servant.]

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 *Serv.* You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if
they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so?

2 *Serv.* Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick

his own fingers; therefore he, that cannot lick his
own fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, begone.—

[*Exit* Servant.]

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—

What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on
her:

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift with
merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong? where have you
been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin
Of disobedient opposition

To you and your behests; and am enjoin'd

By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,

And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beseech you!

Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.

Cap. Send for the county; go tell him of this;

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell;

And gave him what becomed love I might,

Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—stand
up:

This is as 't should be.—Let me see the county;

Ay, marry, go I say, and fetch him hither.—

Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,

All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,

To help me sort such needful ornaments

As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday; there is time
enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her:—we'll to church to-
morrow.

[*Exeunt* Juliet and Nurse.]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision;

Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush! I will stir about,

And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.

Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;

I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone:

I'll play the housewife for this once.—What, ho!—

They are all forth: Well, I will walk myself

To county Paris, to prepare him up

Against to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Juliet's Chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best:—But, gentle
nurse,

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;

For I have need of many orisons

To move the heavens to smile upon my state,

Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy? do you need no
help?

Jul. No, madam; we have cull'd such neces-
saries

As are behov'd for our state to-morrow:

So please you, let me now be left alone,

And let the nurse this night sit up with you

For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,
In this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night!

Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

Jul. Farewell!—God knows, when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:

I'll call them back again to comfort me;—

Nurse!—What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.—

Come, phial.—

What if this mixture do not work at all?

Must I of force be married to the county?—

No, no;—this shall forbid it:—lie thou there.—

[Laying down a dagger.]

What if it be poison, which the friar

Subtly have minister'd to have me dead;

Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,

Because he married me before to Romeo.

I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,

For he hath still been tried a holy man:

I will not entertain so bad a thought.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,

I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?

Or, if I live, is it not very like

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort;—

Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,

So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;

And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—

O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,

Environed with all these hideous fears?

And madly play with my forefathers' joints?

And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?

And, in his rage, with some great kinsman's bone,

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?

O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost

Seeking out Romeo, that did split his body

Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—

Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

(She throws herself upon the bed.)

SCENE IV—Capulet's Hall.

Enter LADY CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd,

The curfew bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:—

Look to the baked meats, good Angelica;

Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean, go,

Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be sick to-morrow,
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere now

All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunting in your time;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow,

What's there?

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

1 Serv. Things for the cook, sir: but I know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. *[Exit 1 Serv.]*—
Sirrah, fetch drier logs;

Call Peter, he will shew thee where they are.

2 Serv. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter. *[Exit.]*

Cap. 'Mass, and well said: A merry whoreson! ha,

Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:

The county will be here with music straight,

(Music within.)

For so he said he would. I hear him near:—

Nurse!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, nurse, I say!

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;

I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haste,

Make haste! the bridegroom he is come already:

Make haste, I say!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Juliet's Chamber; JULIET on the bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress!—what mistress!—Juliet!—fast,
I warrant her, she:—

Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fy, you slug-a-bed!—

Why, love, I say!—madam! sweetheart!—why, bride!—

What, not a word!—you take your pennyworths now;

Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,

The county Paris hath set up his rest,

That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,

(Marry, and amen!) how sound is she asleep!

I needs must wake her:—Madam, madam, madam!

Ay, let the county take you in your bed;

He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not be?

What, drest? and in your clothes! and down again!

I must needs wake you:—Lady! lady! lady!

Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—

O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!

Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here?

Nurse. O lamentable day?

La. Cap. What is the matter?

Nurse. Look, look! O heavy day!

La. Cap. O me, O me!—my child, my only life,

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—

Help, help!—call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth: her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the day!

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead,
she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's
cold;

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old man!

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make
me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

*Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with
Musicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return:

O son, the night before thy wedding day
Hath death lain with thy bride:—See, there she
lies,

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir,
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's
face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accursed, unhappy, wretched, hateful
day!

Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.

Nurse. O wo! O woful, woful, woful day!
Most lamentable day! most woful day.
That ever, ever I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woful day, O woful day!

Par. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despised, distressed, hated, martyr'd,
kill'd!

Uncomfortable time! why camest thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou, dead!—alack! my child is dead!
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives
not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now Heaven hath
all,

And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married, that lives married long;
But she's best married, that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:

For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in, — and, madam, go with
him;—

And go, sir Paris; every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

*[Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet,
Paris, and Friar.]*

1 *Mus.* Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be
gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful case. *[Exit.]*

2 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be
amended.

Enter PETER.

Pet. Musicians, O musicians, *Heart's ease, heart's
ease:* O, an you will have me live, play—*Heart's
ease.*

1 *Mus.* Why *heart's ease*?

Pet. O musicians, because my heart itself plays—
My heart is full of wo: O, play me some merry
dump, to comfort me.

2 *Mus.* Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play
now.

Pet. You will not then?

Mus. No.

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1 *Mus.* What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith; but the glee; I
will give you the minstrel.

1 *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-
creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger
on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you,
I'll *fa* you: Do you note me?

1 *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put
out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-
beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dag-
ger:—Answer me like men:

*When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound:—*

Why, silver sound? why, music with her silver sound?
What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet
sound.

Pet. Pretty! What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Mus.* I say—silver sound, because musicians
sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too! What say you, James Sound-
post?

3 *Mus.* Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy! you are the singer:
I will say for you. It is—*music with her silver sound,*
because such fellows as you have seldom gold for
sounding:—

*Then music, with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.*

[Bell singing.]

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same?

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here;
tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering eye of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think.)

And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHAZAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthazar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush, thou art deceived;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter; get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.

[*Exit Balthazar.*]

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief, thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!

I do remember an apothecary,—
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a shew.

Noting this penury, to myself I said—
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O, this same thought did but fore-run my need;
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holyday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see that thou art
poor;

Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's
law

Is death, to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretched-
ness,

And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Upon thy back hangs ragged misery,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's
souls,

Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds, that thou may'st not
sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial, and not poison; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar
John.—

Welcome from Mantua: What says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth,
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[*Exit.*]

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;
She will beshrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents:

But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come ;
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb!

SCENE III.—*A Church-Yard; in it, a Monument
belonging to the Capulets.*

*Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers, and a
torch.*

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and stand
aloof ;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground ;
So shall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being loose, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)
But thou shalt hear it ; whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the church-yard; yet I will adventure.

(Retires.)

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers I strew thy bridal
bed :

Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit dost contain
The perfect model of eternity ;
Fair Juliet, that with angels dost remain,
Accept this latest favour at my hands ;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb!

(The boy whistles.)

The boy gives warning, something doth approach.
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rites ?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while.

(Retires.)

*Enter ROMEO and BALTHAZAR with a torch,
mattock, &c.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching
iron.

Hold, take this letter ; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light : Upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof.
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring ; a ring, that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone:—
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry
In what I farther shall intend to do,
By Heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are savage-wild;
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So shalt thou shew me friendship.—Take
thou that :

Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good
fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

(Retires.)

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

(Breaking open the door of the monument.)

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,

That murder'd my love's cousin;—with which
grief,

It is supposed, the fair creature died,—
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.—

(Advances.)

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;
Can vengeance be pursued farther than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :
Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed, and therefore came I
hither.—

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man.
Fly hence and leave me ;—think upon these gone ;
Let them affright thee.—I beseech thee, youth,
Heap not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury :—O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone :—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And do attach thee as a felon here.

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee,
boy.

(They fight.)

Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the
watch.

[Exit.]

Par. O, I am slain! *(Falls.)*—If thou be merci-
ful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.

(Dies.)

Rom. In faith I will:—Let me peruse this
face :—

Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris!—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have married Juliet;
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.—
A grave? O no; a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou here, by a dead man interr'd.

(Laying Paris in the Monument.)

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their keepers
call

A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand, that cut thy youth in
twain,

To sunder his, that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin?—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain

With worms that are thy chamber maids; O,
here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your
last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love! (*Drinks.*) O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.

(*Dies.*)

*Enter, at the other end of the church-yard, Friar
LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-
night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's
there?

Who is it that consorts so late the dead?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows
you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my
friend,

What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir:

My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon
me:

O, much I fear some unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo!—

(*Advances.*)

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

(*Enters the monument.*)

Romeo! O pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!
The lady stirs.

(*Juliet wakes and stirs.*)

Jul. O comfortable friar, where is my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo?

(*Noise within.*)

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that
nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns;
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;

Come, go, good Juliet,—(*Noise again.*) I dare stay
no longer.

(*Exit.*)

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's
hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips:
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.

(*Kisses him.*)

Thy lips are warm?

1 *Watch.* (*Within.*) Lead, boy:—Which way?

Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief.—O happy
dagger!

(*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*)

This is thy sheath; (*Stabs herself.*) there rust, and
let me die.

(*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*)

Enter Watch with the Page of Paris.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch
doth burn.

1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody: Search about
the churchyard:

Go, some of you, whoe'er you find, attach.

(*Exeunt some.*)

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;—
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search;—

(*Exeunt other Watchmen.*)

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes,
We cannot without circumstance descry.

Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHAZAR.

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man, we found him in
the churchyard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the prince come
hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar that trembles, sighs, and
weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion: Stay the friar too.

Enter the Prince and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek
abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run,
With open outcry, toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our
ears?

1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris
slain;

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul
murder comes.

1 *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's
man;

With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O heavens!—O wife! look how our daugh-
ter bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE, and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath:
What farther wo conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave.

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a
while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true des-
cent;

And then will I be general of your woes.
And lead you even to death: Meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned and myself accused.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know
in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet,
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them, and their stolen marriage day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whose untimely death
Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this
city;

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You—to remove that siege of grief from her,—
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris:—Then comes she to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means
To rid her from this second marriage,
Or, in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her, so tutor'd by my art,
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo,
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was staid by accident; and yesternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:

But, when I came, (some minute ere the time
Of her awakening,) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of Heaven with patience:
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb;
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, (as it seems,) did violence on herself.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurse is privy: And if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy
man.—

Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post he came from Mantua,
To this same place, to this same monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threatened me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that raised the watch?
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's
grave;

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's
words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes—that he did buy a poison
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with
love!

And I, for winking at your discords too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen:—all are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more:
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A gloomy peace this morning with it
brings;

The sun, for sorrow, will not shew his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd and some punished:

For never was a story of more wo,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [Exeunt.]

COMEDY OF ERRORS.



Dro. E.—"METHINKS YOU ARE MY GLASS, AND NOT MY BROTHER!"—Act V, scene 1.

Persons Represented.

SOLINUS, Duke of Ephesus,
ÆGEON, a Merchant of Syracuse.

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus,
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse,

DROMIO of Ephesus,
DROMIO of Syracuse,

BALTHAZAR, a Merchant.

{ twin Brothers, and
Sons to Ægeon and
Æmilia, but un-
known to each other.

{ twin Brothers, and Atten-
dants on the two Anti-
pholus's.

ANGELO, a Goldsmith.

A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse,
PINCH, a Schoolmaster and a Conjuror,

ÆMILIA, Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.

ADRIANA, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.

LUCIANA, her Sister.

LUCE, her Servant.

A Courtezan.

Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—Ephesus.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Æge. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more,
If any, born at Ephesus, be seen
At any Syracusan marts and fairs—
Again, if any Syracusan born
Come to the bay of Ephesus,—he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home;
And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been imposed,

Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:

Yet that the world may witness that my end

Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,

I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

In Syracuse was I born; and wed

Unto a woman, happy but for me,

And by me too, had not our hap been bad.

With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased,

By prosperous voyages I often made

To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;

And he (great care of goods at random left)

Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:

From whom my absence was not six months old,

Before herself (almost at fainting under

The pleasing punishment that women bear)

Had made provision for her following me,

And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.

There she had not been long, but she became

A joyful mother of two goodly sons;

And, which was strange, the one so like the other

As could not be distinguish'd but by names.

That very hour, and in the self same inn,

A poor mean woman was delivered

Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:

Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,

I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.

My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,

Made daily motions for our home return:

Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.

We came aboard:

A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,

Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embraced,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forced me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.—
The sailers sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispersed those vapours that offended us,
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before,

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the Gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser wo,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their
course.—

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;

That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,

To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And for the sake of them thou sorrowest
for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full

What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest
care,

At eighteen years became inquisitive

After his brother; and importuned me,

That his attendant (for his case was like,

Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)

Might bear him company in the quest of him:

Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,

I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.

Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live,

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have
mark'd

To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recal'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy life by beneficial help.
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow to make up the sum,
And live; if not, thou art doom'd to die.—
Gaoler, take him to thy custody

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Æge. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Public Place.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse,
and a Merchant.*

Mer. Therefore, give out, you are of Epidam-
num,

Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at your
word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down, to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own
content,

Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—

What now? How chance, thou art return'd so
soon?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd
too late:

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock has stricken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no
stomach;

You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir; tell me this, I
pray,—

Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dro. E. O,—sixpence, that I had, o' Wednesday
last,

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper?—
The saddler had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour now:
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how darest thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at
dinner:

I from my mistress come to you in post;
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your
clock,

And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out
of season;

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dro. E. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to
me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave, have done your fool-
ishness,

And tell me, how thou hast disposed thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the
mart

Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestowed my money;
Or I shall break that merry scone of yours,
That stands on tricks, when I am undisposed;
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my
pate,

Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.—
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave,
hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the
Phoenix;

She that doth fast, till you come home to dinner.
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,

Being forbid? There, take thou that, sir knave.

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands;

Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

[Exit

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.

They say, this town is full of cozenage;

As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,

Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,

Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;

Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,

And many such like liberties of sin:

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.

I'll to the Centaur, to seek this slave;

I greatly fear, my money is not safe.

[Exit.

ACT II

SCENE I.—A Public Place.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,

That in such haste I sent to seek his master!

Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,

And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.

Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.

A man is master of his liberty:

Time is their master; and, when they see time,

They'll go, or come: if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with wo.

There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,

But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:

The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,

Are their males' subject, and at their controls:

Men, more divine, the masters of all these,

Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,

Indued with intellectual sense and souls,

Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,

Are masters to their females, and their lords:

Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmoved, no marvel though she pause;

They can be meek, that have no other cause.

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity.

We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me:

But, if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try.—

Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

Dro. R. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear:

Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly. I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prythee, is he coming home?

It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad!

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

Dro. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark mad:

When I desired him to come home to dinner,

He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:

'Tis dinner-time, quoth I—*My gold*, quoth he;

Your meat doth burn, quoth I—*My gold*, quoth he;

Will you come home? quoth I—*My gold*, quoth he;

Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?

The pig, quoth I, is burn'd—*My gold*, quoth he;

My mistress, sir, quoth I—*Hang up thy mistress*;

I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

Dro. E. Quoth my master:

I know, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress*;

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,

I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;

For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy head across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating:

Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,

That like a football you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:

If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[Exit

Luc. Fy, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took

From my poor cheek? then he hath wasted it:
 Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
 If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
 Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
 Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
 That's not my fault, he's master of my state:
 What ruins are in me, that can be found
 By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
 Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
 A sunny look of his would soon repair;
 But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
 And feeds from home: poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fy, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere;
 Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
 Sister, you know, he promised me a chain,—
 Would that alone alone he would detain,
 So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
 I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
 Will lose his beauty; and though gold 'bides still
 That other touch, yet often touching will
 Wear gold: and no man that hath a name,
 But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
 Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
 I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! }

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
 Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave
 Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out,
 By computation, and mine host's report.
 I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
 I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
 As you love strokes, so jest with me again,
 You know no Centaur? you received no gold?
 Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
 My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
 That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dro. S. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent me hence,

Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;

And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
 For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeased.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
 What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me in the teeth?

Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

(*Beating him.*)

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest:

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly sometime
 Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,

Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
 And make a common of my serious hours.
 When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
 But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
 If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
 And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
 Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it; so you would leave
 battering, I had rather have it a head; an you use
 these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head,
 and ensconce it too; or else I shall seek my wit
 in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I
 beaten?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say,
 every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me; and then,
 wherefore,—

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus beaten out
 of season?

When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither
 rhyme nor reason?

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir? for what?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something, that you
 give me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give you
 nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner
 time?

Dro. S. No, sir; I think the meat wants that I
 have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir, what's that?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason.

Dro. S. Lest it make you choleric, and purchase
 me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time;
 there's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before you were
 so choleric.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain
 bald pate of father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his
 hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for his peruke, and
 recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is time such a niggard of hair, being,
 as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows
 on beasts: and what he hath scantied men in hair,
 he hath given them in wit.

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more
 hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to
 lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men
 plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: Yet
 he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. S. For what reason.

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones, then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones, then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring: the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir: namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion.— But soft; who wafts us yonder.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown;

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurged wouldst vow,

That never words were music to thine ear.

That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,

That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,

Unless I spake, look'd, touch'd, or carved to thee.

How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,

That thou art thus estranged from thyself?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,

That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's better part.

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;

For know, my love, as easy mayst thou fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulf,

And take unmingled thence that drop again,

Without addition, or diminishing,

As take from me thyself, and not me too.

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,

Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious?

And that this body, consecrate to thee,

By ruffian lust should be contaminate?

Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,

And hurl the name of husband in my face,

And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot brow,

And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,

And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?

I know thou canst; and therefore, see, thou do it.

I am possess'd with an adulterate blot,

My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:

For, if we two be one, and thou play false,

I do digest the poison of thy flesh,

Being strumpeted by thy contagion.

Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;

I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:

In Ephesus I am but two hours old,

As strange unto your town, as to your talk;

Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,

Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fy, brother! how the world is changed with you?

When were you wont to use my sister thus?

She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,—

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,

To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,

Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!

Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt.

But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:

Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;

Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,

Makes me with thy strength to communicate:

If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,

Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;

Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion

Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:

What was I married to her in my dream?

Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?

What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?

Until I know this sure uncertainty,

I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.

This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spites!—

We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;

If we obey them not, this will ensue,

They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot?

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am not I?

Ant. S. I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and, in my shape

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.

Dro. S. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,

But I should know her, as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,

To put the finger in the eye and weep.

Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.

Come, sir, to dinner.—Dromio, keep the gate.—

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,

And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.—

Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,

Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.

Come, sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?

Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advised?

Known unto these, and to myself disguised!

I'll say as they say, and persevere so,

And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all,

My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carkanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house:—
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:

If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

Ant. E. I think thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear,
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, signior Balthazar: 'Pray God, our cheer
May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome make a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But, soft; my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jen;

Dro. S. (*Within.*) Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter? My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on 's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

Dro. S. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not dined to-day.

Dro. S. Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. (*Within.*) What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord, I must laugh:—

Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. And you said, no.

Dro. E. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all this, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. (*Within.*) Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold.

It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. It seems thou wantest breaking: Out upon thee, hind!

Dro. E. Here's too much out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I'll break in: Go, borrow me a crow.

Dro. E. A crow without a feather; master, mean you so?

For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather.

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so;

Herein you war against your reputation,

And draw within the compass of suspect

The unviolated honour of your wife.

Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,

Plead on her part some cause to you unknown:

And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse

Why at this time the doors are made against you.

Be ruled by me: depart in patience,

And let us to the Tiger all to dinner:

And, about evening, come yourself alone,

To know the reason of this strange restraint.

If by strong hand you offer to break in,

Now in the stirring passage of the day,

A vulgar comment will be made on it;

And that supposed by the common rout

Against your yet ungalled estimation,

That may with foul intrusion enter in,

And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:

For slander lives upon succession;

For ever housed, where it once gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,

And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.

I know a wench of excellent discourse,—

Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle;—

There will we dine: this woman that I mean,

My wife (but, I protest, without desert,) hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;

To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,

And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:

Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;

For there's the house; that chain will I bestow

(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)

Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste.

Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,

I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be, that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? shall, Antipholus, hate,

Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?

Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,

Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:

Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;

Muffle your false love with some show of blindness;

Let not my sister read it in your eye;

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;

Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty!

Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger;

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;

Be secret-false: what need she be acquainted?

What simple thief brags of his own attain?

'Tis double wrong to truant with your bed,

And let her read it in thy looks at board;

Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.

Alas, poor women! make us but believe,

Being compact of credit, that you love us:

Though others have the arm, shew us the sleeve;

We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again;

Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:

'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine,)

Less in your knowledge and your grace you shew not,

Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;

Lay open to my earthly gross conceit,

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,

The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,

To make it wander in an unknown field?

Are you a god? would you create me new?

Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know,

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:

Far more, far more, to you do I decline.

O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;

Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie:

And, in that glorious supposition, think

He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—

Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink!

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim thee:

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:

Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir, hold you still;

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.

[Exit.

*Enter, from the House of Antipholus of Ephesus,
DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know, me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man, and how besides thyself!

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

Ant. S. What is she?

Dro. S. A very reverend body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: If she lives till doomsday she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; for why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dro. S. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters,—that is, an ell and three quarters,—will not measure her from hip to hip.

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip; she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and reverted, making war against her hair.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain?

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadas of carracks, to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

Dro. S. O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me: called me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark on my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch; and, I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transformed me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road; And if the wind blow any way from shore, I will not harbour in this town to-night.

If any bark put forth, come to the mart,

Where I will walk till thou return to me.

If every one know us, and we know none,

'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run for life,

So fly I from her, that would be my wife.

[Exit.

Ant. S. There's none but witches do inhabit here;

And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.

She, that doth call me husband, even my soul

Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,

Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,

Of such enchanting presence and discourse,

Hath almost made me traitor to myself;

But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,

I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the chain: I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:

The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will, that I should do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:

Go home with it, and please your wife withal;

And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,

And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,

For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well.

[Exit.

Ant. S. What I should think of this I cannot tell:

But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same.

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importuned you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholus:
And in the instant, that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same;
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Off. That labour may you save; see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith: get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a-year! I buy a rope!

[Exit Dromio.

Ant. E. A man is well help up, that trusts to you:

I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me:
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,

How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat;

The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnished with the present money;

Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;

Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on: I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me; the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;

Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fy, now you run this humour out of breath:

Come, where's the chain? I pray, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no:
If not, I'll leave him to the officer

Ant. E. I answer you! What should I answer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do; and charge you in the duke's name, to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:—
Either consent to pay this sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer:
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he would scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail;
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear.
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, bears away: our frautage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: They stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now! a madman? Why, thou peevish sheep,

What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;

And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

Dro. S. You sent me, sir, for a rope's-end as soon:

You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure, And teach your ears to listen with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;

Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk

That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,

There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;

Tell her I am arrested in the street,

And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave! be gone.

On, officer, to prison, till it come.

[*Exeunt Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.*]

Dro. S. To Adriana! that is where we dined, Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.

Thither I must, although against my will,

For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye,

That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?

Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?

What observation madest thou in this case,

Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First, he denied you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my spite.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love, I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me?

Adr. With what persuasion bid he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,

Ill-faced, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere;

Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;

Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,

And yet would herein others' eyes were worse:

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away;

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,

One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;

A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough;

A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one, that countermands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;

A hound, that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;

One that before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;

But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that can I tell;

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in the desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at.

[*Exit Luciana.*]

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:—

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing.—

A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that did I never hear.

Dro. S. O yes, if any hour meet a sergeant, a 'turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,

That time comes stealing on by night and day?

If he be in debt, and theft, and a sergeant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;

And bring thy master home immediately.—

Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit;

Conceit, my comfort, and my injury.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me

As if I were their well-acquainted friend;

And every one doth call me by my name.

Some tender money to me, some invite me;

Some give me thanks for kindnesses;

Some offer me commodities to buy;

Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,

And shew'd me silks that he had bought for me,

And, therewithal, took measure of my body.

Sure these are but imaginary whites,

And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent me for.

What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?

Ant. S. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's-skin, that was killed for the prodigal; he, that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No? why, 'tis a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives them suits of durance; he, that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What! thou mean'st an officer?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, *God give you good rest!*

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark, Expedition, put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the sergeant, to tarry for the hey, Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so am I; And here we wander in illusions; Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus. I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now: Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee tempt me not!

Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench; and thereof comes that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench*. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn; come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.

Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

Ant. S. Why, Dromio?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress: I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or, for my diamond the chain you promised; And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,

A nut, a cherry-stone: but she, more covetous, Would have a chain.

Master, be wise; and if you give it her,

The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain; I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know.

[Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S.]

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad, Else would he never so demean himself:

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats, And for the same he promised me a chain;

Both one and other he denies me now, The reason that I gather he is mad,

(Besides this present instance of his rage,) Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,

Of his own doors being shut against his entrance. Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,

On purpose shut the door against his way. My way is now, to hie home to his house,

And tell his wife, that, being lunatic, He rush'd into my house, and took perforce

My ring away: This course I fittest choose; For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, and an Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man, I will not break away:

I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.

My wife is in a wayward mood to-day; And will not lightly trust the messenger,

That I should be attach'd in Ephesus: I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus, with a rope's end.

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money.—

How now, sir? have you that I sent you for?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Ant. E. Bat where's the money?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I returned.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you *(Beating him.)*

Off. Good, sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass indeed: you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating: when I am

warm, he cools me with beating. I am waked with it, when I sleep; raised with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and the Courtezan, with PINCH, and others.

Ant. E. Come, go along: my wife is coming yonder.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end*.

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk?

(Beats him.)

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.— Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjuror; Establish him in his true sense again, And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace, I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers?

Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know, you dined at home,
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. I dined at home! Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did,—my bones bear witness,

That since I have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness,

That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;

I know it by their pale and deadly looks:

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I received no gold; But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all; And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:

But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold me in this shameful sport.

[Pinch and his Assistants bind Ant. E. and Dro. E.]

Adr. O, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

Ant. E. What, wilt thou murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer? Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee.
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,

Good master; cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go, bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.

[Exeunt Pinch and Assistants, with Ant. E. and Dro. E.]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith: Do you know him?

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day

Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now,)

Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—

Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are let loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more help,

To have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt Officer, Adr. and Luc.*]

Ant. S. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence;

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town; Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter Merchant and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I hinder'd you! But, I protest, he had the chain of me, Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir, Of credit infinite, highly beloved, Second to none that lives here in the city; His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck, Which he forswore most monstrously, to have. Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.— Signior Antipholus, I wonder much, That you would put me to this shame and trouble; And not without some scandal to yourself, With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny This chain, which now you wear so openly: Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment, You have done wrong to this my honest friend; Who, but for staying on our controversy, Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day. This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

Ant. S. I think I had; I never did deny it.

B

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and foreswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine thou knowest, did hear thee;

Fy on thee, wretch! 'tis pity, that thou livest To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus: I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

(*They draw.*)

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad,

Some get within him, take his sword away: Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house.

This is some priory:—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt Ant. S. and Dro. S. to the Priory.*]

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people: Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast, And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad, And much, much different from the man he was; But, till this afternoon, his passion Ne'er broke into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?

Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin prevailing much in youthful men, Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing. Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last; Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference: In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

At board, he fed not for my urging it;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme;

In company, I often glanced it;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it, that thy man was mad:

The venom clamours of a jealous woman Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems, his sleep was hinder'd by thy railing: And therefore comes it, that his head is light.

Thou say'st, his meat was sauced by thy up-braidings:

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy
brawls:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
(Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;) And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scared thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and
wildly.—

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband
forth.

Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir.
Till I have used the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband
here:

And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have
him.

[Exit Abbess.]

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his
death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

*Enter DUKE, attended; ÆGEON, bare-headed;
with the Headsman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the
abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my
husband,—

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,
(With him his bondsman, all as mad as he,)
Doing displeasure to the citizens,
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him;
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for
help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband served me in my
wars;

And I to thee engaged a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress, shift and save your-
self!

My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of
fire;

And ever as it blazed, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool;
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are
here;

And this is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true:
I have not breathed almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:

(Cry within)

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress: fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard
with halberds.

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human rea-
son.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant
me justice!

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ege. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.
Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.
She, whom thou gavest to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.
Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.
Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she, with harlots, feasted in my house.
Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, didst thou so?
Adr. No, my good lord: Myself, he and my sister,
To-day did dine together. So befall my soul,
As this is false, he burdens me withal!
Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!
Ang. O perjured woman! they are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.
Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provoked with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: In the street I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates; along with them
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-faced villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.
Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?
Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.
Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.
Ant. E. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me Heaven!
And this is false, you burden me withal.
Duke. What an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you housed him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly.
You say, he dined at home, the goldsmith here
Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say you?
Dro. E. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porcupine.
Cour. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.
Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.
Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?
Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.
Duke. Why, this is strange.—Go call the abbess hither;
I think you are all mated, or stark mad.
[Exit an Attendant.]
Ege. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;
Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.
Ege. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?
Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.
Ege. I am sure, you both of you remember me.
Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?
Ege. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.
Ant. E. I never saw you in my life till now.
Ege. Oh! grief hath changed me since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
Ant. E. Neither.
Ege. Dromio, nor thou?
Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.
Ege. I am sure, thou dost.
Dro. E. Ay, sir? but I am sure, I do not; and
whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.
Ege. Not know my voice! O time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untuned cares?

Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up:
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me, thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Ege. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'st we parted; but, perhaps, my son,
Thou shamest to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the
city,

Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

*Re-enter the Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS, Syracusan,
and DROMIO, Syracusan.*

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much
wrong'd. (*All gather to see him.*)

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive
me.

Duke. One of these men is genius to the other;
And so of these: Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray let me stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him
here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds.
And gain a husband by his liberty:
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man,
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons;
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Ege. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia!
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son,
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins this morning story
right:

These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first.

Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is
which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious
lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous
warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No, I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of
me.

Ant. S. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested
me.

Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think, he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me,

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I received from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me:
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors are arose.

Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father
here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his
life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Ant. E. There, take it: and much thanks for my
good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the
pains

To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction.

Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons! nor, till this present hour,
My heavy burdens are delivered.
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;
After so long grief, such festivity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.
[*Exeunt Duke, Abbess, Ægeon, Courtezan, Merchant,
Angelo, and Attendants.*]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from
shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou
embark'd?

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the
Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me; I am your master,
Dromio:

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt Antipholus S. and E., Adr., and Luc.*]

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's
house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my
brother:

I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dro. S. Not I, sir, you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question: How shall we try it?

Dro. S. We will draw cuts for the senior: till
then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus:

We came into the world, like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before
another. [*Exeunt.*]

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.



Bene.—"SWEET BEATRICE, WOULD'ST THOU COME WHEN I CALLED THEE?"—Act V, scene 2.

Persons Represented.

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon.*
 DON JOHN, *his bastard Brother.*
 CLAUDIO, *a young Lord of Florence, favourite to Don Pedro.*
 BENEDICK, *a young Lord of Padua, favourite likewise to Don Pedro.*
 LEONATO, *Governor of Messina.*
 ANTONIO, *his Brother.*
 BALTHAZAR, *Servant to Don Pedro.*
 BORACHIO, } *Followers of Don John.*
 CONRADE, }

DOGBERRY, } *Two foolish Officers.*
 VERGES, }
 A Sexton.
 A Friar.
 A Boy.

HERO, *Daughter to Leonato.*
 BEATRICE, *Niece to Leonato.*
 MARGARET, } *Gentlewomen attending on Hero.*
 URSULA, }
 Messengers, Watch, and Attendants.

SCENE.—*Messina.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Before Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others, with a Messenger.

Leon. I learn in this letter, that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was not three leagues off, when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself, when the achiever brings home full numbers. I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it.

Mess. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not shew itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness; there are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!

Beat. I pray you, is signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he is returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much: but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady;—But what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man: but for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt signior Benedick and her: they never meet, but there is a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and

now is the whole man governed with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No: an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio.

Beat. O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pounds ere he be cured.

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Leon. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approached.

Enter DON PEDRO, attended by BALTHAZAR and others, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, and BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. Good signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly—I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you asked her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full, Benedick: we may guess by this what you are, being a man. Truly, the lady fathers herself:—Be happy, lady! for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders, for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick; no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible, disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you came in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtesy a turn-coat.—But it is certain, I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart, that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women; they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind!

so some gentleman or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 'twere such as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would, my horse had the speed of your tongue; and so good a continuer: But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old.

D. Pedro. This is the sum of all: Leonato,—signior Claudio, and signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him, we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.*]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I looked on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i'faith, methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her,—that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st I am in sport; I pray thee, tell me truly how thou likest her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting Jack; to tell us Cupid is a good hare finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty, as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope, you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

Bene. Is it come to this, i'faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again? Go to, i'faith: an thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look, Don Pedro is returned to seek you,

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would, your grace would constrain me to tell.

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Claudio; I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance:—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark, how short his answer is,—With Hero. Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: "it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but, indeed, God forbid it should be so."

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

D. Pedro. That she is worthy I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me: Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none: and the fine is, (for the which I may go to the finer,) I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger my lord, not with love: prove, that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house, for the sign of blind Cupid.

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me; and be that hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good horse to hire*, let them signify under my sign, *Here you may see Benedick the married man*.

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

D. Pedro. Well you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's; commend me to him, and tell him, I will not fail him at supper; for, indeed, he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house, (if I had it)—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July; your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not: The body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any farther, examine your conscience; and so I leave you.

[Exit.

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach; teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she's his only heir:

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O my lord,

When you went onward on this ended action,
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That liked, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love:
But now I am return'd, and that war thoughts
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
Saying, I liked her ere I went to wars.

D. Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it;
And I will break with her, and with her father,
And thou shalt have her: Was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his complexion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have salved it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader
than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity:
Look, what will serve, is fit: 'tis once, thou lovest;
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know, we shall have revelling to-night;
I will assume thy part in some disguise,
And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then, after, to her father will I break;
And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother? Where is my cousin,
your son? Hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother, I
can tell you strange news that you yet dreamt not
of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a
good cover, they shew well outward. The prince
and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached
alley in my orchard, were thus much overheard by
a man of mine: The prince discovered to Claudio,
that he loved my niece your daughter, and meant to
acknowledge it this night in a dance; and, if he
found her accordant, he meant to take the present
time by the top, and instantly break with you of
it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit, that told you
this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him,
and question him yourself.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it
appear itself:—but I will acquaint my daughter
withal, that she may be the better prepared for an
answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you, and
tell her of it. (Several persons cross the stage.)
Cousins, you know what you have to do,—O, I cry
you mercy, friend; you go with me, and I will use
your skill.—Good cousins, have a care this busy
time.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.

Con. What the goujere, my lord! why are you
thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion
that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without
limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And, when I have heard it, what blessing
bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient suffering.

D. John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou sayst
thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply
a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot
hide what I am: I must be sad, when I have
cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I
have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep,
when I am drowsy, and tend to no man's business;
laugh, when I am merry, and claw no man in his
humour.

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full shew
of this, till you may do it without controlment.
You have of late stood out against your brother,
and he hath taken you newly into his grace; where
it is impossible you should take true root, but by
the fair weather that you make yourself: it is
needful that you frame the season for your own
harvest.

D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge,
than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood
to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to
rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said
to be a flattering honest man, it must not be
denied, that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am
trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a
clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my
cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had
my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean
time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter
me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it
only.

—Who comes here? What news. Borachio?

Enter BORACHIO.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool, that betrothes himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who? the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

D. John. A proper squire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way! You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper; their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued: 'Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others.

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then half signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith she is too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way: for it is said, *God sends a curst cow short horns*; but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband; for the

which blessing, I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face; I had rather lie in the woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me: and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: Therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No: but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, *Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven: here's no place for you maids*: so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens: he shews me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Ant. Well, niece, (to Hero,) I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please you*:—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, *Father, as it please me*.

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince be too important, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For hear me, Hero: Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scottish jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scottish jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a treasure full of state and ancients; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entering; brother, make good room.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

(Takes her aside.)

Balth. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

Balth. I love you the better; the hearers may cry, Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight, when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words; the clerk is answered.

Urs. I know you well enough; you are signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man: Here's his dry hand up and down: you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come; do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? Can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful,—and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred merry Tales*;—Well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure, you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy; for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet: I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. *(Music within.)* We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

(Dance.)

[Exeunt all but Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.]

D. John. Sure, my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: The ladies follow her, and but one vizor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.

D. John. Are not you signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he.

D. John. Signior, you are very near my brother in

his love: he is enamour'd on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come let us to the banquet.

[Exeunt Don John and Borachio.]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick, But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.—'Tis certain so,—the prince woos for himself. Friendship is constant in all other things, Save in the office and affairs of love: Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues; Let every eye negotiate for itself, And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch, Against whose charms faith melteth into blood. This is an accident of hourly proof, Which I mistrusted not: Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover; so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 'twas the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you.

[Exit.]

Bene. Alas! poor hurt fowl! Now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool!—Ha, it may be, I go under that title, because I am merry.—Yea; but so I am apt to do myself wrong: I am not so reputed: it is the base, the bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO, HERO, and LEONATO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren; I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the good will of this young lady; and I offer'd him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shews it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss, the rod had been

made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself; and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danced with her, told her she is much wronged by you.

Bene. O, she misused me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her; She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit; yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Ate in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Re-enter CLAUDIO and BEATRICE.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy: You have no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not; I cannot endure my lady Tongue.

[Exit.]

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me a while; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before, he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say, I have lost it.

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools. I have brought count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord.

D. Pedro. How then? Sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beat. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well: but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I 'faith, lady, I think your blazon to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained: name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes; his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let him not speak, neither.

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care: My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good lord, for alliance!—Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burned; I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh-ho! for a husband.

D. Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day.—But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danced, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon.

[Exit Beatrice.]

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad, but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dreamed of unhappiness, and waked herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means; she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad.

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: Time goes on crutches, till love hath all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night: and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us: I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring signior Benedick and the lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection, the one with the other.

I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him: he is of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick:—and I, with your two helps, will so practice on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so; The count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord, but I can cross it

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinal to me: I am sick in displeasure to him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly, that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

D. John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting gentlewoman to Hero.

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to lock our at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato: Look you for any other issue?

D. John. Only to despise them, I will endeavour anything.

Bora. Go then, find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as—in love of your brother's honour, who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,—that you have discovered thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances; which shall bear no less likelihood, than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio; and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding: for, in the meantime, I will so fashion

the matter, that Hero shall be absent; and there shall appear such seeming truth of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

R. John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Leonato's Garden.*

Enter BENEDICK and a Boy.

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*—] I do much wonder, that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviors to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: And such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him but the drum and fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile a-foot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster: but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws.*]

Enter Don PEDRO, LEONATO, and CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord:—How still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended, We'll fit the kid fox with a penny-worth.

Enter BALTHAZAR, with music.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency.

To put a strange face on his own perfection :—

I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing :
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy ; yet he woos ;
Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come :
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,—
There's not a note of mine, that's worth the
noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he
speaks ;
Note, notes, forsooth, and noting !

(*Music.*)

Bene. Now, *Divine air !* now is his soul ravished !
—Is it not strange, that sheep's guts should hale
souls out of men's bodies ?—Well, a horn for my
money, when all's done.

BALTHAZAR *sings.*

I.

Balth. Sigh no more ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never :
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blythe and bonny ;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, hey nonny, nonny.

II.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo
Of dumps so dull and heavy ;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha ? no ; no, faith ; thou singest well
enough for a shift.

Bene. (*Aside.*) An he had been a dog, that should
have howled thus, they would have hanged him :
and I pray God, this bad voice bode no mischief !
I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come
what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry ; (*to Claudio*)—Dost thou
hear, Balthazar ? I pray thee, get us some excel-
lent music ; for to-morrow night we would have it
at the lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so : farewell. [*Exeunt Balthazar
and music.*] Come hither, Leonato : What was it
you told me to-day ? that your niece Beatrice was
in love with signior Benedick ?

Claud. O, ay.—Stalk on, stalk on : the fowl sits.
(*Aside to Pedro.*) I did never think that lady would
have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither ; but most wonderful,
that she should so dote on signior Benedick, whom
she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever
to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible ? Sits the wind in that
corner ?

(*Aside.*)

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what
to think of it ; but that she loves him with an
enraged affection, — it is past the infinite of
thought.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God ! counterfeit ! There never was
counterfeit of passion come so near the life of pas-
sion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effect of passion shews
she ?

Claud. Bait the hook well ; this fish will bite.

(*Aside.*)

Leon. What effects, my lord ! She will sit you,—
You heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you ? You amaze
me : I would have thought her spirit had been in-
vincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord ; es-
pecially against Benedick.

Bene. (*Aside.*) I should think this a gull, but that
the white-bearded fellow speaks it : knavery can-
not, sure, hide itself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en the infection ; hold it
up.

(*Aside.*)

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to
Benedick ?

Leon. No ; and swears she never will : that's her
torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed ; so your daughter
says : Shall I, says she, that have so oft encountered
him with scorn, write to him, that I love him ?

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning
to write to him : for she'll be up twenty times a
night ; and there will she sit in her smock, till she
have writ a sheet of paper :—my daughter tells us
all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remem-
ber a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O !—When she had writ it, and was read-
ing it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice be-
tween the sheet ?—

Claud. That.

Leon. O ! she tore the letter into a thousand half-
pence ; railed at herself, that she should be so im-
modest to write to one that she knew would flout
her : *I measure him*, says she, *by my own spirit ; for
I should flout him, if he writ to me ; yea, though I
love him, I should.*

Claud. Then, down upon her knees she falls,
weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays,
curses :—*O sweet Benedick ! God give me patience !*

Leon. She doth indeed ; my daughter says so :
and the ecstasy hath so much overborne her, that
my daughter is sometime afraid she will do des-
perate outrage to herself : It is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good, that Benedick knew of
it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end ? He would but make a
sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms to hang
him : She's an excellent sweet lady ; and, out of all
suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing, but in loving Benedick.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in
so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that
blood hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I
have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestowed this dotage
on me ; I would have daff'd all other respects, and
made her half myself ; I pray you, tell Benedick of
it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good think you ?

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die ; for she

says, she will die, if he loves her not; and she will die, ere she makes her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will 'bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it: for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

D. Pedro. He hath, indeed, a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth, indeed, shew some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever, it seems not in him, by some large jests he will make. Well, I am sorry for your niece; Shall we go and see Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord; let her wear it out with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible; she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we'll hear farther of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well: and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not doat on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

(*Aside.*)

D. Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter, and her gentlewoman carry. The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the scene I would see, which will be merely a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

(*Aside.*)

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.*]

BENEDICK advances from the Arbour.

Bene. This can be no trick; the conference was sadly borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady; it seems, her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say, I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud:—Happy are they, that hear their detractions, and can put them to mending. They say, the lady is fair,—'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous,—'tis so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me:—By my troth, it is no addition to her wit;—nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her.—I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and sentences, and

these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: the world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I was married.—Here comes Beatrice: By this day, she's a fair lady! I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure in the message.

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal:—You have no stomach, signior; fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

Bene. Ha! Against my will I am sent to bid you come to dinner,—there's a double meaning in that. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me,—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture.

[*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour; There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice Proposing with the Prince and Claudio: Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse Is all of her; say, that thou overheardst us; And bid her steal into the pleached bower, Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun, Forbid the sun to enter,—like favourites, Made proud by princes, that advance their pride Against that power that bred it,—there will she hide her,

To listen our purpose. This is thy office; Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently.

[*Exit.*]

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come, As we do trace this alley up and down, Our talk must only be of Benedick: When I do name him, let it be thy part To praise him more than ever man did merit: My talk to thee must be, how Benedick Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hearsay. Now begin;

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish Cut with her golden oars the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait: So angle we for Beatrice; who even now Is couched in the woodbine coverture: Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing

Of the false sweet bait, that we lay for it.—

(*They advance to the bower.*)

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know, her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure,
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her of it:
But I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never framed a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice:
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good,
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw
man,

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featured,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-faced,
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot; if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No: not to be so odd, and from all
fashions,

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks;
Which is as bad as die with tickling.

Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will
say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so swift and excellent a wit,
As she is prized to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had
it.

When are you married, madam?

Hero. Why, every day,—to-morrow. Come, go
in;

I'll shew thee some attires; and have thy counsel,
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. She's limed, I warrant you; we have caught
her, madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then loving goes by haps:
Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*]

BEATRICE advances.

Beat. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be
true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and, maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on, I will requite thee:

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band:

For others say, thou dost deserve; and I

Believe it better than reportingly.

[*Exit*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Leonato's House.

*Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and
LEONATO.*

D. Pedro. I do but stay, till your marriage be
consummate, and then I go towards Arragon.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll
vouchsafe me.

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in
the new gloss of your marriage, as to shew a child
his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will
only be bold with Benedick for his company; for
from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot,
he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's
bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot
at him: he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his
tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks,
his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope, he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant, there's no true
drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love:
if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the toothach.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You must hang it first and draw it after-
wards.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothach?

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he
that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him,
unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange dis-
guises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day; a Frenchman
to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at
once, as, a German from the waist downward, all
slops; and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no
doublet: unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as
it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you
would have it appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman,

there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o'mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him; and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet: Can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That 's as much as to say the sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit; which is now crept into a lute string, and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him: Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too; I warrant one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite, of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the toothach.—Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*]

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so; Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter Don JOHN.

Don. John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private.

D. John. If it please you:—yet count Claudio may hear; for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter?

D. John. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

(*To Claudio.*)

D. Pedro. You know, he does.

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you, discover it.

D. John. You may think, I love you not; let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest: For my brother, I think, he holds you well; and in dearness of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage: surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestowed!

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you: and circumstances shortened, (for she hath been too long a talking of,) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who? Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero.

Claud. Disloyal?

D. John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say, she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not, till farther warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window entered; even the night before her wedding-day. If you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so?

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will shew you enough; and, when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow; in the congregation where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

D. John. I will disparage her no farther, till you are my witnesses; bear it coldly but till midnight and let the issue shew itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented!

So will you say, when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, with the Watch

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1 Watch. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2 Watch. Both which, master constable,—

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of the knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable and not to be endured.

2 *Watch*. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only have a care that your bills be not stolen.—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 *Watch*. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 *Watch*. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man: and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2 *Watch*. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is, to let him shew himself what he is, and to steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always called a merciful man, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man, who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 *Watch*. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it bays, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person; if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on 't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing: for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By 'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own, and good night.—Come, neighbour.

2 *Watch*. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to-bed.

Dogb. One more word, honest neighbours: I pray you, watch about signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night: Adieu, be vigilant, I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Bora. What! Conrade,—

Watch. Peace, stir not.

(*Aside.*)

Bora. Conrade, I say!

Con. Here, man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought, there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that: and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. (*Aside.*) Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villany should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shews, thou art unconfirmed: Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say, the fool's the fool. But see'st thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that Deformed; he has been a vile thief this seven year; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. See'st thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods, between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometime, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting; sometime, like god Bel's priests in old church window; sometime, like the shaven Hercules in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massy as his club.

Con. All this I see, that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man: But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so, neither: but know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress's chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee, how the Prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master, Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night that did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw overnight, and send her home again without a husband.

1 *Watch*. We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 *Watch*. Call up the right master Constable: We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that was ever known in the commonwealth.

1 *Watch*. And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Con. Master masters.

2 Watch. You'll be made bring Deformed forth,
1 warrant you.

Con. Masters,—

1 Watch. Never speak; we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are likely to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well.

[Exit Ursula.]

Marg. Troth, I think, your other rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin is a fool, and thou art another; I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion i' faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: Cloth of gold, and cuts, and laced with silver; set with pearls, down sleeves, side-sleeves, and skirts round, underbone with a blueish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon, by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fy upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say, saving your reverence,—a husband; an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: Is there any harm in—the heavier for a husband? None, I think, an if it be the right husband, and the right wife; otherwise, 'tis light, and not heavy: Ask my lady Beatrice else, here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into—*Light o' love*; that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yea, *Light o' love*, with your heels!—then, if your husband have stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready. By my troth, I am exceeding ill,—hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, an you be not turned Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire!

Hero. These gloves the count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuffed, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuffed! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you professed apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it: doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Marg. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks, you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this, that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw; the prince, the count, signior Benedick, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz. good Meg, good Ursula.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Another Room in Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you, that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see, 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry, this it is, sir.

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friend?

Dogb. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest, as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honestier than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me! ha!

Dogb. Yea, and 'twere a thousand times more than 'tis: for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city, and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dogb. A good old man, sir; he will be talking, as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out; God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i'faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind:—An honest soul, i'faith, sir; by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but, God is to be worshipped: All men are not alike; alas, good neighbour.

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me; I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I will wait upon them; I am ready.

[Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that (*touching his forehead*) shall drive some of them to a non com: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication and meet me at the gaol.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Inside of a Church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, Friar CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, and BEATRICE, &c.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her, friar; you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? Why, then some be of laughing, as, ha! ha! he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave;

Will you with free and unconstrained soul

Give me this maid, your daughter.

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.—

There, Leonato, take her back again;

Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.

Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:

O, what authority and shew of truth

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,

To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,

All you that see her, that she were a maid,

By these exterior shows? But she is none:

She knows the heat of a luxurious bed:

Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty,

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married,

Not knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord, if you, in your own proof,

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,

And made defeat of her virginity—

Claud. I know what you would say: If I have known her,

You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,

And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:

No, Leonato,

I never tempted her with word too large;

But, as a brother to a sister, shew'd

Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb;

As chaste as is the bud, ere it be blown;

But you are more intemperate in your blood

Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals,

That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about

To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True, O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so: But what of this, my lord?

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me! how am I beset!—

What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name

With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;

Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he that talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?

Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then you are no maiden.—Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear: Upon mine honour,

Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,

Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;

Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,

Confess'd the vile encounters they have had

A thousand times in secret.

D. John. Fy, fy! they are

Not to be named, my lord, not to be spoke of;

There is not chastity enough in language,

Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,

I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been,

If half thy outward graces had been placed

About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!

But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair; farewell,

Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!

For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love

And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,

To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,

And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

(*Hero swoons.*)

Beat. Why, how now, cousin? wherefore sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go: these things, come thus to light,

Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John, and Claudio.*]

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think—Help, uncle!—

Hero! why, *Hero!*—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—Friar!

Leon. O fate, take not away thy heavy hand!

Death is the fairest cover for her shame,

That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero?

Friar. Have comfort, lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea: wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? Why, doth not every earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny

The story that is printed in her blood?—

Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:

For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,

Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?

Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?

O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?

Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?

Why had I not, with charitable hand,

Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;

Who smirched thus, and mired with infamy,

I might have said, *No part of it is mine,*

This shame derives itself from unknown loins?

But mine, and mine I loved, and mine I praised,

And mine that I was proud on; mine so much,

That I myself was to myself not mine,

Valuing of her: why, she—O, she is fallen

Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;

And salt too little, which may season give

To her foul tainted flesh!

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient:

For my part, I am so attired in wonder,

I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last night I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is stronger made

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!

Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie?

Who loved her so, that, speaking of her foulness,

Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her; let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little;

For I have only been silent so long,

And given way unto this course of fortune,

By noting of the lady; I have mark'd

A thousand blushing apparitions start

Into her face; a thousand innocent shames

In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;

And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,

To burn the errors that these princes hold

Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;

Trust not my reading, nor my observations,

Which with experimental seal doth warrant

The tenour of my book: trust not my age,

My reverence, calling, nor divinity,

If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here

Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:

Thou see'st, that all the grace that she hath left,

Is, that she will not add to her damnation

A sin of perjury; she not denies it:

Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse

That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accused of?

Hero. They know, that do accuse me; I know none:

If I know more of any man alive,

Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,

Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,

Prove you, that any man with me conversed

At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight

Maintain'd the change of words with any creature,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour.
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.

Leon. I know not: If they speak but truth of
her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her
honour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awaked in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead:
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it, that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation;
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites,
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? What will this
do?

Friar. Marry this, well carried, shall on her be-
half

Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accused,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excused,
Of every hearer: For so it falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rack the value, then we find
The virtue, that possession would not shew us
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with Claudio:
When he shall hear she died upon his words,
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving-delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she lived indeed,—then shall he mourn,
(If ever love had interest in his liver,)
And wish he had not so accused her;
No, though he thought his accusation true.
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though, you know, my inwardness and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented; presently away;

For to strange sores strangely they strain the
cure.—

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,
Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and
endure.

[*Exeunt Friar, Hero, and Leonato.*]

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this
while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is
wrong'd.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of
me, that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as
you: Is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not: It
were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so
well as you: but believe me not; and yet I lie not;
I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing.—I am sorry
for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I
will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it: I
protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have staid me in a happy hour; I was
about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that
none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it: Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beat. I am gone, though I am here.—There is no
love in you:—Nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. Beatrice,—

Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than
fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain,
that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my
kinswoman?—O, that I were a man!—What! bear
her in hand until they come to take hands, and
then, with public accusation, uncovered slander,
unmitigated rancour.—O God, that I were a man!
I would eat his heart in the market place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice;—

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?—a
proper saying.

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice;—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slan-
dered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely
testimony, a goodly count-confect; a sweet gallant,
surely! O, that I were a man for his sake! or that
I had any friend would be a man for my sake!
But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into

compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules, that only tells a lie, and swears it.—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice; By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engaged, I will challenge him; I will kiss your hand, and so leave you: By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think [of me]. Go, comfort your cousin: I must say, she is dead; and so, farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Prison.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appeared?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? Let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray write down—Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Con. & Bora. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand, aside.—Fore God, they are both in a tale: Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch, that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the effest way: Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—prince John a villain:—Why that is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace; I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary, as ever was committed.

Verg. By the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and shew him their examination. [Exit.]

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be in band.

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them, thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down—an ass! But, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which, is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him.—Bring him away.—O, that I had been writ down an ass! [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before Leonato's House.

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself; And 'tis not wisdom, thus to second grief Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve: give not me counsel, Nor let no comforter delight mine ear, But such a one, whose wrongs do suit with mine. Bring me a father, that so loved his child, Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine, And bid him speak of patience; Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,

And let it answer every strain for strain: As thus for thus, and such a grief for such, In every lineament, branch, shape, and form: If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard; Cry—sorrow, wail and hem, when he should groan;

Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk

With candle-wasters: bring him yet to me,

And I of him will gather patience.
 But there is no such man: For, brother, men
 Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
 Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
 Their counsel turns to passion, which before
 Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
 Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
 Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
 No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
 But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
 To be so moral, when he shall endure
 The like himself: therefore give me no counsel;
 My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood.

For there was never yet philosopher,
 That could endure the toothach patiently;
 However they have writ the style of gods,
 And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
 Make those, that do offend you, suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason; nay, I will do so:

My soul doth tell me, Hero is belied;
 And that shall Claudio know, so shall the prince,
 And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio, hastily,
D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well,
 my lord:—

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarreling,
 Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry,

Thou, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler,
 thou:—

Nay, never, lay thy hand upon thy sword,
 I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,

If it should give your age such cause of fear:
 In faith, my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never flier and jest at me:

I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
 As, under privilege of age, to brag
 What I have done being young, or what would do,
 Were I not old: Know, Claudio, to thy head,
 Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me,
 That I am forced to lay my reverence by;
 And, with grey hairs, and bruise of many days,
 Do challenge thee to trial of a man.

I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;
 Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors:
 O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
 Save this of hers, framed by thy villainy.

Claud. My villainy!

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;

Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,
 His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hast kill'd
 my child:

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed;

But that's no matter; let him kill one first:—

Win me and wear me,—let him answer me,—

Come, follow me, boy; come, boy, follow me:

Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining fence;

Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself: God knows, I loved my
 niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,

That dare as well answer a man, indeed,

As I dare take a serpent by the tongue:

Boys, apes, braggarts, Jacks, milksops!—

Leon. Brother Antony,—

Ant. Hold you content: What, man! I know
 them, yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:

Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,

That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,

Go antickly, and shew outward hideousness,

And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,

How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst,

And this is all.

Leon. But, brother Antony,—

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter;

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your
 patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;

But, on my honour, she was charged with nothing

But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?

Brother, away:—I will be heard;—

Ant. And shall,

Or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.*]

Enter BENEDICK.

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man we went
 to seek.

Claud. Now, signior! what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: You are almost
 come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses
 snapped off with two old men without teeth.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother: What
 think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt, we should
 have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour:
 I came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee;
 for we are high proof melancholy, and would fain
 have it beaten away: Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side.

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have
 been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we
 do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks
 pale.

Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care

killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an you charge it against me:—I pray you choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff; this last was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more; I think, he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jest not: I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare:—Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you: Let me hear from you

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I 'faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught.—Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit the other day: I said thou hadst a fine wit; *True*, says she, *a fine little one*: No, said I, *a great wit*; *Right*, says she, *a great gross one*: Nay, said I, *a good wit*; *Just*, said she, *it hurts nobody*: Nay, said I, *the gentleman is wise*; *Certain*, said she, *a wise gentleman*: Nay, said I, *he hath the tongues*; *That*, I believe, said she, *for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue: there's two tongues*. Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape thy particular virtues; yet, at last, she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said, she cared not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly: the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, *God saw him when he was hid in the garden*.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yes, and the text underneath, *Here dwells Benedick the married man*?

Bene. Fare you well, boy; you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue your company; your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady: for my lord Lack-beard, he and I shall meet; and, till then, peace be with him.

[Exit Benedick.]

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challenged thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor to such a man

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let be; pluck up, my heart, and be sad! Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come, you, sir; if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be looked to.

D. Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound! Borachio, one!

Claud. Harken after their offence, my lord!

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things, and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reasoned, and in his own division; and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

D. Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning to be understood: What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no farther to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes. what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John, your brother, incensed me to slander the lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgraced her, when you should marry her. My villainy they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame: the lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison, whiles he uttered it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is composed and framed of treachery:—And fled he is upon this villainy.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear in the rare semblance that I loved it first.

Dogb. Come, bring away the plaintiffs; by this time our sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the matter: And, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? Let me see his eyes. That, when I note another man like him, I may avoid him: Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast killed Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself;

Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it :—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience.
Yet I must speak: Choose your revenge yourself;
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I;
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight,
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter live,
That were impossible; but I pray you both,
Possess the people in Messina here
How innocent she died: and, if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones; sing it to-night.
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a daughter,
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us;
Give her the right you should have given her
cousin,

And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,
Your over kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming:

To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hired to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did, when she spoke to
me;

But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, sir, (which, indeed, is not under
white and black,) this plaintiff here, the offender,
did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remem-
bered in his punishment: And also, the watch
heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he
wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it;
and borrows money in God's name; the which he
hath used so long, and never paid, that now men
grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's
sake: Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest
pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful
and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I
thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an arrant knave with your wor-
ship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct
yourself, for the example of others. God keep your
worship; I wish your worship well; God restore
you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart;
and if a merry meeting may be wished, God pro-
hibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt Dogberry, Verges, and Watch.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, my lords; we look for you to-
morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro and Claudio.*]

Leon. Bring you these fellows on; we'll talk with
Margaret,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter BENEDICK and MARGARET, meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, de-
serve well at my hands, by helping me to the
speech of Beatrice.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise
of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man
living shall come over it; for, in most comely truth,
thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why,
shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's
mouth; it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils,
which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret, it will not
hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice:
I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of
our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in
the pikes with a vice: and they are dangerous
weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I
think, hath legs.

[*Exit.*]

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love,

(*singing.*)

That sits above,

And knows me, and knows me,

How pitiful I deserve,—

I mean, in singing; but in loving.—Leander, the
good swimmer, Troilus, the first employer of pan-
ders, and a whole book full of these quondam
carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in
the even road of a blank verse, why, they were
never so truly turned over and over as my poor
self, in love: Marry, I cannot shew it in rhyme; I
have tried; I can find out no rhyme to *lady* but
baby, an innocent rhyme; for *scorn*, *horn*, a hard
rhyme; for *school*, *fool*, a babbling rhyme; very
ominous endings: No, I was not born under a
rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival
terms.

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called
thee?

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. Then, is spoken; fare you well, now:—and
yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which
is, that knowing what hath passed between you
and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss
thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind

is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unknissed.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit: But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio undergoes my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintained so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. *Suffer love*; a good epithet! I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas! poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question?—Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum: Therefore it is most expedient for the wise, (if Don Worm, his conscience find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself: So much for praising myself, (who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy,) and now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill, too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend: there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam you must come to your uncle; yonder's old coil at home: It is proved, my lady Hero hath been falsely accused, the prince and Claudio mightily abused; and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and, moreover, I will go with thee to thy uncle's

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The inside of a Church.*

Enter Don PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants, with music and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. (*Reads from a scroll.*)

Done to death by slanderous tongues,

Was the Hero that here lies:

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame, which never dies:

So the life that died with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,

(*affixing it.*)

Praising her when I am dumb.—

Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

SONG.

Pardon, Goddess of the night,

Those that slew thy virgin knight;

For the which, with songs of woe,

Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight, assist our moan;

Help us to sigh and groan,

Heavily, heavily:

Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,

Till death be uttered,

Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night!
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your torches out;

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,

Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about

Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray:

Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters; each his several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weeds;

And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And, Hymen now with luckier issue speeds,

Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Leonato's House.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEATRICE, URSULA, Friar and HERO.

Friar. Did I not tell you, she was innocent?

Leon. So are the Prince and Claudio, who accused her,

Upon the error that you heard debated:

But Margaret was in some fault for this;

Although against her will, as it appears

In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforced

To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all, Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves;

And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd;

The prince and Claudio promised by this hour

To visit me.—You know your office, brother;

You must be father to your brother's daughter,

And give her to young Claudio.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me, one of them.

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,

Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,

From Claudio and the Prince: But what's your will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:

But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the estate of honourable marriage;—
In which, good Friar, I shall desire your help,
Lecn. My heart is with your liking.
Friar. And my help.
Here comes the prince, and Claudio.

Enter Don PEDRO, and CLAUDIO, with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince;—good morrow, Claudio:

We here attend you: Are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the friar ready.

[*Exit Antonio.*]

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick: why, what's the matter,

That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull:—

Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,

And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;

As once Europa did at lusty Jove.

When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,

And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with the ladies masked.

Claud. For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine: Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar;

I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife:

[*Unmasking.*]

And when you loved, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero?

Hero. Nothing certainer:

One Hero died defiled; but I do live,

And, surely, as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero, that is dead!

Leon. She died my lord, but whiles her slander lived.

Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;

When, after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death;

Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?

Beat. I answer to that name; (*unmasking.*) What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. No, no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,

Have been deceived; for they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. No, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,

Are much deceived; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me?

Bene. 'Tis no such matter:—Then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love this gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her;

For here's a paper, written in his hand,

A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,

Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,

Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts!—Come, I will have thee; but by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and, partly, to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace, I will stop your mouth.

[*Kissing her.*]

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: Dost thou think, I care for a satire, or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him: In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose, that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped, thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgelled thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer; which, out of question, thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends:—let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word; therefore, play, music.—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipped with horn.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight,

And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow; I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.—Strike up, pipers.

[*Dance.—Exeunt*]

KING JOHN.



Arthur.—“WILL YOU PUT OUT MINE EYES?”—Act iv, scene 1.

Persons Represented.

KING JOHN.

PRINCE HENRY, *his Son; afterwards King Henry III.*

ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, Son of Geffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder Brother of King John.*

WILLIAM MARESHALL, *Earl of Pembroke.*

GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, *Earl of Essex, Chief Justiciary of England.*

WILLIAM LONGSWORD, *Earl of Salisbury.*

ROBERT BIGOT, *Earl of Norfolk.*

HUBERT DE BURGH, *Chamberlain to the King.*

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *Son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.*

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, *his half-brother, bastard Son to King Richard the First.*

JAMES GURNEY, *Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*

PETER of Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

PHILIP, *King of France.*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's Legate.*

MELUN, *a French Lord.*

CHATILLON, *Ambassador from France to King John.*

ELINOR, *the Widow of King Henry II. and Mother of King John.*

CONSTANCE, *Mother to Arthur.*

BLANCH, *Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and Niece to King John.*

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, *Mother to the Bastard and Robert Faulconbridge.*

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Her-
alds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other At-
tendants.

SCENE.—*Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and others, with CHATILLON.

King John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,

In my behaviour, to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning,—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island and the territories;
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Desiring thee to lay aside thy sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war,

To enforce these rights, so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,

Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,

The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen presage of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have:—
Pembroke, look to't.—Farewell, Chatillon.

[Exeunt Chatillon and Pembroke.]

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented, and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right:

Or else it must go wrong with you and me:

So much my conscience whispers in your ear;

Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers Essex.

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,

Come from the country to be judged by you,
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.—

[Exit Sheriff.]

Our Abbots, and our priories, shall pay

Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, and PHILIP, his bastard Brother.

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,
As I suppose, to Robert Falconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Falconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother, then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to Heaven, and to my mother:
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pounds a-year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.

But once he slander'd me with bastardy;

But whe'r I be as true begot or no,

That still I lay upon my mother's head;

But, that I am as well begot, my liege,

(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)

Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.

If old Sir Robert did beget us both,

And were our father, and this son like him;

O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee

I give Heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a madcap hath Heaven lent us here?

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,

The accent of his tongue affecteth him:

Do you not read some tokens of my son

In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And find them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Bast. Because he hath a half-face like my father;
With that half-face would he have my land;
A half-face groat five hundred pounds a-year!

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father lived,

Your brother did employ my father much;—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;

Your tale must be, how he employed my mother.

Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy

To Germany, there, with the emperor,

To treat of high affairs touching that time;

The advantage of his absence took the king,

And in the meantime sojourn'd at my father's;

Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak:

But truth is truth; large lengths of seas and shores

Between my father and my mother lay,

(As I have heard my father speak himself,)

When this same lusty gentleman was got,

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd

His lands to me: and took it, on his death,

That this, my mother's son, was none of his;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time,
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him;
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands,
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept

This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;
In sooth, he might: then, if he were my brother's,

My brother might not claim him; nor your father,

Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes,—

My mother's son did get your father's heir;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child, which is not his?

Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

Bast. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him:
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, Look, there three-farthings goes!

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
'Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,

Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:

Your face hath got five hundred pounds a-year;
Yet sell your face for five-pence and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st;

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land —
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet! —
I am thy grandame, Richard; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: What though?

Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night;
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is still well shot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge; now hast thou thy desire,

A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard; we must speed

For France, for France; for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu: Good fortune come to thee!

For thou wast got i' the way of honesty,
[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—

Good den, Sir Richard,—God-a-mercy, fellow;—
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter:

For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'Tis too respective, and too sociable,

For your conversing. Now your traveller,—
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess:

And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise

My picked man of counties:—*My dear sir,*
(Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin.)

I shall beseech you—That is question now,
And then comes answer like an ABC-book:—

O, sir, says answer, at your best command;
At your employment; at your service, sir:—

No, sir, says question, I, sweet sir, at yours:
And so, ere answer knows what question would,

(Saving in dialogue of compliment;
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,

The Pyrenean, and the river Po.)
It draws toward supper in conclusion so.

But this is worshipful society,
And fits the mounting spirit, like myself;

For he is but a bastard to the time,
That doth not smack of observation;

(And so am I, whether I smack, or no;)
And not alone in habit and device,

Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,

Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For I shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—

But who comes in such haste in riding robes?
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband,

That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE, and JAMES GURNEY.

O me! it is my mother.—How now, good lady?
What brings you here to court so hastily?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he?

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

Bast. My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son?
Colbrand, the giant, that same mighty man?

Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek so?

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,

Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's son; and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Bast. Philip?—sparrow!—James,
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit Gurney.*]

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his fast;
Sir Robert could do well: Marry, (to confess!)
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good
mother,

To whom am I beholden for these limbs?

Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother
too,

That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine
honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-
like:

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;

I have disclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land;

Legitimation, name, and all is gone:

Then, good my mother, let me know my father;

Some proper man, I hope: Who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou denied thyself a Faulcon-
bridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-Lion was thy
father:

By long and vehement suit I was seduced

To make room for him in my husband's bed:—

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge:—

Thou art the issue of my dear offence,

Which was so strongly urged, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,

Madam, I would not wish a better father.

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,

And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,—

Subjected tribute to commanding love,—

Against whose fury and unmatched force

The awless lion could not wage the fight,

Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.

He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,

May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,

With all my heart I thank thee for my father!

Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well

When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.

Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin;

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,

If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:

Who says it was, he lies; I say, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*France. Before the Walls of Angiers.*

*Enter, on one side, the ARCHDUKE of AUSTRIA,
and Forces; on the other, PHILIP, King of France,
and Forces; LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR,
and Attendants.*

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—

Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,

Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,

And fought the holy wars in Palestine,

By this brave duke came early to his grave:

And, for amends to his posterity,

At our importance hither is he come,

To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;

And to rebuke the usurpation

Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:

Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither:

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's
death,

The rather, that you give his offspring life,

Shadowing their right under your wings of war:

I give you welcome with a powerless hand,

But with a heart full of unstained love:

Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy! Who would not do thee
right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,

As seal to this indenture of my love;

That to my home I will no more return,

Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,

Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,

Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,

And coops from other lands her islanders,

Even till that England, hedged in with the main,

That water-walled bulwark, still secure

And confident from foreign purposes,

Even till that utmost corner of the west

Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,

Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's
thanks,

Till your strong hand shall help to give him
strength,

To make a more requital to your love.

Aust. The peace of Heaven is theirs, that lift
their swords

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work; our cannon shall be,
bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.—

Call for our chiefest men of discipline,

To cull the plots of best advantages:

We'll lay before this town our royal bones,

Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,

Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood:

My lord Chatillon may from England bring

That right in peace, which here we urge in war;

And then we shall repent each drop of blood,

That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—lo, upon thy wish,

Our messenger Chatillon is arrived.—

What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,

We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry
siege,

And stir them up against a mightier task.

England, impatient of your just demands,

Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,

Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time

To land his legions all as soon as I:

His marches are expedient to this town,

His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

With him is come along the mother-queen,

An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;

With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain;

With them a bastard of the king deceased:

And all the unsettled humours of the land,—

Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,

With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,

Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,

Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,

To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide,
To do offence and scath in Christendom.
The interruption of their churlish drums

(Drums beat.)

Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aus. By how much unexpected, by so much
We must awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occasion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepared.

Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the Bastard, PEMBROKE, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own!
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return

From France to England there to live in peace!
England we love; and, for that England's sake,
With burden of our armour here we sweat:
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face;—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:

This little abstract doth contain that large,
Which died in Geoffrey; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right,
And this is Geoffrey's: In the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal Judge, that stirs good thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,
To look into the blots and stains of right.
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy:
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong;
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer,—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king;
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband: and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey,
Than thou and John in manners; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Bast. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,

An 'a may catch your hide and you alone.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass:
But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back;
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath?

K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.

King John, this is the very sum of all,—

England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon:—I do defy thee, France,

Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more.
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child,

Const. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace!

I would, that I were laid low in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does or no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,

Draw those Heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,

Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee;

Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be bribed

To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!

Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppress'd boy: This is thy eldest son's son,

Inf fortunate in nothing but in thee;

Thy sins are visited in this poor child;

The canon of the law is laid on him,

Being but the second generation

Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—

That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her,
And with her plague; her sin, his injury,
Her injury the beadle to her sin;
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her,—a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked
will;

A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady: pause, or be more tem-
perate:

It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim
To these ill-tuned repetitions.

Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.

1 Cit. Who is it that hath warned us to the
walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's
subjects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage:—Therefore, hear us
first.—

These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamage:—
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:
All preparation for a bloody siege,
And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
And, but for our approach, these sleeping stones,
That as a waist do girdle you about,
By the compulsion of their ordnance,
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been dishabited, and wide havock made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,—
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd
cheeks,—

Behold, the French, amazed, vouchsafe a parle:
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which must accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us
both.

Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town:
Being no farther enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased, then,

To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that owes it; namely, this young prince:
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save the aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And, with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spout against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the roundure of your old-faced walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war;
Though all these English and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf, which we have challenged it?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

1 Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's sub-
jects;

For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me
in.

1 Cit. That can we not: but he, that proves the
king,

To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we rammed up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove
the king?

And if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as
those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

1 Cit. Till you compound whose right is
worthiest,

We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those
souls,

That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers; to
arms!

Bast. St George,—that swing'd the dragon, and
e'er since,

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, (to Austria) with your lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace; no more.

Bast. O, tremble; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll
set forth,

In best appointment, all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so;—(to Lewis) and at the
other hill

Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The same.

*Alarums and Excursions; then a Retreat. Enter a
French Herald, with trumpets to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your
gates,

And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in;
 Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
 Much work for tears in many an English mother,
 Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground;
 Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
 Coldly embracing the discoloured earth;
 And victory, with little loss, doth play
 Upon the dancing banners of the French;
 Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
 To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
 Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your
 bells;
 King John, your king and England's, doth
 approach,

Commander of this hot malicious day!
 Their armour, that march'd hence so silver-
 bright,

Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;
 There stuck no plume in any English crest,
 That is removed by a staff of France;
 Our colours do return in those same hands,
 That did display them when we first march'd forth:
 And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
 Died in the dying slaughter of their foes:
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our towers we might be-
 hold

From first to last, the onset and retire
 Of both your armies; whose equality
 By our best eye cannot be censured:
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd
 blows,

Strength match'd with strength, and power con-
 fronted power:

Both are alike; and both alike we like.

One must prove greatest: while they weigh so
 even,

We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, KING JOHN, with his power;
 ELINOR, BLANCH, and the Bastard; at the
 other, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and
 Forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast
 away?

Say, shall the current of our right run on?
 Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores;
 Unless thou let his silver water keep
 A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England thou hast not saved one drop of
 blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France;
 Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—
 Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we
 bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead!
 Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
 O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel:
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;
 And now he feasts, mouthing the flesh of men,
 In undetermined differences of kings.—
 Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?

Cry havoc, kings! back to the stained field,
 You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits!
 Then let confusion of one part confirm
 The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and
 death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet
 admit?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England; who's your
 king?

1 Cit. The king of England, when we know the
 king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his
 right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
 And bear possession of our person here;
 Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1 Cit. A greater power than we, denies all
 this;

And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
 Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:
 King'd of our fears; until our fears, resolved,
 Be by some certain king purged and deposed.

Bast. By Heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout
 you, kings;

And stand securely on their battlements,
 As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
 At your industrious scenes and acts of death.

Your royal presences be ruled by me;
 Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
 Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend
 Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:
 By east and west let France and England mount
 Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;
 Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd
 down

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
 I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
 Even till unfenced desolation
 Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
 That done, dissever your united strengths,
 And part your mingled colours once again;
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;
 Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
 Out of one side her happy minion;
 To whom in favour she shall give the day,
 And kiss him with a glorious victory.
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
 Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our
 heads,

I like it well;—France, shall we knit our powers,
 And lay this Angiers even with the ground;
 Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. And if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
 Being wronged, as we are, by this peevish town,
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
 As we will ours, against these saucy walls;
 And when that we have dash'd them to the
 ground,

Why, then defy each other; and, pell-mell,
 Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so:—Say, where will you
 assault?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
 Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south
 Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From north to
 south

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:
 (*Aside*)

I'll stir them to it.—Come, away, away!

1 Cit. Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay,

And I shall shew you peace, and fair-faced league;

Win you this city without stroke, or wound;

Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,

That here come sacrifices for the field:

Persevere not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

1 Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,

Is niece to England: Look upon the years

Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,

Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?

If zealous love should go in search of virtue,

Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?

If love ambitious sought a match of birth,

Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,

Is the young Dauphin every way complete:

If not complete, O, say, he is not she:

And she again wants nothing, to name want,

If want it be not, that she is not he:

He is the half part of a blessed man,

Left to be finished by such a she;

And she a fair divided excellence,

Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.

O, two such silver currents, when they join,

Do glorify the banks that bound them in:

And two such shores to two such streams made one,

Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,

To these two princes, if you marry them.

This union shall do more than battery can,

To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,

With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,

The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,

And give you entrance; but, without this match,

The sea enraged is not half so deaf,

Lions more confident, mountains and rocks

More free from motion: no, not death himself

In mortal fury half so peremptory,

As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay,

That shakes the rotten carcass of old death

Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,

That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas:

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,

As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!

What cannoneer begot this lusty blood!

He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;

He gives the bastinado with his tongue;

Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his,

But buffets better than a fist of France:

Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,

Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;

Give with our niece a dowry large enough:

For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie

Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,

That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe

The bloom, that promiseth a mighty fruit.

I see a yielding in the looks of France;

Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their souls

Are capable of this ambition:

Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath

Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,

Cool and congeal again to what it was.

1 Cit. Why answer not the double majesties

This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England first, that hath been forward first

To speak unto this city: What say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,

Can in this book of beauty read, I love,

Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:

For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poictiers,

And all that we upon this side the sea

(Except this city now by us besieged)

Find liable to our crown and dignity,

Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich

In titles, honours, and promotions,

As she in beauty, education, blood,

Holds hands with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What says't thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord, and in her eye I find

A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,

The shadow of myself form'd in her eyes;

Which, being but the shadow of your son,

Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:

I do protest, I never loved myself,

Till now infixed I beheld myself,

Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

(Whispers with Blanch.)

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—

And quarter'd in her heart!—he doth espy

Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,

That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd there should be,

In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine:

If he see aught in you, that makes him like,

That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,

I can with ease translate it to my will;

Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,)

I will enforce it easily to my love.

Farther I will not flatter you, my lord,

That all I see in you is worthy love,

Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,

(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,)

That I can find should merit any hate.

K. John. What say these young ones? What say you, my niece?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do

What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love this lady?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;

For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,

Poictiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,

With her to thee; and this addition more,

Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—

Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,

Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well:—Young princes, close your hands.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assured,

That I did so, when I was first assured.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates, Let in that amity which you have made;

ACT II.

For at Saint Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.—
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?

I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much:
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have made,

Will give her sadness very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all,
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens retire from the walls.*]

East. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part:
And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on;

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier,) rounded in the ear
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith;
That daily break-vow, he, that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,
Maids;—

Who having no external thing to lose
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity,—

Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is 'peised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
From a resolved and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—

And why rail I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm:
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
And say there is no sin, but to be rich;
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
To say,—there is no vice, but beggary:
Since kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my lord! for I will worship thee!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—*The Same. The French King's Tent.*

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and
SALISBURY.

Const. Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!

False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!

Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?

It is not so; that thou mis-spoke, mis-heard;

Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:

It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so:

I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word

Is but the vain breath of a common man;

Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;

I have a king's oath to the contrary.

Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,

For I am sick, and capable of fears;

Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;

A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;

A woman naturally born to fears;

And though thou now confess thou didst but jest.

With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,

But they will quake and tremble all this day.

What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?

Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?

What means that hand upon that breast of thine?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,

Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?

Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?

Then speak again; not all thy former tale,

But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as, I believe you think them false,

That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,

Teach thou this sorrow, how to make me die;

And let belief and life encounter so,

As doth the fury of two desperate men,

Which, in the very meeting, fall and die.—

Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?

France friend with England? what becomes of me?

Fellow, begone: I cannot brook thy sight;

This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady done,

But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,

As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, were grim,

Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,

Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,

Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,

Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,

I would not care, I then would be content;

For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou

Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.

But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,

Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:

Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,

And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, O!

She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee;

She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John:

And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France

To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune, and King John;
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John:—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee:

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

(*She throws herself on the ground.*)

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS,
BLANCH, ELINOR, *Bastard*, AUSTRIA, and
Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day

Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist;
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holyday!—

(*Rising.*)

What hath this day deserved? what hath it done;
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the kalendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
O, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crossed;
But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By Heaven, lady, you shall have no cause

To curse the fair proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguiled me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and
tried,

Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn:
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league;
Arm, arm, you Heavens, against these perjured
kings!

A widow cries; be husband to me, Heavens!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!
Hear me, O hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.

O Lymoges! O Austria; thou dost shame

That bloody spoil. Thou slave, thou wretch, thou
coward:

Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of Heaven!—
To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand,
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn? and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of Eng-
land,

Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;

But as we under Heaven are supreme head,
So, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand;
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Chris-
tendom,

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
Dreading the curse, that money may buy out;
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose

Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.
Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
Thou shalt stand cursed, and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;

And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
 Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
 That takes away, by any secret course,
 Thy hateful life.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
 That I have room with Rome to curse a while!
 Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
 To my keen curses: for, without my wrong,
 There is no tongue hath power to curse him
 right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my
 curse.

Const. And for mine too; when law can do no
 right,
 Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:
 Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
 For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law;
 Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
 How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
 Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
 And raise the power of France upon his head,
 Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Elk. Look'st thou pale, France? Do not let go thy
 hand.

Const. Look to that, devil! lest that France re-
 pent,

And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant
 limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these
 wrongs,

Because—

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardi-
 nal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardi-
 nal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
 Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
 Or the light loss of England for a friend:
 Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee
 here.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her
 faith,

But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
 Which only lives but by the death of faith,
 That needs must need infer this principle,
 That faith would live again by death of need:
 O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts
 up,

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is moved, and answers not to
 this.

Const. O, be moved from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, King Philip; hang no more in
 doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet
 lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to
 say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee
 more,

If thou stand excommunicate, and cursed?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person
 yours,

And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit;

And the conjunction of our inward souls
 Married in league, coupled and link'd together
 With all religious strength of sacred vows:
 The latest breath that gave the sound of words,
 Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
 Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;
 And even before this truce, but new be'ore,—
 No longer than we well could wash our hands,
 To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
 Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-
 stain'd

With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint
 The fearful difference of incensed kings:
 And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,
 So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,
 Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?
 Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with Heaven,
 Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
 As now again to snatch our palm from palm;
 Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,
 And make a riot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity? O holy sir,
 My reverend father, let it not be so:
 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
 Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd
 To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
 Save what is opposite to England's love.
 Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
 Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
 A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
 France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
 A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
 A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,
 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost
 hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So makest thou faith an enemy to faith;
 And like a civil war, sett'st oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow,
 First made to Heaven, first be to Heaven per-
 form'd;

That is, to be the champion of our church!
 What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
 And may not be performed by thyself:
 For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
 Is not amiss, when it is truly done;
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done not doing it:
 The better act of purposes mistook
 Is, to mistake again; though indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
 And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,
 Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
 It is religion, that doth make vows kept;
 But thou hast sworn against religion;
 By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou
 swear'st;

And makest an oath the surety for thy truth
 Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
 To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;
 Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear,
 Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:
 And better conquest never canst thou make,
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Against those giddy loose suggestions:
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,
 If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,

The peril of our curses light on thee;
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will't not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,—
Clamours of hell,—be measures to our pomp?

O husband, hear me!—ah, alack, how new

Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,

Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms

Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by Heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love: What motive may

Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Const. That, which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,

His honour: O thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I muse, your majesty doth seem so cold,

When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fall from thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.

Bast. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton time,

Is it as he will? well, then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood. Fair day, adieu!

Which is the side, that I must go withal?

I am with both: each army hath a hand;

And, in their rage, I having hold of both,

They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;

Uncle, I needs must pray, that thou may'st lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine:

Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:

Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;

Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—

[Exit Bastard.]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;

A rage, whose heat hath this condition,

That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,

The blood, and dearest valued blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:

Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To arms let's hie!

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—The same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums; Excursions. Enter the Bastard with AUSTRIA'S head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;

Some airy devil hovers in the sky.

And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there;

While Philip breathes.

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip make up:

My mother is assailed in our tent,

And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:

But on, my liege; for very little pains

Will bring this labour to an happy end.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—The same.

Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard, HUBERT, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind.

(To Elinor.)

So strongly guarded.—Cousin look not sad:

(To Arthur.)

Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will

As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, (to the Bastard) away for England; haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags

Of hoarding abbots; angels imprison'd

Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace

Must by the hungry now be fed upon:

Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle, shall not drive me back

When gold and silver beckons me to come on.

I leave your highness.—Grandam, I will pray

(If ever I remember to be holy)

For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewell, my gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell.

[Exit Bastard.]

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

(She takes Arthur aside.)

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh

There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love:

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—

But I will fit it with some better time.

By Heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed

To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet:

But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.

I had a thing to say,—But let it go:

The sun is in the heaven. and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
 To give me audience:—If the midnight bell
 Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
 If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
 Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
 (Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
 A passion hateful to my purposes;) Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
 But ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;
 And, by my troth, I think, thou lovest me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
 Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
 By heaven, I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know thou wouldst?
 Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
 On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
 He is a very serpent in my way;
 And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
 He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
 Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I will keep him so,
 That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
 Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
 I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin:
 Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
 With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. The French King's Tent.*

Enter KING PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
 A whole Armado of convicted sail
 Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
 Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
 And bloody England into England gone,
 O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
 So hot a speed with such advice disposed,
 Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
 Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard,
 Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear, that England had the
 praise,
 So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;
 Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
 In the vile prison of afflicted breath.—
 I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now! now see the issue of your
 peace!

K. Phi. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle
 Constance!

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
 But that, which ends all counsel, true redress,
 Death, death:—O amiable lovely death!
 Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
 Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
 Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
 And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
 And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
 And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
 And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
 And be a carrion monster like thyself:
 Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smilest,
 And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
 O, come to me.

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—
 Oh, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
 Then with a passion would I shake the world,
 And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
 Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
 Which scorns a modern invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
 I am not mad. This hair I tear is mine;
 My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife:
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
 I am not mad,—I would to heaven, I were!
 For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
 O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
 And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
 My reasonable part produces reason
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
 If I were mad, I should forget my son;
 Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.
 I am not mad, too well, too well I feel
 The different plague of each calamity.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses: O, what love I
 note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
 Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
 Do glew themselves in sociable grief;
 Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,
 Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do
 it?

I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,
 O that these hands could so redeem my son,
 As they have given these hairs their liberty!
 But now I envy at their liberty,
 And will again commit them to their bonds,
 Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
 And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
 That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:

If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
And dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,

(Tearing off her head-dress.)

When there is such disorder in my wit.
O, lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure.

[Exit.]

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

[Exit.]

Lew. There's nothing in this world can make me joy.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoiled the sweet world's taste,

That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,
On their departure most of all shew evil:
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.

No, no; when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost

In this, which he accounts so clearly won:
Are not you grieved, that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path, which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore,
mark,

John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, while warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplaced John should entertain an hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:
A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:

That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;

So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,

May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green are you, and fresh in this old world!

John lays you plots: the times conspire with you:
For he that steeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts

Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;

That none so small advantage shall step forth,

To check his reign, but they will cherish it;

No natural exhalation in the sky,

No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,

No common wind, no custom'd event,

But they will pluck away his natural cause,

And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs

Abortives, presages, and tongues of Heaven,

Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already,

Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him,

And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;

And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath

Out of the bloody fingers'-ends of John.

Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;

And, O, what better matter breeds for you,

Than I have named!—The bastard Faulconbridge

Is now in England, ransacking the church,

Offending charity: If but a dozen French

Were there in arms, they would be as a call

To train ten thousand English to their side;

Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,

Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,

Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,

What may be wrought out of their discontent:

Now that their souls are topfull of offence,

For England go; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strong actions: Let us go,

If you say, ay, the king will not say, no.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room in the Castle.

Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand

Within the arras: when I strike my foot

Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth:

And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,

Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1 Attend. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I;
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me;
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault, that I was Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, it's not; and I would to Heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.

(Aside.)

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:

In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom—

Read here, young Arthur. *(Shewing a paper.)* How now, foolish rheum!

(Aside.)

Turning despiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?

Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning: Do, an if you will:
If Heaven be pleased, that you must use me ill,
Why, then thou must.—Will you put out mine eyes?

These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;

And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,

And quench his fiery indignation,

Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth.

(Stamps.)

Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,

Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still
For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1 Atten. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O Heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,

Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes;
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,

Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blash.
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert!
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master, that doth tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack

That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes

For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:

Yet, I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while

You were disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O Heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and other Lords. The King takes his State.

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,

And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

Pem. This once again, but that your highness pleased,

Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,

To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,

They do confound their skill in covetousness:
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more, in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your highness

To overbear it; and we are all well pleased;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation

I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, (when lesser is my fear,)
I shall endue you with: Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,

To sound the purposes of all their hearts,)
Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies,) heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong,) should move you to mew up

Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction. — Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed;

He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine:

The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds, 'twixt two dreadful battles set;
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence

The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:—

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceased to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,

Before the child himself felt he was sick:
This must be answer'd either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul play; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it:
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,

And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.

That blood, which owed the breadth of all this
isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: Bad world the
while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break
out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent,
There is no sure foundation set in blood;
No certain life achieved by other's death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast: Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather:—How goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England.—Never such a
power

For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land!
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arrived.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been
drunk?

Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's
care?

That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from Rumour's
tongue

I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased
My discontented peers!—What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my estate in France!—
Under whose conduct came those powers of
France,

That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard, and PETER, of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was
amazed

Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But, as I have travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied;
Possess'd with humours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day, at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou
so?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out
so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him, imprison
him;

And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,

[*Exit Hubert with Peter.*]

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are
full of it:

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And trust thyself into their companies;
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste: the better foot
before.—

O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!—
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me
speed.

[*Exit.*]

K. John. Spoke like a sprightly noble gentle-
man.—

Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;
And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege.

[*Exit.*]

K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen
to-night:

Four fix'd; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him, they shake their
heads,

And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's
wrist;

Whilst he that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and ranked in Kent:
Another lean unwashed artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with
these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven
and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted, and signed, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made
a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words;
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break
off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in
me:

But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to
name.

Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
And you have slander'd nature in my form;
Which howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the
peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience!
Forgive the comment, that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not; but to my closet bring

The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. Before the Castle.*

Enter ARTHUR on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap
down;

Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away;
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

(*Leaps down.*)

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!
(*Dies.*)

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmund's-
Bury:

It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France:
Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather then set forward: for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd
lords!

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossest himself of us;
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot,
That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks:
Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

Bast. Whate'er you think, good words, I think,
were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason
now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison: What is he lies here?

(*Seeing Arthur.*)

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and
princely beauty!

The earth hath not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you be-
held,

Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this ob-
ject,

Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders passed, do stand excused in this :

And this, so sole, and so unmatched,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sin of time ;
And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work ;
The graceless action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand ?—
We had a kind of light, what would ensue :
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;
The practice, and the purpose, of the king,—
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to his breathless excellence
The incense of a vow, a holy vow,
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pem. & Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.
Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death :—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law ?

(Drawing his sword.)

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say ;

By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours :

I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence :
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill ! darest thou brave a nobleman ?

Hub. Not for my life : but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an Emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so ;

Yet, I am none : Whose tongue soe'er speaks
false,

Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Bast. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

Bast. Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury :

If you but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime ;
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge ?

Second a villain, and a murderer ?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince ?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well :
I honour'd him, I loved him ; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,

For villainy is not without such rheum ;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse and innocency.
Away with me all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house ;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

Big. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there !

Pem. There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[Exeunt Lords.]

Bast. Here's a good world !—Knew you of this fair work ?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha ! I'll tell thee what ;
Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black ;

Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer :
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb,
Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be
A beam to hang thee on ; or, wouldst thou drown
thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me !
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amazed, methinks ; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up ;
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven : and England now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by th' teeth
The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line ; and vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed ; I'll to the king :
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And Heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING JOHN, PANDULPH with the crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pand. Take again.

(Giving John the crown.)

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French;

And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflamed.
Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified.

Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be administer'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,

Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But, since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

[Exit.

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet

Say, that, before Ascension day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:
I did suppose, it should be on constraint;
But, Heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out

Dut Dover Castle. London hath received,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin, and his powers:
Your nobles will not hear you but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and taken away.

K. John. That villain Habert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire:
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away; and glisten like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?

O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he comes so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,

And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd sicken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—A Plain near St. Edmund's-Bury.

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance:
Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and unurged faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad, that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by condemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many. O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side,
To be a widow-maker. O, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot of this enforced cause.)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou couldst remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee unto a Pagan shore;
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou shew in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,

Between compulsion and a brave respect!
 Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
 That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
 My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
 Being an ordinary inundation;
 But this effusion of such manly drops,
 This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed
 Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
 Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.
 Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
 And with a great heart heave away this storm:
 Commend these waters to those bab. eyes
 That never saw the giant world enraged,
 Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
 Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
 Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as
 deep
 Into the purse of rich prosperity,
 As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Enter PANDULPH, Attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:
 Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
 To give us warrant from the hand of Heaven;
 And on our actions set the name of right,
 With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble Prince of France!
 The next is this,—King John hath reconciled
 Himself to Rome: his spirit is come in,
 That so stood out against the holy church,
 The great metropolis and see of Rome:
 Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
 And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
 That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
 It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
 And be no farther harmful than in shew.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not
 back:

I am too high-born to be propertied,
 To be a secondary at control,
 Or useful serving man, and instrument,
 To any sovereign state throughout the world.
 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
 Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
 And brought in matter, that should feed this
 fire;

And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
 With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
 You taught me how to know the face of right,
 Acquainted me with interest to this land,
 Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;
 And come you now to tell me, John hath made
 His peace with Rome? What is that peace to
 me?

I, by the honour of my marriage bed,
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
 And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
 Because that John hath made his peace with
 Rome?

Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome
 borne,

What men provided, what 'munition sent,
 To underprop this action? is't not I,
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,
 And such as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,
 To win this easy match, play'd for a crown?

And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
 No, on my soul it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return,
 Till my attempt so much be glorified
 As to my ample hope was promised,
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
 To outlook conquest, and to win renown
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

(Trumpet sounds.)

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
 Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:—
 My holy lord of Milan, from the king
 I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
 And, as you answer, I do know the scope
 And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pan. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
 And will not temporize with my entreaties;
 He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breathed,
 The youth says well:—Now hear our English king:
 For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
 He is prepared; and reason too, he should:
 This apish and unmannerly approach,
 This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
 This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,
 The king doth smile at; and is well prepared
 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
 From out the circle of his territories.
 That hand, which had the strength, even at your
 door,

To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
 To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
 To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
 To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks,
 To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
 In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
 Even at the crying of your nation's crow,
 Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;—
 Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
 No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
 And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,
 To souse annoyance, that comes near his nest.—
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
 For your own ladies, and pale-visaged maids,
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums:
 Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
 Their needs to lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in
 peace;

We grant, thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;
 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 With such a brabblor.

Pan. Give me leave to speak.

Bast. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither:—
 Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war
 Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Bast. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry
 out;

And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
 An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
 And even at hand a drum is ready braced,
 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine:

Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouthed thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legats here,
Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits
A bare ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up your drums, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Field of Battle.*

Alarums. Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear: How fares your Majesty?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long.

Lies heavy on me: O, my heart is sick!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field;

And send him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mess. Be of good comfort; for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.
This news was brought Richard but even now:
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on towards Swinstead: to my litter straight;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the same.*

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and others.

Sal. I did not think the king so stored with friends.

Pem. Up once again; put spirit in the French;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say King John sore sick hath left the field.

Enter MELUN, wounded, and led by Soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pem. It is the count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,

And welcome home again discarded faith.

Seek out King John, and fall before his feet;

For, if the French be lords of this loud day,

He means to recompense the pains you take,

By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,

And I with him, and many more with me,

Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;

Even on that altar, where he swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,

Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax

Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?

What in the world should make me now deceive,

Since I must lose the use of all deceit?

Why should I then be false: since it is true,

That I must die here, and live hence by truth?

I say again, if Lewis do win the day,

He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours

Behold another day break in the east:

But even this night,—whose black contagious breath

Already smokes about the burning crest

Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,

Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;

Paying the fine of rated treachery,

Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,

If Lewis by your assistance win the day.

Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;

The love of him,—and this respect besides,

For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—

Awakes my conscience to confess all this.

In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence

From forth the noise and rumour of the field:

Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts

In peace, and part this body and my soul

With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee,—And beshrew my soul
But I do love the favour and the form

Of this most fair occasion, by the which

We will untread the steps of damned flight;

And, like a bated and retired flood,

Leaving our rankness and irregular course,

Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-
look'd,

And calmly run on in obedience,

Even to our ocean, to our great King John.—

My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;

For I do see the cruel pangs of death

Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! Now
flight:

And happy newness, that intends old right.

[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*]

SCENE V.—*The Same. The French Camp.*

Enter LEWIS and his train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath
to set;

But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,

When the English measured backward their own
ground,

In faint retire: O, bravely came we off,

When with a volley of our needless shot,

After such bloody toil, we bid good night;

And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,

Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here:—What news?

Mess. The count Melun is slain; the English
lords,

By his persuasion, are again fall'n off;

And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,

Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very
heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.--Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care
to-night;

The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*An open Place, in the Neighbourhood
of Swinstead-Abbey.*

Enter the Bastard and HUBERT meeting.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or
I shoot.

Bast. A friend:—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I
demand

Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought;
I will, upon all hazards, well believe

Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so
well:

Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think,
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance; thou, and eyeless
night,

Have done me shame.—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from my tongue,
Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news
abroad?

Hub. Whv, here walk I, in the black brow of
night,

To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Shew me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poisoned by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain.
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come
back,

And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty Heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—

I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escaped.

Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt he will be dead, or e'er I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.*

*Enter PRINCE HENRY, SALISBURY, and
BIGOT.*

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-
house)

Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds
belief,

That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard
here.—

Doth he still rage?

[*Exit Bigot.*]

Pem. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and
wounds

With many legions of strange fantasies;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death
should sing.—

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are
born

To set a form upon that indigest,
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

*Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in KING
JOHN in a chair.*

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-
room;

It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd,—ill fare;—dead, forsook, cast
off:

And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parch'd lips,
And comfort me with cold:—I do not ask you
much,

I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O that there was some virtue in my
tears,

That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—

Within me is a hell: and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannize
An unreprievable condemned blood

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine
eye:

The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all these shrouds wherewith my life should
sail,

Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou see'st, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward;
Where, Heaven he knows, how we shall answer
him;

For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

(The King dies.)

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an
ear

My liege! my lord!—But now a king,—now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so
stop.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay!

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—

Now, now, you stars, that move in your right
spheres,

Where be your powers? Shew now your mended
faiths:

And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be
sought;

The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as
we:

The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so:—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spared,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd;
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land!

To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you
thanks,

And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. O let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.—
This England never did (nor never shall)
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us
rue
If England to itself do rest but true.

Exeunt.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.



Fal.—"MISTRESS FORD, BY MY TROTH, YOU ARE VERY WELL MET."—Act i, scene 1.

Persons Represented.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

FENTON.

SHALLOW, a country Justice.

SLENDER, Cousin to Shallow.

MR. FORD, } two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.

MR. PAGE, }

WILLIAM PAGE, a Boy. Son to Mr. Page.

SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welch Parson.

DR. CAIUS, a French Physician.

Host of the Garter Inn.

BARDOLPH, } Followers of Falstaff.

PISTOL, }

NYM, }

ROBIN, Page to Falstaff.

SIMPLE, Servant to Slender.

RUGBY, Servant to Dr. Caius.

MRS. FORD.

MRS. PAGE.

MRS. ANNE PAGE, her Daughter, in love with Fenton.

MRS. QUICKLY, Servant to Dr. Caius.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE,—Windsor, and the Parts adjacent.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Windsor. Before Page's House.

*Enter Justice SHALLOW, SLENDER,
and Sir HUGH EVANS.*

Shal. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram*.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slender, and *Cust-alorum*.

Slen. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*: in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero*.

Shal. Ay, that we do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have done't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white luses in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies—love.

Shal. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Slen. I may quarter, coz?

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marrying, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, py'r lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in my simple conjectures: but this is all one. If Sir John Falstaff have committed disparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the Council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the sword, and end it: and there is another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot discretions with it: There is Anne Page, which is daughter to master George Page, which is pretty virginity.

Slen. Mistress Anne Page? She has brown hair, and speaks small, like a woman.

Eva. It is that fery version for all the 'orld, as just as you will desire; and seven hundred pounds of moneys, and gold, and silver, is her grandsire, upon his death's-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful resurrections!) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a marriage between master Abraham and mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Did her grandsire leave her seven hundred pound?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us see honest master Page. Is Falstaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true. The knight, Sir John, is there; and I beseech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door (*knocks*) for master Page. What, ho! Got pless your house there!

Enter PAGE.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here is Got's plessing, and your friend, and Justice Shallow: and here young master Slender, that peradventures, shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your worships well: I thank you for my venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart! I wished your venison better; it was ill killed. How doth good mistress Page? and I love you always with my heart, la! with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun at Cotsale.

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good, and fair.—Is Sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd; is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me; indeed, he hath; at a word, he hath; believe me: Robert Shallow, esquire, saith he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir John.

*Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH,
NYM, and PISTOL.*

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king.

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight,—I have done all this: That is now answered.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in counsel; you'll be laughed at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir John, good worts.

Fal. Good worts: good cabbage. Slender, I broke your head: what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you, and against your coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bard. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca, slice!* that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man? can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace: I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is,—inaster Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot; I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,—

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ears?* Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else,) of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No, it is false, if it is a pickpurse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine,

I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:

Word of denial in thy labras here;

Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest.

Slen. By these gloves, then, 'twas he.

Nym. Be advised, sir, and pass good humours. I will say, *marry trap*, with you, if you run the nut-hook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then, he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the careires.

Slen. Ay, you spake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So God 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Mistress ANNE PAGE with wine; Mistress FORD and Mistress PAGE following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. *[Exit Anne Page.]*

Slen. O heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.

(Kissing her.)

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome:—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exeunt all but Shal. Slen. and Evans.]

Slen. I had rather than forty shillings I had my book of Songs and Sonnets here

Enter SIMPLE.

How now, Simple! Where have you been? I must wait on myself, must I? You have not *The Book of Riddles* about you, have you?

Sim. *Book of Riddles!* why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz: we stay for you. A word with you, coz: marry this, coz: There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by Sir Hugh here—Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me, he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But this is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel of the mouth: therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir,—I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt: but if you say, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the faul' is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely; his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hanged, la.

Re-enter ANNE PAGE.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne.—Would I were young, for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worships' company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace.

[Exeunt Shal. and Sir. H. Evans.]

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir.

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. —Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man.—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. Ifaith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray, you, sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you; I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since.—Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it, as any man in England:—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson loose, twenty times; and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.

Re-enter PAGE.

Page. Come, gentle master Slender, come; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir; come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly, la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome; you do yourself wrong, indeed, la.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same.*

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet:—give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether 's acquaintance with mistress Anne Page: and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to Mistress Anne Page. I pray you, begone: I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL, and ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a-week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: Let me see thee froth and lime: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Host.*]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: An old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man, a fresh tapster: Go, adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desired; I will thrive.

[*Exit Bard.*]

Pist. O base Hungarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his filching was like an unskilful singer, he kept no time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: Steal! foh—a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol: Indeed I am in the waist two yards about: but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's.*

Pist. He hath studied her well, and translated her well—out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: Will that humour pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse. He hath legions of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy,* say I.

Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious eyliads: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dung-hill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humour.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become, And by my side wear steal? then Lucifer, take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour. here, take the humour letter; I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, (*To Rob.*) bear you these letters tightly;

Sail like my pinnace to these golden shores.—
Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go;
Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of this age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.

[*Exeunt Fal. and Robin.*]

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,

And high and low beguile the rich and poor;
Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:

I will discuss the humour of this love to Page.

Pist. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,

How Falstaff, varlet vile,

His dove will prove, his gold will hold,

And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Dr. Caius' House.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY, SIMPLE, and RUGBY.

Quick. What; John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch.

[*Exit Rugby.*]

Quick. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a seal-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish that way; but nobody but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quick. And master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quick. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Cain-coloured beard.

Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands, as any is between this and his head: he hath fought with a warrener.

Quick. How say you?—O, I should remember him: Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish—

Re-enter RUGBY.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Quick. We shall all be shent: Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. (*Shuts Simple in the closet.*) He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John! what, John, I say!—Go, John, go, inquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—and down, down, adown-a, &c.

(*Sings.*)

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box: Do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth. I'll fetch it you.—I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad.

(*Aside.*)

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vais à la Cour,—la grande affaire.*

Quick. Is it this, sir?

Caius. *Ouy: mette le au mon pocket: Depeshe, quickly.—Vere is dat knave. Rugby?*

Quick. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long.—Od's me! *Qu' ay j'oublé?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quick. Ah me! he'll find the young man there and be mad!

Caius. *O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?—Villainy! larron! (Pulling Simple out.) Rugby, my rapier.*

Quick. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quick. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quick. I beseech you, be not so phiegmatic; hear the truth of it: He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to—

Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper: Tarry you a little-a while.

(Writes.)

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud and so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself:—

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quick. Are you advised o' that? you shall find it a great charge: and to be up early and down late;—but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it;) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that—I know Anne's mind—that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his throat in de park: and I will teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make.—You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here.—By gar, I vill cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog.

[Exit Simple.]

Quick. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I vill kill de Jack Priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jartrre* to measure our weapon: by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the good-jer!

Caius. Rugby, come to de court vit me.—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door.—Follow my heels, Rugby.

[Exeunt Caius and Rugby.]

Quick. You shall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. (Within.) Who's within there? ho!

Quick. Who's there, I trow? Come near the house, I pray you.

Enter FENTON.

Fent. How now, good woman; how dost thou?

Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne?

Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise Heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkest thou? Shall I not lose my suit?

Quick. Troth, sir, all is in His hands above; but notwithstanding, master Fenton, I'll be sworn on a book, she loves you.—Have not your worship a wart above your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quick. Well, thereby hangs a tale;—good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—We had an hour's talk

of that wart:—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company! But indeed she is given too much to allicholly, and musing: But for you—Well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day.—Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf; if thou seest her before me, commend me—

Quick. Will I? i'faith, that we will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now.

[Exit.]

Quick. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not: for I know Anne's mind as well as another does.—Out upon't! what have I forgot?

[Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Before Page's House.

Enter Mistress PAGE, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see:

(Reads.)

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: You are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: You love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight

By day or night,

Or any kind of light,

With all his might,

For thee to fight, JOHN FALSTAFF.

What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to shew himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—Heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the Parliament for the putting down of men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mrs. Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel.

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?—Dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What? thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:—here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised woman's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundredth Psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more,) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one, that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he knew some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [They retire.]

Enter FORD, PISTOL, PAGE, and NYM,

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,

Both young and old, one with another, Ford: He loves thy gally-maufry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou,

Like Sir Actæon he, with Ringwood at thy heels:—O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewell.

Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do sing.—

Away, Sir corporal Nym.—

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense.

[Exit Pistol.]

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true; (to Page.) I like not the humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some humours; I should have borne the humoured letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife. Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu.

[Exit Nym.]

Page. The humour of it, quoth a'! here's a fellow frights humour out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now. Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

(Aside to Mrs. Ford.)

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[Exeunt Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.]

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You have heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men: very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdeubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How now, mine host?

Enter Host and SHALLOW.

Host. How now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page. Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook.

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between Sir Hugh the Welsh priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook?

(They go aside.)

Shal. Will you *(To Page)* go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe me, I hear the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him my name is Brook, only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and regress—said I well?—and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight.—Will you go on, hearts?

Shal. Have with you, mine host.

Page. I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoecadoes, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats.

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[Exeunt Host, Shallow, and Page.]

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: she is in his company at Page's house, and what they made there I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then, the world's mine oyster,

Which I with sword will open.—

I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow Nym; or else you had looked through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damned in hell, for swearing to gentlemen, my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when Mrs. Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence.

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you—go.—A short knife and a throng;—to your manor of Pickthatch, go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honour precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of Heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent: what wouldst thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: What with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman: and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one mistress Ford, sir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways.—I myself dwell with master doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, Heaven, forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it: you have brought her into such a canaries, as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, (all musk,) and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and

sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any such sort, as they say,) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of,—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man: she leads a very fram-pold life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven.—Woman, commend me to her: I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well.—But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la: yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed; they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both. There's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt Quickly and Robin.*]

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your flights; Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit Pistol.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee? Let them say, 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I compassed you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD, disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome: What's your will?—Give us leave, drawer.

[*Exit Bardolph.*]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much: my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are; the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion: for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith, you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her, fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her: not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have

pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind or in my means, need, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel,—that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

*Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it.—There is money: spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me: What say you to 't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O, good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her, (I may tell you,) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven: for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to be well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate o'er the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife.—Come to me soon at night.—Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his stile; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for a knave and cuckold!—Come to me soon at night.

[Exit.]

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal 's this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aquavite bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself. Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy!—Eleven o'clock the hour;—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it: better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie, cuckold! cuckold! cuckold!

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—Windsor Park.

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor!

Slen. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? Is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Esculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder? ha! is he dead, bully Stale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of the world; he is not shew his face.

Host. Thou art a Castillian king, Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius. I pray you, bear vittness dat me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor; he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair of your professions: is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Bodykins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one. though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page.—Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace; you have shewed yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shewn himself a wise and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice.—A word, monsieur Muck-water.

Caius. Muck-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Muck-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much muck-vater as de Englishman:—Scurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore.

(*Aside to them.*)

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about by the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

Page. *Shal.* and *Slen.* Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de priest; for he speak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Host. Let him die: but, first, sheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler. Go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where mistress Anne Page is, at a farm-house,

a-feasting; and thou shalt woo her: Cry'd game. said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure a-you de good guest, de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy adversary towards Anne Page; said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Field near Frogmore.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS and SIMPLE.

Eva. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physic*?

Sim. Marry, sir, the city-ward, the park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Eva. Pless my souli how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me—how melancolies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork—'pless my soul!

(*Sings.*)

*To shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies.
To shallow—*

Mercy on me: I have a great dispositions to cry.

*Melodious birds sing madrigals:
When as I sat in Pabylon,—
And a thousand vagram posies.
To sha low—*

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome—

To shallow rivers to whose falls—

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, sir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown, or else keep it in your arms.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Shal. How now, master parson? Good-morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a gamester from the dice, and a good student from his book, and it is wonderful.

Slen. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh!

Eva. Pless you from his mercy sake, all of you!

Shal. What! the sword and the word! do you study them both, master parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatic day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office master parson!

Eva. Fery well: what is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who, belike, having received wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have lived fourscore years and upwards; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him, master doctor Caius, the renowned French Physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion of my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Sl. n. Oh, sweet Anne Page!

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons.—Keep them asunder.—Here comes doctor Caius.

Enter Host, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogscorb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. *Diable!*—Jack Rugby,—mine *Host de Jarterre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christian's soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace I say, Gaullia and Gaul, French and Welch; soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politic? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no, he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my Sir Hugh? no; he gives me the proverbs, and the no-verbs. Give me thy hand, terrestrial; so—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue. Come, lay their swords to pawn.—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Sl. n. O, sweet Anne Page!

[Exeunt Shallow, Slender, Page, and Host.]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well: he has made us his vlouting-

stog. I desire you, that we may be friends, and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same scall, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart: he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles.—Pray you, follow.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The Street in Windsor.*

Enter Mistress PAGE, and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife: Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff?

Mr. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir;—I am sick, till I see her.

[Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.]

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so seeming Mrs. Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. *(Clock strikes.)* The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, SIR HUGH EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Sl. n. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to

dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Sl. n. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you;—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holyday, he smells April and May, he will carry't; he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner; besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will shew you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go; so shall you, master Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well: we shall have the freer wooing at master Page's.

[*Exeunt Shallow and Slender.*]

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

[*Exit Rugby.*]

Host. Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him.

[*Exit Host.*]

Ford (Aside.) I think, I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance.—Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in Ford's house.

Enter Mistress FORD and Mistress PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly! Is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant—What, Robin, I say.

Enter Servants, with a basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and, when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are called.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin

Enter ROBIN.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket? what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so—Go tell thy master, I am alone.—Mrs Page, remember you your cue.

[*Exit Robin.*]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me.

[*Exit Mrs. Page.*]

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion;—we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Have I caught thee my heavenly jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France shew me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to say so: thou wouldst make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not: nature is thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lipping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear, you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou mightst as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, Heaven knows, how I love you: and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. (within.) Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needsspeak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so: she's a very tattling woman.—
(*Falstaff hides himself.*)

Enter Mistress PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? You're ashamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion? Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: you are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder.—*(Aside.)*—'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray Heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain, your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: If you know yourself clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you: defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him. O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket: if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counsel;—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee; help me away: let me creep in here: I'll never—

He goes into the basket: they cover him with foul linen.

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John [*Exit Robin. Re-enter Servants.*] Go take up these clothes here, quickly; where's the cowl-staff? Look, how you drumble: carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

T

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck! I warrant you, buck; and of the season too; it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first,—so, now uncape.

Page. Good master Ford, be contented: you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon: follow me, gentlemen.

[*Exit.*]

Eva. This is fery fantastical humours, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.

[*Exeunt Evans, Page, and Caius.*]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in, when your husband asked who was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here, for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for tomorrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him; maybe the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay, peace. You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thought!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, Heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page; I suffer

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience : your wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well,—I promised you a dinner: come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this.—Come, wife; come, mistress Page: I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Eva. In your teeth: for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes and his mockeries.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Room in Page's House.*

Enter FENTON and Mistress ANNE PAGE.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love; Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object, I am too great of birth; And that, my state being gall'd with my expense, I seek to heal it only by his wealth: Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—My riots past, my wild societies; And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, Heaven so speed me in my time to come!

Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne; Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags; And 'tis the very riches of thyself That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton, Yet seek my father's love: still seek it, sir: If opportunity and humblest suit Cannot attain it, why then—Hark you hither.

(*They converse apart.*)

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and Mistress QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on 't: slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismayed.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afeared.

Quick. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.

O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!

(*Aside.*)

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne,—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that good comfort.—She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank Heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give Heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have made motions; if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter PAGE, and Mistress PAGE.

Page. Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—

Why, how now! What does master Fenton here?

You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house: I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.—

Come, master Shallow; come, son Slender;—Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*]

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter

In such a righteous fashion as I do, Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners, I must advance the colours of my love, And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yond' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,

And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton,

I will not be your friend, nor enemy: My daughter will I question how she loves you.

And as I find her so am I affected ;
Till then, farewell, sir. She must needs go in ;
Her father will be angry.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Anne.*]

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress ; farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing now ;—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician ? Look on master Fenton :—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee ; and I pray thee, once to-night

Give my sweet Nan this ring : There's for thy pains

[*Exit.*]

Quick. Now Heaven send thee good fortune ! A kind heart he hath : a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne ; or I would master Slender had her ; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her : I will do what I can for them all three ; for so I have promised, and I'll be as good as my word ; but speciously for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses ; what a beast am I to slack it !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack ; put a toast in't. [*Exit Bard.*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal ; and to be thrown into the Thames ? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter : and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking ; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow, a death that I abhor ; for the water swells a man ; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled ! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH with the wine.

Bard. Here's mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water ; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave ; I cry you mercy : Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these Chalice : Go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir ?

Fal. Simple of itself ; I'll no pullet sperm in my brewage.—[*Exit Bardolph.*]—How now.

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford ! I have had ford enough : I was thrown into the ford ; I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day ! good heart, that was not her fault : she does so take on with her men : they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding ; she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly : she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her : Tell her so ; and bid her think what a man is : let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou ?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir !

Fal. Well, be gone : I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook ; he sent me word to stay within : I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Bless you, sir !

Fal. Now, master Brook ? you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife ?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you ; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And how sped you, sir ?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir ? Did she change her determination ?

Fal. No, master Brook ; but the peaking cornuto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy ; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there ?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you ?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistress Page ; gives intelligence of Ford's approach ; and, by her invention and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket !

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket : rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins ; that, master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there ?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook, what I have suffered to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane ; they took me on their shoulders ; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket : I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it ; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well : on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook. I suffered the pangs of three several deaths : first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether ; next, to be com-

passed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head; and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes, that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw: it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe: think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more.

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Etna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford.

[Exit.

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot escape; 'tis impossible he should: he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box; but, lest the devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame; if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I—The Street.

Enter Mistress PAGE, Mistress QUICKLY, and WILLIAM.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quick. Sure he is by this, or will be presently; but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and bye; I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes; 'tis a playing-day, I see.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

How now, Sir Hugh? no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quick. Blessing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my husband says, my son profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, ask him some questions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah: hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quick. Truly, I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tattlings.—What is *fair*, William?

Will. *Pulcher*.

Quick. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, sure.

Eva. You are a very simplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace.—What is *lapis*, William?

Will. A stone.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *lapis*; I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis*.

Eva. That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc*.

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*;—pray you mark; *genitivo, hujus*: Well, what is your *accusative case*?

Will. *Accusativo, hinc*.

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child *Accusativo, hing, hang, hog*.

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman.—What is the *focative case*, William?

Will. O—*vocativo, O*.

Eva. Remember, William, *focative* is *caret*.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

Will. *Genitive case*?

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive,—horum, harum, horum*.

Quick. 'Vengeance of Jenny's case! fle on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call *horum*:—fle upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? Thou art as foolish Christian creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is, *ki, kœ, cod*; if you forget your *kies*, your *kœs*, and your *cods*, you must be preeches. Go your ways, and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag memory. Farewell, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh.—[Exit Sir Hugh.]—Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter FALSTAFF and Mistress FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see, you are obsequious in your

love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth, not only, mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a-birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. (*Within.*) What ho, gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John.

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Enter Mistress PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweetheart? who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none, but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly.—Speak louder.

(*Aside.*)

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old luns again: he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *Peer out, peer out!* that any madness, I ever yet beheld, seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket: protests to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here: now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket. May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do?—I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always used to discharge their birding pieces: creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is

no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is; and there's her thumb'd hat, and her muffler too: Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while.

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Mrs. Ford. I would, my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch, forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do.

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too:

We do not act, that often jest and laugh;

'Tis old but true, *Still swine eat all the draff.*

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter Mistress FORD, with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, despatch.

[*Exit.*]

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Serv.* Pray Heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain.—Somebody call my wife.—You, youth in a basket, come out here!—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: Now shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to the bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mistress FORD.

Ford. So say I too sir.—Come hither, mistress

Ford; mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband! I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah.

[Pulls the clothes out of the basket.]

Page. This passes!

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? Let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why—

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: if I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, mistress Page! come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! What old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is; beyond our element: we know nothing.—Come down, you witch, you hag you! come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband—Good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF in women's clothes, led by Mistress PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her:—Out of my door, you witch, (beats him,) you rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.

[Exit Falstaff.]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it: 'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little farther: Come, gentlemen.

[Exeunt Page, Ford, Shallow, and Evans.]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any farther revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of your husband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any farther afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed; and, methinks, there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, shape it: I would not have things cool.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter HOST and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English.

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them: Come.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A Room in Ford's House.

Enter PAGE, FORD, Mistress PAGE, Mistress FORD, and Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'oman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold, Than thee with wantonness: now doth thy honour stand,

In him, that was of late an heretic, As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more: Be not as extreme in submission, As in offence;

But let our plot go forward: let our wives

Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight! fie, fie; he'll never come.

Eva. You say, he has been thrown into the rivers; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks, there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks, his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;

And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,

The superstitious id'e-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device:
That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us,
Disguised like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this shape: When you have brought him thither,

What shall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon,
and thus:

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dress
Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song; upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so secret paths he dares to tread,
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours;
and I will be like a jack-a-napes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,

Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy;—and in that time
Shall master Slender steal my Nan away,

(*Aside.*)
And marry her at Eton.—Go, send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purposes: Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear you not that: Go, get us proper-
ties,

And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures,
and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt Page, Ford, and Evans*]

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send quickly to Sir John, to know his mind.—

[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*]
I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,

And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.

That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;

And he my husband best of all affects:

The doctor is well money'd, and his friends

Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her,

Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave
her.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V — A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what
thickskin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short,
quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John
Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle,
his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted
about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and
new. Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an *An-
thropophaginian* unto thee: Knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone
up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir,
till she comes down: I come to speak with her, in-
deed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be
robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully Sir John!
speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it
is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. (*Above.*) How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian Tartar tarries the com-
ing down of thy fat woman: Let her descend, bully,
let her descend; my chambers are honourable:
Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman
even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of
Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, mussel-shell: What
would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to
her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir,
whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain,
had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man
that beguiled master Slender of his chain, cozened
him of it.

Sim. I would, I could have spoken with the

woman herself; I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go, say, the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be so bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir Like; who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings.

[*Exit Simple.*]

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John: Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for as soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say, they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three cousin Germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Reading, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened: Fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Doctor CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is my *Host de Jartrerre*?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation, for a duke de *Jarmanny*: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

[*Exeunt Host and Bardolph.*]

Fal. I would, all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened, and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me; I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as

a dried pear. I never prospered since I forswore myself at *primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter Mistress QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffered more for their sakes, more than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them: mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my counterfeiting the action of an old woman, deliver'd me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve Heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FENTON and HOST.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose,

And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page; Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection (So far forth as herself might be her chooser) Even to my wish: I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof, so larded with my matter, That neither, singly, can be manifested, Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff Hath a great scene: the image of the jest!

(*Shewing the letter.*)

I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine host: To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,

Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen— The purpose why, is here—in which disguise, While other jests are something rank on foot, Her father hath commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eton Immediately to marry: she hath consented. Now, sir,

Her mother, even strong against that match, And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other sports are tasking of their minds, And at the deanery, where a priest attends, Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath

Made promise to the doctor. Now, thus it rests:
 Her father means she shall be all in white;
 And in that habit, when Slender sees his time
 To take her by the hand, and bid her go.
 She shall go with him:—her mother hath intended,
 The better to denote her to the doctor,
 (For they must all be mark'd and vizarded,)
 That, quaint in green, she shall be loose enrobed,
 With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her head:
 And when the doctor spies his vantage ripe,
 To pinch her by the hand, and on that token,
 The maid hath given consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good host, to go along with me:
 And here it rests,—that you'll procure the vicar
 To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
 And, in the lawful name of marrying,
 To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device: I'll to the vicar:

Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
 Besides I'll make a present recompense.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and Mistress QUICKLY.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling:—go—I'll hold. This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death. Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain: and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head, and mince.

[*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*]

Enter FORD.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you: He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I pluck'd geese, play'd truant, and whipp'd top, I knew not what it was to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford: on whom to-night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: strange things in hand, master Brook! follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Windsor Park.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter

S'en. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry *mum*; she cries *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too: but what needs either your *mum* or her *budget*? the white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Street in Windsor.

Enter MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD, and DR. CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and despatch it quickly. Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit Caius.*] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,
 Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on: To the oak, to the oak!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Windsor Park.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give you the watch-ords, do as I bid you; come, come; trib, trib.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Another part of the Park.

Enter FALSTAFF disguised with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on. Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda.—O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove—a foul fault. When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag, and the fattest, I think i' the forest. Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can

blame me to piss my tallow?—Who comes here?
my doe?

Enter MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer?
my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky
rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green
Sleeves*; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes;
let there come a tempest of provocation, I will
shelter me here.

(Embracing her.)

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweet-
heart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch:
I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for
the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath
to your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak
I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a
child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am
a true spirit, welcome!

(Noise within.)

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away. *(They run off.)*

Mrs. Page. }

Fal. I think, the devil will not have me damned,
lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he
would never else cross me thus.

*Enter SIR HUGH EVANS, like a satyr; MRS.
QUICKLY, and PISTOL; ANNE PAGE, as the
Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others,
dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads*

Quick. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white.
You moonshine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.—
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pist. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy
toys.

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unraked, and hearths un-
swept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them
shall die:

I'll wink and couch: no man their works must
eye.

(Lies down upon his face.)

Eva. Where's *Pede*?—Go you, and where you
find a maid,

That, ere she sleeps, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;

But those as sleep, and think not on their sins,

Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and
shins.

Quick. About, about;

Search Windsor-castle, elves, within and out:

Strew good luck, ousphes, on every sacred room,

That it may stand till the perpetual doom,

In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;

Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The several chairs of order look you scour

With juice of balm, and every precious flower:

Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,

With loyal blazon evermore be blest!

And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,

Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring;

The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;

And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense*, write,

In emerald tufts, flowers, purple, blue, and white,

Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,

Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:

Fairies use flowers for their charactery.

Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock,

Our dance of custom, round about the oak

Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in
order set:

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,

To guide our measure round about the tree.

But stay. I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy!

Lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy
birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:

If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,

And turn him to no pain; but if he start,

It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come.

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?

(They burn him with their tapers.)

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quick. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!

About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme:

And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. It is right; indeed he is full of lecheries and
iniquity.

SONG.

Fye on sinful fantasy!

Fye on lust and luxury!

Lust is but a bloody fire,

Kindled with unchaste desire,

Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,

As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.

Pinch him, fairies, mutually;

Pinch him for his villainy;

Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,

Till candles, and star-light, and moonshine be out.

*During this song, the fairies pinch Falstaff. Doctor
Caius comes one way, and steals away a fairy in
green; Slender another way, and takes off a fairy in
white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs.
Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within.
All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his
buck's head, and rises.*

*Enter PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, and MRS.
FORD. They lay hold of him.*

Page. Nay, do not fly; I think, we have watch'd
you now:

Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no
higher.—

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?

See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes

Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master

Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here

are his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook,

he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-

basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money,

which must be paid to master Brook; his horses

are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we

could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass. [extant.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh. [you.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frize? 'Tis time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man? [trails?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable en-

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welch flannel: ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me; use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends:

Forgive that sum, and so we'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her, master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: If Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. (Aside.)

Enter SLENDER.

Slender. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

Slender. Despatched!—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slender. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress

Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: If it had not been i' the church, I would have swung him, or he should have swung me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then, you took the wrong.

Slender. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slender. I went to her in white, and cried *mum*, and she cried *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Eva. Jeshu! Master Slender, cannot you see but marry boys?

Page. O, I am vexed at heart: What shall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter in the green; and, indeed, she is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mistress Page? By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. [Exit Caius.

Ford. This is strange: Who hath got the right Anne? [Fenton.

Page. My heart misgives me: Here comes master

Enter FENTON and ANNE PAGE.

How now, master Fenton? [pardon!

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother,

Page. Now, mistress? how chance you went not with master Slender? [maid?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master doctor,

Fenton. You do amaze her: Hear the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully, Where was there no proportion held in love. The truth is, She and I, long since contracted, Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us. The offence is holy that she hath committed; And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous title; Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours, [her.

Which forced marriage would have brought upon
Ford. Stand not amazed: here is no remedy:—
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced. [thee joy!

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, Heaven give What cannot be eschewed, must be embraced.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chased.

Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no farther.—Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry days!—
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so.—Sir John,
To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he, to-night, shall lie with Mrs. Ford. [Exeunt.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.



Maria.—"GET YE ALL THREE INTO THE BOX TREE."—Act ii, scene 5.

Persons Represented.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.
ANTONIO, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, } Gentlemen attending on the Duke.
CURIO, }
SIR TOBY BELCH, Uncle of Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.
MALVOLIO, Steward to Olivia.

FABIAN, } Servants to Olivia.
Clown, }

OLIVIA, a rich Countess.
VIOLA, in love with the Duke.
MARIA, Olivia's Woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and
other Attendants.

SCENE,—A City near Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, Lords; Musicians attending.

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.—Enough; no more:
'Tis not so sweet now, as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
Oh! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence;
That instant was I turned into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.—How now? what news from her?

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,
And water once a-day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her! when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
(Her sweet perfections) with one self king!—
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopied with bowers.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, Captain, and sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd—what think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance, that you yourself were saved.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so, perchance, may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you, and that poor number saved with you,
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself

(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature,
As in his name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now,
Or was so very late: for but a month
Ago I went from hence; and then 'twas fresh
In murmur, (as you know what great ones do,
The less will prattle of,) that he did seek
The love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count,
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving
her

In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.

Vio. O, that I served that lady:
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made my own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I pray thee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service:
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Olivia's House.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, and MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take
the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an
enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in
earlier o' nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great
exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within
the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer
than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink

in, and so be these boots too! an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who? Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a-year.

Mar. Ay; but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool, and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fye, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides, that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels, and subtractors, that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward, and a coystil, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish top. What wench? Castiliano vulgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-face.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chamber-maid.

Sir And. Good mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good mistress Mary Accost—

Sir To. You mistake, knight; accost is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An' thou let part so, Sir Andrew, 'would thou might'st never draw sword again.

Sir And. An' you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free. I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? What's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your iest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir: I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.

[Exit Maria.]

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a greater eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An' I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoy*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is *pourquoy*? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues, that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou see'st, it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself, here hard by, woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in 't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshaws, knight?

Sir And. As any man is Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters: and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard? and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig! I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-pace. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV—A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gate unto her; Be not denied access. stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she will never admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofit return.

Vio. Say, I do speak with her, my lord,—what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love, Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith; It shall become thee well to act my woes; She will attend it better in thy youth, Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it; For they shall yet belie thy happy years, That say, thou art a man. Diana's lip Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound, And all is semblative a woman's part. I know, thy constellation is right apt For this affair.—Some four or five attend him; All, if you will; for I myself am best, When least in company.—Prosper well in this, And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord, To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best, To woo your lady: yet, (*Aside.*) a barful strife! Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A Room in Olivia's house.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips, so wide as a bristle may enter, in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me! he, that is well hanged in this world, needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of *I fear no colours*.

Clo. Where, good mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged, for being so long

absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute then?

Clo. Not so neither; but I am resolved on two points.

Mar. That, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt! Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that; here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best.

[*Exit.*]

Enter OLIVIA and MALVOLIO.

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: For what says Quinapulus? Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool: I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him: anything that's mended, is but patched: virtue, that transgresses, is but patched with sin; and sin, that amends, is but patched with virtue: If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower:—the lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*; that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexterously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna; good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such

a barren rascal; I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools.

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fye on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains, for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half-drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? What gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here.—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!—How now, sot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,—

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery: There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry; what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not; give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the coroner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman.

[*Exit Clown.*]

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you: I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him, he shall not speak with me.

Mal. He has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter of a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind of man is he?

Mal. Why, of man kind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you, or no.

Oli. Of what personage, and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peas-cod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured, and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach; Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil; come throw it o'er my face:

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance, if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow, is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then shew you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned; I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief; 'tis not that time of moon with me, to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me, have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maiden-head: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exit Maria.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom? In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and shew you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one as I was this present. Is't not well done?

(*Unveiling.*)

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white

Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:

Lady, you are the cruel'st she alive,

If you will lead these graces to the grave,

And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried; and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair.

My lord and master loves you; O, such love

Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd

The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension, and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,

And sing them loud even in the dead of night,
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well;
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse;
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint, that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty!

[*Exit*]

Oli. What is your parentage?

Above my fortunes, yet my state is well;

I am a gentleman.—I'll be sworn thou art;

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,

Do give thee five-fold blazon:—Not too fast:—
soft! soft!

Unless the master were the man.—How now?

Even so quickly may one catch the plague?

Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections,

With an invisible and subtle stealth,

To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.—

What, ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same tragic messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it.

Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*]

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, shew thy force: Ourselves we do not owe:
What is decreed, must be; and be this so!

[*Exit.*]

ACT II

SCENE I.—*The Sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, 'sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagance. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me, then, Antonio, my

name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom, I know, you have heard of: he left behind him, myself, and a sister, both born in an hour. If the Heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for, some hours before you took me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her,—she bore a mind that envy could but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the count Orsino's court: farewell.

[*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have my enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter VIOLA; MALVOLIO following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir; you might have sayed me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

[*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: What means this lady?

Fortune forbid, my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, sure, methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,

For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man,—If it be so, (as 'tis,)

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made of, such we be;
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—A Room in Olivia's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight, is to be up betimes; and *dilucule surgere*, and thou know'st—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfilled can: To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early; so that, to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Do not our lives consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Thou art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink—Marian, I say!—a stoup of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? Did you never see the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg; and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool hath. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Quenbus; 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee six-pence for thy leman: Hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticoes thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: My lady has a white hand, and the myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love song, a love song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

SONG.

Clo. O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay, and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no farther, pretty sweeting;
Journey's end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith!

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;

*What's to come, is still unsure :
In delay there lies no plenty ;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i'faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight?* I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i'faith! Come, begin.

(They sing a catch.)

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I consanguineous? Am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally, lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!* *(Singing.)*

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,—*(singing.)*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do shew his days are almost done.

Mal. It's even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

(Singing.)

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o' time? sir, ye lie.—Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crums.—A stoop of wine, Maria?

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule; she shall know of it, by this hand.

[Exit.]

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do 't knight; I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know, I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you. I know, my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter; observe his construction of it. For

this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Fare-
well. *[Exit.]*

Sir To. Good night. Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight: come, knight.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.

Duke. Give me some music.—Now, good morrow, friends.—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night; Methought it did relieve my passion much; More than light airs and recollected terms, Of those most brisk and giddy-paced times:— Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool, that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in; he is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[Exit Curio.—Music.]

Come hither, boy: If ever thou shalt love, In the sweet pangs of it, remember me: For, such as I am, all true lovers are; Unstaid and skittish in all motions else, Save in the constant image of the creature That is beloved.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat Where love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:

My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves; Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by Heaven. Let still the woman take

An elder than herself; so wears she to him, So sways she level in her husband's heart. For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn, Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself, Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:

For women are as roses, whose fair flower, Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so; To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO, and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night!—

Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain.

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,

And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones,

Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,

And dallies with the innocence of love,

Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

(Music.)

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it;
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover ne'er find my grave,
To weep there.

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy God protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal!—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent every where; for that's it, that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell.

[Exit Clown.]

Duke. Let all the rest give place.—

[Exeunt Curio and Attendants.]

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yon' same sovereign cruelty:

Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,

Prizes not quantity of dirty lands:

The parts, that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;

But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,

That nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

Vio. But, if she cannot love you, sir?

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. 'Sooth, but you must.

Say, that some lady—as, perhaps, there is—

Hath for your love as great a pang of heart

As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;

You tell her so. Must she not then be answer'd!

Duke. There is no woman's sides,

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion

As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart

So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.

Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—

No motion of the liver, but the palate,—

That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;

But mine is all as hungry as the sea,

And can digest as much I make no compare

Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.
Vio. Ay, but I know,—
Duke. What dost thou know?
Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe;

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed?
We men may say more, swear more: but, indeed,
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too;—and yet I know not.—
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.

To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*O'ivia's Garden.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me out of favour with my lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we'll fool him black and blue.—Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.—How now, my nettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk; he has been yonder i' the sun, practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! (*The men hide themselves.*) Lie thou there, (*throws down a letter,*) for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[*Exit Maria.*]

Enter MALVOLIO

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!—

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio;—

Sir To. Ah rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for 't; the lady of the strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look, how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I left Olivia sleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them, I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby:

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and, perchance, wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me:

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him, thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control.

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips, then?

Mal. Saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:*—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You must amend your drunkenness.

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you

Mal. One Sir Andrew:

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here? (*Taking up the letter.*)

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

Mal. (*Reads.*) *To the unknown beloved this and my good wishes: her very phrases:—By your leave, wax. —Soft!—and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she used to seal: 'tis my lady: To whom should this be?*

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. (*Reads.*) *Jove knows I love*

But who?

Lips do not move,

No man must know.

No man must know.—What follows? the numbers altered!—*No man must know.*—If this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. *I may command, where I adore;
But silence like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore;
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyl checks at it.

Mal. *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me, I serve her, she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity. There is no obstruction in this:—And the end,—What should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—*M, O, A, I.*—

Sir To. O, ay!—make up that!—he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio; M.—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O.

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, and you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I;—This simulation is not as the former:—and yet, to crush this a little, it should bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft; here follows prose.—*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art likely to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee, that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings; and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee.*

The fortunate unhappy.

Day-light and champion discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-de-vice, the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and

with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove, and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prythee.* Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me.

[Exit.

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Enter MARIA.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Olivia's Garden.

Enter VIOLA, and Clown, with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir; I do live by the church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'st say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir.—To see this age!—A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit; how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton. But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant, thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you; if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married: and fools are as like husbands, as pilchards are to herrings, the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb, like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee.

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar; Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn.

[Exit.]

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool; And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit: He must observe their mood on whom he jests, The quality of persons, and the time; And, like the haggard, check at every feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice, As full of labour as a wise man's art: For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit; But wise men, folly-fallen, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them in motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean to go, sir; to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the Heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier: Rain odours! Well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed,—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.—

[Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world, Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment: You are servant to the count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours;

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,

'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you; I bade you never speak again of him. But, would you undertake another suit, I had rather hear you to solicit that, Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send, After the last enchantment you did here, A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you: Under your hard construction must I sit, To force that on you, in a shameful cunning, Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake, And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving Enough is shewn; a cyprus, not a bosom, Hides my poor heart: So let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise; for 'tis a vulgar proof, That very oft we pity enemies,

Oli. Why, then, methinks, 'tis time to smile again:

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud! If one should be a prey, how much the better To fall before the lion than the wolf?

(Clock strikes.)

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.— Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you: And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest, Your wife is like to reap a proper man. There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-hoe:

Grace and good disposition tend your ladyship! You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay:

I pr'ythee, tell me, what thou think'st of me.

Vio. That you do think, you are not what you are.

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right I am not what I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am,
I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt shews not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is
noon.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and everything,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam; never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again: for thou, perhaps, may'st
move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Olivia's house.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW
AGUE-CHEEK, and FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving man than ever she bestowed upon me: I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand jury-men, since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did shew favour to the youth in your sight, only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was baulked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. And 't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down; go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: About it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*: Go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew*]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver it.

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourself into stitches, follow me: yon' gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a renegado; for there is no Christian that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered?

Mar. Most villainously; like a pedant that keeps a school in the church.—I have dogged him, like his murderer: He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him. He does smile his face into more lines, than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my lady will strike him; if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Street.

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I would not, by my will, have troubled you; But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no farther chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you; my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth: And not all love to see you (though so much, As might have drawn one to a longer voyage) But jealousy what might befall your travel, Being skillless in these parts; which to a stranger Unguided and unfriended, often prove Rough and unhospitable: My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio.

I can no other answer make, but thanks, And thanks, and ever thanks: Often good turns Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay: But, were my worth, as is my conscience, firm,

You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best, first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. 'Would, you'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his gallies,
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse;
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is the best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town; there you shall have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply, your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him: He says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?
For youth is brought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.

I speak too loud.—

Where is Malvolio?—he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam;
But in strange manner. He is sure possess'd.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but smile: your ladyship
Were best have guard about you, if he come;
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho. (Smiles fantastically.)

Oli. Smilest thou?

I sent for you upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make
some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering;
but what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is
with me as the very true sonnet is: *Please one,*
and please all.

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs: It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes: Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of my greatness:—'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. Some are born great,—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some achieve greatness,—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. And some have greatness thrust upon them.

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wished to see thee cross-gartered.

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. Go to: thou art made if thou desirest to be so;—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not let me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the count Orsino's is returned; I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [Exit Servant.] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[Exeunt Olivia and Maria.]

Mal. Oh, ho! do not come near me now! no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough,* says she;—*be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants,—let thy tongue tang arguments of state,—put thyself into the trick of singularity;*—and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some air of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be looked to:* Fellow! not Malvolio nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together; that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing, that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and

Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is.—How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off: I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone.—How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched.

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way. Do you not see, you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity, to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things. I am not of your element; you shall know more hereafter.

[Exit.

Sir To. Is 't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now; lest the device take air, and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it; I warrant, there's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay is it, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. (*Reads.*) Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind,

why I do call thee so, for I will shew thee no reason for't.

Fab. A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat, that is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and exceeding good sense-less.

Sir To. I will way-lay thee going home, where, if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side o' the law: good.

Sir To. Fare thee well: and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy.

ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give 't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for't; he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailiff: so soon as ever thou see'st him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing.

[Exit.

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less; therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as, I know, his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Enter OLIVIA, and VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece; give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[Exeunt Sir To. Fab. & Mar.

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone, And laid mine honour too unchary out: There's something in me that reproves my faults, But such a headstrong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears, Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;

Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you: And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me that I'll deny; That honour, saved, may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that

Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well;

A fiend, like thee, might bear my soul to hell.

[Exit.]

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't; of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end; dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure, no man hath any quarrel with me; my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unbacked rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike, this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury; therefore, get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me, which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so.—Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return.

[Exit Sir Toby.]

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know, the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite, that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't. I am one, that would rather go with sir priest than sir knight. I care not who knows so much of my mettle.

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter SIR TOBY, with SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a virago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say, he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; and I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion. Stand here, make a good show on't; this shall end without the perdition of souls. Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

(Aside.)

Re-enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

I have his horse (to Fab.) to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants, and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for his oath's sake; marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

(Aside.)

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy: the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to't.

Sir And. Pray God he keep his oath.

(Draws.)

Enter ANTONIO.

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my will.

(Draws.)

Ant. Put up your sword.—If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me; If you offend him, I for him defy you.

(Drawing.)

Sir To. You, sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.

(Draws.)

Enter two Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold; here comes the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon. (To Antonio.)

Vio. Pray, sir, put up your sword, if you please.

(To Sir Andrew.)

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily, and reins well.

1 Off. This is the man; do thy office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit Of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away; he knows, I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—This comes with seeking you;

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do? Now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse: it grieves me
Much more, for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.

2 Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have shew'd me here,
And, part, being promoted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there is half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?

Is't possible, that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man,
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have for you.

Vio. I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O Heavens themselves!

2 Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you
see here,
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,—
And to his image, which, methought, did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 Off. What's that to us? The time goes by;
away.

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this gold!—
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—
In nature there's no blemish, but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the devil.

1 Off. The man grows mad; away with him.
Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on.

[*Exeunt Officers with Antonio.*]

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither,
Fabian; we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most
sage saws.

Vio. He named Sebastian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so,
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[*Exit.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a
coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears, in
leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying
him; for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious
in it.

Sir. And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat
him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him soundly, but never draw
thy sword.

Sir. And. An I do not,—

[*Exit.*]

Fab. Come let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing
yet.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street before Olivia's House.*

Enter SEBASTIAN and CLOWN.

Clo. Will you make me believe, that I am not
sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow;
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out i' faith! No, I do not know
you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid
you come speak with her; nor your name is not
master Cesario; nor that is not my nose neither.—
Nothing, that is so, is so.

Seb. I pr'ythee vent thy folly somewhere else;
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of
some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent
my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world,
will prove a cockney.—I pr'ythee now, ungird thy
strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my
lady: Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, foolish Greek, depart from me;
There's money for thee; if thou tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand:—These
wise men, that give fools money, get themselves a
good report after fourteen years' purchase.

*Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and
FABIAN.*

Sir. And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's
for you.

[*Striking Sebastian.*]

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there and
there:

Are all the people mad?

[*Beating Sir Andrew.*]

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er
the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would
not be in some of your coats for twopence.

[*Exit Clo.*]

Sir To. Come on, sir! hold.

[*Holding Sebastian.*]

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way
to work with him; I'll have an action of battery
against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though
I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come sir, I will not let you go. Come,
my young soldier, put up thy iron: you are well
fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou
now?

If thou darest tempt me farther, draw thy sword.

[*Draws.*]

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an
ounce or two of that malapert blood from you.

[*Draws.*]

Enter OLIVIA.

Ol. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee,
hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains, barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my
sight!—

Be not offended, dear Cesario!—

Rudesby, be gone!—I pr'ythee gentle friend,

Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;

And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks

This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby

May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;

Do not deny: Beshrew his soul for me,

He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the
stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee: 'Would thou'dst be
ruled by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Olivia's house.

Enter MARIA and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this
beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the
curate; do it quickly: I'll call sir Toby the
whilst.

[*Exit Maria.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble my-
self in't; and I would I were the first that ever
dissembled in such a gown. I am not fat enough
to become the function well; nor lean enough to be
thought a good student: but to be said, an honest
man, and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to
say, a careful man, and a great scholar. The com-
petitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby; for, as the old hermit
of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily
said to a niece of king Gorboduc, *That, that is, is:*
So I, being master parson, am master parson. For
what is that, but that? and is? but is?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good
knave.

Mal. (In an inner chamber.) Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit
Malvolio, the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to
my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou
this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged:
good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have
laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by
the most modest terms; for I am one of those
gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with
courtesy: Say'st thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows, transparent as
barricadoes, and the clear stones towards the south-
north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest
thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas; I say to you this
house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no
darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more
puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance,
though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say,
there was never man thus abused. I am no more
mad than you are; make the trial of it in any con-
stant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concern-
ing wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply
inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way ap-
prove his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in dark-
ness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras
ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a
woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy gran-
dam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas,—

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy
beard and gown; he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me
word how thou findest him. I would, we were well
rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently
delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in
offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with
any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and
by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria*]

Clo. Hey Robin jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.

(Singing)

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdy.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say;—

Clo. She loves another—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at
my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and
paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thank-
ful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five
wits.

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously
abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if
you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me
in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all
they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is
here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the Heavens re-
store! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy
vain bibble babble

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow—
Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good Sir
Topas.—Marry, amen.—I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I
am silent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light, and some

paper; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day,—that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady; it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I pr'ythee, be gone.

Clo. I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain:

Who with dagger of lath,

In his rage and his wrath,

Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:

Like a mad lad,

Pare thy nails, dad.

Adieu, goodman devil. [Exit.

SCENE III.—*Olivia's Garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't, and see't:
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service:
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust, but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad; yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her fol-
lowers,
Take, and give back, affairs, and their despatch,
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
As, I perceive, she does: there's something in't
That is deceivable. But here comes the lady.

Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,

Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: He shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—And
heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Street before Olivia's House.*

Enter Clown and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. That is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, and Attendants.

Duke. Belong you to the lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: How dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now, my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit by the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me; there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double dealer; there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the thirds pays for all: the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of St. Bennet, sir, may put you in mind,—One, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know, I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty, till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think, that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [Exit Clown.

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well: Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war: A bawbling vessel was he captain of, For shallow draught, and bulk, unprizable: With which such scathful grapple did he make With the most noble bottom of our fleet, That very envy, and the tongue of loss, Cried fame and honour on him.—What's the matter?

1 *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phoenix, and her fraught, from
Candy;

And this is he, that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me,
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their
mercies,

Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give
me;

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ungrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:

His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication: for his sake

Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset;

Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger,)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While one would wink; denied me mine own
purse,

Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months
before,

(No interim, not a minute's vacancy.)
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess; now heaven
walks on earth.—

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are mad-
ness:

Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not
have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia.—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my
lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to my ear,
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and inauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
Tha'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall be-
come him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love; a savage jealousy,
That sometimes savours nobly?—But hear me
this:

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by Heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mis-
chief;

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. (*Going.*)

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
(*Following.*)

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than ere I shall love wife:
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life, for tainting of my love.

Oli. Ah me, detested! how am I beguiled!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you
wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Duke. Come away. (*To Viola.*)

Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband; can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O, welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant and Priest.

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe,) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings:
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my
grave

I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear;

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

*Enter SIR ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with his
head broke.*

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon; send
one present to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help: I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incarnadine.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. Old lifelings, here he is:—You broke my head for nothing; and that, that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:

You drew your sword upon me, without cause; But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me; I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.

Here comes Sir Toby, halting, you shall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentlemen? how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

C'o. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue. After a passy-measure, or a pavin, I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: Who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help an ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave? a thin-faced knave, a gull?

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[Exeunt Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

Eut, had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less, with wit, and safety.

You throw a strange regard upon me, and

By that I do perceive it hath offended you;

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows

We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;

A natural perspective, that is, and is not.

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!

How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,

Since I have lost thee.

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself?—

An apple, clept in two, is not more twin

Than these two creatures. Where is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother:

Nor can there be that deity in my nature,

Of here and every where. I had a sister,

Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.—

Of charity, what kin are you to me?

(To Viola.)

What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;

Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

Seb. A spirit I am, indeed;

But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.

Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,

I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,

And say—Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine.

Vio. And died that day, when Viola from her birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!

He finished, indeed, his mortal act,

That day that made my sister thirteen years.

Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,

But this my masculine usurp'd attire,

Do not embrace me, till each circumstance

Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,

That I am Viola: which to confirm,

I'll bring you to a captain in this town,

Where lie my maiden weeds by whose gentle help

I was preserved, to serve this noble count:

All the occurrence of my fortune since

Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:

But nature to her bias drew in that. *(To Olivia.)*

You would have been contracted to a maid;

Nor are you therein, by my life deceived,

You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.—

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,

I shall have share in this most happy wreck.—

Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times,

(To Vio.)

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;

And all those swearings keep as true in soul,

As doth that orb'd continent the fire

That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore.

Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action

Is now in durance; at Malvolio's suit,

A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: Fetch Malvolio hither:

And yet, alas, now I remember me,

They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

Re-enter clown, with a letter.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own

From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.—

How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do: he has here writ a letter to you; I should have given it to you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman:—*By the Lord, madam.*—

O'i. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow vox.

Oli. Pr'ythee read in thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore, perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah.

(To Fabian.)

Fab. (Reads.) *By the Lord, madam, you wrong me and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.*

The madly-used MALVOLIO.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[Exit Fabian.]

My lord, so please you, these things farther thought on,

To think me as well a sister as a wife,

One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,

Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.—

Your master quits you; (To Viola) and, for your service done him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,

So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,

And since you call'd me master for so long,

Here is my hand; you shall from this time be

Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister?—you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, the same.—

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter;

You must not now deny it is your hand;

Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;

Or say, 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:

You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,

And tell me in the modesty of honour,

Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;

Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you,

To put on yellow stockings, and to frown

Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people;

And, acting this in an obedient hope,

Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,

Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,

And made the most notorious geck and gull,

That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why?

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,

Though, I confess, much like the character:

But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.

And now I do bethink me, it was she

First told me, thou wast mad; then com'st in smiling,

And in such forms which here were presupposed Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content: This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee: But, when we know the grounds and authors of it, Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak; And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come, Taint the condition of this present hour, Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not, Most freely I confess, myself and Toby Set this device against Malvolio here, Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts We had conceived against him. Maria writ The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance; In recompense whereof, he hath married her. How with a sportful malice it was follow'd, May rather pluck on laughter than revenge; If that the injuries be justly weigh'd, That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee

Clo. Why, some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them. I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one.—By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;—But you remember? Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gag'd. And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you.

[Exit.]

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.— He hath not told us of the captain yet; When that is known, and golden time convents, A solemn combination shall be made Of our dear souls.—Meantime, sweet sister, We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come; For so you shall be, while you are a man; But, when in other habits you are seen, Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[Exeunt.]

SONG.

Clo. When that I was and a tiny little boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gains. knave and thief men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken head,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

[Exit.]

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.



Launce.—"NAY. I REMEMBER THE TRICK YOU SERVED ME."—Act iv, scene 4.

Persons Represented.

DUKE OF MILAN, *Father to Sylvia.*
 VALENTINE, } *Gentlemen of Verona.*
 PROTEUS, }
 ANTONIO, *Father to Proteus.*
 THURIO, *a foolish Rival to Valentine.*
 EGLAMOUR, *Agent for Silvia in her escape.*
 SPEED, *a clownish Servant to Valentine.*
 LAUNCE, *Servant to Proteus.*

PANTHINO, *Servant to Antonio.*
 Host, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*
 Outlaws.
 JULIA, *a Lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.*
 SILVIA, *the Duke's Daughter, beloved by Valentine.*
 LUCETTA, *Waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE,—*Sometimes in Verona; sometimes in Milan; and on the Frontiers of Mantua.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place in Verona.**Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Were't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lovest, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness, [danger,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love:
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I'll not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be

[looks
In love, where scorn is bought with groans; coy
With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won.
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not love. [prove.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:

And he, that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet, writers say, As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turned to foily; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.

But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more adieu; my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our
At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters, [leave.
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here, in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, fare-
well. [Exit Valentine.

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.

Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me:
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with
thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you: Saw you my
master? [Milan.

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for

Speed. Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd already;
And I have play'd the sheep, in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be a while away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd
then, and I a sheep.

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether
I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not
the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master;
and my master seeks not me; therefore, I am no
sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd,
the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou
for wages followest thy master, thy master for
wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a
sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry ha.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter
to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter
to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton,
gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store
of muttons. [best stick her.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were

Pro. Nay, in that you were astray: 'twere best
pound you. [for carrying your letter.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me

Pro. You mistake: I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and
over, [lover.

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your

Pro. But what said she? did she nod?

Speed. Ay. (Speed nods.)

Pro. Nod, I; why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir: I say, she did nod: and
you ask me, if she did nod; and I did say, Ay.

Pro. And that set together, is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it
together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the
letter. [with you.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly:
having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow
purse. [said she?

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: What

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the
matter may be both at once delivered. [she?

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from
her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing.

Speed. No, not so much as—*Take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself; and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master. [wreck;

Pro. Go, go, be gone to save your ship from Which cannot perish, having thee aboard, Being destined to a drier death on shore.— I must go send some better messenger; I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines Receiving them from such a worthless post. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The same. Garden of Julia's House.*

Enter JULIA, and LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone, Would'st thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheed-

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen, [fully. That every day with parle encounter me, In thy opinion, which is worthiest love? [mind

Luc. Please you repeat their names, I'll shew my According to my shallow simple skill. [mour?

Jul. What thinkest thou of the fair Sir Eglau-

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and fine; But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What thinkest thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What thinkest thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name? [shame,

Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a passing That I, unworthy body as I am, Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best?

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason: I think him so, because I think him so. [him?

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never moved me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.

Luc. Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not shew their love. [love.

Luc. O, they love least, that let men know their

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To Julia,—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee? [Proteus:

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from He would have given it you, but I, being in the way, [pray.

Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper, see it be return'd;

Or else return no more into my sight. [hate,

Luc. To plead for love, deserves more fee than

Jul. Will you be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [Exit.

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter. It were a shame to call her back again, And pray her to a fault for which I chid her. What fool is she, that knows I am a maid, And would not force the letter to my view? Since maids, in modesty, say No, to that Which they would have the proff'rer construe, Ay. Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love, That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse, And presently, all humble, kiss the rod! How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence, When willingly I would have had her here! How angrily I taught my brow to frown, When inward joy enforced my heart to smile! My penance is, to call Lucetta back, And ask remission for my folly past:— What ho? Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were, That you might kill your stomach on your meat, And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't you took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop, then?

Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns, Unless it have a false interpreter. [rhyme.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune: Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible: Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden then,

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing [it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song.—How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune. [out:

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam, it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat, And mar the concord with too harsh a descant: There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly bass.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me. Here is a coil with protestation!—*(Tears the letter.)* Go, get you gone: and let the papers lie: You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleased

To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the O hateful hands, to tear such loving words! [same:

Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey, And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

And here is writ, *kind Julia*—unkind Julia!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,

I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

Look, here is writ, *love-wounded Proteus*:—

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
 Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly
 And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss. [heal'd;
 But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down?
 Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
 Till I have found each letter in the letter,
 Except mine own name; that some whirlwind
 Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock, [bear
 And throw it thence into the raging sea!
 Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
To the sweet Julia; that I'll tear away;
 And yet I will not, sith so prettily
 He couples it to his complaining names;
 Thus will I fold them one upon another;
 Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father

Jul. Well, let us go. [stays.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales
 here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
 Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you
 I see things too, although you judge I wink. [see;

Jul. Come, come, wilt please you go? [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in Antonio's house.*

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that,
 Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pan. He wonder'd that your lordship
 Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
 While other men, of slender reputation,
 Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
 Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
 Some, to discover islands far away;
 Some, to the studious universities.
 For any, or for all these exercises,
 He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet;
 And did request me, to importune you,
 To let him spend his time no more at home,
 Which would be great impeachment to his age,
 In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that,
 Whereon this month I have been hammering.

I have consider'd well his loss of time;
 And how he cannot be a perfect man,
 Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
 Experience is by industry achieved,
 And perfected by the swift course of time:
 Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pan. I think your lordship is not ignorant,
 How his companion, youthful Valentine,
 Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent
 him thither:

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
 Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;
 And be in eye of every exercise,
 Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised.
 And, that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,
 The execution of it shall make known;
 Even with the speediest expedition
 I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pan. To-morrow, may it please you, Don
 Alphonso,

With other gentlemen of good esteem,
 Are journeying to salute the emperor.
 And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
 And, in good time,—now will we break with him.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
 Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
 Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
 O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
 To seal our happiness with their consents!
 O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading
 there? [two

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or
 Of commendation sent from Valentine,
 Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he
 writes

How happily he lives, how well-beloved,
 And daily graced by the emperor;
 Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
 And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
 Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
 For what I will, I will, and there an end.

I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
 With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
 What maintenance he from his friends receives,
 Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
 To-morrow be in readiness to go:
 Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
 Please you, deliberate a day or two. [thee:

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after
 No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
 Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd
 To hasten on his expedition.

[Exeunt *Ant.* and *Pan.*

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of
 burning;

And drench'me in the sea, where I am drown'd.
 I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,
 Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
 And with the vantage of mine own excuse
 Hath he excepted most against my love.
 O, how this spring of love resembleth
 The uncertain glory of an April day;
 Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
 And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you;
 He is in haste: therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto
 And yet a thousand times it answers no. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Milan. An Apartment in the Duke's
 Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine! my gloves are on. [but one.

Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is

Val. Ha! let me see; ay, give it me, it's mine:—
 Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!

Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah.

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia.

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a Robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that hath the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A, B, C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without you.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you; nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favoured, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well favoured.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her: and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir, I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swung me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them.—Peace, here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her. *(Aside.)*

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. O, 'give you good even! here's a million of manners. *(Aside.)*

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest, and she gives it him. *(Aside.)*

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter, Unto the secret nameless friend of yours; Which I was much unwilling to proceed in, But for my duty to your ladyship *[done.]*

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly

Val. Now, trust me madam, it came hardly off; For, being ignorant to whom it goes, I writ at random, very doubtfully. *[pains?]*

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write, Please you command, a thousand times as much: And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel; And yet I will not name it: and yet I care not; And yet take this again: and yet I thank you; Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet. *(Aside.)*

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ: But since unwillingly, take them again;

Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request; But I will none of them; they are for you:

I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over. And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam! what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour; And so good-morrow, servant. *[Exit Silvia.]*

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible, As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple! *[suitor,*

My master sues to her; and she hath taught her He, being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better? That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir? what are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I way rhyming: 'tis you that have

Val. To do what? [the reason.

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom? [figure.

Speed. To yourself: why, she wooes you by a

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What needs she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir; but did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often you have writ to her; and she in modesty,

Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;

Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover, [lover.—

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her

All this I speak in print, for in a print I found it.—

Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir; thought theameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Verona. A Room in Julia's House.

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner: Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[Giving a ring.]

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange: here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy, And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day, Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake, The next ensuing hour some foul mischance Torment me for my love's forgetfulness! My father stays my coming; answer not; The tide is now—nay, not thy tide of tears; That tide will stay me longer than I should:

[Exit Julia.

Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word!

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak; For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Proteus, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come:—

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

[Exeunt

SCENE III.—The same. A Street.

Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus

to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to see our parting; why my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll shew you the manner of it: This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither; yes, it is so, it is so: it hath the worser sole: This shoe with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on 't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing*; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father: well, he weeps on:—now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood woman;—well, I kiss her;—why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now, the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'st thou man? Away, ass; you will lose the tide if thou tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood: and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and in losing thy service—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and—The tide!—Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs. [thee.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call

Laun. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Milan. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.

Sil. Servant—

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knocked him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeiters.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

[colour?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio? do you change

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of
cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your
blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you
begin.

[shot off.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire:
Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's
looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your
company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I
shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir; you have an exchequer
of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give
your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries,
that they live by your bare words.

[my father.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: here comes

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

[fancy

Val. I know him, as myself; for from our in-
We have conversed, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle traunt,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir Proteus—for that's his name—
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time awhile:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth;

Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir Thurio.

For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:

I'll send him hither to you presently. [Exit Duke.

Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship,
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchised them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

[still.

Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself;

Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gen-
tleman.

[seech you,

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I be-
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant of his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:—

Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed;

Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak
with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [Exit Servant.
Come, Sir Thurio,

Go with me.—Once more, new servant, welcome;
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[Exeunt Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you
came?

[commended.

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

[love?

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;

I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:

I have done penance for contemning love,

Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,

With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sights;

For, in revenge of my contempt of love,

Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,

And made them watchers of mine own heart's

O gentle Proteus, love's a mighty lord;

[sorrow

And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,

There is no woe to his correction,

Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!

Now, no discourse, except it be of love:

Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep.

Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.

Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;

Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too.
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism's this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her [be] alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, we are betrothed:

Nay, more, our marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall inquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessities that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will,—

[Exit Val.]

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love I will;

If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Laun. Forswear not yourself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap; I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of fivepence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they closed in earnest they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why, then, how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou can'st not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do, too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee, I meant thy

Speed. I tell thee my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian: Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*The same. An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn:
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.

Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
 O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,
 Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
 At first I did adore a twinkling star,
 But now I worship a celestial sun.
 Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
 And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
 To learn his wit to change the bad for better.—
 Fye, fye, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
 Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
 With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
 I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
 But there I leave to love, where I should love.
 Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
 If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
 If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
 For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
 I to myself am dearer than a friend;
 For love is still more precious in itself:
 And Silvia, (witness heaven, that made her fair!)
 Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.
 I will forget that Julia is alive,
 Remembr'ing that my love to her is dead;
 And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
 Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to myself,
 Without some treachery used to Valentine.
 This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
 To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
 Myself in counsel, his competitor:
 Now presently, I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising, and pretended flight;
 Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine;
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.—Verona. A Room in Julia's House.

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. Council, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me!
 And even in kind love, I do conjure thee—
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly character'd and engraved—
 To lesson me: and tell me some good mean,
 How, with my honour, I may undertake
 A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
 Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's
 Pity the dearth that I have pined in, [food?
 By longing for that food so long a time.
 Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
 Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
 As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
 But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
 Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it
 burns;
 The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
 Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
 But, when his fair course is not hindered,
 He makes sweet music with the enamell'd stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;

And so by many winding nooks he strays,
 With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
 Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
 I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
 And make a pastime of each weary step,
 Till the last step have brought me to my love;
 And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
 A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
 The loose encounters of lascivious men:
 Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
 As may beseeem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why, then, your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
 With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
 To be fantastic may become a youth
 Of greater time than I shall shew to be. [breeches?

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your

Jul. That fits as well as, "Tell me, good my lord,
 What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
 Why, even that fashion thou best likest, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece,
 madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin.
 Unless you have a cod piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have
 What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:
 But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
 For undertaking so unsta'd a journey?
 I fear me it will make me scandalized.

Luc. If thou think so, then stay at home, and go

Jul. Nay, that I will not. [not.]

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
 If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
 No matter who's displeased when you are gone:
 I fear me he will scarce be pleased withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
 A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
 And instances as infinite of love,
 Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to base effect!
 But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
 His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
 His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
 His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
 His heart, as far from fraud as heaven from
 earth. [him!]

Luc. Pray heaven he prove so when you come to

Jul. Now, as thou lovest me, do him not that
 To bear a hard opinion of his truth: [wrong
 Only deserve my love, by loving him;
 And presently go with me to my chamber,
 To take note of what I stand in need of
 To furnish me upon my longing journey.
 All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
 My goods, my lands, my reputation;
 Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence:
 Come, answer not, but to it presently;
 I am impatient of my tarriance. [Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Milan. An Anteroom in the Duke's
 Palace.

Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
 We have some secrets to confer about.—
 [Exit Thurio,

Now tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,

The law of friendship bids me to conceal:

But, when I call to mind your gracious favours

Done to me, undeserving as I am,

My duty pricks me on to utter that,

Which else no worldly good should draw from me.

Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,

This night intends to steal away your daughter;

Myself am one made privy to the plot.

I know you have determined to bestow her

On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;

And should she thus be stolen away from you,

It would be much vexation to your age.

Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose

To cross my friend in his intended drift,

Than, by concealing it, heap on your head

A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,

Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care:

Which to requite, command me while I live.

This love of theirs myself have often seen,

Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep;

And oftentimes have purposed to forbid

Sir Valentine her company, and my court:

But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,

And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,

(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd,)

I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find

That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.

And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,

Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,

I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,

The key whereof myself have ever kept;

And thence she cannot be conveyed away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a

How he her chamber-window will ascend, [mean

And with a corded ladder fetch her down;

For which the youthful lover now is gone,

And this way comes he with it presently;

Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.

But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,

That my discovery be not aimed at;

For love of you, not hate unto my friend,

Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know

That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord, Sir Valentine is coming.

[Exit.]

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger

That stays to bear my letters to my friends,

And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenour of them doth but signify

My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; stay with me a

I am to break with thee of some affairs, [while;

That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.

'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought

To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match

Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman

Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities

Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.

Cannot your grace win her to fancy him? [ward,

Duke. No, trust me; she is peevish, sullen, fro-

Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;

Neither regarding that she is my child,

Nor fearing me as if I were her father.

And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,

I now am full resolved to take a wife,

And turn her out to who will take her in:

Then let her beauty be her wedding dower;

For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here, [this]

Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,

And nought esteems my aged eloquence:

Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,

(For long ago I have forgot to court:

Besides, the fashion of the time is changed;)

How, and which way, I may bestow myself,

To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,

More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best con-

tents her:

Send her another; never give her o'er;

For scorn at first makes after-love the more.

If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,

But rather to beget more love in you:

If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;

For why, the fools are mad, if left alone.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;

For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean *away*;

Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;

Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,

If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she, I mean, is promised by her friends

Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;

And kept severely from resort of men,

That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept

That no man hath recourse to her by night. [safe.

Val. What lets, but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;

And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it

Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why, then, a ladder quaintly made of cords,

To cast up with a pair of anchoring hooks,

Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,

So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,

Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child

That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But, hark thee: I will go to her alone;

How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it

Under a cloak, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn.

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak:

I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—

What letter is this same? What's here?—*To Silvia.*

And here an engine fit for my proceeding!

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [Reads

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly:

And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:

*O. could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.
My herald though's in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be.
What's here?*

*Silvia. this night I will enfranchise thee:
'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—
Why, Phaeton, (for thou art Merops' son,)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car.
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Begone, I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But as thou lovest thy life, make speed from hence*

[Exit Duke.]

*Val. And why not death, rather than living tor-
To die, is to be banish'd from myself: [ment?
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self—a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.*

Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

*Laun. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's
head, but 'tis a Valentine.*

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: pray you,—

*Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valentine, a
word. [news,*

*Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.*

*Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.*

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

*Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?*

Pro. No, Valentine.

*Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?*

*Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are
banish'd.*

*Pro. That thou art banished—O, that's the news—
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.*

*Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?*

*Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force,)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became
As if but now they waxed pale for wo: [them,
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of bidding there. [speak'st*

*Val. No more; unless the next word that thou
Have some malignant power upon my life.
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour. [help,*

*Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff: walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be delivered
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love affairs:
As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.*

*Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.*

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out.—Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine!

[Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.]

*Laun. I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have
the wit to think my master is a kind of knave: but
that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not
now, that knows me to be in love; yet I am in love;
but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me;
nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but that
woman, I will not tell myself: and yet 'tis a milk-
maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips
yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and
serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a
water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare christian.
Here is the cat-log (pulling out a paper) of her con-
ditions. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry.* Why,
a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch,
but only carry: therefore, is she better than a
jade. Item, *She can milk,* look you, a sweet virtue
in a maid with clean hands.*

Enter SPEED.

*Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news
with your mastership?*

Laun. With my master's ship? why it is at sea.
What news then in your paper?

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word:

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heards't.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fye on thee, jolt-head; thou canst not

Speed. Thou liest, I can. [read.

Laun. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather. [thee?

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of
thy grandmother: this proves that thou canst not
read.

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

Laun. There; and St. Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing
of your heart you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, *She can sew*

Laun. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a
wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not be
washed and scoured.

Speed. Item, *She can spin.*

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when
she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues;
that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore
have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, *She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect
of her breath.*

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a
breakfast. Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a sweet mouth.*

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in

Speed. Item, *She is slow in words.* [her talk.

Laun. O villain, that sets this down among her
vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only
virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her

Speed. Item, *She is proud.* [chief virtue.

Laun. Out with that too: it was Eve's legacy, and
cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love
crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is curst.*

Laun. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, *She will often praise her liquor.*

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will
not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, *She is too liberal.*

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ
down she is slow of: of her purse, she shall not;
for that I'll keep shut: now of another thing she
may; and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more
faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her; she was mine,
and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article:
Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit,—*

Laun. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove
it: The cover of the salt hides the salt, and there-
fore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers
the wit is more than the wit, for the greater hides
the less. What next?

Speed. —And more faults than hairs,—

Laun. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. —And more wealth than faults.

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious.
Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing
is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then, I will tell thee,—that thy
master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay, who art thou? he hath staid
for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid
so long that going will scarce serve thy turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your
love-letters? [Exit.

Laun. Now will he be swung for reading my
letter; An unmannerly slave, that will thrust him-
self into secrets!—I'll after to rejoice in the boy's
correction. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in the Duke's
Palace.

Enter DUKE and THURIO; PROTEUS behind.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight. [you,

Thu. Since his exile she hath despised me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trench'd in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—

How now, Sir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so,
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shewn some sign of good desert,)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter?

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.

What might we do to make the girl forget

The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent,—
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do;

'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially against his very friend. [him,

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage

Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio. [him,

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done, by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this
Because we know, on Valentine's report, [kind,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime, to tangle her desires,
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart;
Write till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber window
With some sweet concert: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grie-
This, or else nothing, will inherit her. [vance.

Duke. This discipline shews thou hast been in
love. [tice:

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in prac-
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently,
To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music:
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen. [supper;

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Forest near Mantua.

Enter certain Outlaws.

1. *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2. *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down
with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

3. *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have
If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you. [about you;

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains
That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

1. *Out.* That's not so, sir: we are your enemies.

2. *Out.* Peace! we'll hear him.

3. *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he's a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose;
A man I am cross'd with adversity:
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2. *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1. *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3. *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might
have staid,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1. *Out.* What, were you banished thence?

Val. I was.

2. *Out.* For what offence?

[hearse:

Val. For that which now torments me to re-
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1. *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so:
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1. *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable.

2. *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

Out. We'll have him; sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them;

It is an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain! [to?

2. *Out.* Tell us this: Have you anything to take

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3. *Out.* Know, then, that some of us are gentle-
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth. [men,
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished

For practising to steal away a lady,

An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2. *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1. *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these—
But to the purpose,—(for we cite our faults

That they may hold excused our lawless lives,)

And partly, seeing you are beautified

With goodly shape; and by your own report

A linguist; and a man of such perfection,

As we do in our quality much want:—

2. *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,

Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you

Are you content to be our general?

To make a virtue of necessity,

And live, as we do, in this wilderness? [consort?

3. *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our
Say ay, and be the captain of us all:

We'll do thee homage, and be ruled by thee,

Love thee as our commander and our king.

1. *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest

2. *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have
offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;

Provided that you do no outrages

On silly women, or poor passengers.

3. *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.

Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,

And shew thee all the treasure we have got;

Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[Exeunt

SCENE II.—*Milan. Court of the Palace.**Enter* PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts,
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia, whom I loved:
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her
And give some evening music to her ear. [window,

Enter THURIO, and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus? are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake. [men,

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now gentle—
Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

Enter Host at a distance; and JULIA, *in boy's clothes.*

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you're
allycholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you
where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman
that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. *(Music plays.)*

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

*Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:*

*Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;*

*And, being help'd, inhabits there.
Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling:*

*She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:*

To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were
before?

How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my
very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear. [a slow heart

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay; the change is the spite. [thing?

Host. You would have them always play but one

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.

But, host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on,
often resort unto the gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me,
—he loved her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog, which, to-morrow,
by his master's command, he must carry for a
present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside! the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you! I will so plead,
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At St. Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. *(Exeunt Thurio and Musicians.)*

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.

Who is that that spoke?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish, my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceived so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;

And by and by intend to chide myself,

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.

Jul. 'Twere false, if I should speak it;

For, I am sure, she is not buried. *(Aside.)*

Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,

Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,

I am betrothed: And art thou not ashamed

To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that. *(Aside.)*

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,

Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,

The picture that is hanging in your chamber;

To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep;

For, since the substance of your perfect self

Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;

And to your shadow I will make true love. [ceive it,

Jul. If 'twere a substance, you would sure de-
And make it but a shadow, as I am. *(Aside.)*

Sil. I am very loth to be your idle, sir;

But, since your falsehood shall become you well

To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,

Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:

And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night.

That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Proteus; and Silvia, from above.*]

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray, you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think, 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia Entreated me to call, and know her mind; There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
Madam! madam!

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good-mor-

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself. [*row.*]
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O, Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,) Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant what dear good will I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company.
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with
I do desire thee, even from a heart [*plagues.*]
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good beforneth you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:
Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same.*

Enter LAUNCE, with his dog.

Laun. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would

say precisely, Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't; sure as I live, he had suffered for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog,* says one; *What cur is that?* says another; *Whip him out,* says the third; *Hang him up,* says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fel'ow that whips the dogs: *Friend,* quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog?* *Ay, marry do I,* quoth he. *You do him the more wrong,* quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of.* He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for their servant? Nay, I'll be sworn I have sat on the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for 't; thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please; I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant? [*To Launce.*]

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, curish thanks is good enough for such a

Pro. But she received my dog? [*present.*]

Laun. No, indeed, she did not; here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What! didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place; and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say: Stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave that, still an end, turns me to shame.

Sebastian, I have entertained thee, [*Exit Launce.*]

Partly that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,

For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lout,

But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,

Which (if my augury deceive me not)

Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:

Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee,

Go presently, and take this ring with thee,

Deliver it to madam Silvia:

She loved me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you loved her not, to leave her
She's dead, belike. [token;

Pro. Not so; I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her?

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks that she loved you as
As you do love your lady Silvia; [well
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You dote on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it, makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter.—That's her chamber.—Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[Exit *Pro.*

Jul. How many women would do such a mes-
Alas, poor Proteus! Thou hast entertain'd [sage?
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs;

Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me;

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will:

And now am I (unhappy messenger)

To plead for that which I would not obtain;

To carry that which I would have refused;

To praise his faith which I would have dispraised.

I am my master's true confirmed love;

But cannot be true servant to my master,

Unless I prove false traitor to myself.

Yet I will woo for him; but yet so coldly,

As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, attended.

Gentlewomen, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O!—he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

(Picture brought.)

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.—
Pardon me, madam; I have unadvised
Delivered you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger hath profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you madam, that thou tender her:

Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,

That I have wept an hundred several times. [her.

Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook

Jul. I think she doth, and that's her cause of

Sil. Is she not passing fair? [sorrow

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is;

When she did think my master loved her well,

She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;

But since she did neglect her looking-glass,

And threw her sun-expelling mask away,

The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,

And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,

That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,

Our youth got me to play the woman's part,

And I was trimm'd in maiden Julia's gown;

Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment,

As if the garment had been made for me:

Therefore, I know she is about my height.

And, at that time, I made her weep a-good,

For I did play a lamentable part:

Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning

For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;

Which I so lively acted with my tears,

That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,

Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,

If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth!—

Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—

I weep myself, to think upon thy words.

Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this

For thy sweet mistress's sake, because thou lovest her
Farewell. [Exit *Silvia.*

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful. [her.

I hope my master's suit will be but cold,

Since she respects my mistress' love so much.

Alas, how love can trifle with itself!

Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,

If I had such a tire, this face of mine

Were full as lovely as is this of hers;

And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,

Unless I flatter with myself too much.

Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:

If that be all the difference in his love,

I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.

Her eyes are gray as glass, and so are mine:

Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.

What should it be, that he respects in her,

But I can make respective to myself,

If this fond love were not a blinded god?

Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,

For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,

Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, loved, and

And, were there sense in his idolatry, [adored;

My substance should be statue in thy stead.

I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,

That use me so; or else, by Jove, I vow,

I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,

To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The same. An Abbey.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky,
And, now it is about the very hour

That Silvia, at Patrick's cell, should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See where she comes: Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour!
Out at a postern by the abbey wall;
I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. That it is too little. [*rounder.*]

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*]

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace.

Jul. But, better, indeed, when you hold your
peace. [*Aside.*]

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.
[*Aside.*]

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well derived.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*Aside.*]

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should owe them. [*Aside.*]

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Not I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant
And Eglamour is in her company. [*Valentine;*

'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:

Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:

Besides, she did intend confession

At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:

These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,

But mount you presently; and meet with me

Upon the rising of the mountain-foot

That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled.

Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*]

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,

That flies her fortune when it follows her:

I'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*]

Pro. And I will follow more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Frontiers of Mantua. The Forest.*

Enter SILVIA, and Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Come, come;

Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away. [*her?*]

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us,
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the wood,

There is our captain; we'll follow him that's fled:

The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind, [*cave:*

And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!

This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,

I better brook than flourishing peopled towns

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,

And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,

Tune my distresses, and record my woes.

O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,

Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;

Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,

And leave no memory of what it was!

Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;

Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—

What hallooing, and what stir, is this to-day?

These are my mates, that make their wills their

Have some unhappy passenger in chase: [*law,*

They love me well; yet I have much to do,

To keep them from uncivil outrages.

Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes
here. [*Steps aside.*]

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,

(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)

To hazard life, and rescue you from him

That would have forced your honour and your love.

Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;

A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,

And less than this, I'm sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!

Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*]

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came,

But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most un-
happy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your pre-
sence. [*Aside.*]

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,

I would have been a breakfast to the beast.

Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.

O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,

Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;

And full as much, (for more there cannot be.)

I do detest false perjured Proteus:

Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to
Would I not undergo for one calm look? [death,
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they're beloved.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's beloved.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.

Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst two,
And that's far worse than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who respects friends?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arm's end:
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force you.

Sil. O heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion.

Pro. Valentine! [love,

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or
(For such is a friend now,) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus, [hand

I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most curst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me.
Forgive me, Valentine; if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest:
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. O me, unhappy! (Faints)

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what is
Look up; speak. [the matter?

Jul. O good sir, my master charged me
To deliver a ring to madam Silvia;
Which, out of my neglect was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis; this is it. (Gives a ring.)

Pro. How! let me see:
Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook.
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

(Shows another ring.)

Pro. But how camest thou by this ring? at my
I gave it unto Julia. [depart,

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me

Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love:

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds, [minds.

Women to change their shapes than men their

Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true: O heaven!
were man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins: [sins.

What is in Silvia's face but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:

Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for

Jul. And I have mine. [ever.

Enter Outlaws, with DUKE and THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banish'd Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death.
Come not within the measure of my wrath:

Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands,
Take but possession of her with a touch!—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:

I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—

Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know, then, I here forget all former griefs.
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe.—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me
happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept
Are men endued with worthy qualities; [withal,
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:

They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord. [thee;

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd: I pardon them and
Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.

Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile:
What think you of this page, my lord? [blushes.

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; ha

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than

Duke. What mean you by that saying? [boy.

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—

Come, Proteus; 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discovered:

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feat, one house, one mutual happiness. [Exeunt

AS YOU LIKE IT.



Touch.—"I CARE NOT FOR MY SPIRITS, IF MY LEGS WERE NOT WEARY."—Act ii, scene 4.

Persons Represented.

DUKE, *living in exile*
 FREDERICK, *Brother to the Duke, and Usurper of his Dominions.*
 AMIENS, } *Lords attending upon the Duke in his banishment.*
 JAQUES, }
 LE-BEAU, *a Courtier attending upon Frederick.*
 CHARLES, *his Wrestler.*
 OLIVER, }
 JAQUES, } *Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois*
 ORLANDO, }
 ADAM, } *Servants to Oliver.*
 DENNIS, }
 TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*

SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, *a Vicar.*
 CORIN, } *Shepherds.*
 SILVIUS, }
 WILLIAM, *a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey.*
 A Person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, *Daughter to the banished Duke.*
 CELIA, *Daughter to Frederick.*
 PHEBE, *a Shepherdess.*
 AUDREY, *a Country Wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; Pages, Foresters, and other Attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver's House; afterwards, partly in the Usurper's Court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.

ACT 1.

SCENE I.—*An Orchard near Oliver's House.**Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home; or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept: for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better: for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing, that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. That it is, Adam, that grieves me: and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Enter OLIVER.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know, you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me: The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me, as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy! [In this.]

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of sir Rowland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says such a father begot villains: Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: You shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me a good education: you have trained me like a peasant

obscuring and hiding me from all gentlemanly-like qualities: the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in. I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will. I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no farther offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is old dog my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[Exeunt Orlando and Adam.]

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Hola, Dennis!

Enter DENNIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. *[Exit Dennis.]*—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles;—what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke! therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Oli. Can you tell, if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O no; for the new duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world. [duke]

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I come to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb, shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me,

which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles,—it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to 't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee, till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you: If he come here to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: And so, God keep your worship!

[*Exit.*]

Oli. Farewell, good Charles.—Now will I stir this gamester: I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Lawn before the Duke's Palace.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I shew more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee: if my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine; so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth, I will, coz, and devise sports: let me see,—What think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no farther in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced: and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true: for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favour'dly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from fortune's office to nature's: fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? When nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by fortune fall into the fire?—Though nature hath given us wit to flout at fortune, hath not fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for nature; when fortune makes nature's natural the cutter off of nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure, this is not fortune's work neither, but nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of his wits.—How now, wit? whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour, they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good: and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now; stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were: but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or, if he had, he had sworn it away, before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him. Enough! speak no more of him; you will be whipp'd for taxation, one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit, that fools have, was silenced, the little foolery, that wise men have, makes a great shew. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Enter LE BEAU.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.—*Bon jour*, Monsieur Le Beau: What's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport? of what colour?

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning, and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,— [tale.

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence;—

Ros. With bills on their necks,—*Be it known unto all men by these presents,*—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler, which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him; so he served the second, and so the third: Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard, breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides! is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here: for here is the place appointed for the wrestling; and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: Let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam. [fully.

Cel. Alas, he is too young: yet he looks success-

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin? are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege: so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men: In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by. *(Duke goes apart.)*

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princesses call for you.

Orl. I attend them, with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenge: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold

for your years: You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts: wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein, if I be foiled, there is but one shamed, that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead, that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray Heaven, I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desire be with you.

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace: you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. *(Charles and Orlando wrestle.)*

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down *(Charles is thrown. Shout.)*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. *(Charles is borne out.)* What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honourable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this:
Hadst thou descended from another house. [doed
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth;
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exeunt Duke Fred. Train, and Le Beau.]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland's son, His youngest son;—and would not change that To be adopted heir to Frederick. [calling,

Ros. My father loved sir Rowland as his soul, And all the world was of my father's mind: Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto entreaties, Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him, and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love,
But justly, as you have exceeded promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

(Giving him a chain from her neck.)

Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks
Shall we go, coz? [means.—

Cel. Ay,—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that, which here stands
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block. [up.

Ros. He calls us back: My pride fell with my
fortunes:

I'll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you.—Fare you well.

[Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my
tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown:

Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love;
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was the daughter of the duke,
That here was at the wrestling? [manners;

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by
But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well!
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well!

[Exit Le Beau.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother.—

But heavenly Rosalind! [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind!—Cupid have
mercy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast
away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come,
lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when
the one should be lamed with reasons, and the
other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros. No, some of it for my child's father: O,
how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee
in holyday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden
paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat; these burs
are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try; if I could cry hem, and have
him.

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler
than myself.

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in
time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests
out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it
possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so
strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love
his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should
hate him, for my father hated his father dearly;
yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, 'faith; hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love
him, because I do.—Look, here comes the duke?

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest
And get you from our court. [haste,

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:

Within these ten days if thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me,
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,
Never, so much as in a thought unborn,
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself.—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends. [enough.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter, there's

Ros. So was I, when your highness took his duke-
dom;

So was I, when your highness banish'd him:

Treason is not inherited, my lord;

Or, if we did derive it from our friends,

What's that to me? my father was no traitor:

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay,
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse;
I was too young that time to value her,
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her
Her very silence and her patience, [smoothness.
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name:

620
Ros
Boy
620
620

And thou wilt shew more bright, and seem more vir-
When she is gone: then open not thy lips; [tuous,
Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have pass'd upon her; she is banish'd

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my
I cannot live out of her company. [liege;

Duke F. You are a fool.—You, niece, provide your-
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour, [self;
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;

Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee, that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far?
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you; so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own
And therefore look you call me, Ganymede. [page,
But what will you be called?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him: Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time, and safest way
To hide us from pursuit, that will be made
After my flight: Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

*Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, and other Lords, in
the dress of Foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,

The season's difference; as, the icy fang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
This is no flattery: these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it: Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
Being native burghers of this desert city,—
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother, that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 Lord. O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream:
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.* Then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends:
'Tis right, quoth he; *thus misery doth part
The flux of company.* Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: *Ay,* quoth Jaques,
*Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion; Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?*
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life: swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contem-
plation?

2 Lord. We did, my lord, weeping, and com-
Upon the sobbing deer. [menting

Duke S. Shew me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

2 Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants

Duke F. Can it be possible, that no man saw
It cannot be: some villains of my court [them?

Are of consent and sufferance in this.

1 *Lord*. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

2 *Lord*. My lord, the roynish clown, at whom so
Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing, [oft
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
Confesses, that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler,
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company. [hither;

Duke F. Send to his brother: fetch that gallant
If he be absent, bring his brother to me,
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Before OLIVER'S House.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What! my young master?—O my gentle
O my sweet master, O you memory [master
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony prizer of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son—I will not call him son—
Of him I was about to call his father.)—
Hath heard your praises; and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it; if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off:
I overheard him, and his practices.
This is no place, this house is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it. [go?

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my
food?

Or, with a base and boisterous sword, enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster nurse,
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown;
Take that: and He, that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you: Let me be your servant;
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty:
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;

Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: Let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man; how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry:
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.—
From seventeen years till now, almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore, it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, CELIA drest like
a Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were
not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's
apparel, and to cry like a woman: But I must com-
fort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought
to shew itself courageous to petticoat; therefore,
courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I can go no
farther.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you,
than bear you: yet I should bear no cross, if I did
bear you; for, I think, you have no money in your
purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I:
when I was at home, I was in a better place: but
travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who
comes here; a young man and an old, in solemn
talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow.

But, if thy love were ever like to mine,
(As sure I think did never man love so,)
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand, that I have forgotten,

O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:

If thou remember'st not the slightest folly,

That ever love did make thee run into,

Thou hast not loved;

Or, if thou hast not sat as I do now,

Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,

Thou hast not loved;

Or, if thou hast not broke from company,
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved: O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!

[Exit Silvius.]

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine: I remember, when I was in
love, I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him
take that for coming anights to Jane Smile; and I
remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's
dugs that her pretty chapp'd hands had milk'd;
and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead
of her, from whom I took two cods, and giving
her them again, said with weeping tears, *Wear
these for my sake.* We, that are true lovers, run into
strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is
all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own
wit, till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion

Is much upon my fashion. [with me.]

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food;
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holloa: you, clown!

Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say.—

Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,
And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish for her sake, more than for my own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her:
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not sheer the fleeces that I graze;
My master is of churlish disposition,
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality;
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed,
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pas-
ture? [while;]

Cor. That young swain, that you saw here but ere-
That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stands with honesty,
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages: I like this
And willingly could waste my time in it. [place,

Cor. Assuredly, the thing is to be sold:
Go with me; if you like, upon report,
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be,
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—The Same.

Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,

And tunes his merry note

Unto the sweet bird's throat,

Come hither, come hither, come hither;

Here shall he see

No enemy,

But winter and rough weather.

Jaques. More, more, I pr'ythee, more. [Jaques]

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur

Jaques. I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can
suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks
eggs: More, I pr'ythee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged; I know, I cannot please
you.

Jaques. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire
you to sing: Come, more; another stanza: Call
you them stanzas?

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaques. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe
me nothing: Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request, than to please myself.

Jaques. Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll
thank you: but that they call compliment, is like
the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man
thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him
a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks.
Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the
while, the duke will drink under this tree:—he hath
been all this day to look you.

Jaques. And I have been all this day to avoid him.
He is too disputable for my company: I think of
as many matters as he: but I give Heaven thanks,
and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

Who doth ambition shun, (All together here.)

And loves to live i' the sun,

Seeking the food he eats,

And pleased with what he gets,

Come hither, come hither, come hither;

Here shall he see

No enemy,

But winter and rough weather.

Jaques. I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made
yesterday, in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaques. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass,

That any man turn ass,

Leaving his wealth and ease,

A stubborn will to please,

Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame;

Here shall he see

Gross fools as he,

An if he will come to Ami.

Ami. What's that ducdame?

Jaques. 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a
circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail
against all the first-born of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is
prepared. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE VI.—The same.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die
for food! Here I lie down, and measure out my
grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in
thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself
a little; If this uncouth forest yield anything
savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for
food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy

powers. For my sake, be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerily: and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: Come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerily, good Adam! [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*The same. A Table set out.*

Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, Lords, and others.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast; For I can no where find him like a man.

1 Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence; Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres:— Go, seek him; tell him, I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

1 Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,

That your poor friends must woo your company? What! you look merrily.

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest, A motley fool;—a miserable world!—

As I do live by food, I met a fool:

Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,

And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,

In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.

Good-morrow, fool, quoth I: No, sir, quoth he,

Call me not fool till Heaven hath sent me fortune:

And then he drew a dial from his poke;

And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says, very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*

Thus may we see, quoth he, *how the world wags;*

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;

And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven;

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,

And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,

That fools should be so deep contemplative:

And I did laugh, sans intermission,

An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

[tier;

Jaq. O worthy fool! one that hath been a cour-

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,

They have the gift to know it; and in his brain,—

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit

After a voyage,—he hath strange places cramm'd

With observation, the which he vents

In mangled forms.—O, that I were a fool!

I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;

Provided that you weed your better judgments

Of all opinion that grows rank in them,

That I am wise. I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,

To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;

And they, that are most galled with my folly,

They most must laugh: And why, sir, must they so?

The *why* is plain as way to parish-church:

He that a fool doth very wisely hit,

Doth very foolishly, although he smart,

Not to seem senseless of the bob; if not

The wise man's folly is anatomized

Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool.

Invest me in my motley: give me leave

To speak my mind, and I will through and through

Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,

If they will patiently receive my medicine. [do.

Duke S. Fy on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do, but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,

As sensual as the brutish sting itself;

And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,

That thou with license of free foot hast caught,

Would thus disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,

That can therein tax any private party?

Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,

Till that the very means do ebb?

What woman in the city do I name,

When that I say, The city-woman bears

The cost of princess on unworthy shoulders?

Who can come in, and say, that I mean her?

When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?

Or what is he of basest function,

That says, his bravery is not on my cost,

(Thinking that I mean him,) but therein suits

His folly to the mettle of my speech?

There then: How, what then? Let me see wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,

Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,

Why then, my taxing like a wild-goose flies.

Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy dis-

Or else a rude despiser of good manners, [truss:

That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,

And know some nurture: But forbear, I say;

He dies, that touches any of this fruit,

Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jaq. And you will not be answer'd with reason, I must die. [shall force,

Duke S. What would you have? your gentleness More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:

I thought that all things had been savage here;

And therefore put I on the countenance

Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,

That in this desert inaccessible,

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,

Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time,

If ever you have look'd on better days,

If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,

If ever sat at any good man's feast,

If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,

And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,

Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:

In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it, that we have seen better days,

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,

And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:

And therefore sit you down in gentleness,

And take upon command what help we have,

That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while, Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn, And give it food. There is an old poor man, Who after me hath many a weary step Limp'd in pure love; till he be first sufficed,— Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,— I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out, And we will nothing waste till your return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort! *[Exit.]*

Duke S. Thou see'st, we are not all alone unhappy: This wide and universal theatre Presents more woeful pageants than the scene Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players: They have their exits, and their entrances; And one man in his time plays many parts, His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant, Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms; And then, the whiningschool-boy, with his satchel, And shining morning face, creeping like snail Unwillingly to school: And then, the lover, Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad Made to his mistress' eye-brow: Then, a soldier Full of 'strange oaths, and bearded like the pard, Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel, Seeking the bubble reputation Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice, In fair round belly, with good capon lined, With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut, Full of wise saws and modern instances, And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons; With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side; His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice, Turning again toward childish treble, pipes And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all, That ends this strange eventful history, Is second childishness, and mere oblivion; Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome: Set down your venerable And let him feed. *[burden,*

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need; I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome, fall to; I will not trouble you As yet, to question you about your fortunes.— Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

AMIENS sings.

SONG.

I

*Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.*

*Heigh, ho! sing heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly!
Then, heigh, ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.*

II

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh*

As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remembered not.

Heigh, ho! sing heigh ho! &c

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's As you have whisper'd faithfully you were, [son,— And as mine eye doth his effigies witness Most truly limn'd and living in your face,— Be truly welcome hither: I am the duke, That loved your father. The residue of your fortune Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man, Thou art right welcome as thy master is.— Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand, And let me all your fortunes understand. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT III

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords and Attendants.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot But were I not the better part made mercy, [be. I should not seek an absent argument Of my revenge, thou present: But look to it; Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is; Seek him with candle; bring him, dead or living, Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more To seek a living in our territory. Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine, Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands; Till thou canst quit thee, by thy brother's mouth, Of what we think against thee.

Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in this! I never loved my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push him out of And let my officers of such a nature [doors; Make an extent upon his house and lands: Do this expediently, and turn him going. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—The Forest.

Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love: And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above, Thy huntress' name, that my whole life doth sway. O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books, And in their barks my thoughts I'll character; That every eye, which in this forest looks, Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere. Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree, The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. *[Exit.]*

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more, but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends: That the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn: That good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night, is lack of the sun: That he, that hath learned no wit by

nature nor art, may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope.—

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those, that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me, you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells, as you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtiers hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow, a better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again; a more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh: Indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar; the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me; I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true labourer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm: and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze, and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-weather; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldly ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds: I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes young master Ganymedo, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND, reading a paper.

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind,
All the pictures, fairest limn'd,
Are but black to Rosalind,
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so, eight years together; dinners and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted: 'tis the right butter-woman's rank to market.

Ros. Out fool!

Touch. For a taste:—

*If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind,
Winter-garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap, must sheaf and bind:
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick, and Rosalind.*

This is the very false gallop of verses: Why do you infect yourself with them? [tree.

Ros. Peace, you dull fool; I found them on a

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit in the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading; stand aside.

Cel. Why should this desert silent be?

For it is unpeopled? No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings show.

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage;

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age.

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend;

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence' end,

Will I Rosalinda write:

Teaching all that read, to know

The quintessence of every sprite

Heaven would in little show.

Therefore Heaven nature charged,

That one body should be fill'd

With all graces wide enlarged:

Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart;

Cleopatra's majesty;

Atalanta's better part;

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts

By heavenly synod was devised,

Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,

To have the touches dearest prized.

Heaven would that she these gifts should have,

And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, *Have patience, good people!*

Cel. How now! back, friends.—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. [Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear. [verses.

Cel. That's no matter; the feet might bear the

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Ros. I pr'ythee, who?

Cel. O lord, lord: it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea-off discovery. I pr'ythee, tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace: I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak sad brow, and true maid.

Cel. I'faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he, when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Garagantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size: To say, ay, and no, to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies, as to resolve the propositions of a lover;—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with a good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry, holloa! to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets very unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

Ros. O ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter ORLANDO and JACQUES.

Cel. You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he; slink by, and note him.

(Celia and Rosalind retire.)

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you for your society.

Jaq. God be with you; let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name.

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers: Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down with me? we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world, but myself; against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have, is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you. [you shall see him.]

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook; look but in and

Jaq. There shall I see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool, or a cypher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good signior love. [monsieur melancholy.]

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good

[Exit Jaques.—Celia and Rosalind come forward.]

Ros. I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well; what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o'day; there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of time, as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir: Time travels in diverse paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who time

ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'ennight, time's pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years.

Orl. Who ambles time withal?

Ros. With a priest, that lacks Latin, and a rich man, that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: These time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon

Orl. Who stays it still withal? [there.

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation: for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place? [is kindled.

Ros. As the coney, that you see dwell where she

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but, indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils, that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another, as half-pence are: every one fault seeming monstrous, till his fellow fault came to match it.

Orl. I pr'ythee recount some of them.

Ros. No; I will not cast away my physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants, with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked; I pray you tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes, I am sure, you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek which you have not; a blue eye, and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not,—but I pardon you for that; for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. — Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements: as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it? you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do, than to confess she does: that is one of the points, in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour. would now like him, now loath him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: And thus I cured him: and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll shew it you; and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go? [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JAKES at a distance observing them.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey: And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house! (Aside.)

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room:—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning: and lovers are given to poetry; and

what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me, thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool!

(*Aside.*)

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. I would fain see this meeting.

(*Aside.*)

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt: for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—Many a man knows no end of his goods: right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his own getting. Horns? Even so:—Poor men alone?—No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal. Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor: and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT.

Here comes Sir Oliver:—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: Will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. (*Discovering himself.*) Proceed, proceed; I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good master *What ye call't*: How do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—Even a toy in hand here, sir:—Nay; pray, be cover'd.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest, that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk pannel, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well mar-

ried, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

(*Aside.*)

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey;

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry. Farewell, good master Oliver!

Not—O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behi' thee;

But—Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding wi' thee.

(*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*)

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Before a cottage*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me, I will weep.

Cel. Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I'faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a cover'd goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Cel. *Was* is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings: He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him: He asked me, of what parentage I was? I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides.—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquired After the shepherd, that complained of love; Who you saw sitting by me on the turf, Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess, That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd, Between the pale complexion of true love,

And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O come, let us remove;
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love:—
Bring us unto this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not,
Phebe:

Say, that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness: The common executioner, *[hard,*
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me, there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes,—that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill
thee;

Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers. *[thee:]*
Now shew the wound mine eye hath made in
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure *[eyes,*
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible,
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and when that time
comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? *(Advancing.)* Who
might be your mother,

That you insult, exult, and all at once, *[beauty,*
Over the wretched? What though you have more
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed.)
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?

Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale work:—O's my little life!

I think, she means to tangle my eyes too:—
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it;
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?

You are a thousand times a properer man,
Than she a woman: 'Tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;

And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can shew her.—
But, mistress, know yourself; down on your knees,
And thank Heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer;
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.

So, take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year to-
gether;

I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with her foulness, and
she'll fall in love with my anger: If it be so, as
fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll
saunce her with bitter words.—Why look you so
upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by.—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better.
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.—
Come, to our flock.

[Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.]

Phe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight? *[might;*

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha? what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be;

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.

Phe. Thou hast my love; is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not, that I bear thee love:
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for farther recompense,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon. *[while?*

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me ere

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;

And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds,
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talks well;—

But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear
It is a pretty youth,—not very pretty:— *[him:]*

But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes
He'll make a proper man: The best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.

He is not tall; yet for his years he's tall:

His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:

There was a pretty redness in his lip;

A little riper and more lusty red *[fence]*

Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the differ-
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.

THT
EDGE
JAL
JAL
THT
THT

There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd
 In parcels as I did, would have gone near [him
 To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
 I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
 I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
 For what had he to do to chide at me?
 He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
 And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me;
 I marvel, why I answer'd not again:
 But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
 I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
 And thou shalt bear it: Wilt thou, Silvius?
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe. I'll write it straight;
 The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
 I will be bitter with him, and passing short,
 Go with me, Silvius. [Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAKES.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so: I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those, that are in extremity of either, are abominable fellows; and betray themselves to every modern censure, worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why, then 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter ORLANDO.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry, than experience to make me sad; and travel for it too.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then, God be wi' you, an' you talk in blank verse. [Exit.

Ros. Farewell, monsieur traveller: Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.—Why, how now, Orlando? where have you been all this while? You a lover?—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love? He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder; but I warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman: Besides, he brings his destiny with him,

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are fain to be beholden to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holyday humour, and like enough to consent.—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of mysuit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there were not any man died in his own person, *vide-licet*, in a love cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night: for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned and the foolish coroners of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly: But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays and Saturdays, and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest,

and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando.—
What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—*Will you, Orlando,—*

Cel. Go to:—*Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?*

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Ros. Why now, as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—*I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—*I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.*

Orl. So do all thoughts: they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you had possessed her.

Orl. For ever, and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever: No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. But she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man, that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—*Wit, whither wilt?*

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to see you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner; by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death.—Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths, they are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

Ros. Well, time is the old justice, that examines all such offenders, and let time try: Adieu!

[*Exit Orlando.*]

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and shew the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness,—that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out,—let him be judge, how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the Forest.*

Enter JAQUES and Lords, in the habit of Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it; 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

1. *What shall he have that kill'd the deer?*

2. *His leather skins and horns to wear.*

1. *Then sing him home:*

Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;

It was a crest, ere thou was born.

1. *Thy father's father wore it;*

2. *And thy father bore it:*

All. *The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,*

Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

{ The rest
shall bear
this bur-
den.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep.—Look, who comes here?

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth,—
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

(*Giving a letter*)

I know not the contents; but, as I guess,
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour; pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and that she could not love me:
Were man as rare as phoenix: Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well.
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents;
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand: I verily did think,
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands;
She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebe's me: Mark how the tyrant writes

*Art thou a god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?*

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?

Did you ever hear such railing?

*Whiles the eye of men did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me.—*

Meaning me a beast.—

*If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He, that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make,
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.*

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.—
Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make
thee an instrument, and play false strains upon
thee! not to be endured!—Well, go thy way to her,
(for I see, love hath made thee a tame snake,) and
say this to her,—That if she love me, I charge her
to love thee: if not, I will never have her, unless
thou entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence,
and not a word; for here comes more company.

[Exit Silvia.]

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you
know

Where, in the purlieus of this forest, stands
A sheep-cote, fenced about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom,

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:
Put at this hour the house doth keep itself,
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,

Then I should know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: *The boy is fair,
Of female favours, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister; but the woman low,
And browner than her brother.* Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin: Are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we undertake by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

[you,

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from
He left a promise to return again

Within an hour; and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,

A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair

Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck

A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,

Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly

Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,

And with indented glides did slip away

Into a bush: under which bush's shade

A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,

Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis

The royal disposition of that beast,

To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.

This seen, Orlando did approach the man,

And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same
brother;

And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,

For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando,—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purposed so:
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,

And nature, stronger than his just occasion

Made him give battle to the lioness,

Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling,

From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescued? [him?

Cel. Was 't you, that did so oft contrive to kill

Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame

To tell you what I was, since my conversion

So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—

Oli. By and by:

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As, how I came into that desert place;—

In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,

Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,

Committing me unto my brother's love;

Who led me instantly unto his cave,

There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm

The lioness had torn some flesh away,

Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.

Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;

And, after some small space, being strong at heart,

He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth,
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind. [mede?

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Gany-
(*Rosalind faints.*)

Oli. Many will swoon, when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it.—Cousin—Ganymede!—

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home

Cel. We'll lead you thither.—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth;—You a man?—
You lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sir, a body would
think this was well counterfeited: I pray you, tell
your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit; there is too great
testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion
of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart, and counterfeit
to be a man.

Ros. So I do; but, i'faith, I should have been a
woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler; pray you,
draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: But, I pray you,
commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go?
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience,
gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all
the old gentleman's saying

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most
vile Mar-text. But, Audrey, there is a youth here
in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis, he hath no interest in
me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown:
By my troth, we that have good wits, have much to
answer for; we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head,
cover thy head: nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How
old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age: Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name: Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God,—a good answer: Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent
good:—and yet it is not; it is but so, so. Art thou
wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now re-
member a saying,—*The fool doth think he is wise,*
but the wise man knows himself to be a fool. The
heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a
grape, would open his lips when he put it into his

mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made
to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand: Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: To have, is to
have: For it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink,
being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the
one doth empty the other: For all your writers do
consent, that *ipse* is he; now, you are not *ipse*, for I
am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman:
Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the
vulgar, leave,—the society,—which in the boorish
is, company—of this female,—which in the common
is, woman,—which together is, abandon the society
of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to
thy better understanding, diest; to wit, I kill thee,
make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy
liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with
thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with
thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I
will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore
tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come,
away, away.

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey:—I attend, I
attend. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible, that on so little acquaintance
you should like her? that, but seeing, you should
love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she
should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question,
the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my
sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but
say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she
loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy
each other: it shall be to your good; for my
father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir
Rowland's, will I estate upon you, and here live
and die a shepherd.

Enter ROSALIND.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding
be to-morrow; thither will I invite the duke, and
all his contented followers: Go you, and pre-
pare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosa-
lind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister.

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to
see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with
the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counter-
feited to swoon, when he shewed me your hand-
kerchief?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true;
there was never any thing so sudden, but the flight
of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of—
I came, saw, and overcame: For your brother and
my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no
sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved,

but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together: clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptials. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy, in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you no longer then with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you to be a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician: Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentle-To shew the letter that I writ you. [ness,

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study, To seem spiteful and ungentle to you: You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd; Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;— And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;— And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of phantasy, All made of passion, all made of wishes; All adoration, duty and observance, All humbleness, all patience, and impatience, All purity, all trial, all observance; And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? (To Rosalind.)

Sil. If this be so why blame you me to love you? (To Phebe.)

Orl. If this be so why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this: 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you, (to *Silvius*.) if I can;—I would love you, (to *Phebe*.) if I could.—To-morrow meet me altogether.—I will marry you, (to *Phebe*.) if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow;—I will satisfy you, (to *Orlando*.) if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow;—I will content you, (to *Silvius*.) if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you (to *Orlando*.) love Rosalind, meet;—as you (to *Silvius*.) love Phebe, meet;—and as I love no woman I'll meet.—So, fare you well; I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The same.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. And I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world. Here comes two of the banish'd duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

1 Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse; which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

SONG.

I.

*It was a lover, and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

II.

*Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.*

III.

*This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, &c.*

IV.

*And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time, &c.*

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there

was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 *Page*. You are deceived, sir; we kept time we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be with you; and God mend you voices! Come, Audrey.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter DUKE Senior, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, CELIA.

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact is urged:—

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, (*To the Duke*.) You will bestow her on Orlando here. [*her*.]

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with *Ros.* And you say, you will have her, when I bring her? (*To Orlando*.)

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing? (*To Phebe*.)

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me,

You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will? (*To Silvius*.)

Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even. Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter;—

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;

Or else refusing me, to wed this shepherd;—

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me;—and from hence I go,

To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia*.]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy

Some lively touches of my daughter's favour

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,

Methought he was a brother to your daughter.

But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born;

And hath been tutored in the rudiments

Of many desperate studies by his uncle,

Whom he reports to be a great magician,

Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. God my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: He hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. How was that ta'en up?

Touch. 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear; according as marriage binds, and blood breaks:—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that, that no man else will: Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed;—Bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the *Retort courteous*. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the *Quip modest*. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is call'd the *Reply churlish*. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the *Reproof valiant*. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lied: this is call'd the *Countercheck quarrelsome*: and so to the *Lie circumstantial*, and the *Lie direct*.

Jaq. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no farther than the *Lie circumstantial*, nor he durst not give me the *Lie direct*; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the *Retort courteous*; the second, the *Quip modest*; the third, the *Reply churlish*; the fourth, the *Reproof valiant*; the fifth, the *Countercheck quarrelsome*; the sixth, the *Lie with circumstance*; the seventh, the *Lie direct*; all these you may avoid but the *Lie direct*; and you may avoid that too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as *If you said so, then I said so*; And they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord: he's good at anything, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, leading ROSALIND in woman's clothes; and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.

Good duke, receive thy daughter,
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea brought her hither:

That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

(*To Duke S.*)

To you I give myself, for I am yours. (*To Orlando.*)

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosa-

Phe. If sight and shape be true, [lind.

Why then,—my love, adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

(*To Duke S.*)

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—

(*To Orlando.*)

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. (*To Phebe.*)

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events!

Here's eight that must take hands,

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part:

(*To Orlando and Rosalind.*)

You and you are heart in heart:

(*To Olivia and Celia.*)

You (*to Phebe*) to his love must accord,

Or have a woman to your lord:—

You and you are sure together,

(*To Touchstone and Audrey.*)

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown;

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock then be honoured:

Honour, high honour and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O, my dear niece, welcome thou art to
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree. [me;

Phe. I will not eat my word: now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

(*To Silvius*)

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland, [two.

That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:—

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day

Men of great worth resorted to this forest,

Address'd a mighty power: which were on foot,

In his own conduct, purposely to take

His brother here, and put him to the sword;

And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,

Where, meeting with an old religious man,

After some question with him, was converted

Both from his enterprise and from the world:

His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,

And all their lands restored to them again

That were with him exiled: This to be true,

I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;

Thou offer'st fairly to thy brother's wedding:

To one, his lands withheld: and to the other,

A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.

First, in this forest, let us do those ends,

That here were well begun, and well begot:

And after, every of this happy number,

That have endured shrewd days and nights with us,

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,

According to the measure of their states.

Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,

And fall into our rustic revelry.—

Play, music; and you brides and bridegrooms all

With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience; if I heard you rightly

The duke hath put on a religious life,

And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites

There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—

You to your former honour I bequeath;

(*To Duke S.*)

Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:—

You (*to Orlando*) to a love that your true faith doth
merit:— [allies:—

You (*to Oliver*) to your land, and love, and great

You (*to Silvius*) to a long and well-deserved bed:—

And you (*to Touchstone*) to wrangling; for thy loving
voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd:—So to your plea-

I am for other than for dancing measures. [sures;

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I:—what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [Exit.

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these
rites,

And we do trust they'll end in true delights.

(*A dance.*)

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epi-
logue: but it is no more unhandsome, than to see
the lord the prologue. If it be true, that *good wine*
needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no
epilogue: Yet to good wine they do use good
bushes; and good plays prove the better by the
help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then,
that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot in-
sinuate with you in the behalf of a good play? I
am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg
will not become me: my way is to conjure you,
and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O
women, for the love you bear to men, to like as
much of this play as pleases them: and so I charge
you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I
perceive by your simpering, none of you hate
them,) that between you and the women, the play
may please. If I were a woman, I would kiss as
many of you as had beards that pleased me, com-
plexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied
not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards,
or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind
offer, when I make curt'sy, bid me farewell.

[Exit.]

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.



Hel.—"TAKE THIS PURSE OF GOLD."—Act iii, scene 7

Persons Represented.

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.

LAFFU, an old Lord.

PAROLLES, a Follower of Bertram.

Several young French Lords, that serve with Bertram in the Florentine War.

Steward, } Servants, to the Countess of Rousillon.
Clown,
A Page,

COUNTRESS OF ROUSILLON, Mother to Bertram.

HELENA, a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.

An old Widow of Florence.

DIANA, Daughter to the Widow.

VIOLENTA, } Neighbours and Friends to the Widow.
MARIANA,

Lords, attending on the King; Officers Soldiers, &c.
French and Florentine

SCENE,—Partly in France. and partly in Tuscany.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA, and LAFEU, in mourning.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend to his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

Laf. You shall find of the king a husband, madam; you, sir, a father: He, that so generally is at all times good must of necessity hold his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance. [ment?]

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amend-

Laf. He hath abandoned his physician, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process but only losing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that had! how sad a passage 'tis!) whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work. Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think, it would be the death of the king's disease. [madam?]

Laf. How called you the man you speak of,

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so,—Gérard de Narbon.

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, madam; the king very lately spoke of him, admiringly, and mourningly: he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality. [of?]

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes

Laf. A fistula, my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gérard de Narbon?

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises. Her dispositions she inherits, which make fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendation goes with pity, they are virtues and traitors too: in her, they are the better for their simpleness; she derives her honesty, and achieves her goodness. [tears.]

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena; go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, than have it. [too.]

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed, but I have it

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

Laf. How understand we that? [father]

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue Contend for empire in thee; and thy goodness Share with thy birth-right! Love all, trust a few, Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power, than use; and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key: be checked for silence, But never tax'd for speech. What Heaven more will,

That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down Fall on thy head! Farewell.—My lord, 'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord. Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best, That shall attend his love.

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram [Exit Countess.]

Ber. The best wishes, that can be forged in your thoughts, [to Helena] be servants to you! Be comfortable to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: You must hold the credit of your father. [Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.]

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father: And these great tears grace his remembrance more Than those I shed for him. What was he like?

I have forgot him: my imagination Carries no favour in it, but Bertram's. I am undone; there is no living, none, If Bertram be away. It were all one, That I should love a bright particular star, And think to wed it, he is so above me: In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.

The ambition in my love thus plagues itself: The hind, that would be mated by the lion, Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague, To see him every hour; to sit and draw His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls, In our heart's table; heart, too capable Of every line and trick of his sweet favour: But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter PAROLLES.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake; And yet I know him a notorious liar, Think him a great way fool, solely a coward; Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him, That they take place, when virtue's steely bones Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.

Hel. And you, monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question: Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unfold to us some warlike resistance.

Par. There is none; man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers up!—Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature, to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost. That, you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity by being once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion, away with it. [die a virgin.]

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I

Par. There's little can be said in't: 'tis against

the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He, that hangs himself, is a virgin; virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offendress against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very parings, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by't: out with't: within ten years it will make itself ten, which is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: Away with't. [liking?

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own

Par. Let me see: Marry, ill, to like him, that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying: the longer kept, the less worth: off with't while 'tis vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited but unsuitable: just like the brooch and tooth-pick, which wear not now. Your date is better in your pie and your porridge, than in your cheek: And your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears; it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear: Will you anything with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet.

There shall your master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!
The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'Tis pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we, the poorer born,
Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effect of them follow our friends,
And shew what we alone must think; which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter a Page.

Page. Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you.

[*Exit Page.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: But the composition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear well.

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer

thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [*Exit.*

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so high;
That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings
To join like likes and kiss like native things.
Impossible be strange attempts, to those
That weigh their pains in sense; and do suppose,
What hath been cannot be: Who ever strove
To show her merit, that did miss her love?
The king's disease—my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE, with letters; Lords and others attending.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by the ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

I Lord. So 'tis reported, sir.

King. Nay, 'tis most credible; we here receive it,
A certainty vouch'd from our cousin Austria:
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend
Prejudicates the business, and would seem
To have us make denial.

I Lord. His love and wisdom,
Approved so to your majesty, may plead
For ample credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And Florence is denied before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen, that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely they have leave
To stand on either part.

2 Lord. It may well serve
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

I Lord. It is the count Rousillon, my good lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face;
Frank Nature, rather curious than in haste,
Hath well composed thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'st thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now,
As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Disciplined of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father: In his youth
He had the wit, which I can well observe
To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn turn to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour.
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awaked them; and his honour

Clock to itself, knew the true minute, when
Exception bid him speak, and, at this time,
His tongue obey'd his hand : who were below him,
He used as creatures of another place ;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled : Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times ;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them now,
But goes backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb ;
So in approof lives not his epitaph,
As in your royal speech.

King. 'Would I were with him ! He would always
(Methinks, I hear him now ; his plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,)—*Let me not live,*—
Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it was out,—*let me not live,* quoth he,
After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain ; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments ; whose constancies
*Expire before their fashions :—*This he wish'd :
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax, nor honey, can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

2 Lord. You are loved, sir ;
They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't.—How long is't,
Since the physician at your father's died ? [*Count,*
He was much famed.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet ;—
Lend me an arm ;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications :—nature and sickness
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count ;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [*Exeunt. Flourish.*
SCENE III.—*Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's*
Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear : what say you of this
gentle-woman ?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your
content, I wish might be found in the calendar of
my past endeavours ; for then we wound our
modesty, and make foul the clearness of our deserv-
ings, when of ourselves we publish them.

Count. What does this knave here ? Get you
gone, sirrah : The complaints I have heard of you,
I do not all believe ; 'tis my slowness, that I do not :
for, I know, you lack not the folly to commit them,
and have ability enough to make such knaveries
yours. [*poor fellow.*

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I am a

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am poor,
though many of the rich are damn'd : But if I may
have your ladyship's good-will to go to the world,
Isbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar ?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case ?

Clo. In Isbel's case, and mine own. Service is
no heritage : and, I think, I shall never have the
blessing of God, till I have the issue of my body ;
for, they say, bearns are blessings.

Count. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it : I am

driven on by the flesh ; and he must needs go,
that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason ?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy reasons,
such as they are.

Count. May the world know them ?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature, as
you and all flesh and blood are ; and, indeed, I do
marry, that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, sooner than thy wickedness.

Clo. I am out of friends, madam ; and I hope to
have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam ; e'en great friends ;
for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am
a-weary of. He, that ears my land, spares my
team, and gives me leave to in the crop : if I be
his cuckold, he's my drudge : He, that comforts
my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood ;
he, that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my
flesh and blood ; he, that loves my flesh and blood
is my friend ; *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my
friend. If men could be contented to be what they
are, there were no fear in marriage : for young
Charbon the puritan, and old Poysam the papist,
howsoe'er their hearts are severed in religion,
their heads are both one, they may joll horns to-
gether, like any deer i' the herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouth'd and
calumnious knave ? [*the next way :*

Clo. A prophet I, madam ; and I speak the truth

For I the ballad will repeat

Which men full true shall find ;

Your marriage comes by destiny,

Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir ; I'll talk with you more
anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid
Helen come to you : of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would
speak with her ; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause quoth she,

(Singing.)

Why the Grecians sacked Troy ?

Fond done, done fond,

Was this king Priam's joy.

With that she sighed as she stood,

With that she sighed as she stood,

And gave this sentence then,—

Among nine bad if one be good,

Among nine bad if one be good,

There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten ? you corrupt the
song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam ; which is
a purifying o' the song : 'Would God would serve
the world so all the year ! we'd find no fault with
the tithe-woman, if I were the parson : One in ten,
quoth a' ! an we might have a good woman born
but every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould
mend the lottery well : a man may draw his heart
out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I
command you ?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command
and yet no hurt done !—Though honesty be no
puritan, yet it will do no hurt ; it will wear the
surplice of humility over the black gown of a big
heart.—I am going, forsooth : the business is for
Helen to come hither.

[Exit Clown.

Count. Well now.

[entirely.

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her, than is paid; and more shall be paid her, than she'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than, I think, she wish'd me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself, her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such differences between their two estates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom afterward: This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty, speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence, in the loss that may happen, it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly; keep it to yourself; many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt: Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom, and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon. [Exit Steward.]

Enter HELENA.

Count. Even so it was with me, when I was young: If we are nature's, these are ours; this thorn Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong; Our blood to us, this to our blood is born; It is the shew and seal of nature's truth, Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth: By our remembrances of days foregone, [none.] Such were our faults; or then we thought them Her eye is sick on't; I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother;

Why not a mother? When I said, a mother, Methought you saw a serpent: What's in mother, That you start at it? I say, I am your mother; And put you in the catalogue of those, That were enwombed mine; 'Tis often seen, Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds A native slip to us from foreign seeds: You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan, Yet I express to you a mother's care:— God's mercy, maiden! does it curd thy blood, To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter, That this distemper'd messenger of wet, The many-colour'd Iris rounds thine eye? Why?—that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam;

The count Rousillon cannot be my brother: I am from humble, he from honour'd name: No note upon my parents, his all noble: My master, my dear lord he is: and I His servant live, and will his vassal die: He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam: would you were (So that my lord, your son, were not my brother,) Indeed my mother!—or, were you both our mothers, I care no more for, than I do for heaven, So I were not his sister: Can't no other, I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;

God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother, So strive upon your pulse: What, pale again? My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see The mystery of your loneliness, and find Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 'tis gross, Against the proclamation of thy passion, To say, thou dost not: therefore tell me true; But tell me then, 'tis so:—for, look, thy cheeks Confess it, one to the other; and thine eyes See it so grossly shewn in thy behaviours, That in their kind they speak it: only sin And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue, That truth should be suspected: Speak, is't so? If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue; If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee, As heaven shall work in me for thine avail, To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me;

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond, Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose The state of your affection; for your passions Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess,

Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you, That before you, and next unto high Heaven, I love your son:—

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love: Be not offended; for it hurts not him,

That he is loved of me: I follow him not

By any token of presumptuous suit;

Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;

Nor yet know how that desert should be.

I know I love in vain, strive against hope;

Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,

I still pour in the waters of my love,

And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,

Religious in mine error, I adore

The sun that looks upon his worshipper,

But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,

Let not your hate encounter with my love,

For loving where you do: but, if yourself,

Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,

Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,

Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian

Was both herself and love, O then give pity

To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose

But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;

That seeks not to find that her search implies,

But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, speak truly, To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore, tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.

You know, my father left me some prescriptions

Of rare and proved effects, such as his reading,

And manifest experience, had collected

For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me

In heedfullest reservation to bestow them,

As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,

More than they were in note: Amongst the rest,

There is a remedy, approved, set down,

To cure the desperate languishes, whereof

The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive

For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of this;

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had, from the conversation of my thoughts,
Haply, been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid,
He would receive it? He and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him,
They, that they cannot help: How shall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itself?

Hel. There's something in't,
More than my father's skill, which was the greatest
Of his profession, that his good receipt
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified [honour
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your
But give me leave to try success, I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure,
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly. [love.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and
Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings
To those of mine in court; I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING, with young Lords, taking
leave for the Florentine war; BERTRAM, PA-
ROLLES, and Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lord, these warlike prin-
ciples [well:

Do not throw from you:—and you, my lord, fare-
Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all,
The gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received,
And is enough for both.

1 Lord. It is our hope, sir,
After well-enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confess, he owes the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let higher Italy
(Those 'bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see, that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when
The bravest questant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

2 Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your ma-
jesty

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them;
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell—Come hither to me.

(*The King retires to a couch.*)

1 Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay be-
Par. 'Tis not his fault; the spark—— [hind us!

2 Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;
Too young, and the next year, and 'tis too early.

Par. An thy mind stand to it, boy, steal away
bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with: By Heaven, I'll steal away.

1 Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

2 Lord. I am your accessory; and so farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured
1 Lord. Farewell, captain. [body.

2 Lord. Sweet monseieur Parolles!

Par. Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin.
Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—
You shall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one
captain Spurio, with his cicatrice, an emblem of
war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very
sword intrenched it: say to him, I live; and ob-
serve his report for me.

2 Lord. We shall, noble captain.

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices. [*Exeunt.*
Lords.—What will you do?

Ber. Stay: the king—— (*Seeing him rise.*)

Par. Use a more specious ceremony to the noble
lords; you have restrained yourself within the list
of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for
they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there,
do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the
influence of the most received star; and though
the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed:
after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove most
sinewy sword-men. [*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. Pardon, my lord, (*kneeling*) for me and for my
King. I'll fee thee to stand up. [tidings.

Laf. Then here's a man
Stands, that has brought his pardon. I would, you
Had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy; and
That, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,
And ask'd thee mercy for 't.

Laf. Good faith, across:
But, my good lord, 'tis thus: Will you be cured
Of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat
No grapes, my royal fox? yes, but you will,
My noble grapes, an if my royal fox
Could reach them: I have seen a medicine,
That's able to breathe life into a stone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary,
With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple touch
Is powerful to araise king Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in his hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor she: My lord, there's one arrived,
If you will see her,—now, by my faith and honour,
If seriously I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have spoke
With one, that, in her sex, her years, profession,
Wisdom, and constancy, hath amazed me more
Than I dare blame my weakness: Will you see her,
(For that is her demand,) and know her business?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit Lafeu.*

King. Thus he his special nothing ever prologuea
Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;
This is his majesty, say your mind to him:

A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
His majesty seldom fears: I am Oressid's uncle,
That dare leave two together: fare you well. *[Exit.]*

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was
My father; in what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him. *[him;*

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards
Knowing him, is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear; I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it and my appliance.
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,—
When our most learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring heart can never ransom nature
From her unaidable estate,—I say, we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To empirics; or to dissever so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty then shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:
Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give,
As one near death to those that wish him live:
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy:
He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown,
When judges have been babes. Great floods have
flown

From simple sources; and great seas have dried,
When miracles have by the greatest been denied.
Oft expectation fails, and most oft there
Where most it promises; and oft it hits,
Where hope is coldest, and despair most sits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind
maid;

Thy pains, not used, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:
It is not so with Him, that all things knows,
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.

Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;
Of Heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know most sure,
My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hopedst thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp.
Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;

Or four-and-twenty times the pilot's glass
Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;
What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,
Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What darest thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,—
A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—
Traduced by odious ballads; my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; nay, worse—if worse—extended
With vilest torture let my life be ended. *[speak,*

King. Methinks in thee some bless'd spirit doth
His powerful sound, within an organ weak:
And what impossibility would slay

In common sense, sense waves another way.

Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all
That happiness and prime can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate.

Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try;
That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die;
And well deserved: Not helping, death's my fee;
But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then thou shalt give me, with thy kingly
hand

What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises observed,
Thy will by my performance shall be served;
So make the choice of thy own time, for I,
Thy resolved patient, on thee still rely.
More should I question thee, and more I must;
Though, more to know, could not be more to trust;
From whence thou camest, how tended on,—But
rest

Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
As high as word, my deed shall match thy meed.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's
Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, and Clown.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to the
height of your breeding.

Clo. I will shew myself highly fed, and lowly
taught; I know my business is but to the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make you
special, when you put off that with such contempt?
But to the court!

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man any
manners, he may easily put it off at court: he, that
cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand, and
say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap;
and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were
not for the court: but, for me, I have an answer
will serve all men. *[all questions.]*

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits
C'o. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all but-
tocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the
brawn-buttock, or any buttock. *[tions?]*

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all ques-

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding queen to a wrangling knave, as a nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin. [for all questions?

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it: Here it is, and all that belongs to't: Ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir.—There's a simple putting off;—more, more, a hundred of them. [loves you.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat. [you.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Nay, put me to't, I warrant

Count. You were lately whipp'd, sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, sir*, at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed, your *O Lord, sir*, is very sequent to your whipping; you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—*O Lord sir*: I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, sir,—Why, there't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir, to your business: Give Helen And urge her to a present answer back: [this, Commend me to my kinsmen, and my son; This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them.

Count. Not much employment for you: You understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [Exeunt severally.

SCENE III.—Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things, supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—

Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right, so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right: as 'twere a man assured of an—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: If you will have it in shewing you shall read it in,—What do you call there?—

Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it I would have said; the very same.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier; 'fore me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he is of a most facinorous spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of Heaven.

Par. Ay, so I say.

Laf. In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister, great power, great transcendence: which should, indeed, give us a farther use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—

Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants.

Par. I would have said it; you say well: Here comes the king.

Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.

Par. *Mort du Vinaigre!* Is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think so.

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.—

[Exit an Attendant.

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promised gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful pair
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing, [cel
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice
I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou hast power to choose, they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please!—marry, to each but one!

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal, and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:

Not one of those, but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,

Heaven hath, through me, restored the king to [health.

All. We understand it, and thank Heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,
That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—

Please it your majesty, I have done already:

The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,
We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but, he refused,
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice; and, see,

Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that God most high,
Do my sighs stream.—Sir, will you hear my suit?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir: all the rest is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw
ames-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!

2 Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,

Which great love grant! and so I take my leave

Laf. Do they all deny her? An they were sons

of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid (to a Lord) that I your hand should take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:

Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed

Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got them.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good, To make yourself a son out of my blood.

4 Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure, thy father drank wine.—But if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not say I take you; (to *Bertram*.) but Me, and my service, ever whilst I live, [I give Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young *Bertram*, take her, she's thy wife. [highness,

Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your In such a business give me leave to use The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, *Bertram*, What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord: But never hope to know why I should marry her.

King. Thou know'st, she has raised me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down Must answer for your rising? I know her well; She had her breeding at my father's charge: A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Disdain Rather corrupt me ever! [which

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her, the I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together, Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off In differences so mighty: If she be All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislikest, A poor physician's daughter,) thou dislikest Of virtue for the name: but do not so:

From lowest place when virtuous things proceed, The place is dignified by the doer's deed:

Where great additions swell, and virtue none, It is a dropsied honour: good alone

Is good, without a name; vileness is so;

The property by what it is should go,

Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;

In these to nature she's immediate heir;

And these breed honour; that is honour's scorn,

Which challenges itself as honour's born,

And is not like the sire: Honours best thrive,

When rather from our acts we them derive

Than our fore-goers; the mere word's a slave,

Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,

A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,

Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb

Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?

If thou canst like this creature as a maid,

I can create the rest: virtue, and she,

Is her own dower: honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restored, my lord, I am Let the rest go. [glad;

King. My honour's at the stake; which to defeat, I must produce my power: Here take her hand, Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift; Thou dost in vile misprision shackle up My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,

We, poisoning us in her defective scale, Shall weigh thee to the beam: that wilt not know, It is in us to plant thine honour, where We please to have it grow: Check thy contempt: Obey our will, which travails in thy good; Believe not thy disdain, but presently Do thine own fortunes that obedient right, Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims; Or I will throw thee from my care for ever, Into the staggers, and the careless lapse Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate, Loosing upon thee in the name of justice, Without all terms of pity: Speak; thine answer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit My fancy to your eyes: When I consider, What great creation, and what dole of honour, Flies where you bid it, I find, that she, which late Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now The praised of the king; who, so ennobled, Is, as 'twere, born so.

King. Take her by the hand, And tell her, she is thine: to whom I promise A counterpoise; if not to thy estate, A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king, Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony Shall seem expedient on the new-born brief, And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast Shall more attend upon the coming space, Expecting absent friends. As thou lovest her, Thy love's to me religious: else, does err.

[*Exeunt King, Bertram, Helena, Lords and Attendants.*

Laf. Do you hear, monsieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleasure, sir? [recantation.

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make his

Par. Recantation?—My lord? my master?

Laf. Ay; is it not a language, I speak?

Par. A most harsh one; and not to be understood without bloody succeeding. My master?

Laf. Are you companion to the count Rousillon?

Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man. [of another style.

Laf. To what is count's man; count's master is

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass; yet the scarfs, and the bannerets, about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not; yet art thou good for nothing but taking up; and that thou art scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,—

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial;—which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand. [mity.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indig-

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. If ever thou be'st

bound in thy scarf, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge; that I may say, in the default, he is a man I know. [vexation.]

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing I am past; as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [Exit.]

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord.—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, and he were double, and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him, and if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married, there's news for you; you have a new mistress.

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: He is my good lord: whom I serve above, is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is, that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee. [lord.]

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords, and honourable personages, than the heraldry of your birth and virtues gives you commission. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [Exit.]

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then.—Good, very good; let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweet heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me;—I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits The tread of a man's foot: To the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the I know not yet. [import is,

Par. Ay, that would be known: To the wars, my boy, to the wars!

He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed: To other regions!
France is a stable; we, that dwell in't, jades:
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so; I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate of her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike: War is no strife,
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me. I'll send her straight away: To-morrow I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise in it—'Tis hard;

A young man, married, is a man that's marr'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely: go:
The king has done you wrong; but, hush! 'tis so.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another Room in the Same.*
Enter HELENA and Clown.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: Is she well?

Clow. She is not well; but yet she has her health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well: but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants nothing i' the world: but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she a'll, that she's not very well? [things.]

Clow. Truly, she's very well, indeed, but for two

Hel. What two things?

Clow. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave! How does my old lady?

Clow. So that you had her wrinkles, and her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clow. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: To say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clow. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou art a knave; that is, before me thou art a knave: this had been truth, sir, [thee.]

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found

Clow. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—Madam, my lord will go away to-night;

A very serious business calls on him.

The great prerogative and right of love, [ledge;
Which, as your due, time claims, he doth acknow-
But puts it off by a compell'd restraint; [sweets,
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with
Which they distil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleasure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will else? [king,

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the
And make this haste as your own good proceeding,
Strengthen'd with that apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently
Attend his farther pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you.—Come, sirrah.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends. I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. These things shall be done, sir. *(To Ber.)*

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well: Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is she gone to the king? *(Aside to Parolles.)*

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketed my treasure, Given orders for our horses; and to-night, When I should take possession of the bride,— And, ere I do begin,—

Laf. A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner: but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.— God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into 't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be, you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at his prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil. *[Exit.]*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him? *[speech]*

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you, Spoke with the king, and have procured his leave For present parting; only he desires Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not marvel, Helena, at my course, Which holds not colour with the time, nor does The ministration and required office

On my particular: prepared I was not For such a business; therefore am I found So much unsettled. This drives me to entreat you, That presently you take your way for home; And rather muse, than ask, why I entreat you: For my respects are better than they seem; And my appointments have in them a need, Greater than shows itself, at the first view, To you, that know them not. This to my mother:

(Giving a Letter.)

Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say, But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall, With true observance, seek to eke out that, Wherein toward me my homely stars have fail'd To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:

My haste is very great: Farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe; Nor dare I say, 'tis mine: and yet it is; But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have? *[indeed.]*

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, I would not tell you what I would: my lord—'faith, yes;—

Strangers, and foes, do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—Farewell. *[Exit Helena.]*

Go thou towards home; where I will never come, Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.— Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio! *[Exeunt]*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Florence. A Room in the Duke's Palace*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE, attended: two French Lords, and others.

Duke. So that from point to point, now have you The fundamental reasons of this war; *[heard.]* Whose great decision hath much blood let forth, And more thirsts after.

1 Lord. Holy seems the quarrel Upon your grace's part; black and fearful On the opposer. *[France.]*

Duke. Therefore we marvel much, our cousin Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom Against our borrowing prayers.

2 Lord. Good my lord, The reasons of our state I cannot yield, But like a common and an outward man, That the great figure of a council frames By self-unable motion; therefore dare not Say what I think of it; since I have found Myself in my uncertain grounds to fail As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

2 Lord. But I am sure, the younger of our nature, That surfeit on their ease, will, day by day, Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be; And all the honours, that can fly from us, Shall on them settle. You know your places well; When better fall, for your avails they fell: To-morrow to the field. *[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save, that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions, and sing; pick his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had

this trick of melancholy, sold a goodly manor for a song.

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when he means to come. *(Opening a letter.)*

Clo. I have no mind to Isabel, since I was at court: our old ling and our Isbels o' the country are nothing like your old ling and your Isbels 'o the court: the brains of my Cupid's knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en what you have there. *[Exit.]*

Count. *(Reads.)* I have sent you a daughter-in-law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run away; know it, before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you. Your unfortunate son, BERTRAM.

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort; your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be kill'd?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come, will tell you more: for my part, I only hear, your son was run away. *[Exit Clown.]*

Enter HELENA and two Gentlemen.

1 Gen. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

2 Gen. Do not say so. *[men,—]*

Count. Think upon patience.—'Pray you, gentle—I have felt so many quirks of joy, and grief, That the first face of neither, on the start, *[you?]* Can woman me unto't.—Where is my son, I pray

2 Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence:

We met him thitherward; from thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again. *[port.]*

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my pass—*(Reads.)* When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off, and shew me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a then I write a never.

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

1 Gen. Ay, madam;

And for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer; If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine, Thou robb'st me of my moiety: He was my son; But I do wash his name out of my blood, And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

2 Gen. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

2 Gen. Such is his noble purpose: and believe't, The duke will lay upon him all the honour That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither? *[speed.]*

1 Gen. Ay, madam, with the swiftest wing of

Hel. *(Reads.)* Till I have no wife, I have nothing in 'Tis bitter. *[France.]*

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

1 Gen. 'Tis but the boldness of his hand, haply. His heart was not consenting to. *[which]*

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife! There's nothing here, that is too good for him, But only she; and she deserves a lord, That twenty such rude boys might tend upon, And call her hourly, mistress. Who was with him?

1 Gen. A servant only, and a gentleman Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 Gen. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness. My son corrupts a well-derived nature With his inducement. *[ness.]*

1 Gen. Indeed, good lady, The fellow has a deal of that, too much, Which holds him much to have.

Count. You are welcome, gentlemen; I will entreat you, when you see my son, To tell him, that his sword can never win The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you Written to bear along.

2 Gen. We serve you, madam, In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies. Will you draw near? *[Exeunt Count and Gentlemen.]*

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.

Nothing in France until he has no wife! Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France, Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I, That chase thee from thy country, and expose Those tender limbs of thine to the event Of the none-sparing war? and is it I, That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou Was shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark Of smoky muskets? O you leaden messengers, That ride upon the violent speed of fire, Fly with false aim; move the still-piercing air, That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord! Whoever shoots at him, I set him there; Whoever charges on his forward breast, I am the caitiff, that doth hold him to't; And, though I kill him not, I am the cause His death was so effected. Better 'twere I met the ravening lion when he roar'd With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere That all the miseries, which nature owes, Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon, Whence honour but of danger wins a scar, As oft it loses all. I will be gone: My being here it is, that holds thee hence Shall I stay here to do't? no, no, although The air of paradise did fan the house, And angels offic'd all: I will be gone; That pitiful rumour may report my flight, To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day! For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—Florence. Before the Duke's Palace.

Flourish. Enter the DUKE OF FLORENCE,

BERTRAM, Lords, Officers, Soldiers, and others.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art; and we Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is

A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet We'll strive to bear it for your worthy sake, To the extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go you forth;

And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm, As thy auspicious mistress.

Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myself into thy file :
Make me but like my thoughts : and I shall prove
A lover of thy drum, hater of love. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter Countess and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, she would do as she has done.
By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. I am *St. Jaques' pilgrim*, thither gone;
Ambitious love hath so in me offended,

That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,

With sainted vow my faults to have amended.

Write, write, that, from the bloody course of war,

My dearest master, your dear son, may hie;

Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far,

His name from zealous fervour sanctify:

His taken labour bids him me forgive:

I, his despiteful Juno, sent him forth

From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,

Where death and danger dog the heels of worth:

He is too good and fair for death and me:

Whom I myself embrace, to set him free. *[words!—*

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her mildest

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice so much,

As letting her pass so; had I spoke with her,

I could have well diverted her intents,

Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:

If I had given you this at over-night,

She might have been o'erta'en; and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be in vain.

Count. What angel shall

Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,

Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to hear,

And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath

Of greater justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,

To this unworthy husband of his wife;

Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,

That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,

Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.

Despatch the most convenient messenger:

When, haply, he shall hear that she is gone,

He will return: and hope I may, that she,

Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,

Led hither by pure love. Which of them both

Is dearest to me, I have no skill in sense

To make distinction.—Provide this messenger.—

My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;

Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—*Without the Walls of Florence.*

A tucket afar off. Enter an old Widow of Florence, DIANA, VIOLENTA, MARIANA, and other Citizens.

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say, the French count has done most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he hath taken their greatest commander: and that with his own hand he slew the duke's brother. We have lost our labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French earl: the honour of a maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those suggestions for

the young earl.—Beware of them, Diana; their promises, enticements, oaths, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession, but they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to advise you farther; but, I hope, your own grace will keep you where you are, though their were no farther danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Enter HELENA, in the dress of a pilgrim.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim. I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another. I'll question her.—

God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way?

Wid. Ay, marry, is it.—Hark you!

(A march afar off.)

They come this way.—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, But till the troops come by, *[grim,*

I will conduct you where you shall be lodged;

The rather, for, I think, I know your hostess

As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours, That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The count Rousillon: Know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of His face I know not. *[him;*

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France, As 'tis reported, for the king had married him Against his liking: Think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth; I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count, Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,

In argument of praise, or to the worth Of the great count himself, she is too mean To have her name repeated; all her deserving Is a reserved honesty, and that I have not heard examined.

Dia. Alas, poor lady!

'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife Of a detesting lord.

Wid. A right good creature: wheresoe'er she is, Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might A shrewd turn, if she pleased. *[do her*

Hel. How do you mean?

May be, the amorous count solicits her In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed;

And brokes with all that can in such a suit Corrupt the tender honour of a maid: But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard In honestest defence.

Enter with drum and colours, a party of the Florentine army, BERTRAM, and PAROLLES.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:—

That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;

That Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;

That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow;
I would, he loved his wife: if he were honest
He were much goodlier:—Is't not a handsome

Hel. I like him well. [gentleman?

Dia. 'Tis pity, he is not honest:—Yond's that
same knave,

That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he? [melancholy?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle.

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vexed at something: Look
he has spied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!

[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, Officers, and
Soldiers.*

Wid. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will
bring you

Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:

Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and, to requite you farther,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Camp before Florence.*

Enter BERTRAM, and the two French Lords.

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my lord, put him to't; let him
have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your lordship find him not a hilding,
hold me no more in your respect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think, I am so far deceived in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my lord, in mine own direct
knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him
as my kinsman, he's a most notable coward, an
infinite and endless liar, an hourly promise-breaker,
the owner of no one good quality worthy your lord-
ship's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest, reposing
too far in his virtue, which he hath not, he might,
at some great and trusty business, in a main danger,
fail you.

Ber. I would, I knew in what particular action to
try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his
drum, which you hear him so confidently under-
take to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will suddenly
surprise him; such I will have, whom, I am sure,
he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and
hood-wink him so, that he shall suppose no other
but that he is carried into the leaguer of our adver-
saries, when we bring him to our own tents: Be but
your lordship present at his examination; if he do
not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest
compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and
deliver all the intelligence in his power against you,
and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon
oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch
his drum; he says, he has a stratagem for't: when
your lordship sees the bottom of his success in't,
and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will
be melted, if you give him not John Drum's enter-

tainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here
he comes.

Enter PAROLLES.

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the
humour of his design; let him fetch off his drum
in any hand.

Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely
in your disposition.

2 *Lord.* A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! Is't but a drum? A drum so
lost!—There was an excellent command! to charge
in with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend
our own soldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command
of the service; it was a disaster of war that Cæsar
himself could not have prevented, if he had been
there to command.

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our suc-
cess: some dishonour we had in the loss of that
drum; but it is not to be recovered.

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of
service is seldom attributed to the true and exact
performer, I would have that drum or another, or
hic jacet.

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach to't, monsieur,
if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring
this instrument of honour again into his native
quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go
on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit:
if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of
it, and extend to you what farther becomes
his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your
worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: and I will pre-
sently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself
in my certainty, put myself into my mortal pre-
paration, and, by midnight, look to hear farther
from me. [gone about it?

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace, you are

Par. I know not what the success will be, my
lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know, thou art valiant; and to the possibility
of thy soldiership, will subscribe for thee. Farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*

1 *Lord.* No more than a fish loves water.—Is not
this a strange fellow, my lord? that so confidently
seems to undertake this business, which he knows
is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares
better be damned than to do't.

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my lord, as we
do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a
man's favour, and, for a week, escape a great deal
of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have
him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think, he will make no deed at
all of this, that so seriously he does address himself
unto?

1 *Lord.* None in the world; but return with an
invention, and clap upon you two or three probable
lies: but we have almost embossed him, you shall
see his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your
lordship's respect.

2 *Lord.* We'll make you some sport with the fox,
ere we case him. He was first smoked by the old
lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted,
tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you
shall see this very night. [caught.

1 *Lord.* I must go look my twigs; he shall be

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

1 Lord. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. *[Exit.]*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and shew you The lass I spoke of.

2 Lord. But, you say, she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once, And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind, Tokens and letters, which she did re-send; And this is all I have done: She's a fair creature; Will you go see her?

2 Lord. With all my heart, my lord. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.—*Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA and Widow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you farther, But I shall lose the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Though my estate be fallen, I was well born, Nothing acquainted with these businesses; And would not put my reputation now In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.

First, give me trust, the count he is my husband; And, what to your sworn counsel I have spoken, Is so, from word to word; and then you cannot, By the good aid that I of you shall borrow, Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you:

For you have shew'd me that, which well approves You are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of gold, And let me buy your friendly help thus far, Which I will over-pay, and pay again, *[daughter,]* When I have found it. The count he woos your Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty, Resolves to carry her; let her, in fine, consent, As we'll direct her how 'tis best to bear it. Now his important blood will nought deny, That she'll demand: A ring the county wears, That downward hath succeeded in his house, From son to son, some four or five descents, Since the first father wore it: this ring he holds In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire, To buy his will, it would not seem too dear, Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see

The bottom of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawful, then: It is no more But that your daughter, ere she seems as won, Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter; In fine, delivers me to fill the time, Herself most chastely absent; after this, To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:

Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere, That time and place, with this deceit so lawful, May prove coherent. Every night he comes With music of all sorts, and songs composed To her unworthiness: It nothing steads us To chide him from our eaves; for he persists, As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then, to-night

Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed, Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed; And lawful meaning in a lawful act;

Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact: But let's about it. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the Florentine Camp.*

Enter first Lord, with five or six Soldiers in ambush.

1 Lord. He can come no other way but by this

hedge corner: When you sally upon him, speak what terrible language you will: though you understand it not yourselves, no matter: for we must not seem to understand him; unless some one among us, whom we must produce for an interpreter.

1 Sold. Good captain, let me be the interpreter.

1 Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

1 Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

1 Lord. But what linsy-woolsy hast thou to speak to us again?

1 Sold. Even such as you speak to me.

1 Lord. He must think us some band of strangers i' the adversary's entertainment. Now he hath a smack of all neighbouring languages; therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But, couch, ho! here he comes; to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours 'twill be time enough to go home. What shall I say I have done? It must be a very plausible invention that carries it: They begin to smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

1 Lord. This is the first truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. *(Aside.)*

Par. What the devil should move me to undertake the recovery of this drum; being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give myself some hurts, and say, I got them in exploit: Yet slight ones will not carry it: they will say, Came you off with so little? and great ones I dare not give. Wherefore? what's the instance? Tongue, I must put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy another of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these perils.

1 Lord. Is it possible, he should know what he is, and be what he is? *(Aside.)*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turn; or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

1 Lord. We cannot afford you so. *(Aside.)*

Par. Or the baring of my beard; and to say, it was in stratagem.

1 Lord. 'Twould not do. *(Aside.)*

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say, I was stripped.

1 Lord. Hardly serve. *(Aside.)*

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the window of the citadel—

1 Lord. How deep? *(Aside.)*

Par. Thirty fathom.

1 Lord. Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed. *(Aside.)*

Par. I would, I had any drum of the enemy's; I would swear, I had recovered it.

1 Lord. You shall hear one anon. *(Aside.)*

Par. A drum now of the enemy's! *(Alarm within.)*

1 Lord. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.*

All. *Cargo, cargo, villianda, par corbo, cargo.*

Par. Oh! ransome, ransome:—Do not hide mine eyes. *(They seize him, and blindfold him.)*

1 Sold. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment, And I shall lose my life for want of language:

If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me,
I will discover that, which shall undo
The Florentine.

1 Sold. *Boskos raurado*:—

I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—

Kerelybonto:—Sir,

Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. Oh!

1 Sold. O, pray, pray, pray,—

Manka revania dulce.

1 Lord. *Oscorbi dulchos volivorca*.

1 Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet;
And, hood-wink'd as thou art will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply, thou may'st inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live,
And all the secrets of our camp I'll shew;
Their force, their purposes: nay, I'll speak that,
Which you will wonder at.

1 Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

1 Sold. *Acordo linta*.—

Come on, thou art granted space.

[Exit, with Parolles guarded.]

1 Lord. Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my
brother, [muffled,
We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him
Till we do hear from them.

2 Sold. Captain, I will.

1 Lord. He will betray us all unto ourselves;—
Inform 'em that.

2 Sold. So I will, sir.

[lock'd. Exeunt.]

1 Lord. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely

SCENE II.—*Florence. A Room in the Widow's
House.*

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me, that your name was Fonti-
bell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess:

And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was,
When your sweet self was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more of that!

I pr'ythee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you: but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn?

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth;
But the plain single vow, that is vow'd true.
What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the Highest to witness: Then, pray you,
tell me,

If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I love you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? this has no holding,

To swear by him, whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him. Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions; but unseal'd;
At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;

Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever
My love as it begins, shall persevere.

Dia. I see, that men make hopes, in such affairs,
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy in the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy in the world
In me to lose: Thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:

My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee. [window:]

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber
I'll order take, my mother shall not hear.

Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know
them,

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu, till then; then, fail not: you have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing
thee. [Exit.]

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven
You may so in the end.— [and me:]

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in his heart; she says, all men
Have the like oaths: he had sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid:
Only in this disguise, I think't no sin
To cousin him, that would unjustly win. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The Florentine Camp.*

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three
Soldiers.

1 Lord. You have not given him his mother's
letter?

2 Lord. I have deliver'd it an hour since: there
is something in't, that stings his nature; for, on the
reading it, he changed almost into another man.

1 Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him,
for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

2 Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlast-
ing displeasure of the king, who had even tuned
his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you
a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 Lord. When you have spoken it, 'tis dead, and
I am the grave of it.

2 Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman
here in Florence, of a most chaste renown: and

this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour; he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

1 *Lord*. Now, God delay our rebellion; as we are ourselves, what things are we!

2 *Lord*. Merely our own traitors. And as, in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends; so he, that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

1 *Lord*. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents? We shall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord*. Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord*. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anatomized; that he might take a measure of his own judgments, so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

2 *Lord*. We will not meddle with him, till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other. [wars?

1 *Lord*. In the mean time, what hear you of these

2 *Lord*. I hear, there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord*. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

2 *Lord*. What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher or return again into France?

1 *Lord*. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord*. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord*. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief, in fine, made a groan of her last breath, and now she sings in heaven.

2 *Lord*. How is this justified?

1 *Lord*. The stronger part of it by her own letters; which make her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord*. Hath the count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord*. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord*. I am heartily sorry, that he'll be glad of this. [comforts of our losses!

1 *Lord*. How mightily, sometimes, we make us

2 *Lord*. And how mightily some other times, we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.

1 *Lord*. The web of our life, is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.—

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave; his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendation to the king.

2 *Lord*. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter BERTRAM.

1 *Lord*. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.—How now, my lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to night despatched sixteen busi-

nesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success: I have conge'd with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother, I am returning; entertained my convoy: and, between these main parcels of despatch, effected many nicer needs; the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

2 *Lord*. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship.

Ber. I mean the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter: But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module; he has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophet.

2 *Lord*. Bring him forth: [*Exeunt Soldiers.*] he has sat in the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How doth he carry himself?

1 *Lord*. I have told your lordship already; the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood, he weeps, like a wench that had shed her milk: he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: And what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord*. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as, I believe, you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with PAROLLES.

Ber. A plague upon them! muffled! he can say nothing of me; hush! hush!

2 *Lord*. Hoodman comes. *Porto tartarossa.*

1 *Sold.* He calls for the tortures: What will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know, without constraint; if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no

1 *Sold.* *Bosko chimurcho.* [more.

2 *Lord.* *Boblibindo chicurmucho.*

1 *Sold.* You are a merciful general:—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a

Par. And truly, as I hope to live. [note.

1 *Sold.* *First demand of him, how many horse the duke is strong.* What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

1 *Sold.* Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do; I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will. [is this!

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave

1 *Lord.* You are deceived, my lord; this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist, (that was his own phrase,) that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never trust a man again, for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

1 *Sold.* Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor

1 Sold. Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot. What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to

Ber. What shall be done to him? [pieces.

1 Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the duke.

1 Sold. Well, that's set down. You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighing sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories: Demand them singly.

1 Sold. Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him: he was a butcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay.

[Dumain lifts up his hand in anger.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

1 Sold. Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.

1 Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.

1 Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day, to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

1 Sold. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness. I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file with the duke's other letters, in my tent. [to you?

1 Sold. Here 'tis; here is a paper: Shall I read it?

Par. I do not know, if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 Lord. Excellently.

1 Sold. Dian. The count's a fool, and full of gold,—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid: for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy; who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable, both sides rogue!

Sold. When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

After he scores he never pays the score:

Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it;

He ne'er pays after debts, take it before,

And say, a soldier, Dian, told thee this,

Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiss:

For count of this, the count's a fool, I know it,
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure anything before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1 Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumain: You have answered to his reputation with the duke and to his valour: What is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister; for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths: in breaking them, he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: drunkenness is his best virtue: for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has everything that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

1 Lord. I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

1 Sold. What say you to his expertness in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be officer at a place called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 Lord. He hath out-villained villainy so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him! he's a cat still.

1 Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a quart d'ecu he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 Sold. What's his brother, the other captain Dumain?

2 Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

1 Sold. What's he?

Par. Even a crow of the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: in a retreat, he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

1 Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rousillon.

1 Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the

count, have I run into his danger : Yet, who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken ?

(*Aside.*)

1 *Sold.* There is no remedy, sir, but you must die : the general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use ; therefore you must die.—Come, headsman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, sir ; let me live, or let me see my death !

1 *Sold.* That you shall, and take your leave of all your friends. (*Unmuffling him.*)

So, look about you : Know you any here ?

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* God bless you, captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God save you, noble captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafeu ? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon ? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you ; but fare you well.

[*Exeunt Bertram, Lords, &c.*]

1 *Sold.* You are undone, captain : all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot ?

1 *Sold.* If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, sir ; I am for France, too ; we shall speak of you there. [*Exit.*]

Par. Yet am I thankful : if my heart were great, 'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more ; But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft As captain shall : simply the thing I am Shall make me live. Who knows himself a brag-Let him fear this ; for it will come to pass, [gart, That every braggart shall be found an ass. Rust, sword ! cool, blushes ! and, Parolles, live Safest in shame ! being fool'd, by foolery thrive ! There's place, and means, for every man alive. I'll after them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.*

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world Shall be my surety ; 'fore whose throne, 'tis need-Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel : [ful. Time was, I did him a desired office, Dear almost as his life ; which gratitude Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth, And answer, thanks : I duly am inform'd, His grace is at Marseilles, to which place We have convenient convoy. You must know, I am supposed dead : the army breaking, My husband hies him home ; where, Heaven aiding, And by the leave of my good lord the king, We'll be, before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam, You never had a servant, to whose trust Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Nor you, mistress, Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour To recompense your love ; doubt not, but Heaven Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower, As it hath fated her to be my motive And helper to a husband. But O strange men ! That can such sweet use make of what they hate, When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts Defiles the pitchy night ! so lust doth play

With what it loaths, for that which is away : But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana, Under my poor instructions yet must suffer Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honesty Go with your impositions, I am yours Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you,— But with the word, the time will bring on summer, When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns, And be as sweet as sharp. We must away ; Our waggon is prepared, and time revives us : *All's well that ends well* : still the fine's the crown ; Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with a snipttaffata fellow there ; whose villainous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour : your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour ; and your son here at home, more advanced by the king, than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of.

Count. I would, I had not known him ! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creating : if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady : we may pick a thousand salads, ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet marjoram of the salad or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not salad-herbs, you knave, they are nose-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir, I have not much skill in grass. [or a fool ?]

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself ; a knave,

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave

Laf. Your distinction ? [at a man's.]

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee ; thou art both knave

Clo. At your service. [and fool.]

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that ? a Frenchman ?

Clo. Faith, sir, he has an English name ; but his phisnomy is more hotter in France, than there.

Laf. What prince is that ?

Clo. The black prince, sir ; *alias*, the prince of darkness ; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse : I give thee not this to suggest thee from thy master thou talk'st of ; serve him still.

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire ; and the master I speak of, ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in his court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter : some, that humble themselves, may ; but the many will be too chill and tender ; and they'll be for the flowery way, that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways I begin to be a-weary of thee ;

and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways; let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [Exit.]

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My lord, that's gone, made himself much sport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son was upon his return home, I moved the king, my master, to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it; and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it? [wish it happily effected.]

Count. With very much content, my lord, and I

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed.

Count. It rejoices me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters, that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship, to remain with me, till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking, with what manners I might safely be admitted. [lege.]

Count. You need but plead your honourable privi-

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under it, or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you; I long to talk with the young noble soldier.

Clo. Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head, and nod at every man. [Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Marseilles. A Street.

Enter HELENA, Widow, and DIANA, with two Attendants.

Hel. But this exceeding posting, day and night, Must wear your spirits low: we cannot help it; But, since you have made the days and nights as To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs, [one, Be bold, you do so grow in my requital, As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a gentle Astringer.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear, If he would spend his power.—God save you, sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fallen From the report, that goes upon your goodness; And therefore, goaded with most sharp occasions, Which lay nice manners by, I put you to The use of your own virtues, for the which

I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you

To give this poor petition to the king; And aid me with that store of power you have, To come into his presence.

Gent. The king's not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not, indeed:

He hence removed last night, and with more haste Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All's well that ends well, yet;

Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit.— I do beseech you, whither has he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon, Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,

Since you are like to see the king before me, Commend the paper to his gracious hand; Which, I presume, shall render you no blame, But rather make you thank your pains for it: I will come after you, with what good speed Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank'd, Whate'er fall more.—We must to horse again: Go, go, provide. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Rousillon. The inner Court of the Countess's Palace.

Enter Clown and PAROLLES.

Par. Good monsieur Lavatch, give my Lord Lafeu this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddled in fortune's moat, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strong as thou speakest of: I will henceforth eat no fish of fortune's buttering. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee farther.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, stand away: A paper from fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself.—

Enter LAFEU.

Here is a pur of fortune's, sir, or of fortune's cat, (but not a musk-cat,) that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddled withal: Pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your lordship. [Exit Clown.]

Par. My lord, I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratched.

Laf. And what would you have me do? 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? There's a quart d'ecu for you. Let the justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour, to hear me one single word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall ha't; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word then.—Cox' my passion! give me your hand: How does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me. [lost thee.]

Laf. Was I, in sooth? and I was the first that

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. (*Trumpets sound.*) The king's coming, I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire farther after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in the Countess's Palace.*

Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege; And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth, When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all; Though my revenges were high bent upon him, And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,— But first I beg my pardon,—The young lord Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady, Offence of mighty note; but to himself The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife, Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive; Whose dear perfection, hearts, that scorn'd to serve, Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost, [hither;—] Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him We are reconciled, and the first view shall kill All repetition. Let him not ask our pardon; The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper than oblivion do we bury The incensing relics of it. Let him approach, A stranger, no offender; and inform him, So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall, my liege. [Exit Gentleman.]

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke? [ness.]

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your high-

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters That set him high in fame. [sent me,]

Enter BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season, For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail In me at once: But to the brightest beams Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth, The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repent'd blames, Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole; Not one word more of the consumed time. Let's take the instant by the forward top; For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees The inaudible and noiseless foot of time Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: at first I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue: Where the impression of mine eye infixing, Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me, Which warp'd the line of every other favour; Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n; Extended or contracted all proportions, To a most hideous object: Thence it came, [self] That she, whom all men praised, and whom my— Since I have lost, have loved, was in mine eye The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excused: That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away From the great compt: But love, that comes too late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried, To the great sender turns a sour offence, Crying, that's good that's gone: our rash faults Make trivial price of serious things we have, Not knowing them, until we know their grave: Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust, Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust: Our own love waking cries to see what's done, While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon. Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget her. Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin: The main consents are had; and here we'll stay To see our widower's second marriage day.

Count. Which better than the first, O dear Heaven, bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease! [name]

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's Must be digested, give a favour from you, To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter, That she may quickly come.—By my old beard, And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead, Was a sweet creature; such a ring as this, The last that e'er she took her leave at court, I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not. [eye,]

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.— This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen, I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood Necessitated to help, that by this token I would relieve her: Had you that craft, to reave Of what should stead her most? [her]

Ber. My most gracious sovereign, Howe'er it pleases you to take it so, The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life, I have seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceived, my lord, she never saw it: In Florence was it from a casement thrown me, Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought I stood engaged; but when I had subscribed To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully, I could not answer in that course of honour As she had made the overture, she ceased, In heavy satisfaction, and would never Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself, That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine, Hath not in nature's mystery more science, Than I have in this ring: 'twas mine, 'twas Helen's, Whoever gave it you: Then if you know That you are well acquainted with yourself, Confess 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement You got it from her: she call'd the saints to surety

That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it. [honour;

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love mine
And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out: If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'twill not prove so;—
And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.—
(*Guards seize Bertram.*)

My fore-past proofs, how'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with him;—
We'll sift this matter farther.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove, that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit Bertram guarded.*

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether have I been to blame, or no, I know not;
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her business looks in her
With an importing visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.

King. (*Reads.*) Upon his many protestations to
marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he
won me. Now is the count Rousillon a widower; his
vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him.
He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow
him to his country for justice: Grant it me, O King;
in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourishes, and a
poor maid is undone. **DIANA CAPULET.**

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll
him: for this, I'll none of him. [*Lafeu,*

King. The heavens have thought well on thee,
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors:—
Go speedily, and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen, and some Attendants.*
I am afraid, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, since wives are monsters to
you.

And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman's that?

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow, and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My suit, as I do understand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count: Do you know these

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny [women?
But that I know them: Do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine?
You give away heaven's vows, and those are mine;

You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,
Either both, or none.

Laf. Your reputation (*to Bertram*) comes too short
for my daughter, you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laughed with: let your
highness

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to
friend,

Till your deeds gain them: Fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord;
And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price:
Do not believe him: O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich validity,
Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 'tis it:
Of six preceding ancestors, that gem
Conferr'd by testament to the sequent issue,
Hath it been owed and worn. This is his wife;
That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought, you said,
You saw one here in court could witness it.

Dia. I did my lord, but loath am to produce
So sad an instrument; his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?

He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o' the world tax'd and debosh'd;
Whose nature sickens, but to speak a truth:
Am I or that, or this, for what he'll utter,
That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has: certain is it, I liked her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancy's course
Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
Her infinite cunning with her modern grace,
Subdued me to her rate: she got the ring;
And I had that which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient;
You that, turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like

The same upon your finger. [*Late.*

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story then goes false, you threw it
Out of a casement. [*him*

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts
Is this the man you speak of? [you.—

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge
you,

Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off.)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been
an honourable gentleman; tricks he hath had in
him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: Did he love
this woman?

Par. 'Faith, sir, he did love her: But how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman loves a

King. How is that? [woman.

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave and no knave,—
What an equivocal companion is this! [mand.

Par. I am a poor man, and at your majesty's com-

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty
orator.

Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?

Par. Yes, so please your majesty: I did go be-
tween them, as I said; but more than that, he loved
her, for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of
Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not
what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time,
that I knew of their going to bed; and of other
motions, as promising her marriage, and things
that would derive me ill will to speak of, therefore I
will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou
canst say they are married: But thou art too fine in
thy evidence; therefore stand aside.—

This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she
goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now:
To prison with her; and away with him.—
Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Joye, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accused him all this
while?

Dia. Because, he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows, I am no maid, and he will swear to't:
I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life;
I am either maid, or else this old man's wife.

(Pointing to *Lafev.*)

King. She does abuse our ears; to prison with
her. [sir;

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—Stay, royal
[Exit *Widow.*

The jeweller, that owes the ring, is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abused me, as he knows himself.
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him:
He knows himself, my bed he hath defiled;
And at that time he got his wife with child:
Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick;
So there's my riddle, One, that's dead, is quick;
And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter *Widow* with *HELENA*.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real, that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord:

'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see,
The name and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both: O pardon.

Hel. O, my good lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring,
And, look you, here's your letter: This it says,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c.—This is done:
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly. [clearly,

Hel. If it appears not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O my dear mother, do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon.
—Good Tom Drum, (to *Parolles.*) lend me a hand-
kerchief: So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll
make sport with thee: Let thy courtesies alone,
they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,

(to *Diana.*)

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

(Flourish.)

(Advancing.)

The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if the suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts:
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

[Exeunt

MACBETH.



1st. Witch.—“THRICE THE BRINDED CAT HATH MEW'D.”—Act iv, scene 1.

Persons Represented.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.
 MALCOLM, } his Sons.
 DONALBAIN, }
 MACBETH, } Generals in the King's Army.
 BANQUO, }
 MACDUFF, }
 LENOX, } Noblemen of Scotland.
 ROSSE, }
 MENTETH, }
 ANGUS, }
 CATHNESS }
 FLEANCE, Son to Banquo.
 SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.
 Young SIWARD, his Son.

SEYTON, an Officer attending on Macbeth.
 Son to Macduff.
 An English Doctor. A Scottish Doctor.
 A Soldier. A Porter. An old man.

LADY MACBETH.
 LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlemen attending on Lady Macbeth.
 HECATE, and three Witches.
 Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, In the end of the Fourth Act, lies in England; through the rest of the Play, in Scotland; and, chiefly at Macbeth's Castle.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An open Place. Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2 *Witch.* When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won:

3 *Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.

1 *Witch.* Where the place?

2 *Witch.* Upon the heath:

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth.

1 *Witch.* I come, Graymalkin!

All. Paddock calls:—Anon.—

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Witches vanish.*]

SCENE II.—*A Camp near Fores. Alarum within.*

Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is this? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and hardy soldier, fought
'Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtfully it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald,
(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore: But all's too weak;
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name),
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion,
Carved out his passage, till he faced the slave;
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to th' chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection,
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to
come,

Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd, [heels;
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their
But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Sold. Yes;

As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharged with double cracks;
So they

Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy
wounds;

They smack of honour both. — Go, get him sur-
[*Exit Soldier, attended.*]

Enter ROSSE.

Who comes here?

Mal. The worthythane of Rosse.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes? So
should he look,

That seems to speak things strange.

Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence camest thou, worthythane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
Thethane of Cawdor, 'gan a dismal conflict.
Till that Bellona's bridegroom lapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit: and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us;—

Dun. Great happiness!

Rosse. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
Till he disbursed at Saint Colmes' inch,
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more thatthane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest:—Go pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—*A Heath.*

Thunder. Enter three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd:—

Give me, quoth I:

Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.—
Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger:
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
And, like a rat without a tail,
I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I myself have all the other.

And the very ports they blow,
All the quarters that they know
I' the shipman's card.
I will drain him dry as hay:
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
Hang upon his pent-house lid;
He shall live a man forbid:
Weary seven nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine;
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toss'd.
Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Shew me, shew me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come. (*Drum within.*)

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores?—What are
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire, [these,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand
By each at once her choppy finger laying [me,
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can,—What are you?

1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of
Glamis! [Cawdor!

2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of

3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king
hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that, indeed,
Which outwardly you shew? My noble partner
Ye greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems wrapt withal: To me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo! [none:

1 *Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more!
By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis,
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge
you. [Witches vanish.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seemed corporal,
melted

As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak
Or have we eaten of the insane root, [about?
That takes the reason prisoner.

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune and words. Who's
here?

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his: Silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail,
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
To herald thee into his sight, not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour

He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor;
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: Why do you
In borrow'd robes! [dress me

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combined with Norway, or did Mne the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those, that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promised no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.—

Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.

This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good: If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why chance
Without my stir. [may crown me,

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments,—cleave not to their
But with the aid of use. [mould.

Macb. Come what come may;
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favour:—my dull brain was
wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—
Think upon what hath chanced; and, at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough.—Come friends.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALD
BAIN, LENOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those on commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implored your highness' pardon: and set forth

A deep repentance. Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it: he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he owed,
As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman, on whom I built
An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin!

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me: Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserved,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties: and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every
Safe toward your love and honour. [thing

Dun. Welcome hither:

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserved, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.—Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us farther to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not used for
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful [you:
The hearing of my wife with your approach;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, (*Aside.*)
For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires!
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Erit.*

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Inverness. A Room in MACBETH'S
Castle.*

Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M. They met me in the day of success; and I
have learned by the perfectest report, they have more
in them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in
desire to question them farther, they made themselves—
air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in
the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-
hailed me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before,
these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the
coming on of time, with, Hail king that shalt be!
This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest
partner of greatness, that thou mightest not lose the

dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness
is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be [ture;
What thou art promised:—Yet do I fear thy na-
It is too full 'o the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way: Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition, but without [highly,
The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false.
Yet wouldst wrongly win, thou'dst have, great
Glamis,

That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it;*
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear:
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.—What is your
tidings?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it:

Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true; our thane is com-
One of my fellows had the speed of him: [ing.
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,

He brings great news.—The raven himself is hoarse,
[*Exit Attendant.*

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements. Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night
And pall thee in the dunest smoke of hell!
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, *Hold, hold!*—Great Glamis! worthy
Cawdor!

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow,—as he purposes,

Lady M. O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters.—To beguile the time,
Look like the time: bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for: and you shall put
This night's great business into my despatch;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak farther.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
To alter favour ever is to fear:
Leave all the rest to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The same. Before the Castle.**Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending.**Enter* DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, *and Attendants.**Dun.* This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.*Ban.* This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet does approve
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here; no jutting frieze, buttress,
No coigne of vantage, but this bird hath made
His pendent bed, and procreant cradle: Where
they
Most breed and haunt, I have observed, the air
Is delicate.*Enter* LADY MACBETH.*Dun.* See, see! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us, sometimes is our trouble
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.*Lady M.* All our service,
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.*Dun.* Where's the thane of Cawdor?
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.*Lady M.* Your servants ever [compt,
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.*Dun.* Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.SCENE VII.—*The Same. A Room in the Castle.**Hautboys and torches. Enter and pass over the stage,
a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service.
Then enter* MACBETH.*Macb.* If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere
It were done quickly: If the assassination [well
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off:
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or Heaven's cherubin, horsedUpon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind—I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other side.—How now, what news?*Enter* LADY MACBETH.*Lady M.* He has almost supp'd: Why have you
left the chamber?*Macb.* Hath he asked for me?*Lady M.* Know you not, he has?*Macb.* We will proceed no farther in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon.*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dressed yourself? hath it slept since?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?*Macb.* Pr'ythee, peace:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.*Lady M.* What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness
nowDoes unmake you. I have given suck: and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn, as you
Have done to this.*Macb.* If we should fail,—*Lady M.* We fail!But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?*Macb.* Bring forth men-children only!
For thy undaunted metal should compose
Nothing but males. Will it not be received.
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
Of his own chamber, and used their very daggers,
That they have done't?*Lady M.* Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar
Upon his death?*Macb.* I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[Exeunt

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. Court within the Castle.**Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant with a torch before them.**Ban.* How goes the night, boy?*Fle.* The moon is down; I have not heard the*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve. [clock.*Fle.* I take 't, 'tis later, sir. [in heaven,*Ban.* Hold, take my sword.—There's husbandry
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers!

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature

Gives way to in repose!—Give me my sword;—

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.
Who's there?*Macb.* A friend.*Ban.* What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a—

He hath been in unusual pleasure, and [bed:

Sent forth great largess to your officers:

This diamond he greets your wife withal,

By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up

In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,

Our will became the servant to defect;

Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters.

To you they have shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them:

Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,

Would spend it in some words upon that business,

If you would grant the time

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.*Macb.* If you shall cleave to my consent,—when

It shall make honour for you. [tis,

Ban. So I lose none,

In seeking to augment it, but still keep

My bosom franchised, and allegiance clear,

I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose the while!*Ban.* Thanks, sir; the like to you! [*Exit Banquo.**Macb.* Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is
ready,

She strike upon the bell Get thee to bed.—

[*Exit Servant.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me, [thee:—

The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind; a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going:

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,

Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:

It is the bloody business, which informs

Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,

Alarm'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy

pace,

[sign

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his de-

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm set earth,

Suffer not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

The stones prate of my whereabouts.

And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

(A bell rings.)

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven or to hell [Exit.

SCENE II.—*The same.**Enter LADY MACBETH.**Lady M.* That, which hath made them drunk, hath

made me bold; [Hark!—Peace!

What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire.—

It was the owl that shriek'd; the fatal bellman

Which gives the stern'st good night. He is about

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms [it:

Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd

their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live, or die.

Macb. (Within.) Who's there?—what, ho!*Lady M.* Alack! I am afraid they have awaked,

And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,

Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,

He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled

My father as he slept, I had done't.—My husband!

*Enter MACBETH.**Macb.* I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear

a noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets

Did not you speak? [cry

Macb. When?*Lady M.* Now.*Macb.* As I descended?*Lady M.* Ay.*Macb.* Hark!—Who lies i' the second chamber?*Lady M.* Donalbain.*Macb.* This is a sorry sight.

(Looking on his hands.)

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.*Macb.* There's one did laugh in his sleep, and onecried, *Murder!* [them:

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard

But they did say their prayers, and address'd them

Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together. [other:*Macb.* One cried, *God bless us!* and *Amen*, the

As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.

Listening their fear, I could not say, *Amen*,When they did say, *God bless us*.*Lady M.* Consider it not so deeply.*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce.I had most need of blessing, and *Amen* [Amen!

Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought

After these ways; so, it will make us mad. [more!

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no**Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep!**Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,**The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,**Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,**Chief nourisher in life's feast,—**Lady M.* What do you mean?*Macb.* Still it cried, *Sleep no more;* to all the house:*Glamis hath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor**Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!**Lady M.* Who was it that thus cried? Why worthy

thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think

So brainsickly of things.—Go, get some water,

And wash this filthy witness from your hand.

Why did you bring these daggers from the place?

They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear

The sleepy grooms with blood!

Macb. I'll go no more
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[*Exit. Knocking within.*]

Macb. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine
eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No? this my hand will
The multitudinous seas incarnardine, [rather
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour; but I
shame [knocking]
To wear a heart so white. (*Knock.*) I hear a
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—(*Knocking.*) Hark!
more knocking:

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not know
myself. (*Knock.*)
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! Ay, 'would thou
couldst! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter a Porter. (Knocking within.)

Port. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were
porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the
key. (*Knocking.*) Knock, knock, knock: Who's
there, i' the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer,
that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty:
Come in time; have napkins enough about you;
here you'll sweat for't (*Knocking.*) Knock, knock:
Who's there, i' the other devil's name? 'Faith,
here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the
scales against either scale; who committed treason
enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to
Heaven: O, come in equivocator. (*Knocking.*)
Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? 'Faith, here's
an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a
French hose: Come in, tailor; here you may roast
your goose. (*Knocking.*) Knock, knock: Never at
quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold
for hell. I'll devil-porter it no farther: I had
thought to have let in some of all professions, that
go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.
(*Knocking.*) Anon, anon; I pray you, remember
the porter. (*Opens the gate.*)

Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
that you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second
cock: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three
things. [provoke?]

Macd. What three things does drink especially

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.
Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it pro-
vokes the desire, but it takes away the performance:
Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equi-
vocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars
him: it sets him on, and it takes him off; it per-
suades him, and disheartens him; makes him
stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivo-

cates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves
him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat o' me: but
I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too
strong for him, though he took up my legs some-
time, yet I made a shift to cast him.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slipp'd the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.
This is the doer.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,

For 'tis my limited service.

[*Exit Macduff*]

Len. Goes the king

From hence to-day?

Macb. He does:—he did appoint it so.

Len. The night has been unruly. Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down, and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of
And prophesying, with accents terrible, [death;
Of dire combustion, and confused events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor
Cannot conceive, nor name thee! [heart,

Macb. & Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

[sight

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your
With a new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*]

Ring the alarm-bell.—Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like
sprites,

To countenance this horror! (Bell rings.)

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak,—

Macd. O, gentle lady,

'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:

The repetition, in a woman's ear,

Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murdered!

Lady M. Woe, alas!

What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel anywhere.—

Dear Duff, I pry'thee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom? [done't:

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had
Their hands and faces were all badged with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwiped, we found
Upon their pillows:

They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so? [furious,

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate, and
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason.—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: Who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away; our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on
The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:—

(Lady Macbeth is carried out.)

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure, let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it farther. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulged pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together

All. Well contented.

[Exeunt all but Mal. and Don.]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with
To shew an unfe't sorrow, is an office [them:
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separate fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's dagger's in men's smiles; the near in blood.
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft,
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*Without the Castle.*

Enter ROSSE and an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
Within the volume of which time, I have seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore
Hath trifled former knowings. [night

Rosse. Ah, good father,
Thou see'st the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage; by the clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange
and certain,)
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other. [eyes,

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Mac-
duff:

Enter MACDUFF.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain. [deed?

Rosse. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd:

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons,
Are stolen away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still;

Thrifless ambition, that will raven up
Thine own life's means!—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

Macd. He is already named; and gone to Scone
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill;

The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither. [—adieu;—

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there.
Let our old robes sit easier than our new!

Rosse. Father, farewell. [those

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes.
[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Fores. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis, all
As the weird woman promised; and, I fear,
Thou play'st most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine.)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King; LADY MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness
Command upon me; to the which, my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desired your good
advice (Which still hath been both grave and prosper-
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention: But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord: our time does call
upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell.— [Exit Banquo.

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.
[Exit Lady Macbeth, Lords, Ladies, &c.

Sirrah, a word: Attend those men our pleasure?

Attend. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—[Exit Attendant.]

To be thus, is nothing;

But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind, [dares;
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuked; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance!—Who's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant.]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

1 Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self: this I made good to you [you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with
How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the
instruments;

Who wrought with them; and all things else, that
To half a soul, and to a notion crazed, [might
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1 Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went farther, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd,
To pray for that good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggared yours for ever?

1 Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men; [curs,
As hounds, and grey-hounds, mongrels, spaniels,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him closed; whereby he does receive
Particular addition from the bill

That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
And I will put that business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 Mur. And I another,
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't.

Macb. Both of you

Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2 Mur. True, my lord,

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life: And though I could
With bare-faced power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall,
Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love;
Masking the business from the common eye,
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 Mur. We shall, my lord.

Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within
this hour, at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't; for 't must be done to-night
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I require a clearness: And with him,
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work,)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me

Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

2 Mur. We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded.—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant.

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his lei-
For a few words. [sure]

Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit.]

Lady M. Nought 's had, all 's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter MACBETH.

How, now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have
died

With them they think on? Things without remedy,
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it;
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let

The frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst. nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him farther!

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love: and so, I pray, be you:
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo;
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, live.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's sum-
mons,

The shard-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done? [chuck,

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the
Makes wing to the rooky wood; [crow

Things of day begin to droop and drowse;
Night's black agents to their prey do rouse.
I'll revell at my words: but hold thee still;

Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill;
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Park or Lawn, with
a Gate leading to the Palace.*

Enter Three Murderers.

1 Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

3 Mur. Macbeth. [livers

2 Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he de-
Our offices, and what he have to do,
To the direction just.

1 Mur. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 Mur. Hark, I hear horses.

Ban. (Within.) Give us a light there, ho!

2 Mur. Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' the court.

1 Mur. His horses go about.

3 Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, a Servant with a
torch, preceding them.

2 Mur. A light, a light!

3 Mur. 'Tis he.

1 Mur. Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 Mur. Let it come down. (Assaults Banquo.)

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly,
Thou may'st revenge.—O slave! [fly;

(Dies. Fleance and Servant escape.)

3 Mur. Who did strike out the light?

1 Mur. Was't not the way?

3 Mur. There's but one down; the son is fled.

2 Mur. We have lost best half of our affair.

1 Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is
done. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*A Room of State in the Palace. A
Banquet prepared.*

Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSSE,
LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down; at
And last, the hearty welcome. [first,

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our
For my heart speaks, they are welcome. [friends,
Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts
thanks.

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' the mid'st;
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's, then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut, that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: Yet
he's good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scaped. [perfect;

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and general, as the casing air:

But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that.—
There the grown serpent lies; the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed, [row
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone; to-mor-
We'll hear ourselves again. *[Exit Murderer.]*

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making,
'Tis given with welcome: To feed were best at
home;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit?
*(The Ghost of Banquo rises and sits in
Macbeth's place.)*

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour
roof'd,
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your high-
To grace us with your royal company? *[ness*

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here's a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my lord. What is't that moves your

Macb. Which of you have done this? *[highness?*

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often
thus,

And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep
The fit is momentary; upon a thought *[seat;*
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You will offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool. *[say you?—*

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! O! how
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too—
If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. *(Ghost disappears.)*

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fy, for shame! *[time,*

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden
Ere human statute purged the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now, they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools: This is more strange

Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing *[all;*
To those that know me. Come, love and health to
Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine, fill
full:—

I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
Ghost rises.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth
hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit thee, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

(Ghost disappears.)

Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so:—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke
With most admired disorder. *[the good meeting,*

Macb. Can such things be,

And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder. You make me strange,
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my lord? *[and worse;*

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse
Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[Exeunt Lords and Attendants.]

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will
have blood: *[speak;*
Stones have been known to move, and trees to
Augurs, and understood relations have *[forth*
By maggot-pies, and choughs, and rooks brought
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is
which. *[person,*

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:
There's not a one of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:— [abuse
We are yet but young in deed. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—*The Heath. Thunder.*

Enter HECATE, meeting the three witches.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are;
Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death;

And I, the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,

Was never call'd to bear my part,

Or shew the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done

Hath been but for a wayward son,

Spiteful, and wrathful; who, as others do,

Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now: Get you gone,

And at the pit of Acheron

Meet me i' the morning; thither he

Will come to know his destiny.

Your vessels and your spells provide,

Your charms, and every thing beside:

I am for the air; this night I'll spend

Unto a dismal-fatal end.

Great business must be wrought ere noon:

Upon the corner of the moon

There hangs a vapourous drop profound;

I'll catch it ere it come to ground:

And that, distill'd by magic sleights,

Shall raise such artificial sprites;

As, by the strength of their illusion,

Shall draw him on to his confusion:

He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear

His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:

And you all know, security

Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

SONG. (*Within.*) Come away, come away, &c.

Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,

Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be
back again. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—*Fores. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your
Which can interpret farther: only, I say, [thoughts
Things have been strangely borne: The gracious
Duncan

Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:—

And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;

Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance
kill'd:

For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.

Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous

It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,

To kill their gracious father? damned fact!

How did it grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,

In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,

That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?

Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;

For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,

To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,

He has borne all things well: and I do think,

(That had he Duncan's sons under his key,

As, an't please Heaven, he shall not,) they should
find

What 'twere to kill a father: so should Fleance.

But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he

His presence, at the tyrant's feast, I hear, [fail'd

Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell

Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,

From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,

Lives in the English court; and is received

Of the most pious Edward with such grace,

That the malevolence of fortune nothing

Takes from his high respect: Thither Macduff

Is gone to pray the holy king, on his aid

To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward:

That, by the help of these, (with him above

To ratify the work,) we may again

Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;

Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;

Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,

All which we pine for now: And this report

Hath so exasperate the king, that he

Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, Sir, not I,

The cloudy messenger turns me his back,

And hums; as who would say, *You'll rue the time*

That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might

Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance

His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel

Fly to the court of England, and unfold

His message ere he come; that a swift blessing

May soon return to this our suffering country

Under a hand accursed.

Lord. My prayers with him!

[Exeunt

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron
boiling. Thunder.*

Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd

2 *Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whined.

3 *Witch.* Harper cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw.—

Toad, that under coldest stone,

Days and nights hast thirty-one

Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble:

Fire, burn; and cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake:

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble

All. Double, double toil and trouble:

Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;

Witches, mummy; maw, and gulf,

Of the ravined salt-sea shark;

Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark,

Liver of blaspheming Jew;

Gall of goat, and slips of yew,

Silver'd in the moon's eclipse;

Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;

Finger of birth-strangled babe,

Ditch-delivered by a drab,

Make the gruel thick and slab:

Add thereto a tiger's chawdron,

For the ingredients of our cauldron,

All. Double, double toil and trouble:

Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,

Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and the other three Witches.
Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
 And every one shall share i' the gains.

And now about the cauldron sing,
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,
 Enchanting all that you put in.

SONG.

*Black spirits and white,
 Red spirits and grey;
 Mingle, mingle, mingle,
 You that mingle may.*

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
 Something wicked this way comes:—
 Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight
 What is't you do? [hags?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
 (Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:
 Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
 Against the churches; though the yesty waves
 Confound and swallow navigation up; [down!
 Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees blown
 Though castles topple on their warder's heads;
 Though palaces and pyramids do slope
 Their heads to their foundations; though the trea-
 Of nature's germins tumble all together, [sure
 Even till destruction sicken, answer me
 To what I ask you.

1 Witch. Speak.

2 Witch. Demand.

3 Witch. We'll answer. [mouths

1 Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our
 Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1 Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
 Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
 From the murderer's gibbet, throw
 Into the flame.

All. Come, high or low;
 Thyself, and office, deftly shew.

Thunder. An Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power:—

1 Witch. He knows thy thought.
 Hear his speech, but say thou nought. [Macduff;

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware
 Beware the Thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Enough.

[Descends.

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,
 thanks; [more,—

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:—But one word

1 Witch. He will not be commanded: Here's
 another,

More potent than the first.

Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold,
 And resolute; laugh to scorn the power of man,
 For none of woman born shall harm Macbeth.

[Descends.

Macb. Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of
 But yet I'll make assurance doubly sure, [thee,
 And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
 That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
 And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

Thunder. An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a
 tree in his hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king,
 And wears upon his baby brow the round
 And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
 Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
 Macbeth will never vanquish'd be, until
 Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
 Shall come against him. (Descends.)

Macb. That will never be:
 Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
 Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements!
 Rebellion's head rise never, till the wood [good!
 Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
 Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
 To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart
 Throbs to know one thing: Tell me, (if your art
 Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
 Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
 And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know—
 Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

(Hautboys.)

1 Witch. Shew! *2 Witch.* Shew! *3 Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;

Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in order;
 the last with a glass in his hand; BANQUO follow-
 ing.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down
 Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—And thy hair,
 Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
 A third is like the former.—Filthy hags! [eyes!
 Why do you shew me this?—A fourth?—Start,
 What! will the line stretch out to the crack of
 doom?

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
 And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
 Which shews me many more; and some I see,
 That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry:
 Horrible sight!—Ay, now, I see, 'tis true;
 For the blood-bolted Banquo smiles upon me,
 And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

1 Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so:—But why
 Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
 And shew the best of our delights;
 I'll charm the air to give a sound.

While you perform your antique round:
 That this great king may kindly say,
 Our duties did his welcome pay.

(Music. The Witches dance, vanish.)

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—let this pernicious
 Stand aye accursed in the calendar!— [hour
 Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
 And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
 The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you
 Macduff is fled to England. [word,

Macb. Fled to England?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits:
 The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
 Unless the deed go with it: From this moment,
 The very firstlings of my heart shall be
 The firstlings of my hand. And even now
 To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and
 The castle of Macduff I will surprise; [done:
 Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
 His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls

That trace his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.*

Enter LADY MACDUFF, her Son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the

Rosse. You must have patience, madam. [land?

L. Macd. He had none:

His flight was madness: When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear. [babes,

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his
His mansion, and his titles, in a place

From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;

He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,

The most diminutive of birds, will fight,

Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.

All is the fear, and nothing is the love;

As little is the wisdom, where the flight

So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz',

I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband,

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows

The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much farther:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,

And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;

But float upon a wild and violent sea,

Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:

Shall not be long but I'll be here again:

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward

To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,

Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,

It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:

I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;

And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net,
The pit-fall, nor the gin. [nor lime,

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are
not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for
a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any mar-

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again. [ketch.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet
With wit enough for thee. [i' faith.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and
must be hanged. [lie?

Son. And must they all be hanged, that swear and

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

Lady M. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for
there are liars and swearers enough to beat the
honest men, and hang up them.

Lady M. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But
what thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you
would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly
have a new father.

Lady M. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you
known,

Though in your state of honour I am perfect.

I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

To do worse to you, were fell cruelty, [you!

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve

I dare abide no longer.

[Exit Messenger.]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now

I am in this earthly world; where, to do harm,

Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,

Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas:

Do I put up that womanly defence, [faces?

To say, I have done no harm?—What are these

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,

Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg?

[Stabbing him.]

Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has killed me, mother:

Run away, I pray you.

[Dies.]

[Exit, Lady Macduff, crying murder, and
pursued by the Murderers.]

SCENE III.—*England. A Room in the King's
Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and
Weep our sad bosoms empty. [there

Macd. Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,

Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom. Each new morn,

New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds

As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out

Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;

What know, believe: and, what I can redress,

As I shall find the time to friend, I will.

What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance,

This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,

Was once thought honest: you have loved him well;

He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but

something

You may deserve of him through me; and wisdom

To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,

To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,

In an imperial charge. But 'crave your pardon;

That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:

Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:

Though all things foul would wear the brows of

Yet grace must still look so. [grace,

Macd. I have lost my hopes. [doubts.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,

(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)

Without leave-taking?—I pray you,

Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,

But mine own safeties: You may be rightly just:

Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou
thy wrongs,

The title is affeer'd!—Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer
Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is myself I mean: in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name: but there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'erbear,
That did oppose my will: Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-composed affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I a king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house:
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeding lust: and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,

Acting it many ways. Nay, had I a power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oft'ner upon her knees than on her feet,
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow; and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself: What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together; and the chance, of goodness,
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you
silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth I
pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of art; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor. *[Exit Doctor.]*

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis called the evil:
A most miraculous work in this good king;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,
Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures:
Hanging a golden stap about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter ROSSE.

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes re-
The means that make us strangers! [move

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas, poor country;
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot [thing,
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where no-
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks, that rend
the air, [seems

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell [lives
Is there scarce asked, for who; and good men's
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What is the newest grief? [speaker;

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well, too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did
leave them. [goes it?

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the
tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. [ever,

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for
Which will possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it. [babes,

Rosse. Your castle is surprised; your wife and
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful Heaven!—
What man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones
Did you say, all?—O hell-kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were, [on,
That were most precious to me.—Did Heaven look
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine, [now!
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: lo!
grief

Convert to anger, blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you
The night is long, that never finds the day. [may;
[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting
Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but
can perceive no truth in your report. When was it
she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have
seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown
upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold
it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and
again return to bed; yet all this while in a most
fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive
at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of
watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her
walking, and other actual performances, what, at
any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you
should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no
witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.
Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise;
and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand
close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her
continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she
rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her to seem
thus washing her hands; I have known her con-
tinue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what
comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the
more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One!

Two; Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky;—Fy, my lord, fy! a soldier and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting. [should not.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well,—

Gent. 'Pray God, it be sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown, look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; What's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly. [deeds

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad: Unnatural Do breed unnatural troubles: Infected minds To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. More needs she the divine, than the physician.—God, God, forgive us all! Look after her; Remove from her the means of all annoyance, And still keep eyes upon her:—So, good night: My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight: I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with drum and colours, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm, His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff. [colm, Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm, Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood

Shall we meet them: that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son, And many unrough youths, that even now Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies: Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him, Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain, He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel

His secret murders sticking on his hands; Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach; Those he commands, move only to command, Nothing in love: now does he feel his title Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe

Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame His pester'd senses to recoil, and start, When all that is within him does condemn Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on, To give obedience where 'tis truly owed: Meet we the medicine of the sickly-weal; And with him pour we, in our country's purge, Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs, To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds, Make we our march towards Birnam.

[Exeunt, marching.

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all: Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane, I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm? Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know All mortal consequents, pronounced me thus: *Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman, Shall e'er have power on thee.*—Then fly, false thanes, And mingle with the English epicures: The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear, Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon! Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear, Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch? Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now. I have lived long enough: my way of life Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf: And that which should accompany old age, As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, I must not look to have; but, in their stead, Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath, Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not Seyton!—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be Give me my armour. [hack'd.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round; Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine How does your patient, doctor? [armour—

Doct. Not so sick, my lord, As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies, That keep her from rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow, Raze out the written troubles of the brain, And, with some sweet oblivious antidote, Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff, Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient

Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it.—

Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—
Come, sir, despatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Pull't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou
of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me.—

I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane. *[Exit.]*

Doct. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—*Country near Dunsinane. A Wood in view.*

Enter, with drums and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD and his son, MACDUFF, MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers marching.

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less hath given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war.

[Exeunt marching.]

SCENE V.—*Dunsinane. Within the Castle.*

Enter with drums and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come*: Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up:
Were they not forced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?
(A cry within of women.)

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;

There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord.

I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave! *(Striking him.)*

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile may you see it coming:
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,

Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—

I pull in resolution; and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth: *Fear not till Birnam wood*

Do come to Dunsinane:—and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
If this, which he avouches, does appear,
There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.

I 'gin to be a weary of the sun, *[done.—]*
And wish the estate o' the world were now un-
Ring the alarum bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Plain before the Castle.*

Enter with drums and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD, MACDUFF, &c. and their army, with boughs.

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw
down,

And shew like those you are:—You, worthy uncle,
Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
Shall take upon 's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well,—

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten if we cannot fight. *[breathn.]*

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all
Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[Exeunt. Alarums continued.]

SCENE VII.—*The same. Another part of the plain.*

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,
That was not born of woman? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it. *[name]*

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth. *[title]*

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st. [sword]

(*They fight, and young Siward is slain.*)

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is:—Tyrant, shew thy
face:

If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghost will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves; either thou, Mac—
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge, [beth,
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited: Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*]

Enter MALCOLM and Old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord:—the castle's gently ren-
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight; [der'd:
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle. [*Exeunt. Alarums.*]

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-en'er MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charged
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! (*They fight.*)

Macb. Thou lovest labour:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast served,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no longer believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole; and underwrit

Here you may see the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield,

To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough.*
(*Exeunt, fighting.*)

Retreat, Flourish, Re-enter, with drum and colours.

MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX,
ANGUS, CAITHNESS, MENTEITH, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe ar-
rived.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's
He only lived but till he was a man; [debt:
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.

Siw. Then he is dead? [sorrow]

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field; your cause of
Must not be measured by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why, then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
They say he parted well, and paid his score:
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort,

Re-enter MACDUFF, with Macbeth's head on a pole.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold, where
stands

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,
That speak my salutation in their minds;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland!

All. King of Scotland, hail! (*Flourish.*)

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves, [men,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kins-
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour named. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exiled friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hand
Took off her life;—This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

(*Flourish. Exeunt.*)

MERCHANT OF VENICE.



Por.—"WHY, THIS BOND IS FORFEIT!"—Act iv, scene i.

Persons Represented.

DUKE OF VENICE.
 PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } Suitors to Portia.
 PRINCE OF ARRAGON, }
 ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice.
 BASSANIO, his Friend.
 SALANIO, } Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.
 SALARINO, }
 GRATIANO, }
 LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
 SHYLOCK, a Jew.
 TUBAL, a Jew, his Friend.
 LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a Clown, Servant to Shylock.

OLD GOBBO, Father to Launcelot.
 SALERIO, a Messenger from Venice.
 LEONARDO, Servant to Bassanio.
 BALTHAZAR, } Servants to Portia.
 STEPHANO, }

PORTIA, a rich Heiress.
 NERISSA, her Waiting-maid.
 JESSICA, Daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice,
 Gaoler, Servants, and other Attendants

SCENE,—Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the Seat of Portia, on the Continent.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Venice. A Street.*

Enter ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad;
It wearies me; you say, it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies with portly sail,—
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsey to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks?
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this; and shall I lack the thought,
That such a thing, bechanced, would make me sad?
But tell not me; I know, Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present year:
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.

Salan. Why then you are in love.

Ant. Fy, fy!

[are sad,

Salan. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you, to laugh, and leap, and say, you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed
Janus,

Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some, that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well; [kinsman,
We leave you now with better company. [merry,

Salar. I would have staid till I had made you
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard,
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh?
Say, when?

You grow exceeding strange: Must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on
yours. [Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found An-
We two will leave you: but, at dinner-time, [tonio,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the fool:

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster? [dice

Sleep, when he wakes? and creep into the jaun-
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks;—

There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond;

And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion

Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle,*

And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!

O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,

For saying nothing; who, I am very sure, [fears,
If they should speak, would almost damn those

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers
I'll tell thee more of this another time: [fools.

But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool's gudgeon, this opinion.—

Come, good Lorenzo:—Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner. [time:

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more.
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own
tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only com-
mendable

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.

Ant. Is that any thing now?

Bass. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing
more than any man in all Venice: His reasons are
as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff:
you shall seek all day ere you find them; and,
when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is this same
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something showing a more swelling port
Than my faint means would grant continuance:
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged
From such a noble rate; but my chief care
Is to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal
Hath left me gaged: To you, Antonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love;
And from your love I have a warranty

To unburden all my plots and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assured,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school days, when I had lost one
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight [shaft,
The self-same way, with more advised watch,
To find the other forth: and, by advent'ring both,
I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,
Because what follows is pure innocence.
I owe you much; and, like a wilful youth,
That which I owe is lost; but if you please
To shoot another arrow that self way
Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt
As I will watch the aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter hazard back again,
And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well; and herein spent but
To wind about my love with circumstance: [time,
And, out of doubt you do me now more wrong,
In making question of my uttermost,
Than if you had made waste of all I have:
Then do but say to me what I should do,
That in your knowledge may by me be done,
And I am press'd unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wond'rous virtues; sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which makes her seat of Belmont, Colchus' strand,
And many Jasons come in quest of her.
O, my Antonio, had I but the means
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at
Nor have I money, nor commodity [sea;
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is a-
weary of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries
were in the same abundance as your good fortunes
are: And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that
surfeit with too much, as they that starve with no-
thing: It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be
seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by
white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would do better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were
good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor
men's cottages, princes' palaces. It is a good
divine that follows his own instructions: I can
easier teach twenty what were good to be done,
than be one of the twenty to follow mine own

teaching. The brain may devise laws for the
blood; but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree:
such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the
meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this
reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a hus-
band:—O me, the word choose! I may neither
choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike;
so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the
will of a dead father:—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that
I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy
men, at their death, have good inspirations; there-
fore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three
chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof whic
chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt
never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you
shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in
your affection towards any of these princely suitors
that are already come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou
namest them, I will describe them; and according
to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing
but talk of his horse: and he makes it a great ap-
propriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe
him himself: I am much afraid, my lady his mother
played false with a smith.

Ner. Then, is there the county Palatine

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should
say, *An if you will not have me, choose*: he hears
merry tales, and smiles not: I fear, he will prove
the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being
so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had
rather be married to a death's head with a bone in
his mouth, than to either of these. God defend me
from these two? [Le Bon?

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass
for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a
mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horse better than
the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning
than the count Palatine: he is every man in no
man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering:
he will fence with his own shadow: if I should
marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: If he
would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he
love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you then to Falconbridge, the
young baron of England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him; for he
understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither
Latin, French, nor Italian: and you will come into
the court and swear, that I have a poor penny-
worth in the English. He is a proper man's pic-
ture: But, alas! who can converse with a dumb
show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought
his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France,
his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every
where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his
neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him;
for he borrowed a box of the ear of the English-
man, and swore he would pay him again, when he
was able: I think the Frenchman became his
surety, and sealed under for another.

Par. How like you the young German, the duke
of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober;
and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk;
when he is best, he is little worse than a man; and
when he's worst, he is little better than a beast;

and the worst fall that ever fell I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Par. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords; they have acquainted me with their determinations: which is indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit; unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will: I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam; he of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a fore-runner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco; who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Venice. A public Place.

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary.

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no;—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient: yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England,—and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats, and water-rats, water-thieves, and land-thieves—I mean, pirates; and then, there

is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks.—The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient:—three thousand ducats:—I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured, I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTONIO.

Bass. This is signior Antonio. *[Looks!]*

Shy. (Aside.) How like a fawning publican he I hate him, for he is a Christian:

But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft: How many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;

(To Antonio.)

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd.
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
Well, then your bond; and, let me see—But hear you:

Methought you said, you neither lend, nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was *[sheep—]*
(As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say
Directly interest; mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromised,
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire; the ewes, being rank,
In the end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served
A thing not in his power to bring to pass, [for:
But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of Heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast:—
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;

O what a goodly outside falsehood hath! [sum.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears, you need my help:
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have monies; You say so:
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold; monies is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—

Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last,
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not:
As to thy friends; (for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?)
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no dole
Of usance for my monies, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I shew:—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,
And say, there is much kindness in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it;
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond. [are;

Shy. O, what a heartless man, that these Christians

Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this:
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu:

And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight:
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave; and presently
I will be with you. [Exit

Ant. Hie, thee, gentle Jew.

This Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms, and a villain's mind.

Ant. Come on; in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day. [Exeunt

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*

*Flourish of cernets. Enter the Prince of Morocco and
his train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other of her
Attendants.*

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.
I tell thee, lady; this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear,
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it too: I would not change this hue
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
As any comer I have looked on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the casket,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,—
I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice
Which is the better man, the greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that, which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear, before you choose, if you choose wrong
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage; therefore be advised

Mor. Nor will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

Por. First, forward to the temple; after dinner Your hazard shall be made.

Mor. Good fortune, then! (Cornets.)
To make me bless't, or curs'd amongst men.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Venice. A Street.

Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.

Laun. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew, my master: The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away.* My conscience says,—*No, take heed, honest Launcelot, take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels:* Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *Via!* says the fiend; *away!* says the fiend; *for the heavens! rouse up a brave mind,* says the fiend, *and run.* Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—*My honest friend, Launcelot, being an honest man's son, or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says, Launcelot, budge not; Budge,* says the fiend; *Budge not,* says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew, my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnate; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

Enter Old GOBBO, with a basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. (Aside) O heavens, this is my true begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try confusions with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me, whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now; (aside) now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you: Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (accompanying to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of

learning) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid; the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman: but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, (God rest his soul!) alive or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: It is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

[not Launcelot, my boy.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you art

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall

Gob. I cannot think you are my son. [be.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipping might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my thill-horse has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward; I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; How 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground: my master's a very Jew! Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man;—to him, father: for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other Followers.

Bass. You may do so;—but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock: See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

[Exit a Servant.

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy; Wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify.

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say to serve,—

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire, as my father shall specify,—

Gob. His master and he, (saving your worship's reverence,) are scarce cater-cousin:—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my

father, being I hope an old man, shall fructify unto you—

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both;—What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, [suit. And hath prefer'd thee, if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew's service, to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir; you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well: Go, father, with thy Take leave of thy old master, and inquire [son:— My lodging out:—Give him a livery

(To his Followers.)

More guarded than his followers: See it done.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; (looking on his palm) if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune.—Go to, here's a simple line of life: here's a small trifle of wives: Alas, fifteen wives is nothing; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man; and then, to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather bed;—here are simple 'scapes! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.—Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[Exeunt Launcelot and old Gobbo.

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this; These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd, Return in haste, for I do feast to-night My best esteem'd acquaintance; hie thee, go.

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [Exit Leonardo.

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont. [tiano;

Bass. Why, then you must;—But hear thee, Gra.—Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice,—Parts that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appear not faults; But wherethou art not known, why, there they shew Something too liberal; pray thee, take pain To allay with some cold drops of modesty Thy skipplingspirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour, It be misconstrued in the place I go to, And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me: If I do not put on a sober habit, Talk with respect, and swear but now and then, Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely; Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, Amen; Use all the observance of civility, Like one well studied in a sad ostent To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not gage By what we do to-night. [me

Bass. No, that were pity;

I would entreat you rather to put on Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends That purpose merriment: But fare you well, I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest; But we will visit you at supper time. [Exeunt

SCENE III.—The same. A Room in Shylock's House

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so; Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil, Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness: But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee. And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest: Give him this letter; do it secretly, And so farewell: I would not have my father See me talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.— Most beautiful Pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian do not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived: But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu! [Exit

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot.

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me, To be ashamed to be my father's child! But though I am a daughter to his blood, I am not to his manners: O Lorenzo, If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife; Become a Christian, and thy loving wife. [Exit

SCENE IV.—The same. A Street.

Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SALANIO

Lor. Nay, we will slink away at supper-time; Disguise us at my lodging, and return All in an hour.

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd; And better, in my mind, not undertook.

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock; we have two hours To furnish us;—

Enter LAUNCELOT with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.

Lor. I know the hand; in faith, 'tis a fair hand; And whiter than the paper it writ on, Is the fair hand that writ.

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

Laun. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

Lor. Hold here, take this:—tell gentle Jessica, I will not fail her:—speak it privately; go.— Gentlemen, [Exit Launcelot.

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano, At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so.

[Exeunt Salar and Salan.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

Lor. I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed, How I shall take her from her father's house; What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;

What page's suit she hath in readiness.
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it un'er this excuse,—
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me; peruse this, as thou goest:
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. Before Shylock's house*

Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me;—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out:—
Why, Jessica, I say!

Laun. Why, Jessica!

Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?

Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me;
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon,
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house:—I am right loth to go;
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i' the morning falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon. [*Jessica:*

Shy. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Lock up my doors: and when you hear the drum, And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife, Clamber not you up to the casements then, Nor thrust your head into the public street, To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces; But stop my house's ears,—I mean, my casements: Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear, I have no mind of feasting forth to-night: But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah: Say, I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—

Mistress, look out at window, for all this;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit Laun.*

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, Farewell, mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder, Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me; Therefore I part with him; and part with him To one, that I would have him help to waste His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in; Perhaps, I will return immediately; Do, as I bid you,

Shut doors after you: Fast bind, fast find;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit*

SCENE VI.—*The same.*

Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo Desired us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

Gra. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour, For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont To keep obliged faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast, With that keen appetite that he sits down? Where is the horse, that doth untread again His tedious measures with the unbated fire That he did pace them first? All things that are, Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.

How like a youngker, or a prodigal, The scarfed bark puts from her native bay, Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind! How like the prodigal doth she return; With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails, Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this here after. [*abode;*

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long Not I, but my affairs, here made you wait: When you shall please to play the thieves for wives, I'll watch as long for you then.—Approach; Here dwells my father Jew:—Ho! who's within?

Enter JESSICA above in boy's clothes.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty, Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

Jes. Lorenzo, certain; and my love, indeed; For who love I so much? And now who knows. But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours? [*thou art.*

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witness that

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains. I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me, For I am much ashamed of my exchange: But love is blind, and lovers cannot see The pretty follies that themselves commit; For if they could, Cupid himself would blush To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames? They in themselves, good sooth, are too, too light. Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love; And I should be obscured.

Lor. So are you, sweet, Even in the lovely garnish of a boy. But come at once;

For the close night doth play the runaway, And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself With some more ducats, and be with you straight. [*Exit from above.*

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily.

For she is wise, it I can judge of her; And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true; And true she is, as she hath proved herself; And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true, Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen, away; Our masquing mates by this time for us stay

[*Exit, with Jessica and Salarino*

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Who's there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fy, fy, Gratiano! where are all the rest?

'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you:—
No masque to-night; the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

Gra. I am glad on't; I desire no more delight,
Than to be under sail and gone to-night. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.
Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the Prince
of Morocco, and both their Trains.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince:—
Now make your choice. [bears, —

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
The second, silver, which this promise carries,—
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
The third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,—
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,
I will survey the inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
Must give—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
This casket threatens: Men, that hazard all,
Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shews of dross;
I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand:
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady;
And yet to be afraid of my deserving,
Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady;
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?

Let's see once more this saying graved in gold:

Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

Why, that's the lady: all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,

To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.
The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds

Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
For princes to come view fair Portia:

The wat'ry kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.

One of these three contains her heavenly picture,
Is't like, that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,

To think so base a thought; it were too gross
To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.

Or shall I think, in silver she's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?

O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England

A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
Stamped in gold; but that's insculp'd upon;

But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within.—Deliver me the key:

Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

Por. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie
Then I am yours. [there,

(He unlocks the golden casket.)

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll? I'll read the writing.

*All that glisters is not gold,
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold,
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
Fare you well; your suit is cold.*

Cold, indeed; and labour lost;
Then, farewell, heat; and welcome, frost.—
Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [Exit.]

Por. A gentle riddance:—Draw the curtains,
go;—

Let all of his complexion choose me so. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.—Venice. A Street.

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;

And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised the
duke;

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:

But there the duke was given to understand,

That in a gondola were seen together

Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:

Besides, Antonio certified the duke,

They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confused,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,

As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:

My daughter!—O my ducats!—O my daughter!

Fled with a Christian?—O my Christian ducats!—

Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!

A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,

Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!

And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones,

Stolen by my daughter?—Justice! find the girl!

She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,

Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day

Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remembered:

I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday;

Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part

The French and English, there miscarried

A vessel of our country, richly fraught:

I thought upon Antonio, when he told me;

And wish'd in silence, that it were not his. [hear;

Salan. You were best to tell Antonio what you

Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:

Bassanio told him, he would make some speed

Of his return;—he answer'd—*Do not so,*

Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,

But stay the very riping of the time;

And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,

Let it not enter in your mind of love:

Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts

To courtship, and such fair ostents of love

As shall conveniently become you there:

And even there, his eye being big with tears,

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,

And with affection wondrous sensible

He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

Salan. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embraced heaviness
With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Enter NERESSA, with a Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight;

The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, PORTIA, and their trains.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three
First, never to unfold to any one [things:
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and begone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I addressed me. Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.

What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.

What many men desire?—That many may be
By the fool multitude, that choose by show, [meant
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the mart-
Builds in the weather on the outward wall, [let,
Even in the force and road of casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.

Why, then to me, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

And well said too: For who shall go about

To cozen fortune, and be honourable

Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.

O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly! and that clear honour
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour? and how much
honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnish'd? Well, but to my choice:

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

I will assume desert:—Give me the key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here. [there.

Por. Too long a pause for that, which you find

Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule? I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia?

How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings?

Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?

Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

Ar. To offend and judge, are distinct offices

And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

*The fire seven times tried this;
Seven times tried that judgment is,
That did never choose amiss:
Some there be, that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head;
So begone, sir, you are sped.*

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[Exeunt Arragon and trains]

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy,—
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord;
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;
To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love:

A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee; I am half afraid,
Thou wilt say anon, he is some kin to thee,
Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.—
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord love, if thy will it be!

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that An-
tonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the
narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the
place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the
carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they
say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her
word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that,
as ever knapp'd ginger, or made her neighbours
believe she wept for the death of a third husband!
But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or
crossing the plain highway of talk,—that the good
Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title
good enough to keep his name company!

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why, the end is,
he hath lost a ship.

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his
losses!

Salan. Let me say Amen betimes, lest the devil
cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness
of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

Shy. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

Salar. That's certain; I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

Salar. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel! [years?

Salar. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these

Shy. I say my daughter, is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers, than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods, than there is between red wine and rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match; a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dares scarce shew his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy:—let him look to his bond.

Salar. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: What's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge; if a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salar. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt Salan, Salar, and Servant.*]

Shy. How now, Tubal, what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now: two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the

search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no, tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub.—hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God: Is it true? is it true? [the wreck.

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats!

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me:—I shall never see my gold again: Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

Shy. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: Go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before: I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will: Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants. The caskets are set out.

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two, Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company: therefore, forbear a while. There's something tells me, (but it is not love,) I would not lose you; and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality: But lest you should not understand me well, (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,) I would detain you here some month or two, Before you ventured for me. I could teach you How to choose right, but then I am forsworn; So will I never be: so may you miss me; But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin. That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes, They have o'erlook'd me, and divided me; One half of me is yours, the other half yours,— Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours, And so all yours: O! these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights; And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so, Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I. I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time: To eke it, and to draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose;

For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust, Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love!

There may as well be amity and life
Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear, you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess, and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,

Had been the very sum of my confession :

O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance !

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then : I am lock'd in one of them ;

If you do love me, you will find me out.

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—

Let music sound, while he doth make his choice ;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in music : that the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,

And wat'ry death-bed for him : He may win ;

And what is music then ? then music is

Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow

To a new-crown'd monarch : such it is,

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

With no less presence, but with much more love,

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem

The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy

To the sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice,

The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

With bleared visages, come forth to view

The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules !

Live thou, I live :—With much more dismay

I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

*Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets
to himself.*

SONG.

1. Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head ?
How begot, how nourished ?

Reply.

2. It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed ; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies :
Let us all ring fancy's knell ;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All.

Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves ;

The world is still deceived with ornament.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,

But, being season'd with a gracious voice,

Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,

What damned error, but some sober brow,

Will bless it, and approve it with a text,

Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?

There is no vice so simple, but assumes

Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins

The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars ;

Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk ?

And these assume but valour's excrement,

To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,

And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight ;

Which therein works a miracle in nature,

Making them lightest that wear most of it :

So are those crisped snaky golden locks,

Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known

To be the dowry of a second head,

The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.

Thus ornament is but the guiled shore

To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf

Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word

The seeming truth which cunning times put on

To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,

Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee :

Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge

'Tween man and man : but thou, thou meagre lead,

Which rather threat'nest, than doth promise aught,

Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,

And here choose I : Joy be the consequence !

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,

As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,

And shudd'ring fear, and green-eyed jealousy !

O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,

In measure ram thy joy, scant this excess ;

I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,

For fear I surfeit !

Bass. What find I here ?

(Opening the leaden casket.)

Fair Portia's counterfeit ? What demi-god

Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?

Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,

Seem they in motion ? Here are sever'd lips,

Parted with sugar breath ; so sweet a bar

Should sunder such sweet friends : Here in her hairs

The painter plays the spider ; and hath woven

A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,

Faster than gnats in cobwebs : But her eyes,—

How could he see to do them ? Having made one,

Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,

And leave itself unfurnish'd : Yet look, how far

The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow

In underprising it, so far this shadow

Doth limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,

The continent and summary of my fortune.

You that choose not by the view,

Chance as fair, and choose as true !

Since this fortune falls to you,

Be content, and seek no new.

If you be well pleased with this,

And hold your fortune for your bliss,

Turn you where your lady is,

And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll ;—Fair lady, by your leave :

(Kissing her.)

I come by note to give and to receive,

Like one of two contending in a prize,

That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,

Hearing applause, and universal shout,

Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt

Whether those peals of praise be his or no ;

So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so ;

As doubtful whether what I see be true,

Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,

Such as I am : though, for myself alone,

I would not be ambitious in my wish,

To wish myself much better ; yet for you,

I would be trebled twenty times myself ;

A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times

More rich :

That only to stand high on your account,

I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,

Exceed account : but the full sum of me

Is sum of something ; which, to term in gross,

Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised :

Happy in this, she is not yet so old

But she may learn ; and happier than this,

She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;

Happiest of all, is, that her gentle spirit

Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy: Good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady,
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure, you can wish none from me:
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too. [wife.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a

Gra. I thank your lordship; you have got me
one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved; for intermission
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I sweat again;
And swearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at last,—if promise last,—
I got a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

Por. Is this true Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

Bass. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your
marriage.

Gra. We'll play with them, the first boy for a
thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down? [stake down—

Gra. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and
But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SALERIO.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither;
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome:—By your leave,
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome. [lord,

Lor. I thank your honour:—For my part, my
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Sal. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it Signior Antonio

Commends him to you. (*Gives Bassanio a letter.*)

Bass. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.

Sal. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will shew you his estate. [come.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon' stranger; bid her wel-
Your hand Salerio: What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?
I know, he will be glad of our success;

We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece. [lost!

Sal. Would you had won the fleece that he hath

Por. There are some shrewd contents in you
same paper,

That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse?—
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,
And I must freely have the half of any thing
That this same paper brings you.

Bass. O, sweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Kating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady,
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sal. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear, that if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the shape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

Jes. When I was with him, I have heard him
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countrymen, [swear,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh,
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him: and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio.

Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?

Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one, in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond:

Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description.
Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife;
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Nerissa, and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, shew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

Bass. (Reads.) Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.

Por. O love, despatch all business, and be gone.

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Venice. A Street.

Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTONIO, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: Tell not me of mercy.—
This is the fool that lent out money gratis.—
Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock. [bond;

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my
I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak. [speak:

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not,
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond. [*Exit.*

Salan. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone;

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many, that he at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salan. I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of his state:
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—

Well, gaoler, on:—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.
*Enter PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA,
and BALTHAZAR.*

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you shew this honour
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord: If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestow'd,
In purchasing this semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish misery!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.

Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return:
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you,
Not to deny this imposition;
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.

Lor. Madam, with all my heart:
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again. [you]

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on
Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well
pleased

To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—
[*Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.*]

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still: Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavour of a man,
In speed to Padua; see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario; [thee,
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed
Unto the traject, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice:—waste no time in words,
But get thee gone; I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.
[*Exit.*]

Por. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit
That they shall think we are accomplished
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;

And speak, between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do with all;—then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear, I have discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fy! what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter?
Pa. Come, I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us
At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles to-day. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—*The same. A Garden.*

Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the sins of the
father are to be laid upon the children; therefore,
I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with
you, and so now I speak my agitation of the
matter: Therefore, be of good cheer; for, truly, I
think, you are damned. There is but one hope in it
that can do you any good; and that is but a kind
of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father
got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed;
so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by
father and mother: thus when I shun Seylla, your
father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well,
you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath
made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he; we were
Christians enough before; e'en as many as could
well live, one by another. This making of Chris-
tians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to
be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher
on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say;
here he comes.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot,
if you thus get my wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot
and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy
for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter:
and he says, you are no good member of the com-
monwealth; for, in converting Jews to Christians,
you raise the price of pork.

Lor. I shall answer that better to the common-
wealth than you can the getting up of the negro's
belly; the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor should be more
than reason; but if she be less than an honest
woman, she is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I
think, the best grace of wit will shortly turn into
silence; and discourse grow commendable in none
only but parrots.—Go in, sirrah; bid them prepare
for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly lord, what a wit-snapper are you!
then bid them prepare dinner. *[word.]*

Laun. That is done too, sir; only cover is the

Lor. Will you cover then, sir?

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt
thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an in-
stant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his
plain meaning: go to thy fellows: bid them cover
the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to
dinner.

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in,
for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your
coming to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and
conceits shall govern. *[Exit.]*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words: And I do know
A many fools, that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him; that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing: It is very meet,
The lord Bassanio live an upright life;
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

Lor. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me, as she is for a wife.

Jes. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

Lor. I will anon: first, let us go to dinner.

Jes. Nay, let me praise you while I have a
stomach.

Lor. No, pray thee, let it serve for table talk.
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

Jes. Well, I'll set you forth. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Venice. A Court of Justice.*

*Enter the DUKE, the Magnificoes; ANTONIO,
BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SA-
LANIO, and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace. *[answer]*

Duke. I am sorry for thee; thou art come to
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard,

Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salan. He's ready at the door: he comes, my
lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him stand before our
face.—

Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice

To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt shew thy mercy, and remorse, more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty:
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,)
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.

We will expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I pur-
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn, [pose;
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
But, say, it is my humour: Is it answer'd?
What if my house is troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: For affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes: Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a swollen bagpipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame,
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing,
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus

A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty. [answer.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting
thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat, or the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing most hard
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart: Therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no farther means;
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them, I would have my bond.

Duke. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring
none?

Shy. What judgment shall I dread, doing no [wrong?

You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them:—Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens; let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be season'd with such viands? You will answer
The slaves are ours:—So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!

There is no force in the decrees of Venice:

I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor.
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters. Call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What man? courage
yet!

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death; the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

Duke. Come you from Padua, from Bellario?

Ner. From both, my lord: Bellario greets your
grace. (Presents a letter.)

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt
there.

Gra. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou makest thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

Shy. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!

And for thy life let justice be accus'd.

Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,

To hold opinion with Pythagoras,

That souls of animals infuse themselves

Into the trunks of men: Thy currish spirit

Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,

Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,

And, while thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,

Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires

Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,

Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud.

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall

To cureless ruin.—I stand here for law.

Duke. This letter from Bellario doth commend

A young and learned doctor to our court:—

Where is he?

Ner. He attendeth here hard by,

To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

Duke. With all my heart:—some three or four of
you,

Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—

Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

(Clerk reads.) *Your grace shall understand, that, at
the receipt of your letter, I am very sick: but in the
instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation
was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is
Balthasar: I acquainted him with the cause in con-
troversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant;*

turned o'er many books together; he is furnish'd with my opinion, which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.

Duke. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he And here, I take it, is the doctor come.— [writes:

Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you, as you do proceed.—

You stand within his danger, do you not?

(*To Antonio.*)

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;

It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,

Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd,—

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes,

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown;

His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway,

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth then shew likest God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—

That in the course of justice, none of us

Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;

And that same prayer doth teach us all to render

The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much

To mitigate the justice of thy plea;

Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice

Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law, The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;

Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,

I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,

On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart;

If this will not suffice, it must appear, [you,

That malice bears down truth. And I beseech

Wrest once the law to your authority:

To do a great right, do a little wrong;

And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be, there is no power in Venice

Can alter a decree established:

'Twill be recorded for a precedent;

And many an error, by the same example,

Will rush into the state. It cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment—yea, a Daniel!—

O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;

And lawfully by this the Jew may claim

A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off

Nearest the merchant's heart.—Be merciful;

Take thrice the money; bid me tear the bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour,—

It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;

You know the law, your exposition

Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law

Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,

Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear,

There is no power in the tongue of man

To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court

To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is.

You must prepare your bosom for his knife—

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law

Hath full relation to the penalty,

Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!

How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast:

So says the bond,—Doth it not, noble judge?—

Nearest his heart, those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here, to weigh The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready. [charge,

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd: But what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?

Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepared.—

Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!

Grieve not, that I am fallen to this for you;

For herein fortune shews herself more kind

Than is her custom: it is still her use,

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,

An age of poverty; from which lingering penance

Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife:

Tell her the process of Antonio's end,

Say, how I loved you, speak me fair in death;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent not you, that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not, that he pays your debt;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,

Which is as dear to me as life itself.

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil to deliver you. [that,

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love;

I would she were in heaven, so she could

Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back ;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands : I have a
Would, any of the stock of Barabbas [daughter ;
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!

(*Aside.*)

We trifle time ; I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is
thine ;

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his
The law allows it, and the court awards it. [breast ;

Shy. Most learned judge!—A sentence ; come,
prepare.

Por. Tarry a little:—there is something else.—
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh :
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;
But in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice. [judge!

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew,—O learned

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shall see the act:

For, as thou urgest justice, be assured,
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark Jew ;—a learned
judge!

Shy. I take this offer then,—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft ;

The Jew shall have all justice ;—soft!—no haste ;—
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore, prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood ; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh : if thou takest more,
Or less, than just a pound,—be it but so much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple ; nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,—
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip. [feiture.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy for-

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open court ;
He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I ; a second Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew ;

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—

If it be proved against an alien,

That by direct or indirect attempts,

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive,

Shall seize one half his goods : the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st:

For it appears by manifest proceeding,

That, indirectly, and directly too,

Thou hast contrived against the very life

Of the defendant ; and thou hast incur'd

The danger formerly by me rehearsed.

Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang
thyself :

And yet thy wealth being forfeit to the state,

Thou hast not left the value of a cord ;

Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our
I pardon thee thy life, before thou ask it ; [spirit,
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's ;

The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state ; not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that :

You take my house, when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,

When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke, and all the
To quit this fine for one half of his goods ; [court,
I am content, so he will let me have

The other half in use,—to render it,

Upon his death, unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter :

Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,

He presently become a Christian ;

The other, that he do record a gift,

Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,

Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this ; or else I do recant

The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou

Shy. I am content. [say?

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence ;

I am not well ; send the deed after me,

And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers
Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit Shylock.*

Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon ;
I must away this night toward Padua,

And it is meet I presently set forth.

Duke. I am sorry that your leisure serves you
Antonio, gratify this gentleman ; [not.—
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt Duke, Magnificoes, and Train.*

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted

Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof,

Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,

We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,

In love and service to you evermore.

Por. He is well paid, that is well satisfied ;

And I, delivering you, am satisfied,

And therein do account myself well paid ;

My mind was never yet more mercenary.

I pray you, know me, when we meet again ;

I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you far—
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute, [ther ;
Not as a fee : grant me two things, I pray you,

Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.

Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir,—alas, it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;
And now, methinks, I have a mind to it. [value.]

Bass. There's more depends on this than on the
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you pardon me.

Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers;
You taught me first to beg; and now, methinks,
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow,
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.

Por. That 'scuse serves many men to save their
An if your wife be not a mad woman, [gifts,
And know how well I have deserved this ring,
She would not hold out enemy forever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace with you!

[*Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.*]

Ant. My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings, and my love withal,
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house:—away, make haste.

[*Exit Gratiano.*]

Come, you and I will thither presently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly towards Belmont: Come, Antonio. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this
And let him sign it; we'll away to-night, [deed,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well overtaken:
My lord Bassanio, upon more advice,
Hath sent you here this ring; and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:
This ring I do accept most thankfully,
And so, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you shew my youth old Shylock's house.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.—
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring, (*To Portia.*)
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. Thou may'st, I warrant: We shall have old
swearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.
Away, make haste; thou know'st where I will tarry.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you shew me to this
house? [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Belmont. Avenue to Portia's House.*

Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.

Lor. The moon shines bright:—In such a night
as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waved her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night,
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs,
That did renew old Æson.

Lor. In such a night,
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. And in such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. And in such a night,
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

Jes. I would out-night you did nobody come.
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

Enter STEPHANO.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

Steph. A friend. [you, friend?]

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray

Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor. Who comes with her?

Steph. None but a holy hermit, and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

Enter LAUNCELOT.

Laun. Sola, sola, wo, ha, ho, sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and
mistress Lorenzo? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. Tell him, there's a post come from my
master, with his horn full of good news; my master
will be here ere morning. [*Exit.*]

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their
coming.

And yet no matter:—Why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.—

[*Exit Stephano.*]

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn;

With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

Jes. I am never merry, when I hear sweet music.

(Music.)

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing
Which is the hot condition of their blood; [loud,
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music: Therefore, the poet
Did feign, that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
floods;

Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—Mark the music.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, at a distance.

Por. That light, we see, is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the
candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines, brightly as a king,
Until a king be by, and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect;
Methinks, it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise, and true perfection!—
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked! (Music ceases.)

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

Por. He knows me, as the blind man knows the
cuckoo,
By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands'
welfare,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they return'd?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet;
For there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.

Por. Go in, Nerissa,
Give order to my servants, that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.

(A tucket sounds.)

Lor. Your husband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day, [sick,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and
their Followers.

Bass. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.

Por. Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me; [lord.

But God sort all!—You are welcome home, my

Bass. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my
This is the man, this is Antonio, [friend.—
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you. [him;

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

(Gratiano and Nerissa seem to talk apart.)

Gra. By yonder moon, I swear you do me wrong.
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.

Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That she did give me; whose posy was,
For all the world, like cutler's poetry
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the posy, or the value?

You swore to me when I did give it you,
That you would wear't till your hour of death;
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective, and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face that had it.

Gra. He will, and if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift; [you,
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And rivetted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring in defending it. (Aside.)

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine:
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

Por. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

Bass. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

Por. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By Heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

Ner. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

Bass. Sweet Portia,

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:
I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;
Even he that held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For by these blessed candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house:
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed:
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus;
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advised,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you so; let me not take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome not-
withstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself:
In each eye one:—swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
(To Portia.)

Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Por. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord Bassanio, swear to keep this ring

Bass. By Heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor.

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk
In lieu of this, last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough;
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserved it?

Por. Speak not so grossly.—You are all amazed;
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario;
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witness, I set forth as soon as you,
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my house.—Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me
cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow;
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and
living;

For here I read for certain, that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?

My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—

There do I give to you, and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full: Let us go in:
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: The first inter'gatory
That my *Nerissa* shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe *Nerissa's* ring. [Exeunt

TIMON OF ATHENS.



Timon.—"NAY, STAY THOU OUT FOR EARNEST?"—Act iv, scene 3.

Persons Represented.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.
LUCIUS,
LUCULLUS,
SEMPRONIUS, } *Lords and Flatterers of Timon.*
VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false Friends.
APEMANTUS, a churlish Philosopher.
ALCIBIADES, an Athenian General.
FLAVIUS, Steward to Timon.
FLAMINIUS,
LUCILIUS,
SERVILIUS, } *Timon's Servants.*
CAPHIS,
PHILOTUS,
TITUS,
LUCIUS,
HORTENSIUS, } *Servants to Timon's Creditors.*

Two Servants of Varro.
The Servant of Isidore.
Two of Timon's Creditors.
Cupid and Maskers.
Three Strangers.
Poet.
Painter.
Jeweller.
Merchant.
An old Athenian.
A Page,—a Fool.
PHRYNIA,
TIMANDRA, } *Mistresses to Alcibiades.*
Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves, and Attendants.

SCENE,—Athens; and the Woods adjoining.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Athens. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well. [world?

Poet. I have not seen you long; How goes the

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known.

But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjured to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; t'other's a jeweller.

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd. [were,

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd as it
To an untirable and continue goodness:
He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here. [sir?

Mer. O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon,

Jew. If he will touch the estimate: But, for
that—

Poet. When we for recompense have praised the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form.

(*Looking at the jewel.*)

Jew. And rich; here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some de-
To the great lord. [dication

Poet. A thing slipp'd idly from me.
Our poesy, is as a gum, which oozes
From whence 'tis nourish'd: The fire i' the flint
Shews not, till it be struck; our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir.—And when comes your
book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable: How this grace
Speaks his own standing! what a mental power
This eye shoots forth! how big imagination
Moves in this lip! to the dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
Here is a touch: Is't good?

Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors nature: artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators, and pass over

Pain. How this lord's follow'd!

Poet. The senators of Athens;—Happy men!

Pain. Look, more! [of visitors.

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood
I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man,
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
With amplest entertainment: My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice
Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no track behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.

See how all conditions, how all minds,
All of glib and slippery creatures, as

Of grave and austere quality,) tender down
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-faced
flatterer

To Apemantus, that few things loves better
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down
The knee before him, and returns in peace
Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
Feign'd Fortune to be throned: The base o' the
mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her:
Whose present grace to present slaves and ser-
Translates his rivals. [vants

Pain. 'Tis conceived to scope.

This throne, this fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on:

All those, which were his fellows but of late,
(Some better than his value,) on the moment
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these? [mood,

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand moral paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of
fortune

More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To shew lord Timon that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sounds. Enter TIMON, attended; the
Servants of Ventidius talking with him.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you? [debt,

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his
His means most short, his creditors most strait:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing to him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;

I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help, [him.
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free

Ven. Serv. Your lordship ever binds him.

Tim. Commend me to him; I will send his
ransome:

And, being enfranchised, bid him come to me:—
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour! [Exit.

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant named Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: What of him? [thee.
Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before
Tim. Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service. [creature,
Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy
 By night frequents my house. I am a man
 That from my first have been inclined to thrift;
 And my estate deserves an heir more raised,
 Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what farther?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
 On whom I may confer what I have got:
 The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
 And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
 In qualities of the best. This man of thine
 Attempts her love: I prythee, noble lord,
 Join with me to forbid him her resort;
 Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
 His honesty rewards him in itself.
 It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
 Our own precedent passions do instruct us
 What levity's in youth.

Tim. (To Lucilius.) Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be miss-
 I call the gods to witness, I will choose [ing,
 Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
 And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
 If she be mated with an equal husband? [all.

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath served me
 To build his fortune, I will strain a little, [long;
 For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
 What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
 And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
 Pawn me to this your honour, she is his. [mise.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my pro-

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may
 That state of fortune fall into my keeping,
 Which is not owed to you!

[*Exeunt Lucilius and old Athenian.*

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your
 lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:
 Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting, which I do beseech
 Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.

The painting is almost the natural man;
 For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
 He is but outside: These pencill'd figures are
 Even such as they give out. I like your work;
 And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
 Till you hear farther from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you! [hand;

Tim. Well fare you, gentlemen. Give me your
 We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
 Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
 If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
 It would unclue me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated [know,
 As those which sell, would give: But you well
 Things of like value, differing in the owners,

Are prized by their masters: believe 't, dear lord,
 You mend the jewel by wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord: he speaks the common
 Which all men speak with him. [tongue,

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow;
 When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves
 honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou
 know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou knowest, I do; I call thee by thy

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantas. [name.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like
 Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for [law.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the

Tim. How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter;
 and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: What's
 she, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou shouldst, thou'dst anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; so they come by great
 bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy
 labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will
 not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

Poet. How now, philosopher?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest: look in thy last work,
 where thou has feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee
 for thy labour: He, that loves to be flattered, is
 worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a
 lord!

Tim. What wouldst do then, Apemantus?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord
 with all my heart.

Tim. What, thyself?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—Art
 not thou a merchant?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffic confound thee, if the gods will no

Mer. If traffic do it, the gods do it. [thee!]

Apem. Traffic's thy god, and thy god confound

Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'Tis Alcibiades, and

Some twenty horse, all of companionship. [us.]

Tim. Pray, entertain them; give them guide to

[*Exeunt some attendants.*]

You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,
Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,
Shew me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.

Enter ALCIBIADES, with his company.

Most welcome, sir!

[*They salute.*]

Apem. So, so; there!—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet
knaves,

And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have saved my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir;

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time

In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but Apemantus.*]

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still. [it.]

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well. [fools.]

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I
mean to give thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make
thy requests to thy friend. [hence.]

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.

[*Exit.*]

1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes [we in,
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

[in?]

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we

1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room of State in
Timon's House.*

*Hautboys playing loud music. A great Banquet
served in; FLAVIUS and others attending: then
enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LU-
CULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian
Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then
comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discon-
tentedly.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleased the
gods remember

My father's age, and call him to long peace.

He is gone happy, and has left me rich:

Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound

To your free heart, I do return those talents

Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose heir
I derived liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,

Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;

I gave it freely ever; and there's none

Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:

If our betters play at that game, we must not dare

To imitate them: Faults, that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking
on Timon.*]

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony

Was but devised at first, to set a gloss

On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,

Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shewn;

But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,

Than my fortunes to me.

[*They sit.*]

1 *Lord.* My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it! hang'd it, have you

Tim. O Apemantus! you are welcome. [not?]

Apem. No,

You shall not make me welcome;

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors. [there]

Tim. Fy, thou art a churl; you have got a humour;

Does not become a man; 'tis much to blame:—

They say, my lords, that *ira furor brevis est*,

But yond' man's ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon;

I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian,
therefore welcome: I myself would have no power;
pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for
I should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods; what a number

Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!

It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat

In one man's blood; and all the madness is,

He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:

Methinks, they should invite them without knives;

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives,

There's much example for't; the fellow, that

Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and

The breath of him in a divided draught, [pledges]

Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been proved.

If I

Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;

Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous

notes:

[throats.]

Great men should drink with harness on their

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go

round.

2 *Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!

A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon,

Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill

Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,

Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:

This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.

Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;

I pray for no man but myself:

Grant I may never prove so fond

To trust man on his oath or bond;

Or a harlot, for her weeping;

Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;

*Or a keeper with my freedom ;
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.
Amen. So fall to't :
Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

(Eats and drinks.)

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus !

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

Alcib. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alcib. So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's no meat like them ; I could wish my best friend at such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then ; that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.

1 Lord. Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you. How had you been my friends else ? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf ; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them ? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them ; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits : and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends ? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes ! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born ! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks : to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

2 Lord. Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. He, ho ! I laugh to think that babe a bastard. *[much.]*

3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you moved me

Apem. Much ! *(Tucket sounded.)*

Tim. What means that trump ?—How now ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies ? What are their wills ?

Serv. There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasure.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon ;—and to all That of his bounties taste !—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron ; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom. The ear, Taste, touch, smell, all pleased from thy table rise ; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all ; let them have kind admittance :

Music, make their welcome. *[Exit Cupid.]*

1 Lord. You see, my lord, how amply you are beloved.

Music. Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.

Apem. Hey-day, what a sweep of vanity comes They dance ! they are mad women. *[this way !]*

Like madness is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shews to a little oil, and root.

We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves ;

And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,

Upon whose age we void it up again. *[not]*

With poisonous spite and envy. Who lives, that's

Depraved, or depraves ? who dies, that bears

Not one spurn to their graves of their friend's gift ?

I should fear, those, that dance before me now,

Would one day stamp upon me : it has been done ;

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

The Lords rise from the table, with much adoring of TIMON ; and to shew their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the hautboys, and cease.

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies,

Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,

Which was not half so beautiful and kind ;

You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,

And entertain'd me with mine own device ;

I am to thank you for it.

1 Lady. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy : and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet

Attends you : Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord.

[Exit Cupid and Ladies.]

Tim. Flavius,—

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet !

There is no crossing him in his humour ; *(Aside.)*

Else I should tell him,—Well,—i'faith, I should,

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.

'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind ;

That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[Exit, and returns with the casket.]

1 Lord. Where be our men ?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.

2 Lord. Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word

To say to you :—Look you, my good lord, I must

Entreat you, honour me as much, as to

Advance this jewel ;

Accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

1 Lord. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the Newly alighted, and come to visit you *[senate]*

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Flav. I beseech your honour,

Vouchsafe me a word ; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near ? why then another time I'll hear thee.

I pr'ythee, let us be provided

To shew them entertainment.

Flav. I scarce know how. *(Aside.)*

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. May it please your honour, the lord Lucius, Out of his free love, hath presented to you

Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly : let the presents

Enter a third Servant.

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news ?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be received,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. (*Aside.*) What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To shew him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good;
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
For every word; he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were forced out.
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such as do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own
merits:—

Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will
receive it.

3 *Lord.* O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember me, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you liked it!

2 *Lord.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in
that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know
no man
Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. None so welcome.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give:
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alcib. Ay, defiled land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,—

Tim. And so

Am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd,—

Tim. All to you.—Lights, more lights!

1 *Lord.* The best of happiness,
Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.*]

Apem. What a coil 's here!
Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship 's full of dregs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
I'd be good to thee,

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for,
If I should be bribed too, there would be none left
To rail upon thee; and then thou wouldst sin the
faster.

—I've so long, Timon, I fear me, thou

Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:

What needs these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

Tim. Nay,

An you begin to rail once on society,
I am sworn, not to give regard to you.
Farewell; and come with better music.

[*Exit.*]

Apem. So;—

Thou 'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then,—
I'll lock

Thy heaven from thee. O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery!

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in a Senator's House.*
Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to
Isidore

He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold: it will not.

If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,

And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:

If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more

Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,

Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight

And able horses: No porter at his gate;

But rather one that smiles, and still invites

All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason

Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!

Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir: What is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord
Timon;

Importune him for my moneys; be not ceased

With slight denial; nor then silenced, when—

Commend me to your master—and the cap

Plays in the right hand thus:—but tell him, sirrah

My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn

Out of mine own; his days and times are past,

And my reliances on his fracted dates

Hath smit my credit: I love and honour him;

But must not break my back, to heal his finger:

Immediate are my needs; and my relief

Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,

But find supply immediate. Get you gone:

Put on a most importunate aspect,

A visage of demand; for, I do fear,

When every feather sticks in his own wing,

Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,

Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir?—take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expense,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor cease his flow of riot: Takes no account
How things go from him: nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue: Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.

What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from
 hunting.
Fy, fy, fy, fy!

Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro: What,
You come for money?
Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?
Caph. It is;—and yours too, Isidore?
Isid. Serv. It is so.
Caph. 'Would we were all discharged!
Var. Serv. I fear it.
Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner 's done, we'll forth again,
My Alcibiades.—With me? What 's your will?
Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.
Tim. Dues? Whence are you?
Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.
Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:
My master is awaked by great occasion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,
In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,
I prythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—
Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.
Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—
Isid. Serv. From Isidore:

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's
 wants,—

Var. Serv. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six
 weeks,
And past,—

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord;
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:—
I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[Exeunt Alcibiades and Lords.]

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray
 you: *(To Flavius.)*

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this business;
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner;
That I may make his lordship understand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends:
See them well entertain'd.

Flav. I pray, draw near.

[Exit.]

[Exit.]

Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Ape-
mantus; let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Serv. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. Serv. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. Serv. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No; 'tis to thyself.—Come away.

(To the Fool.)

Isid. Serv. (To Var. Serv.) There's the fool hangs
on your back already.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on
him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues,
and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All Serv. What are we, Apemantus?

Apem. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do
not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool: How does your
 mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such
chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at
Corinth.

Apem. Good! Gramercy.

Enter PAGE.

Fool. Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

Page. (To the Fool.) Why, how now, captain?
what do you in this wise company?—How dost
thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would, I had a rod in my mouth, that I
might answer thee profitably.

Page. Prythee, Apemantus, read me the super-
scription of these letters; I know not which is
which.

Apem. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that
day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this
to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and
thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt
famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[Exit Page.]

Apem. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I
will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve
three usurers?

All Serv. Ay; 'would they served us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever
hangman served thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All Serv. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his
servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool.
When men come to borrow of your masters, they
approach sadly, and go away merry; but they
enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away
sadly: The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a
whoremaster, and a knave; which, notwithstand-
ing, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like
thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a
lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a
philosopher, with two stones more than his arti-
ficial one: He is very often like a knight; and,
generally, in all shapes that man goes up and
down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit
walks in.

Var. Serv. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All Serv. Aside, aside: here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[Exeunt Apemantus and Fool.]

Flav. 'Pray you, walk near, I'll speak with you anon,

[Exeunt Serv.]

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expense,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I proposed.

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made your minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you: you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-beloved lord,
Though you hear now (too late!) yet now's a time,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engaged, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word;
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exact auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blazed with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;

I have retired me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said the bounty of this lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves and peasants
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord
Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon?

Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:

Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no farther:

No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience
lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are
crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there, ho!—Flaminius! Servilius!

*Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other
Servants.*

Serv. My lord, my lord,—

Tim. I will despatch you severally.—You, to lord
Lucius,—

To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
Honour to-day;—You, to Sempronius;
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them
Toward a supply of money: let the request
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus? humph!

(Aside.)

Tim. Go you, sir, *(to another Serv.)* to the senators,
*(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserved this hearing,)* bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold,
(For that I knew it the most general way,)
To them to use your signet, and your name;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can it be?

Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honour-
able,—

But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—
but

Something has been amiss—a noble nature
May catch a wench—would all were well—'tis
pity—

And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—

I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is caked, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius.—*(To a Serv.)* 'Pr'ythee, *(To Fla-
vius)* be not sad.

Thou art true and honest; ingeniously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee:—*(To Serv.)* Ventidius
lately

Buried his father; by whose death he's stepp'd
Into a great estate; when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,

I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from me;
 Bid him suppose, some good necessity
 Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
 With those five talents:—that had, (*To Flav.*) give
 it these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
 That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it; that thought
 is bounty's foe;
 Being free itself, it thinks all others so.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in Lucullus's House.*
FLAMINIUS waiting. *Enter a Servant to him.*

Serv. I have told my lord of you, he is coming
 down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. (Aside.) One of lord Timon's men? a gift,
 I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a
 silver basin and ewer to-night.—*Flaminius*, honest
Flaminius; you are very respectfully welcome, sir.
 —Fill me some wine.—(*Exit Servant.*)—And how
 does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gen-
 tleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and
 master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir.
 And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty
Flaminius?

Flam. 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir;
 which in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your
 honour to supply; who, having great and instant
 occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lord-
 ship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present
 assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he?
 alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would
 not keep so good a house. Many a time and often
 I have dined with him, and told him on't; and
 come again to supper to him, of purpose to have
 him spend less: and yet he would embrace no
 counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every
 man has his fault, and honesty is his; I have told
 him on't but I could never get him from it.

Re-enter Servant with wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. *Flaminius*, I have noted thee always wise.
 Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observed thee always for a towardly
 prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that
 knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the
 time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in
 thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—(*To the Servant, who
 goes out.*)—Draw nearer, honest *Flaminius*. Thy
 lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise;
 and thou knowest well enough, although thou
 comest to me, that this is no time to lend money;
 especially upon bare friendship, without security.
 Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at
 me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much
 differ;
 And we alive, that lived? Fly, damned baseness,
 To him that worships thee.

(*Throwing the money away.*)

Lucul. Ha! now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for
 thy master.

[*Exit Lucullus.*]

Flam. May these add to the number that may
 scald thee!

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
 Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
 Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
 It turns in less than two nights? O you gods,
 I feel my master's passion! This slave
 Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him:
 Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
 When he is turn'd to poison?
 O, may diseases only work upon't!
 And, when he is sick to death, let not that part of
 nature,
 Which my lord paid for, be of any power
 To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Public Place.*

Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good
 friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know him for no less, though we are
 but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing,
 my lord, and which I hear from common rumours;
 now Lord Timon's happy hours are done and past,
 and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fy no, do not believe it; he cannot want for
 money.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not
 long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus,
 to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely
 for 't, and shewed what necessity belonged to 't, and
 yet was denied.

Luc. How?

2 *Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before
 the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honour-
 able man? there was very little honour shewed in
 't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have
 received some small kindness from him, as money,
 plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing com-
 paring to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to
 me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many
 talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Serv. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord: I have
 sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord.—

(*To Lucius.*)

Luc. *Servilius*! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee
 well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous
 lord, my very exquisite friend.

Serv. May it please your honour, my lord hath
 sent—

Luc. Ha, what has he sent? I am so much en-
 deared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall
 I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent
 now?

Serv. He has only sent his present occasion now,
 my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his
 instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me;
 He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Serv. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
 If his occasion were not virtuous,
 I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, *Servilius*?

Serv. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might have shewn myself honourable! how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do 't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.

[*Exit Servilius.*]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;
And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.

[*Exit Lucius.*]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this,

Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can tell him
His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,
And kept his credit with his purse;
Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money
Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,
But Timon's silver treads upon his lip:
And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man,
When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)
He does deny him, in respect of his,
What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,
I never tasted Timon in my life,
Nor came any of his bounties over me,
To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,
For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,
And honourable carriage,
Had his necessity made use of me,
I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,
So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,
Men must learn now with pity to dispense;
For policy sits above conscience.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in Sempronius's House.*

Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph!
'Bove all others?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;
And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these three
Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. O my lord,
They have all been touch'd and found base metal;
for

They have all denied him.

Sem. How! they have denied him!
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?
And does he send to me? Three? humph!—
It shews but little love or judgment in him.

Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,
Thrive, give him over; Must I take the cure upon me?

He has much disgraced me in't: I am angry at him,

That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first;

For, in my conscience, I was the first man

That e'er received gift from him:

And does he think so backwardly of me now,

That I'll requite it last? No: So it may prove

An argument of laughter to the rest,

And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.

I had rather than the worth of thrice the sun,

He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;

I had such a courage to do him good. But now
return,

And with their faint reply this answer join;

Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[*Exit.*]

Serv. Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain.
The devil knew not what he did, when he made
man politic; he cross'd himself by't: and I cannot
think, but, in the end, the villanies of man will set
him clear. How fairly this lord strives to appear
foul! takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like
those, that, under his ardent zeal, would set
whole realms on fire. Of such a nature is his
politic love.

This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,
Save the gods only: Now his friends are dead,
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd
Now to guard sure their master.

And this is all a liberal course allows;

Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Hall in Timon's House.*

Enter two servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIUS, and other Servants to Timon's Creditors, waiting his coming out.

Var. Serv. Well met; good morrow Titus and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius?

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Serv. Ay, and, I think,
Our business does command us all; for mine
Is money.

Tit. So is theirs and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. Serv. And, sir,
Philotus' too!

Phi. Good-day at once.

Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother.

What do you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. Serv. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Serv. Not yet.

Phi. I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter
with him:

You must consider, that a prodigal course
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.

I fear,
'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse :
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money.

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shews,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes :
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em.

Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can
witness :

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

1 *Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns :
What's yours ?

Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine.

1 *Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep : and it should seem
by the sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine ;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Serv. Flaminius ! sir, a word ; 'Pray, is my
lord ready to come forth ?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordship ; 'pray, signify so
much.

Flam. I need not tell him that ; he knows, you
are too diligent.

[Exit Flaminius.]

Enter FLAVIUS, in a cloak, muffled.

Luc. Serv. Ha ; is not that his steward muffled so ?
He goes away in a cloud : call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir ?

1 *Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend ?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere sure enough. Why then preferr'd you not
Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat
Of my lord's meat ? Then they could smile and fawn
Upon his debts, and take down th' interest
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but
wrong,

To stir me up : let me pass quietly :
Believe 't, my lord and I have made an end ;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve.

Flav. If 'twill not serve,

'Tis not so base as you ; for you serve knaves.

[Exit.]

1 *Var. Serv.* How ! what does his cashier'd wor-
ship mutter ?

2 *Var. Serv.* No matter what ; he's poor, and that's
revenge enough. Who can speak broader than
he that has no house to put his head in ? such may
rail against great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius : now we shall know
Some answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen,
To repair some other hour, I should much
Derive from it : for, take it on my soul,

My lord leans wond'rously to discontent.
His comfortable temper has forsook him ;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not
sick :

And, if it be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Serv. Good gods !

Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

Flam. (Within.) Servilius, help !—my lord ! my
lord !

Enter TIMON, in a rage ; FLAMINIUS following.

Tim. What, are my doors opposed against my
passage ?

Have I been ever free, and must my house
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol ?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart ?

Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill.

Luc. Serv. Here's mine.

Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord.

Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord.

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em : cleave me to the
girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas ! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours ?—and yours ?

1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,—

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall on you !

[Exit.]

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw
their caps at their money ; these debts may well
be called desperate ones ; for a madman owes 'em.

[Exeunt.]

Re-enter TIMON, and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the
slaves

Creditors !—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so ?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so :—My steward !

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly ? Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius ; all :
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,

You only speak from your distracted soul ;
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care ; go,
I charge thee ; invite them all : let in the tide
Of knaves once more ; my cook and I'll provide.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*The same. The Senate-House.*

The Senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't ; the fault's
Bloody ; 'tis necessary he should die :
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true ; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate.

Sen. Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues; For pity is the virtue of the law, And none but tyrants use it cruelly. It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood, Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past dept^h To those that, without heed, do plunge into it. He is a man, setting his fate aside, Of comely virtues:

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice; (An honour in him, which buys out his fault,) But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit, Seeing his reputation touch'd to death, He did oppose his foe: And with such sober and unnoted passion He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent, As if he had but proved an argument.

1 Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox, Striving to make an ugly deed look fair: Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling Upon the head of valour; which, indeed, Is valour misbegot, and came into the world When sects and factions were newly born: He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs

His outsides; wear them like his raiment, carelessly;

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart, To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill, What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

Alcib. My lord, —

1 Sen. You cannot make gross sins look clear; To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alcib. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me, If I speak like a captain. —

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle, And not endure all threatnings? sleep upon it, And let the foes quietly cut their throats Without repugnancy? but if there be Such valour in the bearing, what make we Abroad? why then, women are more valiant, That stay at home, if bearing carry it; And the ass more captain than the lion; the felon, Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge, If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords, As you are great, be pitifully good: Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood? To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust; But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just. To be in anger, is impiety; But who is man, that is not angry? Weigh but the crime with this.

2 Sen. You breathe in vain.

Alcib. In vain? his service done At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium, Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 Sen. What's that?

Alcib. Why, I say, my lords, h'as done fair service, And slain in fight many of your enemies: How full of valour did he bear himself In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em, he Is sworn rioter; h'as a sin that often Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner: If there were no foes, that were enough alone To overcome him: in that beastly fury has been known to commit outrages,

And cherish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us, His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alcib. Hard fate! he might have died in war. My lords, if not for any parts in him, (Though his right arm might purchase his own time, And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you, Take my deserts to his, and join them both: And, for I know, your reverend ages love Security, I'll pawn my victories, all My honour to you, upon his good returns. If by this crime he owes the law his life, Why, let the war receive 't in valiant gore; For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for law, he dies; urge it no more, On height of our displeasure: Friend, or brother, He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alcib. Must it be so? it must not be. My lords, I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen. How?

Alcib. Call me to your remembrances.

3 Sen. What?

Alcib. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me; It could not else be, I should prove so base, To sue, and be denied such common grace: My wounds ache at you.

1 Sen. Do you dare our anger?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect: We banish thee for ever.

Alcib. Banish me?

Banish your dotage; banish usury, That makes the senate ugly.

1 Sen. If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee, Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our spirit, He shall be executed presently.

[*Exeunt Senators.*]

Alcib. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you! I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes, While they have told their money, and let out Their coin upon large interest; I myself Rich only in large hurts; — All those for this? Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate Pours into captains' wounds? ha! banishment? It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd; It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury, That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up My discontented troops, and lay for hearts. 'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds; Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods.

[*Exit*]

SCENE VI.—A magnificent Room in Timon's House.

Music. Tables set out. Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, at several doors.

1 Lord. The good time of day to you, sir.

2 Lord. I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 Lord. Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered. I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his severest friends.

2 Lord. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 Lord. I should think so. He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 Lord. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 Lord. Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 Lord. A thousand pieces.

2 Lord. A thousand pieces!

1 Lord. What of you?

2 Lord. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both.—And how fare you?

1 Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 Lord. The swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your lordship.

Tim. *(Aside.)* Nor more willingly leaves winter: such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the music awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpets sound: we shall to't presently.

1 Lord. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Lord. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

(The banquet brought in.)

2 Lord. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

2 Lord. All covered dishes!

1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Lord. Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1 Lord. How do you? What's the news?

3 Lord. Alcibiades is banished: Hear you of it?

1 & 2 Lord. Alcibiades banished!

3 Lord. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Lord. How? how?

2 Lord. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 Lord. This is the old man still.

3 Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold?

2 Lord. It does: but time will—and so—

3 Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet should be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place. Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains. If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens,

together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome.

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

(The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.)

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold, You knot of mouth friends! smoke, and luke-warm water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last; Who stuck and spangled you with your flatteries Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

(Throwing water in their faces.)

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long, Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites, Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears, You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time flies, Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks! Of man and beast the infinite malady Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go? Soft, take thy physic first,—thou too,—and thou:—

[Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.]

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast, Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest. Burn, house; sink, Athens: henceforth hated be Of Timon, man, and all humanity.

[Exit.]

Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.

1 Lord. How now, my lords?

2 Lord. Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 Lord. Pish! did you see my cap?

4 Lord. I have lost my gown.

3 Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat.—Did you see my jewel?

4 Lord. Did you see my cap?

2 Lord. Here 'tis.

4 Lord. Here lies my gown.

1 Lord. Let's make no stay.

2 Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

3 Lord. I feel't upon my bones.

4 Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Without the Walls of Athens.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall, That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth, And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent, Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools, Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench, And minister in their steads! to general filths Convert o' the instant green virginity! Do't in your parent's eyes! bankrupts, hold fast; Rather than render back, out with your knives, And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants steal!

Large-handed robbers your grave masters are, And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed; Thy mistress is o' the brothel! son of sixteen, Pluck the lined crutch from thy old limping sire

With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries,
 And yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
 Be general leprosy; breath infect breath;
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou detestable town!
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns!
 Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound (hear me, ye good gods all,
 The Athenians both within and out that wall!
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of mankind, high and low!
 Amen.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Athens. A Room in Timon's House.

Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.

1 Serv. Hear you, master steward, where's our master?

Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you?

Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
 I am as poor as you.

1 Serv. Such a house broke!

So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
 One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
 And go along with him!

2 Serv. As we do turn our backs

From our companion, thrown into his grave;
 So his familiars to his buried fortunes
 Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,
 Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,
 A dedicated beggar to the air,
 With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
 Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 Serv. Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,
 That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
 Serving alike in sorrow; Leak'd is our bark;
 And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
 Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
 Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
 The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
 Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
 Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
 As 'twere a knell into our master's fortunes,
 We have seen better days. Let each take some;

(Giving them money.)

Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
 Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[Exeunt Servants.

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!

Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt
 Since riches point to misery and contempt?
 Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
 But in a dream of friendship?
 To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
 But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?
 Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
 Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,
 When man's worst sin is, he does too much good
 Who then dares to be half so kind again?
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accursed,
 Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
 Of monstrous friends; nor has he with him to
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.
 I'll follow, and inquire him out:
 I'll serve his mind with my best will;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—The Woods.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several for-
 The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature [tunes;
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
 But by contempt of nature.
 Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honour.
 It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,
 The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who
 dares,
 In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
 So are they all; for every grize of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique:
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
 But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains.
 Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!
 (Digging.)

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
 With thy most operate poison! What is here?
 Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
 I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!
 Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul,
 fair;

Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward,
 valiant.

Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods!
 Why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your
 sides;

Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
 This yellow slave

Will knit and break religions; bless the accursed;
 Make the hoar leprosy adored; place thieves,

And give them title, knee, and approbation,
 With senators on the bench: this is it,

That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
 She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores

Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 To the April day again. Come, damned earth,

Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds

Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.—(*March afar off.*)—Ha! a
drum?—Thou'rt quick.

But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—
Nay, stay thou out for earnest.

(*Keeping some gold.*)

Enter ALCIBIADES, with drum and fife, in warlike
manner; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

Alcib. What art thou there?

Speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy
heart,

For shewing me again the eyes of man!

Alcib. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to
thee,

That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.

For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,

That I might love thee something.

Alcib. I know thee well;

But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I
know thee,

I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;

With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:

Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;

Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine

Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,

For all her cherubim look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:

But then renew, I could not, like the moon;

There were no suns to borrow of.

Alcib. Noble Timon,

What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to

Maintain my opinion.

Alcib. What is it, Timon?

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none:
If

Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound
thee,

For thou'rt a man!

Alcib. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the
world

Voiced so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not that use
thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves

For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth

To the tub-fast, and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alcib. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,

The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band: I have heard and grieved,

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them.—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee
gone.

Alcib. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost
trouble?

I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:

Here's some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep't, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a
heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all i' thy conquest,
and

Thee after when thou hast conquer'd!

Alcib. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That,

By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer
My country.

Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-iced city hang his poison

In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one:

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;

He's an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron;

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-
paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ.

But s t them down horrible traitors: spare not
the babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their
mercy;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse: Swear against objects;

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor
babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy sol-
diers:

Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,

Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou
giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, Heaven's curse
upon thee!

Phr. & Timan. Give us some gold, good Timon:
Hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,

And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,

Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—

Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,

Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,

The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions: Be whores still;

And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,

Be strong in whore, al'ure him, burn him up;

Let your close fire predominate his smoke,

And be not turncoats: Yet may your pains, six months,

Be quite contrary: And thatch your poor thin roofs

With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,

No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore
still;

Paint, till a horse may mire upon your face:

A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. & Timan. Well, more gold;—What then?—
Believe 't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him that, his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate
ruffians bald;
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. & Timan. More counsel with more money,
bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have
given you earnest.

Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Fare-
well, Timon;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alcib. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spokest well of me.

Alcib. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it such. Get thee away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alcib. We but offend him,
Strike.

[*Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and
Timandra.*]

Tim. That nature, beingsick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry!—common mother, thou,
(*Digging.*)

Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven,
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conception womb,
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
That from it all consideration slips!

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man? plague! plague!

Apem. I was directed hither: men report,
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog,
Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but infected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this
place?

This slave like habit? and these looks of care?
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;
Hug their diseased perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.

Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee;
And let his very breath whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,
And call it excellent: Thou was told thus;
Thou gavest thine ears, like tapsters, that bid wel-
come.

To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal: hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like
thyself;

A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd
trees,

That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip, when thou point'st out? Will the cold
brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? Call the creatures,
Whose naked natures live in all the spite
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements exposed,

Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;

O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee: Depart.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not: but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives uncertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete;
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,
Worse than the worst, content.

Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plunged thy-
self

In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
Who had the world as my confectionary;
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of
men

At duty, more than I could frame employment;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden:
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou
hate men?

That never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff
To some she beggar, and compounded thee,
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been a knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was

No prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now;

Were all the wealth I have shut up in thee,
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
That the whole life of Athens were in this!
Thus would I eat it.

(Eating a root.)

Apem. Here: I will mend thy feast.

(Offering him something.)

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of
thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest:

For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where liest o' nights, Timon?

Tim. Under that's above me.

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather
where I eat it.

Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my
mind!

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never
knewest, but the extremity of both ends: When
thou wast in thy guilt, and thy perfume, they
mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags
thou knowest none, but art despised for the con-
trary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou
shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man
didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved
after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of,
didst thou ever know beloved?

Apem. Myself.

Tim. I understand thee; thou hadst some means
to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou
nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women nearest: but men, men are the
things themselves. What wouldst thou do with
the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the con-
fusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon.

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant
thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox
would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox
would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would
suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accused
by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would

torment thee; and still thou lived'st but as a break-
fast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness
would afflict thee, and oft thou should hazard thy
life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride
and wrath would confound thee, and make thine
own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear,
thou wouldst be killed by the horse: wert thou a
horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard; wert
thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and
the spots of thy kindred, were jurors on thy life: all
thy safety were remotion; and thy defence, absence.
What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject
to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, thou
seest not thy loss in transformation?

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking
to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here. The
commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of
beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou
art out of the city?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The
plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to
catch it, and give way: When I know not what
else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou
shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog
than Apemantus.

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

Apem. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would, my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!

Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away,

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose

A stone by thee.

(Throws a stone at him.)

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[Apemantus retreats backward, as going.]

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

(Looking on the gold.)

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, loved, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,

That solder'st close impossibilities,

And makest them kiss! that speak'st with every
tongue,

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!

Think, thy slave man rebels: and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would, 'twere so;—

But not till I am dead!—I'll say thou hast gold

Thou wilt be thronged to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to!

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—

[Exit Apemantus.]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them.

Enter Thieves.

1 Thief. Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 Thief. It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 Thief. Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously reserve it, how shall 's get it?

2 Thief. True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

1 Thief. Is not this he?

Thieves. Where?

2 Thief. 'Tis his description.

3 Thief. He; I know him.

Thieves. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

Thieves. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

Thieves. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.

Why should you want? Behold the earth hath roots?

Within this mile break forth a hundred springs:

The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;

The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush

Lays her full mess before you. Want? Why want?

1 Thief. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,

As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes:

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con, That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft

In limited professions. Rascal thieves,

Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,

And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;

His antidotes are poison, and he slays

More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;

Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't,

Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery:

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction

Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,

That feeds and breeds by a composure stolen

From general excrement: each thing's a thief;

The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power

Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;

Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;

All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,

Break open shops; nothing can you steal,

But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this

I give you; and gold confound you, howsoever.

Amen.

(Timon retires to his cave.)

3 Thief. He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 Thief. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he

thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our rascality.

2 Thief. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 Thief. Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[Exeunt Thieves]

Enter FLAVIUS.

Flav. O you gods!

Is yon despised and ruined man my lord?

Full of decay and failing? O monument

And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!

What an alteration of honour has

Desperate want made!

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,

Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!

How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,

When man was wish'd to love his enemies:

Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo

Those that would mischief me, than those that do

He has caught me in his eye; I will present

My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,

Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON comes forward from his cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men; Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt man, I have forgot thee.

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then

I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man

About me, I; all that I kept were knaves,

To serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,

Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief

For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;— then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st

Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,

But through lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping:

Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,

To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,

To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now

So comfortable? It almost turns

My dangerous nature mild. Let me behold

Thy face.—Surely this man was born of woman—

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,

Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim

One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;

No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—

How fain would I have hated all mankind,

And thou redeem'st thyself; But all, save thee,

I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now than wise;

For, by oppressing and betraying me,

Thou might'st have sooner got another service:

For many so arrive at second masters,

Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,

(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)

Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,

If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast

Doubt and suspect, alas, are placed too late!
You should have fear'd false times, when you did
feast:

Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.
That which I shew, Heaven knows, is merely love,
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
My most honour'd lord,
For any benefit that points to me,
Either in hope, or presence, I'd exchange
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—Thousingly honest man,
Here, take:—the gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy;
But thus condition'd: Thou shalt build from men;
Hate all, curse all; shew charity to none;
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs
What thou deniest to men; let prisons swallow them,
Debts wither them: Be men like blasted woods,
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!
And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay,
And comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hatest
Curses, stay not; fly, while thou'rt bless'd and free:
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before Timon's Cave.*

Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON behind, unseen.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far
where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the
rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Pain. Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and
Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched
poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis
said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a
try for his friends.

Pain. Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in
Athens again, and flourish with the highest.
Therefore 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him,
in this supposed distress of his: it will shew
honestly in us; and is very likely to load our pur-
poses with what they travail for, if it be a just and
true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation:
only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an in-
tent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very
air o' the time: it opens the eyes of expectation:
performance is ever the duller for his act: and, but
in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed
of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most
courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of
will or testament, which argues a great sickness in
his judgment that makes it.

Tim. Excellent workman! 'Thou canst not paint
a man so bad as is thyself.

Poet. I am thinking what I shall say I have pro-
vided for him: It must be a personating of himself:
a satire against the softness of prosperity; with
a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow
youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine

own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in
other men? Do so, I have gold for thee. (*Aside.*)

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:

Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;

When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light,
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's
gold,

That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple
Than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the
foam;

Settlest admired reverence in a slave:

To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye

Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!

Fit I do meet them.

(*Advancing.*)

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once lived to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,

Hearing you were retired, your friends fall'n off,

Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!

Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—

What! to you!

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence

To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover

The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude

With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:

You that are honest, by being what you are,

Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He, and myself,

Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,

And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our ser-
vice.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I re-
quite you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men: You have heard that
I have gold;

I am sure you have: speak truth: you are honest
men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend nor I.

Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a counter-
feit

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;

Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction,
(*To the Poet.*)

Why, thy verses swell with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natured friends,

I must needs say, you have a little fault:

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I

You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour

To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,

Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assured,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this, but two in company:—

Each man apart, all single and alone,
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.
If where thou art, two villains shall not be,

(*To the Painter.*)

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

(*To the Poet.*)

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves,

You have done work for me, there's payment:
Hence!

You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—
Out, rascal dogs!

[*Exit, beating and driving them out*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter FLAVIUS and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;

For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 Sen. Bring us to his cave:

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'Twas time and griefs
That framed him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Flav. Here is his cave.—

Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak,
and be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister! and each false
Be as a caut'ring to the root o' the tongue,
Consuming it with speaking!

1 Sen. Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon

2 Sen. The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon

Tim. I thank them; and would send them back
the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love,

Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:
Which now the public body,—which doth seldom
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fail, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together with a recompense more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it;

Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweepe these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours,) to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 Sen. And shake his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir;
Thus,—

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care
not,

While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow: My long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1 Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am no
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 Sen. These words become your lips as they pass
through them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears like great triumphs
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;

And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
them:

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 Sen. I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it: Tell my friends,
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself:—I pray you do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no farther, thus you still shall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again: but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a-day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign.

[Exit Timon.]

1 Sen. His discontents are unremoveably coupled to nature.

2 Sen. Our hope in him is dead: let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 Sen. It requires swift foot.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Walls of Athens.

Enter two Senators and a Messenger.

1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?

Mess. I have spoke the least:
Besides, his expedition promises
Present approach

1 Sen. We stand much hazard if they bring not Timon.

Mess. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;—
Whom, though in general part we were opposed,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends:—this man was riding

From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake moved.

Enter Senators from Timon.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers.

3 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.
The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring
Doth choke the air with dust: In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The Woods. Timon's Cave, and a Tombstone seen.

Enter a Soldier, seeking Timon.

Sold. By all description this should be the place.
Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?

Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure; and this his grave.—

What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character
I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill;

An aged interpreter, though young in days:
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES and Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach.

(A parley sounded.)

Enter Senators on the walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our traversed arms, and
breath'd

Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
When couching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, *No more*: now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And palsy indolence shall break his wind
With fear, and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble, and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promised means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 Sen. These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have received your griefs: nor are they such
That these great towers, trophies, and schools
should fall

For private faults in them.

2 Sen. Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banner spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death,
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,
Which nature loathes,) take thou the destined tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square to take,
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle; and those kin,
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not all together.

2 Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to 't with thy sword.

1 Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampired gates, and they shall ope;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers

Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alcib. Then there's my glove;
Descend and open your uncharged ports:
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be rendered to your public laws,
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alcib. Descend, and keep your words.

The Senators descend, and open the gates.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea:
And, on his grave-stone, this inculture; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

Alcib. (Reads.) Here lies a wretched corse, o'
wretched soul bereft:

Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked
cailiffs left!

Here lie I, Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate,
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not
here thy gail.

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets
which

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye

On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead

Is noble Timon; of whose memory

Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,

And I will use the olive with my sword:

Make war breed peace; make peace stint war; make
each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—

Let our drums strike

Exeunt.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.



Pet.—"AM I NOT WISE?"—Act ii, scene 1.

Persons Represented.

A Lord.
CHRISTOPHER SLY, a drunken
Tinker,
Hostess, Page, Players, Hunts-
men, and other Servants at-
tending on the Lord.

BAPTISTA, a rich Gentleman of Padua.
VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of Pisa.
LUCENTIO, Son to Vincentio, in love with Bianca,
PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona, a Suitor to Ka-
tharina.

GREMIO, } Suitors to Bianca.
HORTENSIO, }
TRANIO, }
BIONDELLO, } Servants to Lucentio.
GRUMIO, } Servants to Petruchio.
CURTIS, }
Pedant, an old Fellow, set up to personate Vincentio.
KATHARINA, the Shrew, } Daughters to Baptista.
BIANCA, her Sister, }
Widow.
Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants, attending on Bap-
tista and Petruchio.

SCENE,—Sometimes in Padua; and sometimes in Petruchio's House in the Country.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—Before an Ale-house on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly. I'll pheese you, in faith,

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues:
Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard
Conqueror. Therefore, *paucus pallabris*; let the
world slide: Sessa! [burst?

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, says Jeronimy;
Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Host. I know my remedy, I must go fetch the
third-borough. [Exit.

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer
him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him
come, and kindly.

(Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.)

Wind horns. *Enter a Lord from hunting, with
Huntsmen and Servants.*

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd,
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 Hum. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all;
'To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 Hum. I will, my lord. [he breathe?

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth

2 Hum. He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly. [lies!

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine he
Grim death! how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 Hum. Believe me, lord, I think he cannot choose.

2 Hum. It would seem strange unto him when he waked. [fancy.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthless
Then take him up, and manage well the jest:

Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;
Balm his foul head in warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet;
Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?

Let one attend him with a silver basin,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say,—Wilt please your lordship cool your
Some one be ready with a costly suit, [hands?

And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him, that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is—say, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1 Hum. My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—

(Some bear out Sly. A trumpet sounds.)

Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds:—

[Exit Servant.

Belike some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Serv. An it please your honour,
Players, that offer service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near:

Enter Players.

New, fellows, you are welcome.

1 Play. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to night?

2 Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty. [member,

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I re-
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well
I have forgot your name: but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 Play. I think, 'twas Soto that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true,—thou didst it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:
But I am doubtful of your modesties;
Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.

1 Play. Fear not, my lord; we can contain our-
Were he the veriest antic in the world. [selves,

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[Exeunt Servant and Players

Sirrah, go you to Bartholemew my page,
(To a Servant.)

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him obeisance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,)
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observed in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting
And with declining head into his bosom,— [kisses,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restored to health,
Who, for twice seven years, hath esteem'd him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar:
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift;
Which in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
Anon, I'll give thee more instructions.—

[Exit Servant

I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman;
I long to hear him call the drunkard, husband;
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.

SLY is discovered in a rich night-gown, with Attendants; some with apparel, others with basin, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter Lord, dressed like a servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale. [sack?

1 Serv. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of

2 Serv. Will't please your honour taste of these
conserves? [day?

3 Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-

Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordship: I never drank sack in my life; and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather. [honour!]

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your O, that a mighty man, of such descent, Of such possessions, and so high esteem, Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not; if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught: Here's—

1 *Serv.* O, this it is, that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is, that makes your servants droop! [your house,

Lord. Hence comes it, that your kindred shun As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.

O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth; Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment, And banish hence these abject lowly dreams: Look how thy servants do attend on thee, Each in his office ready at thy beck.

Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, (*Music*)

And twenty caged nightingales do sing:

Or, wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch, Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:

Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,

Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.

Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar

Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?

Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt course: thy greyhounds are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight,

Adonis, painted by a running brook:

And Cytherea all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move and wanton with her breath, Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll shew thee Io, as she was a maid;

And how she was beguiled and surprised,

As lively painted as the deed was done. [wood,

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny

Scratching her legs that one shall swear she bleeds:

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,

So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:

Thou hast a lady far more beautiful

Than any woman in this waning age. [thee,

1 *Serv.* And till the tears, that she hath shed for

Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,

She was the fairest creature in the world;

And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?

Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?

I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;

I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:—

Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;

And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—

Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;

And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 A

2 *Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?

(*Servants present an ewer, basin, and napkin.*)

O, how we joy to see your wit restored!

O, that once more you knew but what you are!

These fifteen years you have been in a dream;

Or, when you waked, so waked, as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Serv.* O yes, my lord; but very idle words:—

For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,

Yet would you say, you were beaten out of door;

And rail upon the hostess of the house;

And say, you would present her at the leet,

Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd quarts:

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house. [maid;

Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up.—

As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,

And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell,

And twenty more such names and men as these,

Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well: for here is cheer enough.

Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband?

My men should call me—lord; I am your good-man.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and

I am your wife in all obedience, [husband;

Sly. I know it well.—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam? [ladies.

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd

Above some fifteen years and more. [and slept

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much;—Servants, leave me and her

alone.—

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,

To pardon me yet for a night or two;

Or, if not so, until the sun be set:

For your physicians have expressly charged,

In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed:

I hope, this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so

long. But I would be loth to fall into my dreams

again; I will therefore tarry, in despite of the

flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amend-

Are come to play a pleasant comedy, [ment,

For so your doctors hold it very meet;

Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,

Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,

And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,

Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a

commonly a Christmas gambol, or a tumbling trick?

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleasing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't. Come, madam wife, sit by

my side, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger.
[*They sit down.*]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Padua. A public Place.**Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.*

Luc. Tranio, since—for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,—
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Most trusty servant, well approved in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolil.
Vincentio his son, brought up in Florence,
It shall become, to serve all hopes conceived,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness,
By virtue 'specially to be achieved.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tra. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself;
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let's be no stoicks, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured:
Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetoric in your common talk;
Music and poesy use to quicken you;
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay a while: What company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to town.
*Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA,
GREMIO, and HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO and
TRANIO stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is,—not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder;
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave you shall have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me;
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. I pray you, sir, (*to Bap.*) is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. [*for you,*

Kath. I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:

But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good lord. [*toward;*

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good pastime
That wench is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence I do see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well said, master; mum! and gaze your fill

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat! 'tis best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discontent,
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

My books and instruments shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself. [*speaks*

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva
[*Aside.*]

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved.—
Go in Bianca. [*Exit Bianca.*]

And for I know, she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or, signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up;
And so farewell.—Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*]

Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too; may I not?
What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha!
[*Exit.*]

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts
are so good, here is none will hold you. 'Their love
is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our
nails together, and fast it fairly out; our cake's
dough on both sides. Farewell:—Yet for the love
I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light
on a fit man, to teach her that wherein she delights,
I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, signior Gremio: But a word, I
pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never
brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth
us both,—that we may yet again have access to our
fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,
—to labour and effect one thing 'specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil!

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil: Think'st thou, Hortensio,
though her father be very rich, any man is so very
a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio, though it pass your patience,
and mine, to endure her loud alarms, why, man,
there be good fellows in the world, as a man could
light on them, would take her with all faults, and
money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her
dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the
high-cross every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you say, there's small choice in
rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law
makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly
maintained,—till by helping Baptista's eldest

daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest, gets the ring. How say you, signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt Gremio and Hortensio.*]

Tra. (*Advancing.*) I pray, sir, tell me,—Is it possible that love should of a sudden take such hold? [sible]

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible, or likely; But see! while idly I stood looking on, I found the effect of love in idleness:

And now in plainness do confess to thee,—That art to me as secret, and as dear,

As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—

Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,

If I achieve not this young modest girl:

Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst;

Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now; Affection is not rated from the heart:

If love have touch'd you, nought remains but so,—*Redime te captum quam queas minimo.*

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents; The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid, Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face, Such as the daughter of Agenor had, That made great Jove to humble him to her hand, When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her sister

Began to scold; and raise up such a storm, That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move, And with her breath she did perfume the air; Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her. [*trance.*]

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his I pray, awake, sir: If you love the maid, [*stands:* Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd, That, till the father rid his hands of her, Master, your love must live a maid at home; And therefore has he closely mew'd her up, Because she shall not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he! But art thou not advised, he took some care To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand, Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster, And undertake the teaching of the maid: That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not possible; for who shall bear your part, And be in Padua here Vincentio's son? [*friends:* Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his Visit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Basta; content thee; for I have it full, We have not yet been seen in any house; Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces, For man, or master: then it follows thus,— Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead, Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should; I will some other be: some Florentine, Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Pisa.

'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so. Tranio, at once

Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak: When Biondello comes, he waits on thee; But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*]

In brief, then, sir, with it your pleasure is, And I am tied to be obedient, (For so your father charged me at our parting—

Be serviceable to my son, quoth he, Although, I think, 'twas in another sense,)

I am content to be Lucentio, Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves: And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid, Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

[*Enter BIONDELLO.*]

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been? [*are you?*]

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes? Or you stol'n his? or both? Pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jest, And therefore frame your manners to the time.

Your fellow Tranio, here, to save my life, Puts my apparel and my countenance on,

And I for my escape have put on his;

For in a quarrel since I came ashore,

I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried:

Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,

While I make way from hence to save my life.

You understand me?

Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;

Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him: Would I were so too!

Tra. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after,— [*daughter*

That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest But, sirrah,—not for my sake, but your master's,—

I advise [*companies:*

You use your manners discreetly in all kind of When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;

But in all places else, your master Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go.—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute, [*why* To make one among our wooers: If thou ask me Sufficeth my reasons are both good and weighty.

[*Exeunt.*]

1 Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good matter, surely: Comes there any more of it?

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun.

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady: Would 'twere done!

SCENE II.—*The same. Before Hortensio's House.*

[*Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.*]

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,

To see my friends in Padua; but, of all,

My best beloved and approved friend,

Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house.—

Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate, And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

Gru. My master has grown quarrelsome: I should knock you first,

And then I know after who comes by the worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it; I'll try how you can *sol, fa,* and sing it.

[*He wrings Grumio by the ears;*]

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah! villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now! what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray
Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto,*
Molto honorato signior mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter what he 'ledges in Latin.—If this be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service.—Look you, sir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir: Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see,) two and thirty,—a pip out?

Whom, would to God, I had well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio, I bade the rascal knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens! [*here, Spake you not these words plain,—Sirrah, knock me Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me soundly?* And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge: Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you; Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio. And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,

To seek their fortunes farther than at home, Where small experience grows. But, in a few, Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me: Antonio, my father, is deceased;

And I have thrust myself into this maze, Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may; Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at home, And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee, And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife? Thou'dst thank me but a little for my counsel! And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich, And very rich—But thou'rt too much my friend, And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we, Few words suffice: and, therefore, if thou know One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife, (As wealth is burden of my wooing dance,) Be she as foul as was Florentius' love, As old as Sybil, and as curst and shrewd As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse, She moves me not, or not removes, at least, Affection's edge in me; were she as rough As are the swelling Adriatic seas: I come to wive it wealthily in Padua, If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough, and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, since we have stepp'd thus farin, I will continue that I broach'd in jest.

I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous; Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman: Her only fault (and that is faults enough)

Is,—that she is intolerably curst, And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all measure.

That, were my state far worser than it is, I would not wed her for a mine of gold. [effect:—

Pet. Hortensio, peace; thou know'st not gold's Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough; For I will board her, though she chide as loud As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola, An affable and courteous gentleman: Her name is Katharina Minola, Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her: And he knew my deceased father well. I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her; And therefore let me be thus bold with you. To give you over at this first encounter, Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon him. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope tricks. I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see withal than a cat. You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee; For in Baptista's keep my treasure is; He hath the jewel of my life in hold, His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca; And her withholds from me, and other more Suitors to her, and rivals in my love: Supposing it a thing impossible, (For those defects I have before rehearsed,) That ever Katharina will be woo'd, Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,— That none shall have access unto Bianca, Till Katharina the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharina the curst! A title for a maid, of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace, And offer me, disguised in sober robes, To old Baptista as a schoolmaster Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca: That so I may by this device, at least, Have leave and leisure to make love to her, And, unsuspected, court her by herself.

Enter GREMIO: with him LUCENTIO disguised, with books under his arm.

Gru. Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love.— Petruchio stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous!

(*They retire.*)

Gre. O, very well; I have perused the note. Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound: All books of love, see that at any hand; And see you read no other lectures to her: You understand me. Over and beside Signior Baptista's liberality, I'll mend it with a largess. Take your papers too And let me have them very well perfumed; For she is sweeter than perfume itself, To whom they go. What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you, As for my patron, (stand you so assured,) As firmly as yourself were still in place: Yea, and (perhaps) with more successful words Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God save you, signior Gremio! [Trow you,

Gre. And you're well met, signior Hortensio. Whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola, I promised to inquire carefully

About a schoolmaster for fair Bianca;
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me. [prove.

Gre. Beloved of me,—and that my deeds shall

Gru. And that his bags shall prove. (Aside.)

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know she is an irksome brawling scold;
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O, sir, such a life, with such a wife, were
strange:

But, if you have a stomach to't, o' God's name;
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

(Aside.)

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in the pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
'That gives not half so great a blow to the ear,
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gru. For he fears none.

(Aside.)

Gre. Hortensio, hark!

This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promised we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatso'er.

Gre. And so we will; provided that he win her.

Gru. I would I were as sure of a good dinner.

(Aside.)

Enter TRANIO, bravely apparelled, and
BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! if I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters: (Aside
to Tranio.) is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he. Biondello!

Gre. Hark you, sir: You mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir. What have you
to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. (Aside.)

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go,—

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence? [hence.

Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,

That she is the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And, were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then well one more may fair Bianca have:

And so she shall,—Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came, in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! This gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know he'll prove a
jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as to ask you,

Did you ever yet see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir: but hear I do, that he hath two;

The one as famous for a scolding tongue,

As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth,—

The youngest daughter whom you hearken for,

Her father keeps from all access of suitors;

And will not promise her to any man,

Until the elder sister first be wed:

The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man

Must stead us all, and me among the rest;

And if you break the ice, and do this feat,—

Achieve the elder, set the younger free

For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her,

Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;

And since you do profess to be a suitor,

You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,

To whom we all rest generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign whereof,

Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,

And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;

And do as adversaries do in law,—

Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

Gru. & Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's
be gone.

Hor. The motion's good, indeed, and be it so:

Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in Baptista's
House.

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong your
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me,— [self,

That I disdain: but for these other gawds,

Unbind my hands; I'll pull them off myself,

Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat:

Or what you will command me will I do,

So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that special face

Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest: Is't not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while:
I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so.
(*Strikes her.*)

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this
insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside—Poor girl! she weeps—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit!
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong
thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.
(*Flies after Bianca.*)

Bap. What, in my sight?—*Bianca,* get thee in.
(*Exit Bianca.*)

Kath. Will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me; I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. (*Exit Kath.*)

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

*Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of a
mean man; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO as
a musician; and TRANIO, with BIONDELLO
bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God
save you, gentlemen! (*daughter*)

Pet. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt, go to it orderly. (*leave.*)

Pet. You wrong me signior Gremio; give me
I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That—hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour—
Am bold to shew myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
(*Presenting Hortensio.*)

Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua. (*sake:*)

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good
But for my daughter Katharina,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well: you are welcome for his
sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray.

Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too;
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O, pardon me, signior Gremio; I would fain
be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your
wooing.—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of
it. To express the like kindness myself, that have
been more kindly beholden to you than any, I
freely give unto you this young scholar, (*presenting
Lucentio*) that hath been long studying at Rheims;
as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages,
as the other in music and mathematics: his name
is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: wel-
come, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, (*To Tranio.*)
methinks you walk like a stranger: May I be so
bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own;
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,

In the preferment of the elder sister:

This liberty is all that I request,—

That upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,
And free access and favour as the rest.

And toward the education of your daughters,

I here bestow a simple instrument,

And this small packet of Greek and Latin books;
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name? of whence, I pray?

Tra. Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir.—
Take you (*to Hor.*) the lute, and you (*to Luc.*) the
set of books;

You shall see your pupils presently.—

Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead (*both,*
These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them
These are their tutors; bid them use them well.—

(*Exit Servant, with Hortensio, Lucentio, and
Biondello.*)

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well; and in him me,
Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreased:
Then tell me,—If I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands;
And, in possession, twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood,—be it that she survive me,—
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:

Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and so she yields to me;

For I am rough, and woo not like a babe. (*speed!*)

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds,
That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend? why dost thou look
so pale?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musi-
cian?

Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier;
Iron may hold her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to
the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these? quoth she, *I'll fume with them:*
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While she did call me,—rascal fiddler,
And—twangling Jack; with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so discomfited;
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns,—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do, I will attend her here,—

[Exeunt Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, and Hortensio.]

And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say, that she rail,—why, then I'll tell her plain,
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale;
Say, that she frown,—I'll say, she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew;
Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word,—
Then, I'll commend her volubility,
And say—she uttereth piercing eloquence;
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week;
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.—
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good-morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something hard
of hearing;

They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain
Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my supper-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation,—
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Moved! in good time; let him that moved
you hither,

Remove you hence; I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it; come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are you

Kath. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee:

For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard. [thee?

Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take

Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too
angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find out where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his
In his tail. [sting?

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell.

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman. [come again,

Kath. That I'll try. (Striking him.)

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms.

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab. [sour.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not

Kath. There is, there is. [sour.

Pet. Then shew it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one. [you.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not. [not so.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate; in sooth, you 'scape

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle.

Twice told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar; [teous;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing cour-
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time

flowers: [kance,

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look as

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twigg,

Is straight and slender; and as brown in hue

As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O, let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,

As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful!

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes, keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed;

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,

Thus in plain terms—Your father has consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;

And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.
 Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;
 For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,
 (Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,) Thou must be married to no man but me:
 For I am he am born to tame you, Kate;
 And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate
 Conformable, as other household Kates.
 Here comes your father; never make denial,
 I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now.

Signior Petruchio: How speed you with
 My daughter.

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss. [dumps?]

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your

Kath. Call you me, daughter? Now, I promise you,
 You have shew'd a tender fatherly regard,
 To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
 A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
 That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus,—yourself and all the world,
 That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
 If she be curst, it is for policy:

For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
 She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
 For patience she will prove a second Grissel;
 And Roman Lucrece for her chastity:
 And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together.
 That upon Sunday is the wedding day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! she says, she'll see thee
 hang'd first. [our part.]

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay, then, good night

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen, I choose her for my-
 If she and I be pleased, what's that to you? [self;
 'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
 That she shall still be curst in company.

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
 How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!—
 She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
 She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
 That in a twink she won me to her love.

O, you are novices! 'tis a world to see,
 How tame, when men and women are alone,
 A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.—
 Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding day:—

Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
 I will be sure, my Katherine shall be fine. [hands;

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me your
 God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. & Tra. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
 I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:—
 We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
 And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' Sunday.

[*Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina severally.*]

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's
 And venture madly on a desperate mart. [part,

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
 Twill bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the match.

Gre. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
 But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter;
 Now is the day we long have looked for;
 I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one that love Bianca more
 Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

Gre. Youngling! thou canst not love so dear as I.

Tra. Gray-beard! thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back; 'tis age that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this
 strife.

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
 That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
 Shall have Bianca's love.

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within the
 Is richly furnished with plate and gold; [city

Basins and ewers to lave her dainty hands;

My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:

In ivory coffer I have stuff'd my crowns;

In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,

Costly apparel, tents and canopies,

Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,

Valance of Venice, gold in needle-work,

Pewter and brass, and all things that belong

To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,

I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,

Six score fat oxen standing in my stalls,

And all things answerable to this portion.

Myself am struck in years, I must confess;

And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,

If, whilst I live, she will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in.—Sir, list to me,

I am my father's heir, and only son:

If I may have your daughter to my wife,

I'll leave her houses three or four as good,

Within rich Pisa walls, as any one

Old signior Gremio has in Padua;

Besides two thousand ducats by the year,

Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.

What, have I pinch'd you, signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year, of land

My land amounts not to so much in all:

That she shall have; besides an argosy,

That now is lying in Marseilles' road.—

What, have I choked you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no less

Than three great argosies; besides two galliasses,

And twelve tight gallies: these I will assure her,

And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'st next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;

And she can have no more than all I have;

If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why then the maid is mine from all the

By your firm promise; Gremio is outvied. [world,

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best:

And, let your father make her the assurance,

She is your own; else, you must pardon me:

If you should die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,

I am thus resolved:—On Sunday next, you know,

My daughter Katharine is to be married:

Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca

Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;

If not, to signior Gremio:

And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

[*Exit*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not,

Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a fool

To give thee all, and, in his waning age,

Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!

An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy. [*Exit*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!

Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.

'Tis in my head to do my master good:—

I see no reason but supposed Lucentio

Must get a father, call'd—supposed Vincentio;

And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,

Do get their children; but, in this case of wooing,

A child shall get a sire if I fail not of my cunning.

[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, sir; Have you so soon forgot the entertainment Her sister Katharine welcomed you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is The patroness of heavenly harmony: Then give me leave to have prerogative; And when in music we have spent an hour, Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass! that never read so far To know the cause why music was ordain'd! Was it not, to refresh the mind of man, After his studies, or his usual pain? Then give me leave to read philosophy.

And, while I pause, serve in your harmony

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong, To strive for that which resteth in my choice:

I am no breeching scholar in the schools; I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times, But learn my lessons as I please myself, And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down; Take you your instrument, play you the while; His lecture will be done, ere you have tuned.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

To Bianca; Hortensio retires.

Luc. That will be never:—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:—

Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love,—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. Madam, my instrument's in tune.

(Returning.)

Bian. Let's hear;—

(Hortensio plays.)

O fy! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hic ibat Simois*, I know you not; *Hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not;—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, presume not;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the bass.

[jars.]

Hor. The bass is right; 'tis the base knave, that How fiery and forward our pedant is!

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love: Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

Luc. Mistrust it not; for, sure, *Æacides* Was Ajax,—called so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master; else, I promise I should be arguing still upon that doubt; But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you:—

Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,

That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, (to Lucentio) and give me leave awhile;

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait, And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,

Our fine musician groweth amorous. (Aside.)

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument, To learn the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of art:

To teach you gamut in a briefer sort, More pleasant, pithy and effectual, Than hath been taught by any of my trade And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. (Reads.) Gamut *I am the ground of all accord*

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C fa ut, that loves with all affection:

D sol re, one clef two notes have I;

E la mi, show pity or I die.

Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:

Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice, To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up; You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day. [gone.]

Bian. Farewell sweet masters, both; I must be

[Exeunt Bianca and Servant.]

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[Exit.]

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant; Methinks, he looks as though he were in love: Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble, To cast thy wand'ring eyes on every stale, Seize thee, that list: If once I find thee ranging, Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—The same. Before Baptista's House.

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants.

Baptista. Signior Lucentio, (to Tranio) this is the 'pointed day,

That Katharine and Petruchio should be married, And yet we hear not of our son-in-law; What will be said? what mockery will it be, To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends, To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage? What says Lucentio to this shame of ours?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth be forced

To give my hand, opposed against my heart, Unto a mad brain rudesby, full of spleen; Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure. I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,

Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:

And, to be noted for a merry man,

He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage, Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the banns Yet never means to wed, where he hath woo'd.

Now must the world point at poor Katherine,

And say,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*

If it would please him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista too.

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,

Whatever fortune stays him from his word:

Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;

Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katherine had never seen him though. [Exit, weeping, followed by Bianca, and others.]

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep; For such an injury would vex a very saint, Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, old new, and such news as you never heard of!

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why! is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

Tra. But, say, what;—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots, that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless, with two broken points. His horse hipped with an old mothy saddle, the stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, railed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots; swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er-legged before, and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girt six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name, fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir, his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* pricked in't for a feather; a monster, a very monster in apparel; and not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentleman's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion:

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes with him.

Bap. Why, that's all one. [on his back.

Bion. Nay, by St. Jamy, I hold you a penny, A horse and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who is at

Bap. You are welcome, sir. [home?

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd

As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better I should rush in thus.

But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?

How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you

And wherefore gaze this goodly company; [frown:

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your wedding-day:

First were we sad, fearing you would not come;

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.

Fy! doff this habit, shame to your estate,

An eye-sore to our solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import

Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife, And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear: Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word, Though in some part enforced to digress; Which at more leisure I will so excuse As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But where is Kate? I stay too long from her; The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent robes Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with words;

To me she's married, not unto my clothes: Could I repair what she will wear in me, As I can change these poor accoutrements, 'Twere well for Kate, and better for myself. But what a fool am I, to chat with you, When I should bid good-morrow to my bride, And seal the title with a lovely kiss.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Grumio, and Biondello.*

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire: We will persuade him, be it possible, To put on better, ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of this.

[*Exit.*

Tra. But, sir, to her love concerneth us to add Her father's liking: which to bring to pass, As I before imparted to your worship, I am to get a man,—whate'er he be, It skills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,— And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa And make assurance, here in Padua, Of greater sums than I have promised. So shall you quietly enjoy your hope, And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly, 'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage, Which once perform'd, let all the world say—no, I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into, And watch our vantage in this business: We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio; The narrow-prying father, Minola, The quaint musician, amorous Licio; All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, say you? 'tis a groom indeed. A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 'tis impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: When the priest Should ask—if Katharine should be his wife, Ay, by *gog's-wouns*, quoth he; and swore so loud, That, all amazed, the priest let fall the book: And, as he stoop'd again to take it up, The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff, That down fell priest and book, and book and priest; Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd As if the vicar meant to cozen him, [and swore But after many ceremonies done, He calls for wine,—*A health*, quoth he, as if He had been abroad, carousing to his mates After a storm,—Quaff'd off the muscadel, And throw the sops all in the sexton's face;

Having no other reason,
 But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
 And seem'd to ask him sops, as he was drinking.
 This done, he took the bride about the neck,
 And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
 That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
 I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;
 And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
 Such a mad marriage never was before—
 Hark hark! I hear the minstrels play. *(Music.)*
Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA,
 BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and
 Train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your
 I know, you think to dine with me to-day, [pains;
 And have prepared great store of wedding cheer:
 But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
 And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come,—
 Make it no wonder; if you knew my business,
 You would entreat me rather go than stay
 And, honest company, I thank you all,
 That have beheld me give away myself
 To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
 Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
 For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay;
 But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horses.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready; the oats have eaten

Kath. Nay, then. [the horses.

Do what thou canst, I will not go to day;
 No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
 The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
 You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green;
 For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself:—
 'Tis like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
 That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; prythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry: What hast thou to do?—
 Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir: now it begins to work,

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner,—
 I see a woman may be made a fool,
 If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy com-
 Obeys the bride, you that attend on her; [mand.—
 Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
 Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
 Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves;
 But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
 Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
 I will be master of what is mine own:
 She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
 My household-stuff, my field, my barn,
 My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
 And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
 I'll bring my action on the proudest he,
 That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
 Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;
 Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—
 Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee,
 I'll buckler thee against a million. [Kate;

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio.*

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly? I should die with
 laughing.

Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and
 bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,
 You know, there wants no junkets at the feast.—
 Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place,
 And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride it?

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, lets
 go.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Petruchio's Country House.

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fy, fy, on all tired jades! on all mad
 masters! and all foul ways! Was ever man so
 beaten? was ever man so ray'd? was ever man so
 weary? I am sent before to make a fire, and they
 are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I
 a little pot, and soon hot, my very lips might freeze
 to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth,
 my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire
 to thaw me;—But I, with blowing the fire, shall
 warm myself; for, considering the weather, a taller
 man than I will take cold. Holloa, ho! Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'st
 slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater
 a run, but my head and my neck. A fire, good
 Curtis.

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

Gru. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire;
 cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew, as she's reported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost. but
 thou know'st winter tames man, woman, and beast;
 for it hath tamed my old master, and my new mis-
 tress, and myself, fellow Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a
 foot; and so long am I, at the least. But wilt thou
 make a fire, or shall I complain on thee to our mis-
 tress, whose hand (she being now at hand) thou
 shalt soon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being slow
 in thy hot office.

Curt. I Prythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes
 the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but
 thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have
 thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost
 frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good
 Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, Jack boy, ho boy! and as much news
 as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of coney-catching.—

Gru. Why, therefore, fire; for I have caught ex-
 treme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready,
 the house trimm'd, rushes strew'd, cobwebs swept;
 the serving-men in their new fustian, their white
 stockings, and every officer his wedding-garments
 on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,
 the carpets laid, and everything in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news?

Gru. First, know, my horse is tired; my master

Curt. How? [and mistress fallen out.

Gru. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and there—

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio. [by hangs a tale.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There.

(*Striking him*)

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

Curt. Both on one horse?

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Gru. Tell you the tale:—But hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemooled; how he left her with the horse upon her: how he beat me, because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt, to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed—that never pray'd before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave. [she.]

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more shrew than

Gru. Ay; and that, thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this? call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest; let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtesy with their left legs; and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horse-tail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you must meet my master to countenance my mistress.

Gru. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat? [master?]

Nath. All things is ready: How near is our

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What, no man at To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse! [door, Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—

All Serv. Here, here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,

And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made, And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel; There was no link to colour Peter's hat,

And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing; There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph and Gre— The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly: [gory; Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

Where is the life that late I led—

(*Sings.*)

Where are those—Sit down, Kate, and welcome Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry. Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

It was the friar of orders grey,

(*Sings.*)

As he forth walked on his way:

Out, out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:

Take that and mend the plucking off the other.—

(*Strikes him.*)

Be merry, Kate.—Some water here; what, ho!—

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence, And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:

[*Exit Servant.*

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

(*A basin is presented to him.*)

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—

(*Servant lets the ewer fall.*)

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall?

(*Strikes him.*)

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flat-ear'd knave. Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach. Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?

What is this? mutton?

1 Serv. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

1 Serv. I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:

What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me, that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:

(*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*)

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!

What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight!

Kath. I pray, you, husband, be not so disquiet;

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away

And I expressly, am forbid to touch it,

For it engenders choler, planteth anger;

And better 'twere that both of us did fast—

Since of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick—

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.

Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,

And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Curtis.*

Nath. (*Advancing.*) Peter, didst thou ever see the

Peter. He kills her in her own humour. [like?]

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of continency to her:

And rails, and swears and rates; that she poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak;

And sits as one new risen from a dream.

Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,

And 'tis my hope to end successfully:

My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty;

And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorged,

For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard,
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;
That is,—to watch her as we watch these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.
She ate no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend,
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night;
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour:—

He, that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to shew. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—Padua. Before Baptista's House.

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.

(They stand aside.)

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess,—the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart. *(They retire.)*

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry! Now tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
But one that scorn to live in this disguise,
For such a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion:
Know, sir, that I am call'd—Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you,—if you be so contented,—
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever. *[Lucentio,*

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours,
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Ne'er to marry with her, though she would entreat,—
Fy on her! see, how beastly she doth court him.

Hor. 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite forsworn!

For me,—that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow.
Ere three days pass; which hath as long loved me,
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard:
And so farewell, signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in woman, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[Exit Hortensio.—Lucentio and Bianca advance.]

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeish to a lover's blessed case!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest: But have you both forsworn me? *[sworn me!]*

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I'faith he'll have a lusty widow now,

That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the master;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

Bion. O master, master, I have watch'd so long
That I'm dog weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatante, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio;
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Exeunt Lucentio and Bianca.]

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir!

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.

Travel you far on, or are you at the farthest?

Ped. Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther; and as far as Rome;
And so to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that goes

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua *[hard.]*
To come to Padua: Know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him)
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this will I advise you,—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him,
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyster, and
all one. *(Aside.)*

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are like to sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged:
Look, that you take upon you as you should;
You understand me, sir; so shall you stay

Till you have done your business in the city;
If this be courtesy, sir, accept it.

Ped. O, sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you understand,—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To pass assurance of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:
In all these circumstances I'll instruct you:
Go with me, sir, to clothe you as becomes you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Petruchio's House.*

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth: I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite ap-
What, did he marry me to famish me? [pears:

Beggars, that come under my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a present alms;

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:

But I,—who never knew how to entreat,

Nor never needed that I should entreat,—

Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;

And that, which spites me more than all these
He does it under name of perfect love; [wants,

As who should say,—if I should sleep, or eat,

'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.—

I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot? [it.

Kath. 'Tis passing good; I pr'ythee let me have

Cru. I fear, it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear 'tis choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little. [rest.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the mustard

Gru. Nay, then I will not, you shall have the
Or else you get no beef of Grumio. [mustard,

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding
slave, [Beats him.]

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:

Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,

That triumph thus upon thy misery,

Go, get thee gone, I say.

*Enter PETRUCHIO with a dish of meat, and
HORTENSIO.*

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all

Hor. Mistress, what cheer? [amort?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou see'st how diligent I am,
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee.

[*Sets the dish on a table.*]

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What, not a word? Nay, then, thou lovest it not;

And all my pains is sorted to no proof:

Here, take away this dish.

Kath. Pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fy! you are to blame.
Come, mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lovest me.

[*Aside.*]

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace. And now, my honey love,

Will we return unto thy father's house.

And revel it as bravely as the best:

With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things
With scarfs, and fans, and double change of
bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy lei-
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure. [sure,

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;

Enter Haberdasher.

Lay forth the gown. What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;

A velvet cap;—fy, fy! 'tis lewd and filthy:

Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;

Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haste. [*Aside.*]

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe: [speak;
Your betters have endured me say my mind;

And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;

Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:

And, rather than it shall, I will be free

Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap.

A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;

And it I will have, or I will have none. [see't.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay,—Come, tailor, let us
O mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?

What's this? a sleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:

What! up and down, carved like an apple-tart?

Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,

Like to a censer in a barber's shop:—

Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. I see, she's like to have neither cap nor
gown. [*Aside.*]

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,

According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,

For you shall hop without my custom sir;

I'll none of it; hence, make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown, [able.
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commend-
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of
thee. [puppet of her.

Tai. She says your worship means to make a

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! thou liest, thou
Thou thimble, [thread,

Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,

Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou!

Braved in mine own house with a skein of thread!

Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;

Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,

As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou liv'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceived; the gown is made
Just as my master had direction:

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it cut?

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me; thou hast braved many men—brave not me: I will neither be faced nor braved. I say unto thee,—I bid thy master cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest. [tify.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion to test. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he say I said

Tai. *Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:* [so.

Gru. Master, if ever I said, loose-bodied gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I said a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. With a small compass'd cape;

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. With a trunk sleeve;—

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. The sleeves curiously cut.

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill. I commanded the sleeves should be cut out, and sewed up again: and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say; an I had thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight: take thou the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he shall have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir; 'tis for my mistress.

Pet. Go, take it unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that? [for:

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you think. Take up my mistress' gown to his master's use!

O, fy, fy, fy!

Pet. Hortensio, say thou wilt see the tailor paid.— [Aside.)

Go take it hence; begone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow. Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[Exit Tailor.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your Even in these honest mean habiliments; [father's, Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor: For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich; And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark, Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse

For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me:

And therefore, frolic; we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—

Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;

And bring our horses unto Long-lane end,

There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—

Let's see; I think, 'tis now some seven o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;

And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven ere I go to horse:

Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone:

I will not go to-day; and ere I do,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so! this gallant will command the sun.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Padua. Before Baptista's House.

Enter TRANIO and the Pedant dressed like

VINCENTIO.

Tra. Sir, this is the house: Please it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived, Signior Baptista may remember me, Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where We were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tra. 'Tis well;

And hold your own, in any case, with such Austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you: But, sir, here comes your 'Twere good, he were school'd. [boy;

Tra. Fear you not him.—Sirrah Biondello, Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you; Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice; And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink, Here comes Baptista:—set your countenance, sir.—

Enter BAPTISTA and LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.—

Sir, (To the Pedant.)

This is the gentleman I told you of;

I pray you, stand good father to me now,

Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft son!—

Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio Made me acquainted with a weighty cause Of love between your daughter and himself: And,—for the good report I hear of you, And for the love he beareth to your daughter, And she to him,—to stay him not too long, I am content, in a good father's care, To have him match'd: and,—if you please to like No worse than I, sir,—upon some agreement, Me shall you find most ready and most willing With one consent to have her so bestow'd; For curious I cannot be with you, Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say,— Your plainness, and your shortness, please me well. Right true it is, your son Lucentio here Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him, Or both dissemble deeply their affections: And, therefore, if you say no more than this, That like a father you will deal with him, And pass my daughter a sufficient dower, The match is fully made, and all is done: Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tra. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know We be affied; and such assurance ta'en, [best As shall with either part's agreement stand?

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for you know, Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants: Besides, old Gremio is heark'ning still; And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, sir: There doth my father lie; and there, this night, We'll pass the business privately and well: Send for your daughter by your servant here, My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.

The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning, You're like to have a thin and slender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well.—Cambio, hie you home, And bid Bianca make her ready straight; And, if you will, tell what hath happened:—

Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart!

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?

Welcome! one mess is like to be your cheer:

Come, sir: we'll better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt Tranio, Pedant, and Baptista.*]

Bion. Cambio.—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon

Luc. Biondello, what of that? [you?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: Take your assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*. to the church;—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say, But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day. (*Going.*)

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went into the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's to bid the priest be ready to come, against you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*]

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented: She will be pleased, then wherefore should I doubt? Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her; It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—A Public Road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun; it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself, It shall be moon, or star, or what I list, Or ere I journey to your father's house:

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—

Evermore cross'd, and cross'd, nothing but cross'd!

Pet. Say as he says, or we shall ne'er go.

Kath. Forward, I say, since we have come so far, And be it moon, or sun, or what you please;

And if you please to call it a rush candle, Henceforth, I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is.

Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then God be bless'd, it is the bless'd sun:— But sun it is not, when you say it is not;

And the moon changes even as your mind.

What you will have it named, even that it is;

And so it shall be so, for Katherine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways: the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.—

But soft; what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

Good morrow, gentle mistress: Where away?—

[*To Vincentio.*]

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks!

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,

As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and Whither away; or where is thy abode? [sweet,

Happy the parents of so fair a child;

Happier the man, whom favourable stars

Allot thee for his love's bedfellow! [not mad:

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;

And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the sun,

That everything I look on seemeth green:

Now, I perceive, thou art a reverend father;

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire, and withal make known

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,

We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir,—and you, my merry mistress,

That with your strange encounter much amazed me,—

My name is call'd—Vincentio; my dwelling—

And bound I am to Padua; there to visit [Pisa;

A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son

And now by law, as well as reverend age

I may entitle thee—my loving father;

The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman,

Thy son by this hath married: Wonder not,

Nor be not grieved; she is of good esteem,

Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;

Beside, so qualified as may beseem

The spouse of any noble gentleman.

Let me embrace with old Vincentio:

And wander we to see thy honest son,

Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your pleasure,

Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest

Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof;

For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Vincentio.*]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart

Have to my widow; and if she be forward,

Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be untoward.

[*Exit*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Padua. Before Lucentio's House.

Enter on one side, BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and BIANCA: GREMIO walking on the other side.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll see the church o' your back; and then come back to my master as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello*]

Gre. I marvel, Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house, My father's bears more toward the market place; Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before you I think, I shall command your welcome here [go; And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

(*Knocks.*)

Gre. They're busy within, you were best knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vin. Is signior Lucentio within, sir?

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you, tell signior Lucentio, that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Ped. Thou liest; his father is come from Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentlemen! (*To Vincen.*) why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church together; God send 'em good shipping!—But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp. (*Seeing Biondello.*)

Bion. I hope, I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue: What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master? yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is 't so, indeed? (*Beats Biondello.*)

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me.

[*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista!

[*Exit from the window.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let 's stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. (*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you, sir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a copatain hat!—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the

good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the university.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words shew you a madman: Why, sir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir; you mistake, sir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio: and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—O, my son, my son!—tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: (*Enter one with an Officer.*)—Carry this mad knave to the gaol:—Father Baptista, I charge you, see that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio; I say, he shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you be coney-catched in this business; I dare swear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest.

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haled and abus'd:—O monstrous villain!

Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Bion. O, we are spoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forswear him, or else we are all undone.

Luc. Pardon, dear father. (*Kneeling.*)

Vin. Live my sweetest son?

(*Biondello, Tranio, and Pedant, run out.*)

Bian. Pardon; dear father. (*Kneeling.*)

Bap. How hast thou offended?—Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio, Right son unto the right Vincentio; That have by marriage made thy daughter mine, While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eyne.

Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us

Vin. Where's that damned villain, Tranio, [all. That faced and braved me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio, While he did bear my countenance in the town; And happily I have arrived at last Unto the wished haven of my bliss:—

What Tranio did, myself enforced him to;

Then, pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, sir? (*To Lucentio.*) Have you married my daughter without asking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to:
 But I will in to be revenged for this villany. *[Exit Bap.]*
Bap. And I, to sound the depth of this knavery. *[Exit.]*
Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. *[Exeunt Luc. and Bian.]*
Gre. My cake is dough: But I'll in among the rest;
 Out of hope of all,—but my share of the feast. *[Exit.]*

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of
Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will. *[this ado.]*
Kath. What, in the midst of the street?
Pet. What, art thou ashamed of me? *[kiss.]*
Kath. No, sir; God forbid:—but ashamed to
Pet. Why, then let's home again:—Come, sirrah, let's away. *[thee, love, stay.]*
Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now, pray
Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate;
 Better once than never; for never too late. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—A Room in Lucentio's House.

A Banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCEN-
 TIO, GREMIO, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, BI-
 ANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HOR-
 TENSIO, and Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO,
 GRUMIO, and others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
 And time it is, when raging war is done,
 To smile at 'scapes and perils overblown.—
 My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
 While I with self-same kindness welcome thine:—
 Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,
 And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,—
 Feast with the best, and welcome to my house;
 My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
 After our great good cheer: Pray you, sit down
 For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

(They sit at table.)

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!
Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.
Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
Hor. For both our sakes, I would that word were true.
Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.
Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afraid.
Pet. You are sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
 I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.
Wid. He, that is giddy, thinks the world turns
Pet. Roundly replied. *[round.]*
Kath. Mistress, how meant you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him. *[that?]*
Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio
Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.
Pet. Very well mended: Kiss him for that, good widow. *[round:—]*
Kath. He, that is giddy, thinks the world turns
 I pray you, tell me what you mean by that.
Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
 Measures my husband's sorrow by his wo:
 And now you know my meaning.
Kath. A very mean meaning.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.
Pet. To her, Kate!
Hor. To her, widow!
Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad. *(Drinks to Hortensio.)*

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt! an hasty-witted body
 Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,
 Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,
 And then pursue me as you draw your bow:—
 You are welcome all.

[Exeunt Bianca, Katharina, and Widow.]

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, Signior
 Tranio,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not:
 Therefore, a health to all, that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his grey-
 hound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself;
 'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio!

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess;
 And as the jest did glance away from me,
 'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
 I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say—no: and therefore, for assurance
 Let's each one send unto his wife;

And he, whose wife is most obedient
 To come at first, when he doth send for her,
 Shall win the wager, which we will propose.

Hor. Content:—what is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns!

I'll venture so much on my hawk, or hound,
 But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.—Go,
 Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. *[Exit]*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves: I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bian. Sir, my mistress sends you word
 That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come!
 Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
 Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
 To come to me forthwith. *[Exit Biondello]*

Pet. O, ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,
 Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand

She will not come; she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse: she will not come! O vile, intolerable, not to be endured!

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress:

Say, I command her come to me. *[Exit Grumio.]*

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not come.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go fetch them hither; if they deny to come, Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands, Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

[Exit Katharina.]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet An awful rule, and right supremacy; *[life,*

And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!

The wager thou hast won, and I will add Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;

Another dowry to another daughter,

For she is changed as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;

And show more sign of her obedience,

Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow.

See, where she comes: and brings your froward As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—*[wives*

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;

Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[Katharine pulls off her cap, and throws it down.]

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh, Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fy! what a foolish duty call you this?

Luc. I would your duty were as foolish too:

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

Hath cost me an hundred crowns since suppertime.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these head-strong women,

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall;—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fy, fy! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes, To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor;

It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads; Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake the buds; And in no sense is meet, or amiable. *[buds;*

A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee

And for thy maintenance: commits his body

To painful labour, both by sea and land;

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,

While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;

And crav'st no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:

And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,

And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she, but a foul contending rebel,

And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—

I am ashamed that women are so simple

To offer war, where they should kneel for peace

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,

Where they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;

But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,

Should well agree with our external parts?

Come, come, you froward and unable worms!

My mind hath been as big as one of yours,

My heart as great; my reason, haply, more,

To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:

But now, I see, our lances are but straws;

Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—

That seeming to be most, which we least are.

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot;

And place your hands below your husband's foot:

In token of which duty, if he please,

My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench:—Come on, and kiss me, Kate. *[ha't*

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are to-ward. *[ward.*

Luc. But a harsh hearing when women are fro-

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed:—

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white!

[To Lucentio.]

And, being a winner, God give you good-night!

[Exeunt Petruchio and Kath.]

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tamed a curst shrew

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by you leave, she will be tamed so. *[Exeunt.]*

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE



Diana.—"MY TEMPLE STANDS IN EPHEBUS, HIE THEE THITHER."—Act v, scene 2.

Persons Represented.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*
 PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*
 HELICANUS, } *two Lords of Tyre.*
 ESCANES, }
 SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.*
 CLEON, *Governor of Tharsus.*
 LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mitylene*
 CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*
 THALIARD, *a Lord of Antioch.*
 PAILEMON, *Servant to Cerimon*
 LEONINE, *Servant to Dionyza.*
 Marshal.
 A Pander, and his Wife.

BOULT, *their Servant.*
 GOWER, *as Chorus.*

The Daughter of Antiochus.
 DIONYZA, *Wife to Cleon.*
 THAISA, *Daughter to Simonides.*
 MARINA, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa*
 LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to Marina.*
 DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates
Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

SCENE,—*Dispersedly in various Countries.*

ACT I.

*Enter GOWER.**Before the Palace of Antioch.*

To sing a song of old was sung,
 From ashes ancient Gower is come;
 Assuming man's infirmities,
 To glad your ear and please your eyes.
 It hath been sung at festivals,
 On ember-eves, and holy ales;
 And lords and ladies of their lives
 Have read it for restoratives:
 'Purpose to make men glorious;
Et quo antiquius, eo melius,
 If you, born in these latter times,
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
 And that to hear an old man sing,
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,
 I life would wish, and that I might
 Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
 This city then, Antioch the great
 Built up for his chiefest seat;
 The fairest in all Syria;
 (I tell you what mine authors say:)
 This king unto him took a pheere,
 Who died, and left a female heir,
 So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
 As Heaven had lent her all his grace:
 With whom the father liking took
 And her to incest did provoke:
 Bad father! to entice his own
 To evil, should be done by none.
 By custom, what they did begin,
 Was, with long use, account no sin
 The beauty of this sinful dame
 Made many princes thither frame,
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
 Which to prevent, he made a law,
 (To keep her still, and men in awe,)
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life:
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify,
 What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
 I give, my cause who best can justify. *[Exit.]*

SCENE I.—*Antioch—A Room in the Palace.**Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.*

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large
 received

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
 Think death no hazard in this enterprize. *(Music.)*

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
 For the embracements even of Jove himself:
 At whose conception (till Lucina reign'd)
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
 The senate-house of planets all did sit,
 To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of Antiochus.

Per. See, where she comes, apparell'd like the
 spring.

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
 Of every virtue gives renown to men!
 Her face, the book of praises, where is read
 Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
 Sorrow were ever rased, and testy wrath
 Could never be her mild companion

Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love
 That have inflamed desire in my breast
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
 As I am son and servant to your will,
 To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—*Per.* That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
 With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
 For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
 Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
 A countless glory, which desert must gain:
 And which, without desert, because thine eye
 Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
 Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
 Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire, *[pale,*
 Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance
 That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
 They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
 And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
 For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
 My frail mortality to know itself,
 And by those fearful objects to prepare
 This body like to them, to what I must:
 For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,
 Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.
 I'll make my will then; and, as sick men do,
 Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling wo,
 Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you,
 And all good men, as every prince should do;
 My riches to the earth from whence they came;
 But my unspotted fire of love to you.

(To the daughter of Antiochus.)

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
 I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,
 Scorning advice.

Ant. Read the conclusion then;
 Which read, and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
 As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. In all, save that, mayst thou prove pros-
 In all, save that, I wish thee happiness! *[perous!]*

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
 Nor ask advice of any other thought
 But faithfulness and courage. *(He reads the riddle.)*

I am no viper, yet I feed

On mother's flesh which did me breed:

I sought a husband, in which labour,

I found that kindness in a father.

He's father, son, and husband mild,

I mother, wife, and yet his child.

How they may be, and yet in two,

As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers!
 That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
 Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
 If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
 Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,

(Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.)

Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
 But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
 For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
 That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
 You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
 Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
 Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to
 hearken;

But, being play'd upon before your time,
 Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:

Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expired;
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book for all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shewn;
For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear:
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole

casts [wrong'd
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is
By man's oppression: and the poor worm doth die
for't. [will;

Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit, [it.
What being more known grows worse, to smother
All love the womb that their first beings bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found
the meaning;— [Tyre,

But I will gloze with him. (*Aside.*) Young prince of
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shews, we'll joy in such a son:
And until then, your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour and your worth.

[*Exeunt Antiochus, his Daughter,
and Attendants.*

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad,
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;)
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who, though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight, I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which
To have his head. [we mean
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high
Who attends on us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call? [mind

Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our
Partakes her private actions to your secrecy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill
It fits thee not to ask the reason why. [him;
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough;

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*

Ant. As thou

Wilt live, fly after: and as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienced archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,
Unless thou say, prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I

Can get him once within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure: so farewell to your highness.

[*Exit.*

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us: Why this charge of
thoughts?

The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
By me so used a guest is, not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me
quiet! [them,

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun
And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me:—the great Antiochus
(Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act.)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known:
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence;
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend
them,)

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred
breast!

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable! [tongue.

Hel. Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience
They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;

The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that breath gives heat and stronger
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order, [glowing,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life:
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees. [look

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'er-
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] *Helicanus*, thou

Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from
They have their nourishment? [whence

Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life.

Hel. (*Kneeling.*) I have ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pr'ythee, rise;
Sit down, sit down; thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and high Heaven forbid, [hid!
That kings should let their ears hear their faults
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

Hel. With patience bear
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, *Helicanus*;
Who minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss. [this,
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it)——

Hel. Alas, sir! [cheeks,

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my
Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
How I might stop that tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me
leave to speak,

Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear;
And justly too, I think you fear the tyrant,
Who, either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;

But should he wrong my liberties in absence——

Hel. We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to
Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou shew'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Tyre. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*
Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here
must I kill king Pericles; and if I do not, I am
sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well,
I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good dis-
cretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the
king, desired he might know none of his secrets.
Now do I see he had some reason for it: for if a
king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the in-
denture of his oath to be one.—Hush, here come
the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Farther to question of your king's departure.
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently; he's gone to travel.

Thal. How! the king gone! [*Aside.*]

Hel. If farther yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch——

Thal. What from Antioch? [*Aside.*]

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not)
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd, [so:
To shew his sorrow, would correct himself;
So puts himself into the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive [*Aside.*]
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,
He 'scaped the land, to perish on the seas.—
But I'll present me.—Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing, as I have understood
Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it, since
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Tharsus. A Room in the Governor's
House.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,

See if 'twill teach us to forget our own? [it.

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O, my distressed lord, even such our griefs;
Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,
If Heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I have government,
(A city, on whom plenty held full hand,)
For riches, strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the
clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

[change,

Cle. But see what Heaven can do! By this our
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise:
Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
Those mothers, who, to nouse up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now,
To eat those little darlings, whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial,
Is this not true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows, which thou bring'st in
For comfort is too far for us to expect. [haste,

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring
A portly sail of ships make hitherward. [shore,

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are done already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome. [blance

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the sem-
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,

And come to us as fayourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, what need we fear?
The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

[Exit.

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be, like a beacon fired, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load:
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,
With bloody views, expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn, to make your needy bread,
And give them life, who are hunger-starved, half
All. The gods of Greece protect you! [dead.
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Rise, I pray you, rise;

We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of Heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,)
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept: feast here a
while,
Until our stars, that frown, lend us a smile.

[Exeunt.

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
Prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll shew you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation
(To whom I gave my benison)
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:
And to remember what he does,
Gild his statue glorious:
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

(Dumb show.)

Enter at one door PERICLES, talking with CLEON; all the Train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to Pericles; Pericles shows the letter to Cleon: then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt Pericles, Cleon, &c., severally.

Gow. Good Helicane hath staid at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours; forth he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And to fulfil his prince's desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:

How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And hid intent, to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest:
He knowing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there's seldom ease:
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship,
Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost;
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes: what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower; this long's the text. *[Exit.]*

SCENE I.—*Pentapolis. An open Place by the Seaside.*

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:
I let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your wat'ry grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 Fish. What, ho, Pilche!

2 Fish. Ho! come, and bring away the nets.

1 Fish. What, Patch-breech, I say!

3 Fish. What say you, master?

1 Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away,
or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.

3 Fish. 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor
men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart
to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help
them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help our-
selves.

3 Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much, when I
saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled?
they say, they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on
them, they ne'er come, but I look to be washed.
Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat
up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to
nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles,
driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours
them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard
on a' the land, who never leave gaping, till they've
swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells,
and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I
would have been that day in the belfry.

2 Fish. Why man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallowed me
too: and when I had been in his belly, I would
have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should
never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church,
and parish, up again. But if the good king Simo-
nides were of my mind—

Per. Simonides?

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these drones
that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subjects of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their wat'ry empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it
be a day fits you, scratch it out of the calendar, and
nobody will look after it.

Per. Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea, to
cast thee in our way!

Per. A man, whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them
in our country of Greece, gets more with begging,
than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practised it.

2 Fish. Nay, then, thou wilt starve sure; for
here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou
canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man shrunk up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die queth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a
gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm.
Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou
shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holydays,
fish for fasting days, and moreo'er, puddings and
flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend, you said you
could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and
so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

2 Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all! for if all
your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better
office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw
up the net. *[Exeunt two of the Fishermen.]*

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their
labour!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir! do you know where you
are?

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis,
and our king, the good king Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called,
for 'is peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since from his subjects
He gains the name of good, by his government.
How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll
tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is
her birthday; and there are princes and knights
come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney
for her love.

Per. Did but my fortunes equal my desires,
I'd wish to make one there.

1 Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and
what a man cannot get he may lawfully deal for—
his wife's soul.

Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net.

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour. [it.]

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you let me see Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses, Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself: And, though it was mine own, part of mine heri- Which my dead father did bequeath to me, [tage, With this strict charge, (even as he left his life,) Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield

'Twixt me and death: (and pointed to this brace:) For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity, Which gods protect thee from! it may defend thee. It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it; Till the rough seas, that spare not any man, Took it in rage, though calm'd, they give 't again: I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill, Since I have here my father's gift by will.

1 *Fish.* What mean you, sir? [worth,

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of For it was sometime target to a king; I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly, And for his sake, I wish the having of it; And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court, Where with't I may appear a gentleman; And if that ever my low fortune better, I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll shew the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish.* Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

2 *Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolences, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am clothed in steel; And spite of all the rupture of the sea, This jewel holds his bidding on my arm; Unto thy value will I mount myself Upon a courser, whose delightful steps Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.— Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided Of a pair of bases.

2 *Fish.* We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will; This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The Same. A public way, or platform, leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 *Lord.* They are, my liege;

And stay your coming to present themselves. [ter,

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daugh- In honour of whose birth these triumphs are, Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[Exit a Lord.]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my father, to express My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'Tis fit it should be so; for princes are A model, which Heaven makes like to itself, As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,

So princes their renown, if not respected.

'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain The labour of each knight, in his device. [form.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll per- Enter a Knight; he passes over the stage, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father; And the device he bears upon his shield Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun; The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of you. (The second Knight passes.)

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father; And the device he bears upon his shield Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady: The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça.* (The third Knight passes.)

Sim. And what's the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch; And his device, a wreath of chivalry: The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*

(The fourth Knight passes.)

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside down; The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shews that beauty hath his power Which can inflame, as it can kill. [and will, (The fifth Knight passes.)

Thai. The fifth, a hand environed with clouds; Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried: The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

(The sixth Knight passes.)

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, which the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems a stranger; but his present is A wither'd branch, that's only green at top; The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral; From the dejected state wherein he is, He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his out- ward shew

Can any way speak in his just commend:

For, by his rusty outside, he appears [lance. To have practised more the whipstock than the

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan The outward habit by the inward man. But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw Into the gallery. [Exeunt.

Great shouts, and all cry, The mean knight.)

SCENE III.—*The same. A Hall of State. A Banquet prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,

To say you are welcome, were superfluous.

To place upon the volume of your deeds,

As in a title-page, your worth in arms,

Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,

Since every worth in shew commends itself.

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:

You are my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;

To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed,
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o'
the feast,

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Si-
monides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour we
love,

For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marsh. Sir, yond's your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, sir; sit.

Per. By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, she but thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat;
Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but
A country gentleman;
He has done no more than other knights have done;
Broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me, like my father's picture,
Which tells me, in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence.
None, that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What are you merry, knights?

1 Knight. Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim,
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while:

Yon knight, methinks, doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a shew might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it
To me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter;
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely gives to every one that comes
To honour them: and princes, not doing so,
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at.

Therefore to make's entrance more sweet, here say,
We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please me
better. (Aside.)

Sim. And farther tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and plédge him
freely.

Thai. And farther he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles;
My education being in arts and arms;—)
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough sea bereft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by [Pericles
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

Sim. Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance,
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

(The Knights dance.)

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too:

And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent to make ladies trip;

And that their measures are as excellent. [Lord.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my

Sim. O, that's as much, as you would be denied

(The Knights and Ladies dance.)

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well.

But you the best. (To Pericles.) Pages and lights
conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours,
We have given order to be next our own. [sir,

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
For that's the mark I know you level at:

Therefore each one betake him to his rest;

To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, no, my Escanes; know this of me,—
Antiochus from incest lived not free;
For which the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence;
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes adored them, ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'Twas very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar Heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter three Lords.

1 Lord. See, not a man in private conference,

Or council, has respect with him but he.

2 *Lord*. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 *Lord*. And cursed be he that will not second it.

1 *Lord*. Follow me then: Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: Happy day, my lords.

1 *Lord*. Know, that our griefs are risen to the top, and now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not the prince you love.

1 *Lord*. Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane; But if the prince do live, let us salute him, Or know what ground's made happy by his breath. If in the world he live, we'll seek him out; If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there; And be resolved, he lives to govern us, Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral, And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord*. Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our censure:

And knowing this kingdom, if without a head, (Like goodly buildings left without a roof,) Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self, That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign, We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages: If that you love prince Pericles, forbear. Take I your wish, I leap into the seas, Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease. A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you To forbear choice i' the absence of your king; If in which time expired, he not return, I shall with aged patience bear your yoke. But if I cannot win you to this love, Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects, And in your search spend your adventurous worth. Whom, if you find, and win unto return, You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord*. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield; And, since lord Helicane enjoineth us, We with our travels will endeavour it. [hands;

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE V.—*Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES, reading a letter, the Knights meet him.

1 *Knight*. Good morrow to thee good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,

That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known, Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 *Knight*. May we not have access to her my lord?

Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery; This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd, And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 *Knight*. Though loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [*Exeunt*.

Sim. So, [letter:

They're well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight, Or never more to view nor day nor light.

Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine; I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,

Not minding whether I dislike or no!

Well, I commend her choice;

And will no longer have it be delay'd.

Soft, here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholden to you For your sweet music this last night: my ears, I do protest, were never better fed With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend; Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask one thing. What do you think, My daughter? [sir, of

Per. As of a most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer—wond'rous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you; Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master, And she'll your scholar be; therefore look to it.

Per. Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here!

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?

'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life. (*Aside*)

O, seek not to enstrap, my gracious lord, A stranger and distressed gentleman, That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter, But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou A villain. [art

Per. By the gods, I have not, sir.

Never did thought of mine levy offence: Nor never did my actions yet commence, A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor, sir.

Per. Even in his throat, (unless it be the king.) That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage. (*Aside*)

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts, That never relish'd of a base descent. I came unto your court, for honour's cause, And not to be a rebel to her state; And he that otherwise accounts of me, This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No!—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair, Resolve your angry father, if my tongue Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, sir, if you had.

Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?— I am glad of it with all my heart. (*Aside*) I'll tame I'll bring you in subjection.— [you;

Will you, not having my consent, bestow Your love and your affections on a stranger?

(Who, for aught I know to the contrary, Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) (*Aside*)

Hear therefore, mistress; frame your will to mine,— And you, sir, hear you.—Either be ruled by me, Or I will make you—man and wife.

Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too— And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—

And for a farther grief,—God give you joy!

What, are you both pleased?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed:

Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores, the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'for the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
As the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded;—Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly eche;
What's dumb in shew, I'll plain with speech.

(*Dumb shew.*)

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter. Pericles shews it to Simonides; the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA. Simonides shews his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and Pericles take leave of her Father, and depart. Then Simonides, &c. retire.

Gow. By many a dearn and painful perch,
Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coignes,
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse, and sail, and high expense,
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre
(Fame answering the most strong inquire,)
To the court of king Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter's dead;
The men of Tyrus, on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny there he hastes t'appease;
Says to them, if king Pericles
Come not, in twice six moons, home,
He, obedient to their doom,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps, 'gan sound,
Our heir apparent is a king;
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire
(Which who shall cross?) along to go;
(Omit we all their dole and wo;)
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grizzled north,
Disgorges such a tempest forth
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives,

The lady shrieks, and, well a-neighbor!

Doth fall in travail with her fear:

And what ensues in this fell storm,

Shall, for itself, itself perform.

I nill relate, action may

Conveniently the rest convey:

Which might not what by me is told,

In your imagination hold

This stage, the ship, upon whose deck

The sea-tost prince appears to speak,

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES, on a ship at sea.

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these
surges,

Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O, still thy
deaf'ning,

Thy dreadful thunders; gently quench thy nimble,
Sulphurous flashes!—O how, Lychorida, [ously
How does my queen?—Thou storm, thou! venom-
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,

Unheard,—Lychorida!—Lucina, O

Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle

To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs

Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

Enter LYCHORIDA, with an infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing

Too young for such a place, who, if it had

Conceit, would die as I am like to do.

Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.

Here's all that is left living of your queen,—

A little daughter; for the sake of it,

Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honour with yourselves.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,

Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!

For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:

Quiet and gentle thy conditions!

For thou'rt the rudeliest welcome to this world,

That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!

Thou hast as chiding a nativity,

As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,

To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,

Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,

With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods

Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter two Sailors.

1 Sail. What courage, sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough: I do not feel the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would, it would be quiet.

1 Sail. Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not, wilt
thou? Blow and split thyself.

2 Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy
billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard; the sea
works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till
the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it still hath been observed; and we are strong in earnest. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight. [queen!]

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched *Lyc.* Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear; No light, no fire; the unfriendly elements Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze; Where, for a monument upon thy bones, And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale, And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse, Lying with simple shells. *Lychorida,* Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper, My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[Exit *Lychorida*.]

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches caulk'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee, Mariner, say what coast is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner, [it?] Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus. There will I visit Cleon, for the babe Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner; I'll bring the body presently. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.*

Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men: It hath been a turbulent and stormy night. [this,

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as Till now, I ne'er endured.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return; There's nothing can be minister'd to nature, That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary, And tell me how it works. (To *Philemon*.)

[Exeunt *Philemon*, Servant, and those who had been shipwrecked.]

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good morrow, sir.

2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen, Why do you stir so early?

1 *Gent.* Sir, Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea, Shook, as the earth did quake; The very principals did seem to rend, And all to topple; pure surprise and fear Made me quit the house.

2 *Gent.* This is the cause we trouble you so early; 'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well. [having]

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, Rich tire about you, should at these early hours Shake off the golden slumber of repose. It is most strange, Nature should be so conversant with pain,

Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever, Virtue and cunning were endowments greater Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs May the two latter darken and expend; But immortality attends the former, Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever Have studied physic, through which secret art, By turning o'er authorities, I have (Together with my practice) made familiar To me and to my aid, the blest infusions That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones; And I can speak of the disturbances That nature works, and of her cures; which give A more content in course of true delight [me] Than to be thirsty after tottering honour, Or tie my treasure up in silken bags, To please the fool and death. [forth]

2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd Your charity, and hundreds call themselves Your creatures, who by you have been restored: And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon Such strong renown as time shall never—

Enter two Servants, with a chest.

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest, 'Tis of some wreck.

Cer. Set it down, let's look on it.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be, 'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight: If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold, It is a good constraint of fortune, that It belches upon us.

2 *Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed! Did the sea cast it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir, As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open, Soft, soft?—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 *Gent.* A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it. O you most potent gods! What's here? a corse!

1 *Gent.* Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreaured

With bags of spices full! A passport too! Apollo, perfect me i' the characters!

(Unfolds a scroll.)

Here I give to understand,

(Reads.)

(If e'er this coffin drive a-land,)

I, king Pericles, have lost

This queen, worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying,

She was the daughter of a king:

Besides this treasure for a fee,

The gods requite his charity!

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart That even cracks for wo!—This chanced to-night.

2 *Gent.* Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night; [rough, For look, how fresh she looks!—They were too That threw her in the sea. Make fire within; Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet. Death may usurp on nature many hours, And yet the fire of life kindle again The overpressed spirits. I have heard

Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,
By good appliance was recovered.

Enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.
The vial once more;—How thou stirr'st, thou block!
The music there.—I pray you, give her air:—
Gentlemen,

The queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranced
Above five hours. See, how she gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1 *Gent.* The Heavens, sir,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eye-lids cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be. *(She moves.)*

Thai. O dear Diana, *[this?]*
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours;
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;
And *Æsculapius* guide us!

[Exeunt, carrying Thaisa away.]

SCENE III.—*Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.*

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA,
LYCHORIDA, and MARINA.*

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you! *[mortally,*

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen! *[her hither,*
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought
To have bless'd mine eyes!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom
For she was born at sea, I have named so) here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord:
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,)
Must in your child be thought on. If neglect
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty;
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me credit,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By *Dight* Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissor'd shall this hair of mine remain,

Though I shew ill in't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers. *[the shore;*

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge o'
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter. Come my lord.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my yearning time; but whether there
Deliver'd or no, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say; But since king Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may 'bide until your date expire,
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[Exeunt]

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles at Tyre,
Welcomed to his own desire.
His woful queen leave at Ephess,
To Dian there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which make her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But alack!
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife,
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage flight; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be;
Be't when she weived the sleided silk
With fingers, long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needl wound
The cambrie, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute
That still records with moan: or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still

This Philoten contends in skill
 With absolute Marina: so
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given. This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead;
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant instrument of wrath
 Prest for this blow. The unborn event
 I do commend to your content:
 Only I carry winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.
 Dionyza does appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.

SCENE I.—*Tharsus. An open Place, near the Sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do
 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known. [it;
 Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
 Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,
 Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
 Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
 A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.
 Here

Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.
 Thou art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
 To strew thy green with flowers; the yellows,
 The purple violets, and marigolds, [blues,
 Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
 While summer days do last. Ah me! poor maid,
 Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
 This world to me is like a lasting storm,
 Whirring me from my friends. [alone?

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep
 How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
 Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
 A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's changed
 With this unprofitable woe! Come, come;
 Give me your wreath of flowers, ere the sea mar it.
 Walk forth with Leonine: the air is quick there,
 Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come;—
 Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
 I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;
 I love the king your father, and yourself,
 With more than foreign heart. We every day
 Expect him here: when he shall come and find
 Our paragon to all reports, thus blasted,
 He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
 Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
 No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
 Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
 That excellent complexion, which did steal

The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
 I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
 But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come; I know 'tis good for you.
 Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least;
 Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while;
 Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood;
 What! I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.— [Exit Dionyza.
 Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
 But cried, *good seamen!* to the sailors, galling
 His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes;
 And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
 That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-
 tackle

Wash'd off a canvas-climber: *Ha!* says one,
 Will out? and, with a drooping industry,
 They skip from stern to stern: the boatswain
 whistles,

The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. And when was this?

Mar. It was, when I was born:

Never was waves nor wind more violent.

Leon. Come, say your prayers speedily.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
 I grant it: Pray: but be not tedious,
 For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
 To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
 I never did her hurt in all my life!

I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn

To any living creature: believe me, la,

I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:

I trod upon a worm against my will,

But I wept for it. How have I offended,

Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
 My life imply her danger?

Leon. My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.

You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshew

You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,

When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:

Good sooth, it shew'd well in you; do so now:

Your lady seeks my life: come you between,

And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,

And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst Marina is struggling.

1 Pirate. Hold, villain! [Leonine runs away.]

2 Pirate. A prize! a prize!

3 Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's
 have her aboard suddenly.

[Exit Pirates, with Marina.]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roving thieves serve the great pirate
 Valdes;

And they have seized Marina. Let her go:
 There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's

And thrown into the sea. But I'll see farther;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—*Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul't.

Boul't. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore, let's have fresh ones, 'whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true: 'tis not the bringing up of poor bastards, as I think, I have brought up some eleven—

Boul't. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they are too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transilvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boul't. Ay, she quickly poop'd him: she made him roast-meat for worms;—but I'll go search the market. [Exit.

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger; therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we? ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade;—it's no calling:—but here comes Boul't.

Enter the Pirates, and BOULT, dragging in MARINA.

Boul't. Come your ways. (*To Marina.*) My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 Pirate. O sir, we doubt it not.

Boul't. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boul't, has she any qualities?

Boul't. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boul't? [pieces.

Boul't. I cannot be baited one doit of a thousand

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*

Bawd. Boul't, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

2 B

Boul't. Performance shall follow.

[Exit.

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! (He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates,

(Not enough barbarous,) had not overboard Thrown me to seek my motner!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

[you.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in

Mar. I accuse them not. [like to live.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are

Mar. The more my fault

To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the differences of all complexions. What, do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman? [a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boul't's returned.

Enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boul't. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I pry'thee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boul't. 'Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so water'd, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boul't. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? monsieur Veroles?

Boul't. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boul't. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, when you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers. Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boul't. O, take her home, mistress, take her home; these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must: for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boul't. 'Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the salt.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young girl, I like the manner of your garments well. [yet.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep, Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.*

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think You'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all the spacious world, I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady, Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess To equal any single crown of the earth, I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine, Whom thou hast poison'd too!

If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness Becoming well thy feat: what canst thou say, When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates, To foster it, nor ever to preserve. She died by night; I'll say so. Who can cross it? Unless you play the impious innocent, And for an honest attribute, cry out, *She died by foul play.*

Cle. O, go to. Well, well, Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those, that think The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence, And open this to Pericles. I do shame To think of what a noble strain you are, And of how cow'd a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding Whoever but his approbation added, Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then: Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead, Nor none can know, Leonine being gone. She did disdain my child, and stood between Her and her fortunes: None would look on her, But cast their gazes on Marina's face; Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin, Not worth the time of day. It pierced me through; And though you call my course unnatural, You not your child well loving, yet I find, It greets me as an enterprise of kindness, Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it.

Dion. And as for Pericles, What should he say? We wept after her hearse, And even yet we mourn: her monument Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs In glittering golden characters express General praise to her, and care in us

At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy, Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face, Seize with an eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies; But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [Exeunt.

Enter GOWER, before the monument of Marina at Tharsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;

Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't;

Making, (to take your imagination,) From bourn to bourn, region to region.

By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime To use one language, in each several clime. Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you The stages of our story. Pericles Is now again thwarting the wayward seas, (Attended on by many a lord and knight,) To see his daughter, all his life's delight.

Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late Advanced in time to great and high estate, Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind, Old Helicanus brought along behind. [brought Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought; So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,) To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone. Like motes and shadows see them move awhile; Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

(Dumb show.)

Enter at one door, Pericles with his Train; CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. Cleon shows Pericles the tomb of Marina; whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then Cleon and Dionyza retire.

Gow. See now belief may suffer by foul show? This borrow'd passion stands for true old wo; And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd [shower'd, With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs; He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears, And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit The epitaph is for Marina writ By wicked Dionyza.

(Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.)

The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus, the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter:
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heaven's bestow'd;
Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stint)
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.
No vizor does become black villainy,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By lady fortune; while our scenes display
His daughter's wo, and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen. [Exit.

SCENE V.—*Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: Shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do anything now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*The same. A Room in the Brothel.*

Enter PANDER, BAWD, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fy, fy upon her; she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravish'd, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees: that she should make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfigure us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

[*me!*]

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now? How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may say so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou wouldst say.

[*enough.*]

Bawd. Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you;—leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, that this is an honourable man. (*To Mar. whom she takes aside.*)

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern this country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? he will line your apron with gold.

[*receive.*]

Mar. What he will graciously, I will thankfully

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and Boult.*]

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended at my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, shew it now; If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.

[*sage.*]

Lys. How's this? how's this?—some more;—be

Mar. For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune Hath placed me here within this loathsome sty, Where, since I came, diseases have been sold Dearer than physic.—O that the good gods Would set me free from this unhallow'd place, Though they did change me to the meanest bird That flies i' the purer air!—

Lys. I did not think

[*thou couldst.*]

Thou couldst have spoke so well: ne'er dream'd Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, [thee:] Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for Persever still in that clear way thou goest. And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten

That I came with no ill intent; for to me 'The very doors and windows savour vilely. Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.— Hold; here's more gold for thee.—

A curse upon him, die he like a thief, That robs thee of thy goodness? If thou hear'st It shall be for thy good.

[*from me.*]

(*As Lysimachus is putting up his purse, BOULT enters.*)

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Yout But for this virgin that doth prop it up, [house, Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away! [*Exit.*]

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your

way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away.
Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! What's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink, afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of womenkind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! *[Exit.*

Boult. Come, mistress: come your way with me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first. *[dear.*

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend Of hell would not in reputation change:

Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel,

That hither comes inquiring for his tib;

To the cholerick fisting of each rogue thy ear

Is liable; thy very food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty

Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth;

Serve by indenture to the common hangman;

Any of these ways are better yet than this:

For that which thou professest, a baboon,

Could he but speak, would own a name too dear.

O that the gods would safely from this place

Deliver me! Here, here is gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain aught by me,

Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew and dance,

With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;

And I will undertake all these to teach.

I doubt not but this populous city will

Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again, And prostitute me to the basest groom

That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: If I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But, amongst honest women?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent; therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances Into an honest house, our story says.

She sings like one immortal, and she dances

As goddess-like to her admired lays:

Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her needl composes

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch or berry;

That even her art sisters the natural roses;

Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:

That pupils lacks the none of noble race,

Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain

She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;

And to her father turn our thoughts again,

Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;

Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived

Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast

Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived

God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,

His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expanse;

And to him in his barge with fervour hies.

In your supposing once more put your sight;

Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:

Where, what is done in action, more, if might,

Shall be discovered; please you sit, and hark.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.—On board Pericles' Ship, off Mitylene. A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it: Pericles within it, reclining on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge: to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. *(To the sailor of Mitylene.)*

O, here he is,—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene;

And in it is Lysimachus the governor,

Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, *[you,*
There is some of worth would come aboard: I pray
To greet them fairly.

(The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.)

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am.

And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,

Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,

I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, sir, what is your place?

Lys. I am governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;

A man, who for this three months hath not spoken

To any one, nor taken sustenance,

But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;

But the main grief of all springs from the loss

Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?

Hel. You may indeed, sir,

But bootless is your sight ; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, sir: (*Pericles discovered.*) this
was a goodly person,
Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this. [Hail,

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1 Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst
Would win some words of him. [wager,

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:

She, all as happy as of all the fairest,
Is, with her fellow maidens, now within
The leafy shelter, that abuts against
The island's side.

(*He whispers one of the attendant Lords.*)

[*Exit Lord in the barge of Lysimachus.*]

Hel. Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But since your kind-
ness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you far-
That for our gold we may provision have, [ther,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just gods.
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it;—

But see, I am prevented,

*Enter, from the barge, Lord, MARINA, and a
Young Lady.*

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!—
Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel. A gallant lady.

Lys. She's such, that were I well assured she
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish [came
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.—
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous-artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous.

(*Marina sings.*)

Lys. Mark'd he your music?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear:—

Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gazed on, comet-like: she speaks,
My lord, that, maybe, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:

But time hath rooted out my parentage.
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.*

(*Aside.*)

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parent-
You would not do me violence. [age,

Per. I do think so.

I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
You are like something that—What country-woman?
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores:

Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear. [ing

Per. I am great with wo, and shall deliver weep.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square
brows;

Her statue to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voiced: her eyes as jewel-like,
And cased as richly: in pace another Juno.

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them
hungry, [live?

The more she give them speech.—Where do you
Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?

And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

Mar. Should I tell my history,

Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee speak;

Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible: for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceived thee,) that thou
From good descending? [camest

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou had'st been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal
If both were open'd. [mine,

Mar. Some such thing, indeed,
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;

If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffered like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on king's graves, and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind
virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name, sir, is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I'll cease.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient;

Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name Marina,
Was given me by one that had some power;
My father, and a king.

Per. How! a king's daughter?

And call'd Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me

But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?

Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?

No motion?—Well, speak on. Where were you
And wherefore call'd Marina? [born?

Mar. Call'd Marina,

For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea! thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;

Who died the very minute I was born,

As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft

Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!

This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep

Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be.

My daughter's buried. (*Aside.*) Well:—where were
you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,

And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce believe me; 'twere best I did

Per. I will believe you by the syllable [give o'er.

Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—

How came you in these parts? where were you
bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife, [me;

Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd

A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,

A crew of pirates came and rescued me;

Brought me to Mitylene. But now, good sir,

Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?

It may be,

You think me an impostor: no, good faith;

I am the daughter to king Pericles,

If good king Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my gracious lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,

Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,

What this maid is, or what is like to be,

That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but

Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,

Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell

Her parentage; being demanded that,

She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir:

Give me a gash, put me to present pain;

Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,

O'erbear the shores of my mortality,

And drown me with their sweetness.—O come hither,

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget:

Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,

And found at sea again!—O Helicanus,

Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud

As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.—

What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,

For truth can never be confirm'd enough,

Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,

What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now

(As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect)

My drown'd queen's name? thou art the heir of

And another life to Pericles thy father. [kingdoms,

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than

To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?

Thaisa was my mother, who did end,

The minute I began.

[child.

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art my

Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus,

(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,

By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;

When thou shalt kneel and justify in knowledge,

She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,

Who, hearing of your melancholy state,

Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, sir.

Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.

O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what music?

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him

O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt.

How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?

The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds!

Do ye not hear?

Lys. Music? my lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly music;

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber

Hangs on mine eye-lids; let me rest. (*He sleeps.*)

Lys. A pillow for his head;

(*The curtain before the Pavilion of Pericles is closed.*)

So leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,

If this but answer to my just belief,

I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and attend-
ant Lady.*

SCENE II.—The same.

PERICLES on the deck asleep; DIANA appearing to
him as in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee

And do upon mine altar sacrifice. [thither,

There, when my maiden priests are met together,

Before the people all,

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,

And give them repetition to the life.

Perform my bidding or thou livest in wo:

Do't and be happy, by my silver bow

Awake, and tell thy dream. (*Diana disappears.*)

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,

I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and
MARINA.

Hel. Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike

The inhospitable Cleon; but I am

For other service first: toward Ephesus

Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—

(*To Helicanus.*)

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,

And give you gold for such provision

As our intents will need? [come ashore,

Lys. With all my heart, sir; and when you

I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,

Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems

You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, before the temple of Diana at
Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;

More a little, and then done.

This, as my last boon, give me,

(For such kindness must relieve me.)

That you aptly will suppose
 What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
 What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
 The regent made in Mitylin,
 To greet the king. So he has thrived,
 That he is promised to be wived,
 To fair Marina: but in no wise,
 Till he hath done his sacrifice,
 As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
 The interim, pray you, all confound.
 In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
 And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
 At Ephesus, the temple see,
 Our king, and all his company.
 That he can hither come so soon,
 Is by your fancy's thankful boon. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The Temple of Diana at Ephesus:*
 THAISA standing near the Altar, as High-Priest-
 ess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON
 and other inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS,
 HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! To perform thy just command,
 I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
 Who, frighted from my country, did wed
 The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.
 At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
 A maid child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
 Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
 Was nursed with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
 He sought to murder: but her better stars
 Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
 Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
 Where by her own most clear remembrance, she
 Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!

You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— (She faints.)

Per. What means the woman? she dies! help,

Cer. Noble sir, [gentlemen!]

If you have told Diana's altar true,
 This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
 I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.
 Early, one blust'ring morn, this lady was
 Thrown on this shore. I oped the coffin, and
 Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed
 Here in Diana's temple. [her]

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my
 Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is [house
 Recover'd.]

Thai. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
 Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
 But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
 Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
 Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
 A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa?

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
 And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.—

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
 The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

(Shows a ring.)

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present
 kindness

Makes my past miseries sport: You shall do well,
 That on the touching of her lips I may

Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried
 A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

(Kneels to Thaisa.)

Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh,
 Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
 For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from
 I left behind an ancient substitute. [Tyre,

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have named him oft.

Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa: this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;
 How possibly preserved; and whom to thank,
 Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
 Through whom the gods have shewn their power;
 From first to last resolve you. [that can]

Per. Reverend sir,

The gods can have no mortal officer
 More like a god than you. Will you deliver
 How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.

Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
 Where shall be shewn you all was found with her;
 How she came placed here within the temple;
 No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana!

I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer

My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,

This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
 Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
 This ornament that makes me look so dismal,
 Will I, my loved Marina, clip to form;

And what these fourteen years no razor touch'd,
 To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,
 Sir, that my father's dead. [queen,

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my
 We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
 Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
 Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
 Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
 To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way. [Exeunt.]

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antioch, and his daughter, you have
 heard

Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
 In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
 (Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen)
 Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
 Led on by Heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
 In Helicanus may you well descry
 A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
 In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
 The worth that learned charity aye wears.
 For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
 Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name
 Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
 That him and his they in his palace burn.
 The gods for murder seemed so content
 To punish them: although not done, but meant.
 So on your patience evermore attending,
 New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

[Exit Gower]

TITUS ANDRONICUS.



Tamora.—"MY LOVELY AARON, WHEREFORE LOOK'ST THOU SAD?"—Act ii., scene 3

Persons Represented.

SATURNINUS, Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared Emperor himself.

BASSIANUS, Brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman, General against the Goths.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, Tribune of the People; and Brother to Titus.

LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MARTIUS,
MUTIUS,
Sons to Titus Andronicus.

Young LUCIUS, a Boy, Son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, Son to Marcus the Tribune.

EMILIUS, a noble Roman.

ALARBUS,
CHIRON,
DEMETRIUS,
Sons to Tamora.

AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.

A Captain, Tribune, Messenger and
Romans.

Goths and Romans.

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

LAVINIA, Daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse, and a black child.

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribune, Officers, Soldiers,
and Attendants.

SCENE,—Rome; and the Country near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Rome. Before the Capitol.*

The tomb of the Andronici appearing; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS, and his Followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS, and his Followers, on the other; with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords;
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome;
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bass. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of
my right,—

If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol,
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with
the crown*

Mar. Princes,—that strive by factions, and by
friends,

Ambitiously for rule and empery,—
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have, by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome;
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yoked a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride; Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;
And now, at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—By honour of his name,
Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol, and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my
thoughts.

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons,
And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my
right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all,

And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and my cause.

[Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

*[Sat. and Bas. go into the Capitol, and exeunt
with Senators, Marcus, &c]*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter a Captain, and others.

Cap. Romans, make way: The good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Flourish of trumpets, &c. Enter MUTIUS and
MARTIUS: after them, two men bearing a coffin
covered with black; then QUINTUS and LUCIUS.
After them, TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then
TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHIRON, DEME-
TRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners;
Soldiers and People, following. The bearers set down
the coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning
weeds!

Lo, as the bark, that hath discharged her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my
sword,

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?—
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

(The tomb is opened.)

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeased,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tim. I give him you; the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren;—Gracious con-
queror,

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son;
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs, and return,

Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for king and common-weal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain,
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:

To this your son is mark'd; and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consumed.

*[Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and
Mutius, with Alarbus.]*

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest; and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolved; but hope withal,
The self same gods that arm'd the queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and
MUTIUS, with their swords bloody.*

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rights: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

(Trumpets sounded, and the coffins laid in the tomb.)
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:

Enter LAVINIA.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!—
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS,
BASSIANUS, and others.*

Mar. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful
wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.

Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
Be *candidatus*, then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:
What! should I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chosen with proclamations to-day;
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully;
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Mar. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou
tell?—

Tit. Patience, prince Saturnine.

Sat. Romans, do me right;—

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:—
Andronicus, 'would thou were shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from them-
selves.

Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do, till I die;
My faction, if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal:
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor!*

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor;
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine!*

(A long flourish.)

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my emperess,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart.

And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners:
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor:
(*To Tamora.*)

To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of
cheer,

Thou comest not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes; Madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—
Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go;
Ransomeless here, we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

Bass. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.
(*Seizing Lavinia.*)

Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?

Bass. Ay, noble Titus; and resolved withal,
To do myself this reason and this right.

(*The Emperor courts Tamora in dumb show.*)

Mar. *Sum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's
guard?

Treason, my lord: Lavinia is surprised.

Sat. Surprised! by whom?

Bass. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

(*Exeunt Marcus and Bassianus, with Lavinia.*)

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

(*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*)

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy!

Barr'st me my way in Rome? (*Titus kills Mutius.*)

Mut. Help, Lucius, help!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me;
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife.

That is another's lawful promised love. (*Exit.*)

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,

Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale of,
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st I begg'd the empire at thy hand.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are
these? [*piece*]

Sat. But go thy ways: go, give that changing
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of
Goths,—

That, like the stately Phoebe 'mongst her nymphs
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,—

If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee emperess of Rome.

Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman Gods,—

Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymeneus stands,—

I will not resalute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espoused my bride along with me.

Tam. And here in sight of Heaven, to Rome I
swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon:—Lords, ac-
company

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquer'd:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

(*Exeunt Saturninus and his Followers; Tamora
and her sons; Aaron and Goths.*)

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride:—
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

*Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and
MARTIUS.*

Mar. O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family:
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:

Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:—
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin & Mar. And shall, or him we will accom-
pany.

Tit. And shall? What villain was it spoke that
word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Mar. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,

And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

(Marcus and the sons of Titus kneel.)

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter

His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,

'That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

'Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.

The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax

That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son

Did graciously plead for his funerals.

Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,

Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:—

The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,

To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—

Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

(Mutius is put into the tomb.)

Luc. There lie thy bones sweet Mutius, with thy friends,

Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!—

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;

He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,

How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths

Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;

Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:

Is she not then beholden to the man

That brought her for this high good turn so far?

Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter at one side, SATURNINUS, attended; TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and AARON: At the other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and others.

Sat. So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?

But let the laws of Rome determine all:

Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir: You are very short with us;
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only this much I give your grace to know.—

By all the duties which I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,

Is in opinion, and in honour wrong'd;

That, in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you, and highly moved to wrath

To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:

Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;

That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,

A father and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds;

'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me:

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,

How I have loved and honour'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;

And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly.

And basely put it up without revenge? *[Send,*

Tam. Not so, my lord: The gods of Rome fore-

I should be author to dishonour you!

But, on mine honour, dare I undertake

For good lord Titus' innocence in all,

Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs:

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;

Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,

Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—

My lord, be ruled by me, be won at last,

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:

You are but newly planted in your throne;

Lest then the people, and patricians too,

Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,

And so supplant us for ingratitude,

(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)

Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:

I'll find a day to massacre them all,

And raze their faction, and their family,

The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,

To whom I sued for my dear son's life;

And make them know what 'tis to let a

queen *[vain.—*

Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in

Come, come, sweet emperor,—come Andronicus,—

Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart

That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:

These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,

A Roman now adopted happily,

And must advise the emperor for his good.

This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—

And let it be mine honour, good my lord,

That I have reconciled your friends and you.—

For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd

My word and promise to the emperor.

That you will be more mild and tractable.—

And fear not, lords,—and you Lavinia;—

By my advice, all humbled on your knees,

You shall ask pardon of his majesty. *[ness,*

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his high-

That, what we did, was mildly as we might,

Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

Mar. That, on mine honour, here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;

I will not be denied. Sweet heart look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,

I do remit these young men's heinous faults.

Stand up,

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,

I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,

I would not part a bachelor from the priest.

Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,

You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:

This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,

To hunt the panther, and the hart with me,

With horn and hound, we'll give your grace bon-

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. *[jour.*

[Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before the Palace.**Enter AARON.*

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash;
Advanced above pale envy's threat'ning reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So, Tamora.—

Upon her wit doth early honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made emperess.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis! this nymph,
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.
Holla! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,

And manners to intrude where I am graced;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;
And so in this to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two,
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? *(They draw.)*

Aar. Why, how now, lords?

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns,
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I; till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breathed in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepared and full resolved,—
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing darest perform.

Aar. Away, I say.—

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—

Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jut upon a prince's right?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware!—an should the empress know

This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are you mad? or know ye not, in Rome

How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I propose,
To achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her!—How?

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of: and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. *(Aside.)*

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch
or so

Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;
Then should not we be tired with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,
To square for this? Would it offend you them
That both should speed?

Chi. 'Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me,
So I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends; and join for that
you jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve:
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy;
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit,
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;

And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your
turns;

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Forest near Rome. A Lodge seen at a distance. Horns, and cry of hounds heard.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters, &c.
MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince; and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.

Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.

Horns wind a peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and Attendants.

Tit. Many good-morrows to your majesty;—
Madam, to you as many and as good,
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then; horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport:—Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting. (To Tamora.)

Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallow o'er the plain.

Dem. (Aside.) Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse
nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*A desert part of the Forest.*

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He that had wit, would think that I had
none,

To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.

Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;
Which, cunningly effected, will beget

A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

(Hides the gold.)

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou
sad,

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?

The birds chaunt melody on every bush;

The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;

The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,

And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, Aaron let us sit,
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
And—after conflict, such as was supposed
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surprised,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber:
Whilst hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious
birds,

Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:

What signifies my deadly standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—

This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to day,
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.

Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll:—
Now question me no more, we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great empress, Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatso'er they be. [Exit.]

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bas. Whom have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,

Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest.

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-coloured love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:

Good king! to be so mightily abused!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother,

Why does your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have 'ticed me hither to this place,

A barren detested vale, you see, it is:

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.

Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.

And, when they showed me this abhorred pit,

They told me here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,

As any mortal body, hearing it,

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But straight they told me, they would bind me
here

Unto the body of a dismal yew;

And leave me to this miserable death:

And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,

Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

That ever ear did hear to such effect.

And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed.

Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,

Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

(Stabs Bassianus.)

Chi. And this for me, struck home to shew my
strength.

(Stabbing him likewise.)

Lav. Ay come, Semiramis, — nay, barbarous
Tamora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my
boys,

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's
wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her;
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:

This minion stood upon her chastity,

Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,

And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,

And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
Let not this wasp out-live, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam; we will make that
sure.

Come mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face, —

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.

Lav. Sweet lord, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain. [*dem?*]

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee:

The milk thou suck'dst from her, did turn to mar-
ble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny. —

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;

Do thou entreat her shew a woman pity.

(To Chiron.)

Chi. What! wouldst thou have me prove myself
a bastard?

Lav. 'Tis true; The raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard, (O could I find it now!)

The lion, moved with pity, did endure

To have his princely paws pared all away.

Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:

O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Lav. O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain
thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,

Even for his sake am I pitiless: —

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,

To save your brother from the sacrifice;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent:

Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;

The worse to her, the better loved of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,

And with thine own hands kill me in this place:

For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;

Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let
me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing
more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:

O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,

And tumble me into some loathsome pit;

Where never man's eye may behold my body:

Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away, for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly
creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!

Confusion fall —

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth: — Bring thou
her husband; *(Dragging off Lavinia.)*

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[Exeunt.]

Tam. Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her
sure:

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,

Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,

And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. — *The same.*

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords; the better foot before
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,

Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; were't not for
shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

(Martius falls into the pit.)

Quin. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole
is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,

As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?

A very fatal place it seems to me:—

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O brother, with the dismallest object hurt
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. (*Aside.*) Now will I fetch the king to find
them here;

That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit.*]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear:

A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;

My heart suspects more than mine eyes can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. Aaron is gone: and my compassionate
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold [heart

The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:

O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now

Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,

All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,

In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shews the ragged entrails of this pit:

So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,

When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.

O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—

If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—

Out of this fell devouring receptacle,

As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth. [out;

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,

I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb

Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.

I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below:

Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee.

[*Falls in.*]

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,

And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.—

Say, who art thou, that lately did'st descend

Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;

Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,

To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou dost but
jest:

He and his lady both are at the lodge,

Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;

'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,

But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS
ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.*

Tam. Where is my lord the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though grieved with killing
grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my
wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,

[*Giving a letter.*]

The complot of this timeless tragedy;

And wonder greatly that man's face can fold

In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. (*Reads.*) *An if we miss to meet him hand-
somerly,—*

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—

Do this so much as dig the grave for him;

Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward

Among the nettles at the elder-tree,

Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,

Which we decreed to bury Bassianus.

Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.

O Tamora! was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,

That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[*Shewing it.*]

Sat. Two of thy whelps, (*to Tit.*) fell curs of
bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life:—

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;

There let them bide, until we have devised

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous
thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee

I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

That this fell thought of my accursed sons,

Accursed if the fault be proved in them,—

Sat. If it be proved! you see, it is apparent.—

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:

For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,

They shall be ready at your highness' will,

To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them; see, thou follow
me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the mur-
derers:

Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;

For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,

That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king;

Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with
them. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE V.—The same.

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVI-
NIA, ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue
cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning
so;

And if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can
scowl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy
hands.

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to
wash.

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the
cord. [Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.]

Enter MARCUS.

Mar. Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast?

Cousin, a word; where is your husband?—

If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches? those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep
in;

And might not gain so great a happiness,
As half thy love? Why dost not speak to me?

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,

Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,

Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee;

And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.

Ah! now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—

As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—

Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,

Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?

O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,

That I might rail at him to ease my mind!

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,

Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,

And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;

A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

That better could have sew'd than Philomel.

O, had the monster seen those lily hands

Tremble, like aspen leaves upon a lute,

And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,

He would not then have touch'd them for his life;

Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,

Which that sweet tongue hath made,

He would have dropp'd his knife and fell asleep,

As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.

Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;

For such a sight will blind a father's eye:

One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;

What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?

Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:

O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of execution; TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought!
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

For these, these tribunes, in the dust I write

(*Throwing himself on the ground.*)

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears,

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;

My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

(*Exeunt Sen. Trib. &c. with the prisoners.*)

O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,

That shall distil from these two ancient urns,

Than youthful April shall with all his showers;

In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee still;

In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,

And keep eternal spring-time on thy face.

So thou refuse to drink my dear son's blood

Enter LUCIUS, with sword drawn.

O reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!

Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;

And let me say that never wept before,

My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain;

The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,

And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:

Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,

They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,

All bootless to them, they'd not pity me.

Therefore, I tell my sorrows to the stones;

Who, though they cannot answer my distress.

Yet, in some sort, they're better than the tribunes,

For that they will not intercept my tale:

When I do weep, they humbly at my feet

Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;

And, were they but attired in grave weeds,

Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:

A stone is silent, and offendeth not;

And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:

For which attempt, the judges have pronounced

My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.

Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,

That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?

Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,

But me and mine! How happy art thou then,

From these devourers to be banished?

But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;

Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:

I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me!

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her:—

Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand

Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?

What fool hath added water to the sea?

Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?

My grief was at the height before thou camest,

And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.—

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;

For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;

And they have nursed this wo, in feeding life;

In bootless prayer have they been held up,

And they have served me to effectless use:

Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. That delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,
That hath received some unrecurrent wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone:
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes;
But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have maddened me; what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?

Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:—
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd
her husband:

Perchance, because, she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some signs how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd; like meadows, yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?

What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of farther misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come. [grief,

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your
See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece:—Good Titus, dry thine
eyes,

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say

That to her brother which I said to thee;
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks
O, what a sympathy of woe is this?
As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—That if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor
My hand:
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father: for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended
Rome,

And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemies' castles?
O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death:
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By Heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs as
these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I should be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And, for our father's sake, and mother's
care,

Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Mar. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them both;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so;—
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass.

[*Aside. He cuts off Titus' hand.*]

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be, is
despatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers: bid him bury it;
More hath he merited, that let it have.

As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchased at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:—
Their heads, I mean.—O how this villainy [*Aside.*]
Doth fat me with the very thought of it!

Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*]

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call.—What, wilt thou kneel with me?

(To Lavinia.)

Do then, dear heart; for Heaven shall hear our
prayers;

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. O brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passion bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When Heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'er-
flow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why? my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.

Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That wo is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[Exit.]

Mar. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a
wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

(Lavinia kisses him.)

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now farewell flattery: Die, Andronicus!
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two son's heads;
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless: and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand—
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes!
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this
hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon mine wat'ry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave?

For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear:
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy
teeth.

As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[Exeunt Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
The woful'st man that ever lived in Rome!
Farewell, proud Rome! till Lucius come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturninus and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Room in Titus's House. A Banquet
set out.

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young
LUCIUS, a boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathed knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of wo, that thus dost talk in signs!

(To Lavinia.)

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fy, brother, fy! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,—
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
Lest we remember still, that we have none.—
Fy, fy, how frantically I square my talk!
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—

Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says,—
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs,—
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her
cheeks:—

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep
laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of
tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

(Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.)

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my lord,—a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my
heart;

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:

A deed of death, done on the innocent,

Becomes not Titus' brother: Get thee gone;

I see, thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and a
mother?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,

And buzz lamenting doings in the air?

Poor harmless fly!

That with his pretty buzzing melody,

Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd
him.

Mar. Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd
fly,

Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O!

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,

For thou hast done a charitable deed.

Give me thy knife, I will insuit on him;

Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,

Come hither purposely to poison me.—

That's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—

Ah, sirrah!—

Yet I do think we are not brought so low,

But that, between us, we can kill a fly,

That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Mar. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on
him,

He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia go with me:

I'll to thy closet, and go read with thee

Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—

Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,

And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before Titus's House.*

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young
LUCIUS, LAVINIA running after him.*

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear ~~thine~~
aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these
signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she
mean:

See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.

Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,

Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee
thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:

For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,

Extremity of griefs would make men mad;

And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy

Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to fear;

Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:

Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,

Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt:

And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,

I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

*(Lavinia turns over the books which Lucius
has let fall.)*

Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means
this?

Some book there is that she desires to see:—

Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—

But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;

Come, and take choice of all my library,

And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens

Reveal the damned contriver of this deed.—

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more
than one

Confederate in the fact;—Ay, more there was:—

Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's *Metamorphosis*;

My mother gave 't me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,

Perhaps she oul'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see, how busily she turns the leaves,
Help her:—

What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?

This is the tragic tale of Philomel,

And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape;

And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see; note, how she ~~quakes~~
the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl,
Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,

Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?—

See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,

(O, had we never, never hunted there!)

Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,

By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,

Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none
but friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:

Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,

That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece;—brother, sit down by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—
My lord, look here;—Look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me, when I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.

(He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.)

Cursed be that heart, that forced us to this shift!—
Write thou, good niece; and here display, at last,
What god will have discover'd for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

(She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.)

Tit. O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.

Mar. What, what!—the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous bloody deed?

Tit. *Magne Dominator poli,*
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Mar. O, calm thee, gentle lord! although I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me,—as with the woful fere,
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and, if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, she will do what she list.
You're a young huntsman, Marcus; let it alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And, with a gad of steel, will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bond-men to the yoke of Rome.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me, into mine armoury;
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grand-sire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.

Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house;
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and Boy.]

Mar. O Heavens, can you hear a good man groan,

And not relent, or not compassion him?—
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,

Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield:
But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus! *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one door; at another door, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver to us.

Aar. Ay, some message from his mad grand-father.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus;—
And pray the Roman gods confound you both!

(Aside.)

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: What's the news?

Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,

For villains mark'd with rape. *(Aside.)* May it please you,

My grandsire, well-advised, hath sent by me

The goodliest weapons of his armoury,

To gratify your honourable youth,

The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say,

And so I do, and with his gifts present

Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,

You may be armed and appointed well:

And so I leave you both, *(Aside.)* like bloody villains. *[Exeunt Boy and Attendant.]*

Dem. What's here? a scroll; and written round about?

Let's see:

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,

Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace;—right, you have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!

Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found their guilt;

And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines, *[quick,]* *Aside.*

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the

But were our witty empress well a-foot,

She would applaud Andronicus's conceit.

But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star

Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,

Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate,

To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?

Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go! and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us o'er. *(Aside. Flourish.)*

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft; who comes here?

Enter a Nurse, with a black-a-moor child in her arms.

Nur. Good-morrow, lords:

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or wo betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's
eye,

Our empress's shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she is brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God

Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam, a joyful
issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue;
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a hue?—
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. Done! that which thou
Canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Wo to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man, but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.

(Takes the child from the Nurse, and draws.)

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,

That touches this my first-born son and heir!

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what, ye sanguine shallow-hearted boy!

Ye white-limed walls! ye alehouse painted signs!

Coal-black, is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue:

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn a swail's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;

The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

This before all the world do I prefer;

This, maugre all the world will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her
death.

Chi. I blush to think of this ignominy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty
bears;

Fy, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart!

Here's a young lad framed of another leer:

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father.

As who would say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*

He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;

And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were

He is enfranchised and come to light:

Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,

And we will all subscribe to thy advice;

Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you:

Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

(They sit on the ground.)

Dem. How many women saw this child of his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords: When we all join in
league,

I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,

The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,

The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—

But, say again, how many saw the child?

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,

And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself,

Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:

Go to the empress; tell her, this I said:—

(Stabbing her.)

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig prepared to the spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore
didst thou this?

Aar. O lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:

Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?

A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords, no.

And now be it known to you my full intent,

Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,

His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;

His child is like to her, fair as you are:

Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,

And tell them both the circumstance of all;

And how by this their child shall be advanced,

And be received for the emperor's heir,

And substituted in the place of mine,

To calm this tempest whirling in the court;

And let the emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark ye, lords: ye see that I have given her physic,

(Pointing to the Nurse.)

And you must needs bestow her funeral;

The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:

This done, see that you take no longer days,

But send the midwife presently to me.

The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,

Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[Exeunt Dem. and Chi. bearing off the Nurse.]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,

And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—

Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence:

For it is you that puts us to our shifts:

I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp.

SCENE III.—*The same. A public Place.*

Enter TITUS, bearing arrows, with letters at the ends of them; with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS, and other gentlemen, with bows.

Tit. Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is the way:—

Sir boy, now let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight;
Terras Astræa reliquit:

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets.
Happily you may find her in the sea;
Yet there's as little justice as at land:—

No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth;
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—

Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night to attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters?
What have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you
word,

If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce, you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong, to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-boned men, framed of the Cyclops' size:
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can
bear:

And, sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven; and move the gods,
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come, to this gear. You are an archer, Marcus.

(He gives them the arrows.)

Ad Jovem, that's for you:—Here, *ad Apollinem*:

Ad Martem, that's for myself:—

Here, boy, to Pallas:—Here, to Mercury:

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,—

You were as good to shoot against the wind.—

To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid:

O' my word, I have written to effect:

There's not a god left unsolicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the
court:

We will afflict the Emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. *(They shoot.)* O, well
said, Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius
shot,

The bull being gall'd gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court,
And who should find them but the empress'
villain?

She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not
choose

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship
joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons.
News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is
come.—

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he
hath taken them down again, for the man must
not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank
with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art thou not the carrier?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there:
God forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven
in my young days. Why, I am going with my
pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter
of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the imperial's
men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve
for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons
to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the
emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all
my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands,
Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy
charges.

Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And
when you come to him, at the first approach, you
must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up
your pigeons; and then look for your reward: I'll
be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah hast thou a knife? Come, let me see
it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let's go:—Publius, follow me.

(Exit.)

SCENE VI.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords, and others. Saturninus, with the arrows in his hand, that Titus shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and for the extent
Of legal justice, used in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who should say, in Rome no justice were.
But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In Saturninus' health: whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus's age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierced him deep, and scarr'd his heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts.—Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all: *(Aside.)*
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then all is safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow? wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress, I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he.—God, and saint Stephen, give you good den: I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons here. *(Saturninus reads the letter.)*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. *(Exit, guarded.)*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds;
May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege.—
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilus?

Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me: and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms,

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often overheard them say,
(When I have walked like a private man,)
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby;
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus,
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—
Go thou before, be our ambassador: *(To Æmil.)*
Say, that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

Sat. Æmilus, do this message honourably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. *[Exit Æmilus.]*

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Plains near Rome.*

Enter LUCIUS and Goths, with drum and colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

1 Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,

Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,—
Like singing bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flowered fields,—
And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his child in his arms.

2 Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:

Peace, tawny slave: half me, and half thy dam!

Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,

Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,

Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:

But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,

They never do beget a coal-black calf.

Peace, villain, peace!—even thus he rates the babe,—

For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;

Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,

Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.

With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,

Surprised him suddenly; and brought him hither,

To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy Goth: this is the incarnate devil,

That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:

This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye;

And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.—

Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?

Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No; not a word?

A halter, soldiers: hang him on this tree,

And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—

First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;

A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

Get me a ladder.

(A ladder brought, which Aaron is obliged to ascend.)

Aar. Lucius, save the child;

And bear it from me to the empress.

If thou do this, I'll shew thee wondrous things,

That highly may advantage thee to hear:

If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,

I'll speak no more; but vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; and, if it please me which thou speak'st,

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee,
Lucius,

'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak:

For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,

Acts of black night, abominable deeds,

Complots of mischief, treason; villainies

Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:

And this shall all be buried by my death,

Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believest no god;

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not:

Yet,—for I know thou art religious,

And hast a thing within thee, called conscience;

With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,

Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—

Therefore I urge thy oath: For that, I know,

An idiot holds his bauble for a god,

And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears;

To that I'll urge him:—Therefore, thou shalt vow

By that same god, what god soe'er it be,

That thou adorest and hast in reverence,—

To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up,

Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, Lucius! this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus:

They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,

And cut her hands; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd, and 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them;

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,

As sure a card as ever won the set;

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,

As true a dog as ever fought at head.—

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,

Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:

I wrote the letter that thy father found,

And hid the gold within the letter mention'd;

Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;

And when I had it, drew myself apart,

And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,

When, for his hand, he had his two son's heads;

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,

That both mine eyes were rainy like to his;

And when I told the empress of this sport,

She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,

And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,

Few come within the compass of my curse,)
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:

As kill a man, or else devise his death;

Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;

Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;

Set deadly enmity between two friends;

Make poor men's cattle break their necks;

Set fire on barns and hay stacks in the night,

And bid the owners quench them with their tears.

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,

And set them upright at their dear friends' doors.

Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire;
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no
more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.—

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1 Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March away. *[Exeunt]*

SCENE II.—Rome, Before Titus's House.

Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS,
disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus;
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs,
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. *(They knock.)*

Enter TITUS, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door;
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceived: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: How can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou wouldst talk
with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death:

There's not a hollow cave, nor lurking-place,
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome
me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee
Lo, by the side where Rape and Murder stands;
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels;
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide the proper palfries, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And, when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long;
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore call'd so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons they
are!

And you the empress! But we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee:
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

(Exit Titus, from above.)

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge, to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches.
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;—
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too:—
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor;—
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andron-
icus?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain, that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenged on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand, that have done thee
wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of
Rome;
And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,

Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap,
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.—
Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;
I pray thee, do on them some violent death,
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house:
When he is here even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes:
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother!—'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths;
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house: and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love: and so let him.
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again.

[Exit.]

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take thy ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. *(To her Sons.)* What say you, boys? will
you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair.

(Aside.)

And tarry with him, till I come again.

Tit. I know them all though they suppose me
mad;

And will o'er-reach them in their own devices;
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam,

(Aside.)

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

[Exit.]

Tit. I know, thou dost; and, sweet Revenge,
farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—

Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, and others.

Pub. What's your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons,
I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fy, Publius, fy! thou art too much de-
ceived;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;

Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it; therefore bind them sure,

And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[Exit Titus.—Publius, &c. lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.]

Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are com-
manded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word:
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA;
she bearing a basin, and he a knife.*

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are
bound.—

Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with
mud;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.

You kill'd her husband; and, for that vile fault,

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death:

My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more
dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,

Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forced.

What would you say, if I should let you speak?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;

Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold

The basin, that receives your guilty blood.

You know your mother means to feast with me,

And calls herself, Revenge, and thinks me mad.—

Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,

And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste;

And of the paste a coffin I will rear,

And make two pasties of your shameful heads;

And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,

Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.

This is the feast that I have bid her to,

And this the banquet that she shall surfeit on;

For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,

And worse than Progne I will be revenged:

And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,

(He cuts their throats.)

Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,

Let me go grind their bones to powder small,

And with this hateful liquor temper it;

And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.

Come, come, be every one officious

To make this banquet; which I wish may prove

More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.

So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,

And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Pavilion, with tables, &c.*

*Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with
AARON, prisoner.*

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 Goth. And ours, with thine, befall what fortune
will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;

Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,

Till he be brought unto the empress' face,

For testimony of her foul proceedings:

And see the ambush of her friends be strong:

I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,

And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. Flourish.]

The trumpets shew the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with
Tribunes, Senators, and others.*

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than
one?

Luc. What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

Mar. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the
parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your
places.

Sat. Marcus, we will.

(Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at table.)

*Enter TITUS, dressed like a Cook. LAVINIA veiled,
young LUCIUS, and others. Titus places the dishes
on the table.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread
queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;

And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,

'Twill fill your stomachs; please you, eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,

To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you
were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this:

Was it well done of rash Virginius,

To slay his daughter with his own right hand,

Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflowr'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her
shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;

A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant

For me, most wretched, to perform the like:—

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

(He kills Lavinia.)

And with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural, and un-
kind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me
blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was;

And have a thousand times more cause than he

To do this outrage:—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the
deed.

Tit. Will't please you eat? will't please your
highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter
thus?

Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,

And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

(Killing Tamora.)

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed.

(Killing Titus.)

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

*(Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. The
people in confusion disperse. Marcus,
Lucius, and their partisans, ascend the
steps before Titus' house.)*

Mar. You sad-faced men, people and sons of
Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl

Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,

O, let me teach you how to knit again

This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,

These broken limbs again into one body;

Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,

And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,

Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,

Do shameful execution on herself.

But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,

Grave witnesses of true experience,

Cannot induce you to attend my words,—

Speak, Rome's dear friend; *(to Lucius)* as erst our
ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,

To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,

The story of that baleful burning night,

When subtle Greeks surprised king Priam's Troy;

Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,

Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,

That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—

My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;

Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,

But floods of tears will drown my oratory,

And break my very utterance; even i' the time

When it should move you to attend me most,

Lending your kind commiseration:

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;

Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,

That cursed Chiron and Demetrius

Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;

And they it were that ravished our sister:

For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;

Our father's tears despised; and basely cozen'd

Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,

And sent her enemies unto the grave.

Lastly, myself unkindly banished,

The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,

To beg relief among Rome's enemies;

Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,

And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend;

And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,

That have preserved her welfare in my blood;

And from her bosom took the enemy's point,

Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.

Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;

My scars can witness, dumb although they are,

That my report is just, and full of truth.

But, soft; methinks, I do digress too much,

Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;

For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my turn to speak: Behold this child,

(Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.)

Of this was Tamora deliver'd;

The issue of an irreligious Moor,

Chief architect and plotter of these woes;

The villain is alive in Titus' house,

Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you
Romans?

Have we done aught amiss? Shew us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak: and, if you say, we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Emil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

Rom. (*Several speak.*) Lucius, all hail; Rome's
royal emperor! (*Lucius, &c. descend.*)

Mar. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;
(*To an Attendant.*)

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudged some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Rom. (*Several speak.*) Lucius, all hail; Rome's
gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her wo!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task;—
Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:—
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

(*Kisses Titus.*)

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn
of us
To melt in showers: Thy grandsire loved thee
well:

Many a time he danced thee on his knee,

Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy:
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and wo:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my
heart

Would I were dead, so you did live again!—
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants, with AARON.

1 Rom. You sad Andronici, have done with woes,
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish
him;

There let him stand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury
dumb?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor
hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state;
That like events may ne'er it ruinata. [*Exeunt*]

JULIUS CÆSAR.



Brutus.—"HOW ILL THIS TAPER BURNS.—HA! WHO COMES HERE?"—*Act iv, scene 3.*

Persons Represented.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,

} *Triumvirs after the death of
Julius Cæsar.*

CICERO,

PUBLIUS,

POPILIUS LENA,

MARCUS BRUTUS,

CASSIUS,

CASCA,

TREBONIUS,

LIGARIUS,

DECIUS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMBER,

CINNA,

} *Senators.*

} *Conspirators against Julius
Cæsar.*

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *Tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, *a Poet.*

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *Young Cato and Vo-*
lumnus, Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DAN-

DANIUS, *Servants to Brutus.*

PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius.*

CALPURNIA, *Wife to Cæsar*

PORTIA, *Wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE.—*During a great part of the Play at Rome; afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.*

ACT I

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a Rabble of Citizens.

Flav. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home!

Is this a holiday? What! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk, Upon a labouring day, without the sign Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir, what trade are you?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holyday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:

And, when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now call out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone; Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

See, wher their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish, tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers, pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Public Place.*

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great Crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. (*Music ceases.*)

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their steril curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

(*Music.*)

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.
(*Music ceases.*)

Cæs. Who is it in the press, that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar: Speak: Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me, let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me, now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:—pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Bru. and Cas.*]

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:

I have not from your eyes that gentleness,

And show of love, as I was wont to have:

You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand

Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,

Be not deceived : If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours :
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved ;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one ;)
Nor construe any farther my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men. [passion ;

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Bru. No, Cassius : for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just ;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself,
For that which is not in me ?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear :
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus :
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protestor ; if you know,
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,
And after scandal them, or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

(*Flourish and shout*)

Bru. What means this shouting ? I do fear, the
Choose Cæsar for their king. [people

Cas. Ay, do you fear it ?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well :—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?
What is it that you would impart to me ?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently :
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
We both have fed as well ; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ?*—Upon the word,
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,

And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar : And this man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake :
His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the
world,

Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas ! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. (*Shout. Flourish.*)

Bru. Another general shout !
I do believe, that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world,
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar : What should be in that Cæsar ?
Why should that name be sounded more than
yours ?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. (*Shout.*)
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed !
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man ?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man ?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous :
What you would work me to, I have some aim :
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any farther moved. What you have said,
I will consider ; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear : and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this ;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time

Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much shew of fire from
Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR, and his train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. I will do so:—but, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cas. 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him
not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[Exeunt Cæsar and his Train. Casca stays behind.]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak: Would you
speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad?

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath
chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him:
and being offered him, he put it back with the back
of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a shout-
ing.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: What was the last cry
for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice,
every time gentler than other; and at every putting
by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner
of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw
Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a
crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as

I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to
my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he
offered it to him again; then he put it by again;
but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his
fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time;
he put it the third time by: and still as he refused
it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chapped
hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and
uttered such a deal of stinking breath because
Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked
Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And
for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of
opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: What? Did Cæsar
swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and
foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but,
I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people
did not clap him and hiss him, according as he
pleased, and displeased them, as they used to do
the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he per-
ceived the common herd was glad he refused the
crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered
them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of
any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a
word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:
—and so he fell. When he came to himself, again,
he said, If he had done or said anything amiss, he
desired their worships to think it was his infirmity.
Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas,*
good soul!—and forgave him with all their hearts:
But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar
had stabbed their mothers, they would have done
no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you
i' the face again: But those, that understood him,
smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but,
for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could
tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for
pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence.
Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I
could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and
your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: Farewell, both.

[Exit.]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be?
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so:—till then, think of the world.

[*Exit Brutus.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm, that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus,
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
'That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure,
For we shall shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven;
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him well by sight)

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches, join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
These are their reasons,—They are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero.

[*Exit Cicero.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbrac'd, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause,
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That Heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:

A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then,
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I;

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate

So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
Is favour'd, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in
haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you: Who's that? Metellus
Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is
this?

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.

Cin. Yes,
You are. O Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this
paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will lie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[Exit Cinna.]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of
him,

You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. Brutus's Orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to-day.—Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—

When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: What, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.

[Exit.]

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the
question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
That;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mis-
chievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir.

[Exit.]

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give me so much light, that I may read by them.
(Opens the letter and reads.)

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake,—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What!
Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated then
To speak and strike? O Rome! I make thee pro-
mise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

(Knock within.)

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.
[Exit Lucius.]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

The genius, and the mortal instruments,
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their
ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter.

[Exit Lucius.]

They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, con-
spiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou hath thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA,
METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good-morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them: and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of yourself,
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? *(They whisper.)*

Dec. Here lies the east: Doth not the day break
here?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess, that you are both de-
ceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months' hence, up higher toward the
north,

He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,

To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with
him;

For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd, but only
Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urged:—I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage.
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him:

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter,

(*Clock strikes.*)

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work:

For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave
you, Brutus:—

And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said, and shew yourselves true
Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits, and formal constancy:
And so, good-morrow to every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*]

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise
you now?

It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently,
Brutus,

Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walked about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks:
I urged you farther; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did:
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do: Good Portia, go to bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And upon my knees
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it expected, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this
secret.

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,

Render me worthy of this noble wife!

(*Knocking within.*)

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste.

[*Exit Portia.*]

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who 's that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man, that would speak with
you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble
tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,

To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods, that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

Brave son, derived from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work, that will make sick men
whole.

Lig. But are not some whole, that we must make
sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going

To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;

And with a heart new-fired, I follow you,

To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,

That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in Cæsar's
Palace.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his night-
gown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace
to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,

Help, ho! They murder Cæsar! Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CALPHURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk
forth?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth. The things, that threaten'd
me,

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanish'd.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,

Yet now they fright me. There is one within,

Besides the things that we have heard and seen,

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.

A lioness hath whelped in the streets;

And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,

In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,

Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:

The noise of battle hurtled in the air,

Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;

And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,

And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,

Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?

Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions

Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets
seen;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of
princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their
deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,

It seems to me most strange, that men should fear!

Seeing that death, a necessary end,

Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth
to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,

They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,

If he should stay at home to-day for fear.

No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,

That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.

We were two lions litter'd in one day,

And I the elder and more terrible;

And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,

Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.

Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,

That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;

And he shall say, you are not well to-day;

Let me upon my knee prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;

And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy
Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,

To bear my greeting to the senators,

And tell them, that I will not come to-day:

Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falsèr;

I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?

Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,

To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?

Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;

That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:

She dreamt to-night she saw my statue

Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,

Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.

And these does she apply for warnings, portents,

And evils imminent; and on her knee

Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted,

It was a vision, fair and fortunate:

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,

In which so many smiling Romans bathed,

Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck

Reviving blood; and that great men shall press

For tincture, stains, relics, and cognizance.

This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say;

And know it now: The senate have concluded

To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.

If you shall send them word, you will not come

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
*Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?

Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—

Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good-morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—

Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up:—

Good-morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!

I have an hour's talk in store for you;

Remember, that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be,

(Aside.)

That your best friends shall wish I had been farther.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,

And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;

If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house;

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:

Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam. *[again,*

Por. I would have had thee there and there

Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—

O constancy, be strong upon my side!

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue?

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—

Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?

Run to the capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,

For he went sickly forth: And take good note,

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:

I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,

And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:

Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand, To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me, I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None, that I know will be; much, that I fear may chance.

Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:

The throng, that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. *[Exit.]*

Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus!

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

Sure the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a suit

That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say, I am merry: come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The Capitol: the Senate sitting.*

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol, among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer.

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read, At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar: read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cæs. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well. *(Advances to Cæsar.)*

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cæs. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discover'd.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant;

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cæs. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,
Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Cæsar and the Senators take their seats.]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart:— *(Kneeling.)*

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,

Might fire the blood of ordinary men;

And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools, I mean, sweet
words,

Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished;

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,

They are all fire, and every one doth shine;

But there's but one in all doth hold his place:

So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men;

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;

Yet, in the number, I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little shew it, even in this;

That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

(Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators and at last by Marcus Brutus.)

Cæs. Et tu, Brute!—Then fall, Cæsar. *(Dies.)*
The Senators and People retire in confusion.

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cæs. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

Bru. People and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of
Cæsar's

Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing; Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cæs. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cæs. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed:

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cæs. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cæs. Stoop then, and wash,—How many ages
hence,

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust?

Cæs. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave our country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cæs. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's,
Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel:
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead,
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Through the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith, So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*]

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet I have a mind,
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made
rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purple hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Antony:

Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—

Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tribonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave
hart:

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,——

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, in-
deed,

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle;
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do; Do not consent,
(*Aside.*)

That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say, you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[Exeunt all but Antony.]

Ant. O pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Wo to the hand that sheds this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, raging for revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havoc*, and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—

O Cæsar!— *(Seeing the body.)*

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. *[Exeunt with Cæsar's body.]*

SCENE II.—*The same. The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens, Brutus goes into the Rostrum.]

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my

cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

(Several speaking at once.)

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol. his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his home with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen.

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. *[Exit.]*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men:)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransomes did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause, till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? he would not take the crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.
Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs,
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony:
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

(*He comes down from the pulpit.*)

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel;
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O, most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged; revenge; about—

seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend: and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;

Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Cit. Peace, oh! hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?

Alas! you know not:—I must tell you then:—

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true;—the will;—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience,

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tyber; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never:—Come away, away:

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

[*Enter a Servant.*]

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither I will straight to visit him:

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius

Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

[*Enter CINNA, the Poet.*]

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,

And things unluckily charge my fantasy:

I have no will to wander forth of doors,

Yet something leads me forth.

[*Enter Citizens.*]

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going?

Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a

bachelor? Then to answer every man directly,

and briefly, wisely, and truly. Wisely I say, I am

a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools

that marry:—You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear.

Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, oh!

fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all

Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some

to Ligarius': away; go. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in Antony's House.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die; Consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;

Fetch the will hither, and we will determine

How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at

The Capitol.

[*Exit Lepidus*]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man

Meet to be sent on errands. Is it fit,

The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will:
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender,
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects, arts, and imitations;
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius,
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd
out;

And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischief. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS,
and Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS
meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

(Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.)

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius:
How he received you, let me be resolved.

Luc. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:

But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But, when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. *(March within.)*

Bru. Hark, he is arrived:—

March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Within. Stand.

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me
wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine
enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
wrongs;

And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content,

Speak your griefs softly,—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away:
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,

Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of Brutus.*

Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in
this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a
case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I, an itching palm?

You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corrup-
tion,

And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March re-
member!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more; I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all
this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud
heart break;

Go, shew your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
Brutus;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have
moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have
tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;—
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions.

Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived
my heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye would never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your
hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gaveme,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

(Noise within.)

Poet. (Within.) Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. (Within.) You shall not come to them.

Poet. (Within.) Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. Forshame, you generals; what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his
time:

What would the wars do with these jingling fools?
Companion, hence.

Cas. Away, away, be gone. [Exit Poet.]

Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
with you

Immediately to us. [Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius]

Bru. Lucius, a howl of wine.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead. [so?—

Cas. How 'scaped I killing, when I cross'd you
O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her
death

That tidings came;—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendant absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of
wine.

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. (*Drinks.*)

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. (*Drinks.*)

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good
Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in
yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die,
Messala:

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should
endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you
think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to
better.

The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do stand but in a forced affection;
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encouraged.
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-ful, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on;

We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;

Which we will niggard with a little rest.

There is no more to say.

Cas. No more. Good night;

Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell,
good Messala:

Good night, Titinius:—noble, noble Cassius,

Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!

This was an ill beginning of the night:

Never come such division 'tween our souls!

Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Everything is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. & Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt Cas. Tit. and Mes.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent!

Luc. Varro and Claudius.

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch
your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me:
Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so:

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Servants lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an it please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It is well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. (*Music, and a Song.*)

This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!

Layest thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good
night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.

Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd
down,

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

(*He sits down.*)

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare?

Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well;

Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

(*Ghost vanishes.*)

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so
criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst: Didst thou see any
thing?

Luc. Nothing my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah Claudius!

Fellow thou! awake.

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. & Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother
Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var & Clau. It shall be done, my lord (*Exeunt*

ACT V

SCENE I.—*The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places: and come down,
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

(*March.*)

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army;
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge,
Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: Is it so, country-
men?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,
Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile dag-
gers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us
sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;

I draw a sword against conspirators;

When think you that the sword goes up again?—

Never till Cæsar's three-and-Thirty wounds

Be well avenged; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bringest them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such
honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*]

Cas. Why now, blow, wind; swell, billow; and
swim, bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho!

Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord.

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know, that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:

This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downwards look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determin'd to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble
Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;

He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work, the ides of March began;
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!

If we do meet again, why we shall smile;

If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;

If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might
know

The end of this day's business, ere it come!

But it sufficeth, that the day will end,

And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
bills

Unto the legions on the other side: (*Loud alarum.*)

Let them set on at once; for I perceive

But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,

And sudden push gives them the overthrow.

Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!

Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:

This ensign here of mine was turning back;

I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:

Who, having some advantage on Octavius,

Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,

Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly farther off, my lord, fly farther off;

Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!

Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly farther off.

Cas. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit*]

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;

My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,

And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit Pindarus.*]

This day I breathed first: time is come round,

And where I did begin, there I shall end;

My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. (*Above.*) O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is

Enclosed round about with horsemen, that

Make to him on the spur;—Yet he spurs on.—

Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!—

Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he's ta'en;—
and, hark!

(*Shout.*)

They shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—

O, coward that I am, to live so long,

To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath!

Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this
bosom.

Stand not to answer: Here take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. *(Dies.)*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[Exit.]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus, his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set; Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: I may say thrusting it;
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[Exit Messala.]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory.
And bid me give 't thee? Didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

(Dies.)

Alarum. *Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS,
young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and
LUCILIUS.*

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. *(Low alarums)*

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible, that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;

His funeral shall not be in our camp,

Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—

And come, young Cato; let us to the field.

Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:—

'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. *[Exeunt]*

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. *Enter fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then
BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? who will go with
me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

(Charges the enemy.)

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend: know me for Brutus
*[Exit, charging the enemy. Cato is
overpowered, and falls.]*

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

1 Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die;

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight:

(Offering money.)

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 Sold. We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 Sold. I'll tell the news.—Here comes the
general:—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive, or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanced. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS,
STRATO and VOLUMNIUS.*

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this
rock.

Cli. Statilius shew'd the torch-light; but, my lord
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word:
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

(*Whispering.*)

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'd rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius!

(*Whispers him.*)

Dar. I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is the noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.
I know, my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

(*Alarum still.*)

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Vo-
lumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

(*Alarum Cry within; Fly, fly, fly.*)

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*]

I pry'thee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smack of honour in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Str. Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my
lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

(*He runs on his sword, and dies.*)

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and their army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy
master?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him
For Brutus only overcome himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, Messala.

Mes. How died, my master, Strato?

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only, in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him.
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So call the field to rest: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.



Cleo.—"IF IT BE LOVE INDEED, TELL ME HOW MUCH."—Act i, scene 1.

Persons Represented.

M. ANTONY,
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } *Triumvirs,*

SEXTUS POMPEIUS,
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
VENTIDIUS,
EROS,
SCARUS, } *Friends of Antony.*

DERCETAS,
DEMETRIUS,
PHILO,
MECÆNAS,
AGRIPPA,
DOLABELLA,
PROCULEIUS,
THYREUS,
GALLUS, } *Friends of Cæsar.*

MANAS,
MENEKRATES, } *Friends of Pompey.*
VARRIUS,

TAURUS, *Lieutenant-general to Cæsar.*
CANIDIUS, *Lieutenant-general to Antony.*
SILIUS, *an Officer in Ventidius's Army.*

EUPHRONIUS, *an Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*
ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES, — *Attendants on Cleopatra.*

A Soothsayer.

A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, *Queen of Egypt.*

OCTAVIA, *Sister to Cæsar, and Wife to Antony.*

CHARMIAN and IRAS, *Attendants on Cleopatra.*

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—*Dispersed; in several parts of the Roman Empire.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Alexandria. A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.**Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.*

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure : those his goodly eyes
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now

turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front : his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper ;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come !

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA,
with their Trains : Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
The triple pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool : behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be
reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven,
new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me :—The sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony :

Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; Or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this ;*
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that ;
Perform't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love ?

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's process ? Cæsar's, I would say ?
—Both ?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame,
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.—The mes-
sengers !

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt ! and the wide arch
Of the ranged empire fall ! here is my space ;
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man : the nobleness of life
Is, to do thus ; when such a mutual pair,

(Embracing.)

And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood !

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?—

I'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—

Now, for the love of Love, and her soft hours,
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh :
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now : What sport to-night ?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

Ant. Fy, wrangling queen !

Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives

To make itself, in thee, fair, and admired !
No messenger ; but thine and all alone,
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and
note

The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;
Last night you did desire it :—Speak not to us.

(Exeunt Ant. and Cleop. with their Train.)

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight ?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property,
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I'm full sorry,
That he approves the common liar, who
Thus speaks of him at Rome : But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy !

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room.*

*Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS and a
Soothsayer.*

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing
Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's the
soothsayer that you praised so to the queen ? O,
that I knew this husband, which, you say, must
change his horns with garlands !

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will ?

Char. Is this the man ?—Is't you, sir, that know
things ?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly ; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Irás. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid !

Alex. Vex not his prescience ; be attentive.

Char. Hush !

Sooth. You shall be more loving, than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune ! Let me
be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow
them all : let me have a child at fifty, to whom
Herod of Jewry may do homage : find me to marry
with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my
mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you
serve.

Char. O excellent ! I love long life better than
figs.

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former
fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no
names : Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches
must I have ?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool ! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy
to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras her's.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot sooth-say.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a work-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts Heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die, too, and give him worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! If it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden

A Roman thought had struck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, madam, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY with a Messenger and Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[Exeunt Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Alexas, Iras, Charmian, Soothsayer, and Attendants.]

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state Made friends of them, joining their force 'gainst Cæsar;

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy, Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, What worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news is like the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool or coward.—On:

Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus:

Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death, I hear him, as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force Extended Asia from Euphrates

His conquering banner shook, from Syria

To Lydia and to Ionia;

Whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:

Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults

With such full licence, as both truth and malice

Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,

When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told us,

Is as our earring. Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. *[Exit.]*

Ant. From Sicily how the news? Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicily.—Is there such an one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear:—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,

Enter another Messenger.

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia, thy wife, is dead.

Ant. Where died she?

2 *Mess.* In Sicily:

Her length of sickness, with what else more serious Importeth thee to know, this bears

(Gives a letter.)

Ant. Forbear me.—

[Exit Messenger.]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:

What our contempts do often hurl from us,

We wish it ours again; the present pleasure

By revolution lowering, does become

The opposite of itself: so 's good, being gone;

The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.

I must from this enchanting queen break off;

Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,

My idleness doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die: it were pity to cast them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report: This cannot be cunning in her; if it be she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shews to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience to the queen, And get her leave to part. For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches, Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome Petition us at home: Sextus Pompeius Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands The empire of the sea: our slippery people (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver, Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw Pompey the great, and all his dignities, Upon his son; who, high in name and power, Higher than both in blood and life, stands up For the main soldier; whose quality, going on, The sides o' the world may danger: Much is breeding,

Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life, And not a serpent's poison. Say our pleasure, To such whose place is under us, requires Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do 't.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does;—

I did not send you;—If you find him sad,

Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report

That I am sudden sick: Quick, and return.

[*Exit Alexas.*]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,

You do not hold the method to enforce The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool; the way to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear; In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall; It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman?—You may go;

'Would she had never given you leave to come!

Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,

I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first, I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think, you can be mine and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned gods, Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness, To be entangled with these mouth-made vows, Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant. Most sweet queen.—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,

But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,

Then was the time for words: No going then;—

Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;

Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,

But was a race of heaven: They are so still,

Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,

Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou shouldst know,

There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands

Our services a while; but my full heart

Remains in use with you. Our Italy

Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius

Makes his approaches to the port of Rome;

Equality of two domestic powers

Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to strength,

Are newly grown to love: The condemn'd Pompey,

Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace

Into the hearts of such as have not thrived

Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;

And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge

By any desperate change: My more particular,

And that which most with you should save my going,

Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,

It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read

The garboils she awaked; at the last, best:

See, when and where she died.

Cleo. O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill

With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,

In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know

The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice: Now, by the fire,
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war,
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Out my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill and well:
So Antony loves.

Ant. My precious queen, forbear:
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears
I belong to Egypt: Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target,—Still he mends;
But this is not the best: Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it;
Sir, you and I have loved,—but there's not it;
That you know well: Something it is I would,—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten.

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'Tis sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;
Since my becoming kills me, when they do not
Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my upstied folly,
And all the gods go with you! upon your sword
Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success
Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant. Let us go. Come;
Our separation so abides, and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Rome. An Apartment in Cæsar's House.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,

It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor: from Alexandria
This is the news: He fishes, drinks, and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience, or
Vouchsafed to think he had partners: You shall find there

A man, who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,

Rather than purchased; what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent: Let us grant, it is not

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves, that smell of sweat: say, this becomes him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony

No way excuse his soils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't: but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours,—'tis to be chid
As we rate boys; who, being mature in know-
ledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears, he is beloved of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,

Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them; which they ear and wound

With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassels. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps,
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on: And all this
(It wounds thy honour that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. It is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly
Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain
Did shew ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,
Assemble we immediate counsel; Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar,
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord: What you shall know
mean time
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha!—

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this gap of time,
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him
Too much.

Cleo. O, treason!

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou eunuch! Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure?

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no pleasures

In aught an eunuch has: 'Tis well for thee,
That being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?

Mar. Yes, gracious madam,

Cleo. Indeed?

Mar. Not in deed, madam, for I can do nothing
But what, in deed, is honest to be done:
Yet have I fierce affections, and think,
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits
he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me; Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd,—the last of many doubled kisses,—
This orient pearl;—His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: All the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,
And soberly did mount a termagant steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the
extremes
Of hot and cold; he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleo. O well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note
him:

He was not sad; for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;
Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:
O heavenly mingle!—Be 'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes;
So does it no man else.—Met 'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis!
Say, the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days;
When I was green in judgment:—Cold in blood,
To say, as I said then!—But, come, away:
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Messina. A Room in Pompey's House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. While we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My power 's a crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Cæsar gets money, where

He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus
Are in the field ; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this ? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams ; I know, they are in Rome together,

Looking for Antony : But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip !
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks,
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,
Even till a Lethed dulness.—How now, Varrius ?

Enter VARRIUS.

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver :
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected ; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his
helm

For such a petty war : his soldiership
Is twice the other twain : but let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together.
His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar ;
His brother warr'd upon him ; although, I think,
Not moved by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves ;

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords : but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be it as our gods will have it ! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*Rome. A Room in the House of
Lepidus.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain

To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself : If Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time
For private stomaching

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion ;

But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia :
Hark you, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know,
Mecænas ; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us was most great, and let
not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard : When we debate
Our trivial differences loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds : Then, noble partners,
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech,)
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well :
Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do this.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, Sir !

Cæs. Nay,

Then—

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not
so :

Or, being, concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laugh'd at,
If, or for nothing, or a little, I
Should say myself offended ; and with you
Chiefly i' the world : more laugh'd at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound your
name

It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar,
What was't to you ?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt : Yet, if you there
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practised ?

Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent.
By what did here befall me. Your wife and
brother,

Made wars upon me ; and their contestation
Was theme for you, you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake your business ; my brother
never

Did urge me in his act : I did inquire it ;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not
rather

Discredit my authority with yours :
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having alike your cause ? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me ; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so :
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't,
Very necessity of this thought, that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars.

Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife,
I would you had her spirit in such another:
The third o' the world is yours; which with a
snaffle

You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. 'Would we had all such wives, that the men
might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurable, her garboils, Cæsar,
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you,
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
Of what I was i' the morning; but, next day,
I told him of myself; which was as much
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken
The article of your oath; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar.

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak;
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar;
The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I required
them;

The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather;
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it: Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no farther
The griefs between ye: to forget them quite,
Were to remember, that the present need
Speaks to atone you.

Lep. Worthily spoke, Mænas.

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the
instant, you may, when you hear no more words of
Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to
wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost
forgot.

Ant. You wrong this presence, therefore speak
no more.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone.

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for it cannot be,
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to
edge

O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony

Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear
Agrippa farther speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,
And all great fears, which now import their
dangers,

Would then be nothing: truths would be but tales
Where now half tales be truths; her love to both,
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,
By duty ruminated.

Ant. Well, Cæsar speak?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so*,
To make this good?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shews,
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand,
Farther this act of grace; and, from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs!

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never
Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen!

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey,

For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us:
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. And where lies he?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What's his strength
By land?

Cæs. Great and increasing: but by sea
He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.
'Would, we had spoke together! Haste we for it
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Cæs. With most gladness;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I will lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus,
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[Flourish. *Exeunt Cæsar, Ant. and Lepidus.*

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mænas!—

My honourable friend, Agrippa!—

Agr. Good Enobarbus!

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there: Is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made

The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'erpicturing that Venus, where we see,
The fancy out-work nature; on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Agr. O, rare for Antony!

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tendered her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings: at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,

That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air, which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian!

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper: she replied,
It should be better, he became her guest;
Which she entreated: Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast;
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed:
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once

Hop forty paces through the public street:
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,

That she did make defect, perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not;

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: Other women

Cloy th' appetites they feed; but she makes hungry.

Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her; that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heat of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.—

Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them; Attendants, and a Soothsayer.

Ant. The world and my great office, will some times

Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time,
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:
I have not kept my square; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night.

[*Exeunt Cæs. and Octa*]

Ant. Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you

Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see't in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: But yet
Hie you again to Egypt.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side:
Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more, but when
to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose; and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds: thy lustre thickens
When he shines by: I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him;
But, he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him.

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,
He hath spoken true: The very dice obey him;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, inhoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace

Enter VENTIDIUS.

I' the east my pleasure lies:—O, come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready:
Follow me, and receive it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you
hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter,
My purposes do draw me much about;
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. & Agr. Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS,
and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards:
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman;—Come, you'll play with me,
sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, though it
come too short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry, when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;—

Enter a Messenger.

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead?—
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress;
But well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that king's

Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he's well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark,
We use

To say, the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;

But there's no goodness in thy face; if Antony
Be free and healthful,—why so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with
snakes,

Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou
speak'st:

Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence; fy upon, *but yet*:

But yet is a jailor to bring forth

Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,

Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,

The good and bad together: He's friends with
Cæsar;

In state of health thou say'st; and, thou say'st
free.

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such report:
He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious petulance upon thee!

(*Strikes him down.*)

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence,

(*Strikes him again.*)

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;

(*She hales him up and down.*)

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in
brine,

Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,

I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Cleo. Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage;
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam,

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.

(*Draws a dagger.*)

Mess. Nay, then I'll run:—

What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

[*Exit*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within your-
self;

The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents!—Call the slave again;
Though I am mad, I will not bite him:—Call.

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him:—

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

Re-enter Messenger.

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news: Give to a gracious message
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess. I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,
If thou again say, Yes.

Mess. He is married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee! dost thou hold
there still?

Mess. Should I lie, madam?

Cleo. O, I would thou didst;

So half my Egypt were submerged, and made
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence;
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo. He is married?

Mess. Take no offence, that I would not offend
you:

To punish me for what you make me do,
Seems much unequal: He is married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not!—What? thou 'rt sure of 't?—Get thee
hence:

The merchandise, which thou hast brought from
Rome,

Are all too dear for me: Lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em.

[Exit Mess.]

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony I have dispraised
Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence,

I faint; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter:—

Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination, let him not leave out

The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[Exit Alexas.]

Let him for ever go:—Let him not—Charmian

Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,

T'other way he 's a Mars:—Bid you Alexas

(To Mardian.)

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Char-
mian,

But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Near Misenum.

*Enter POMPEY, and MENAS, at one side, with drum
and trumpet; at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS,
ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with
Soldiers marching.*

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet,

That first we come to words; and therefore have
we

Our written purposes before us sent:

Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know

If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;

And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,

That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three,

The senators alone of this great world,

Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,

Wherefore my father should revengers want,

Having a son, and friends: since Julius Cæsar,

Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,

There saw you labouring for him. What was it,

That moved pale Cassius to conspire? And what

Made the all-honour'd honest Roman, Brutus,

With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous free-
dom,

To drench the Capitol; but that they would

Have one man but a man? And that is it,

Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden

The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant

To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome

Cast on my noble father.

Cæs. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy
sails,

We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom. At land, indeed,

Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house:

But, since the cuckoo built not for himself,

Remain in't as thou may'st.

Lep. Be pleased to tell us,
(For this is from the present,) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embraced.

Cæs. And what may follow,

To try a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia; and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome: This 'greed upon,
To part with unhack'd hedges, and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæs. Ant. & Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,

I came before you here, a man prepared
To take this offer: But Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience:—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling. You must know,
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand:

I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to
you

That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither;
For I have gain'd by it.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not,
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed :
I crave, our composition may be written,
And seal'd between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and
let us

Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot; but first,
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery

Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius
Cæsar

Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard :—

And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that :—He did so.

Pom. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.

Pom. I know thee now: How farest thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;

And well am like to do; for, I perceive,
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand;

I never hated thee: I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,

I never loved you much, but I have praised you,
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—

Aboard my galley, I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

Cæs. Ant. & Lep. Shew us the way, sir,

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, Lepidus,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

Men. Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made
this treaty.—(*Aside.*)—You and I have known, sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man, that will praise me :
though it cannot be denied what I have done by
land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own
safety: you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me
your hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority; here
they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their
hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true
face.

Men. No slander; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a
drinking. Pompey does this day laugh away his
fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep it back
again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for
Mark Antony here: Pray you, is he married to
Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Mar-
cellus.

Eno. But she is now wife to Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir.

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit to-
gether.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I
would not prophesy so.

Men. I think, the policy of that purpose made
more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band
that seems to tie their friendships together, will be
the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a
holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is
Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again:
then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in
Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the
strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate
author of their variance. Antony will use his
affection where it is; he married but his occasion
here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you
aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: We have used our throats
in Egypt.

Men. Come; let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—On board Pompey's Galley, lying near
Misenum.

Music. Enter two or three Servants, with a banquet.

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants
are ill rooted already, the least wind i' the world
will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-colour'd.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the dispo-
sition, he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his
entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between
him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great
men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that
will do me no service, as a partisan I could not
heave.

Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to
be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes
should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

A *senet* sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POM-
PEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENO-
BARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.

Ant. Thus do they, sir: (*To Cæsar.*) They take
the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid; they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foizon, follow: The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You have strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your
mud by the operation of your sun: so is your cro-
codile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Le-
pidus.

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in, till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

Men. Pompey, a word.

Pom. Say in mine ear: What is't?

Men. Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain.

And hear me speak a word.

Pom. Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus.

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'Tis a strange serpent.

Ant. 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

Cæs. Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. (To Menas aside.) Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

Men. If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me, Rise from thy stool.

Pom. I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?

(Rises, and walks aside.)

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou hast served me with much faith: What's else to say?

Be jolly, lords.

Ant. These quick-sands, Lepidus, Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it, and, Although thou think me poor, I am the man Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup. Thou art, if thou darest be, the earthly Jove: Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips, Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

Pom. Shew me which way.

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors, Are in the vessel: Let me cut the cable; And, when we are put off, fall to their throats: All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done, And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villainy; In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,

'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour; Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue Hath so betray'd thine act: being done unknown, I should have found it afterwards well done; But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

Men. For this,

(Aside.)

I'll never follow thy pall'd fortunes more. Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd, Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eno. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

(Pointing to the Attendant who carries off Lepidus.)

Men. Why?

Eno. He bears

The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

Men. The third part then is drunk: 'Would it were all,

That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou, increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho! Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear it.

It's a monstrous labour, when I wash my brain, And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer; but I had rather fast

From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

Eno. Ha, my brave emperor!

(To Antony.)

Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals, And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands;

'Till that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense

In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—

Make battery to our ears with the loud music:— The while, I'll place you: Then the boy shall sing; The holding every man shall bear, as loud As his strong sides can volley.

(Music plays. Enobarbus places them hand in hand.)

SONG.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne:
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good night. Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part; You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you 'o the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir; give's your hand.

Pom. O Antony, You have my father's house,—But what? we are friends:

Come, down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

[Exeunt Pompey, Cæsar, Antony, and Attendants.]

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd,
sound out.

(A flourish of trumpets, with drums.)

Eno. Ho, says 'a!—There 's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain!

Come.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Plain in Syria.

Enter VENTIDIUS, as after conquest, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead body of Pacorus borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck: and
now

Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.—Bear the King's son's body
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly: so thy grand captain, Antony,
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O Silius, Silius,
I have done enough: A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius,
Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
Too high a fame, when him we serve's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer, than person: Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does it the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain, which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 'twould offend him: and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius,
That without which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction. Thou wilt write to
Antony?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected.
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens; whither, with
what haste

The weight we must convey with us will permit,
We shall appear before him—On, there; pass
on.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Rome. An Ante-Chamber in Cæsar's House.

Enter AGRIPPA, and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is
gone;

The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark
Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

Agr. What's Antony? the god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go
no farther.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent
praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves
Antony;

Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets,
cannot

Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, no, his
love

To Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.

Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle.
So,—

(Trumpets)

This is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and fare-
well.

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No farther, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest
band

Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts
This be not cherish'd.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious, the least cause
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you.
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part. *[well;]*

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!— *[spring,*

Ant. The April's in her eyes: It is love's
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheer-
ful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house and—

Cæs. What, Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear. *[can]*

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart nor

Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down-
feather,

That stand upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. Will Cæsar weep? (*Aside to Agrippa.*)

Agg. He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. He were the worse for that, were he a
horse;

So is he, being a man.

Agg. Why, Enobarbus?

When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a
rheum;

What willingly he did confound, he wail'd;
Believe it, till I weep too.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still: the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;

I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell.

(*Kisses Octavia.*)

Ant. Farewell.

[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.*

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afraid to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

Enter a Messenger.

Alex. Good majesty,
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleased.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone,
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou
near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold
Octavia?

Mess. Ay, dread queen

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome.

I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess. She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongued,
or low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-
voiced.

Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like her
long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue and
dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess. She creeps;

Her motion and her station are as one:

She shews a body rather than a life;

A statue, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

Mess. Or have I no observance.

Char. Three in Egypt,
Cannot make better note.

Cleo. He's very knowing.

I do perceive't:—There's nothing in her yet.
The fellow has good judgment.

Char. Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pray thee.

Mess. Madam,

She was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think, she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long,
or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part,
They are foolish that are so.—Her hair, what
colour?

Mess. Brown, madam: And her forehead is as
low

As she would wish it.

Cleo. There is gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—

I will employ thee back again; I find thee

Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;

Our letters are prepared. [*Exit Messenger*]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,
That so I harry'd him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature's no such thing.

Char. O, nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and
should know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmian:—

But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me,
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Athens. A Room in Antony's house.*

Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
That were excusable, that, and thousands more
Of semblable import,—but he hath waged
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and
read it

To public ear:

Spoke scantily of me: when perforce he could
not

But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
He vented them; most narrow measure lent me:
When the best hint was given him, he not took't,
Or did it from his teeth.

Octa. O my good lord,

Believe not all: or, if you must believe,
Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,
If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
Praying for both parts:

And the good gods will mock me presently,
When I shall pray, O, bless my lord and husband!
Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,

Let your best love draw to that point, which
seeks

Best to preserve it: If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself: better I were not yours,
Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested
Yourself shall go between us: The meantime,
lady,

I'll raise the preparation of a war
Shall stain your brother: Make your soonest
haste;

So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.

The Jove of power make me most weak, most
weak,

Your reconciler! Wars twixt you twain would
be

As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
Can never be so equal, that your love
Can equally move with them. Provide your
going;

Choose your own company, and command what
cost

Your heart has mind to.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros.

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon
Pompey.

Eno. This is old; what is the success?

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars
'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry;
would not let him partake in the glory of the
action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters
he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own
appeal, seizes him: So the poor third is up, till
death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no
more;

And throw between them all the food thou hast,
They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and
spurns

The rush that lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!*
And threats the throat of that his officer,
That murder'd Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigged.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Dometius;
My lord desires you presently: my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'Twill be naught:

But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Rome. A Room in Cæsar's house.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this:
And more;

In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it.—

I' the market place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd: at the feet, sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;

And all the unlawful issue, that their lust,
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?

Cæs. I' the common shew place, where they ex-
ercise,

His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd: and oft before gave audience,
And 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus
Inform'd.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence
Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now received
His accusation.

Agr. Whom does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar; and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle, then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestored: lastly, he frets,
That Lepidus of the Triumvirate
Should be disposed; and, being, that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.

Cæs. 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown to cruel;
That he his high authority abused,
And did deserve his change; for what I've con-
quer'd

I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear
Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

Octa. You have not call'd me so, nor have you
cause.

Cæs. Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You
come not

Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way
Should have borne men; and expectation faint'd,
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops: But you are come
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented
The ostent of our love, which, left unshewn,
Is often left unloved: we should have met you
By sea and land; supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrain'd but did it
On my free will. My lord, Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal: whereon I begg'd
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have eyes upon him.

And his affairs come to me on the wind.

Where is he now?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire Up to a whore; who now are levying The kings o' the earth for war: He hath assembled Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus, Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas: King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont; Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas, The kings of Media and Lycaonia, with a More larger list of sceptres.

Octa. Ah me, most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth:
Till we perceived, both how you were wrong led,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them ministers
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us.

Ag. Welcome, lady.

Mec. Welcome, dear madam.
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off;
And gives his potent regiment to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir?

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Antony's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.*

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But, why, why, why?

Cleo. Thou hast forespoke my being in these wars;

And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it?

Cleo. Is't not? Denounce against us, why should not we
Be there in person.

Eno. (*Aside.*) Well, I could reply:—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely lost; the mares would bear
A soldier, and his horse.

Cleo. What is't you say?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his
time,

What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity; and tis said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome; and their tongues rot
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;

I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done:
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is 't not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum, and Brundisium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in Toryne?—You have heard on 't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admired,
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becomeed the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! What else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For he dares us to 't.

Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia.
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these
offers,

Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well mann'd;
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingross'd by swift impress: in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare; yours, heavy. No disgrace
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge: quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of
Actium

Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

Enter a Messenger.

We then can do't at land.—The business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried:
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;
Strange that his power should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our
ship:

Enter a Soldier.

Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier?

Sold. O noble emperor, do not flight by sea;
Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyp-
tians,

And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.*]

Sold. By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art; but his whole action
grows

Not in the power on't: So our leader's led.
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justei,us,
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions, as
Beguiled all spies.

Can. Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls for Canidius.

Can. With news the time's with labour; and
throes forth,
Each minute, some.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*A Plain near Actium.*

Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.

Cæs. Taurus,—

Taur. My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole:
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
Our fortune lies upon this jump.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yon side o' the
hill:
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place
We may the number of the ships behold,
And so proceed accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land Army one
way over the stage; and TAURUS the Lieutenant of
Cæsar, the other way. After their going in, is heard
the noise of a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold
no longer:
The Antoniad, the Egyptian admiral,
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder:
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods, and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them!

Eno. What's thy passion?

Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?

Scar. On our side like the token'd pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yon' ribaudred nag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i' the midst of the fight,—
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,—
The breeze upon her, like a cow in June,
Hoists sails and flies.

Eno. That I beheld: mine eyes
Did sicken at the sight on't, and could not
Endure a farther view.

Scar. She once being loof'd
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,

Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her:
I never saw an action of such shame;
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O, he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why, then, good
night
Indeed.

(*Aside.*)

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.
Scar. 'Tis easy to 't; and there I will attend
What farther comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
My legions, and my horse; six kings already
Shew me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
Sits in the wind against me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY and Attendants.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more
upon't,
It is ashamed to bear me!—Friends, come hither.
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it: fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed
cowards
To run, and shew their shoulders.—Friends be
gone;

I have myself resolved upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone.
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway.
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you:—I'll see you by and by.

(*Sits down.*)

*Enter EROS and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN
and IRAS.*

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him:—Comfort
him.

Irás. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fy, fy, fy.

Char. Madam,—

Irás. Madam; O good empress.

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes:—He, at Philippi, kept
His sword even like a dancer, while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I,
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war: Yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah, stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Irás. Go to him, madam, speak to him;
He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—Sustain me:—O!

Eros. Most noblesir, arise; the queen approaches;
Her head's declined, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation;
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroyed in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought,
You would have follow'd.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon.

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o' the world play'd as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. O pardon, pardon.

Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:—
Some wine within there, and our viands:—Fortune
knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*Cæsar's Camp in Egypt.*

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf,
To this grand sea.

Cæs. Be it so: Declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted

He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,
A private man in Athens: This for him.
Next, Cleopatra doth confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves
The circle of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail; so she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there: This if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

Eup. Fortune pursue thee!

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.

[*Exit Euphronius.*]

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time: Despatch;
From Antony win Cleopatra: promise,

(*To Thyreus.*)

And in our name, what she requires; add more
From thine invention, offers: women are not,
In their best fortunes, strong; but want will per-
jure.

The ne'er-touched vestal: Try thy cunning, Thy-
reus,

Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw;
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

Thyr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno. Think and die.

Cleo. Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What although you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The mered question: 'twas a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo. Pr'ythee, peace.

Enter ANTONY, with EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is this his answer?

Eup. Ay, my lord.

Ant. The queen

Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield
Us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant. Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again: Tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should
note

Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child, as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore

To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt Antony and Euphronius.*]

Eno. Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will
Unstate his happiness, and be staged to the shew
Against a sworder.—I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony!—See, my
women!—

Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

Eno. Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.

(*Aside.*)

The loyalty, well held to fools, does make
Our faith mere folly: Yet, he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;
Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,
Whose he is, we are; and that's Cæsar's.

Thyr. So.—

Thus then, thou most renown'd: Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Farther than he is Cæsar.

Cleo. Go on: Right royal.

Thyr. He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

Cleo. O!

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right: Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

Eno. To be sure of that,

(*Aside.*)

I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

[*Exit Enobarbus.*]

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon: but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this: In deputation
I kiss his conqu'ring hand; tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel;

Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father

Oft, when he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,
As it rain'd kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, fellow?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

Eno. You will be whipp'd.

Ant. Approach, there:—Ay, you kite!—Now gods
and devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd, *ho!*
Like boys unto a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Eno. 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.

Ant. Moon and stars!

Whip him:—Were 't twenty of the greatest tribu-
taries

That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here, (What's her
name,

Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy; Take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Tug him away: being whipp'd,
Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Attend. with Thyr.*]

You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha?
Have I my pillow, left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on't!) the wise gods seal our eyes;
In our own filth drop our clear judgments;
make us

Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O is it come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out:—For, I am sure,
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!* be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly, were like

A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.—Is he whipp'd?

Re-enter Attendants with THYREUS.

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 *Att.* He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou
sorry

To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: hence-
forth,

The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: Look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him: for he seems
Proud and disdainful; harping on what I am;
Not that he knew I was: He makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't;
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm of hell. If he mislike
My speech, and what is done; tell him, he has
Hipparchus, my enfranchised bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me: Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes, begone.

[Exit Thyreus.]

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless; till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy too
Have knit again, and fleet, threat'ning most sea-
like.

Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou
hear, lady?

If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There is hope in it yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let's have one other gaudy night; call to me
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more
Let's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birth-day:
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since
my lord

Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We'll yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll
force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my
queen

There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,
I'll make death love me; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Attendants.]

Eno. Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be
furious,

Is, to be frightened out of fear: and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter; AGRIPPA,
MECÆNAS, and others.*

Cæs. He calls me boy; and chides, as he had
power

To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal
combat,

Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think.

When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot of his distraction: Never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are
Of those, that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done:
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS,
CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better
fortune,

He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight; or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike; and cry, Take all.

Ant. Well said; come on.—

Call forth my household servants; let's to-night
Enter Servants.

Be beauteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—
And thou,—and thou,—and thou:—You have
served me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. What means this?

Eno. 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots

Out of the mind.

(*Aside.*)

Ant. And thou art honest too.

I wish, I could be made so many men;
And all of you clapp'd up together in
An Antony; that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Serv. The gods forbid!

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffer'd my command.

Cleo. What does he mean?

Eno. To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night;

May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow: perchance, to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed; for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty
friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense:
I spake to you for your comfort; did desire you
To burn this night with torches: Know, my
hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow; and will lead you
Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
Than death and honour. Let's to supper; come,
And drown consideration.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter two Soldiers, to their Guard.

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way: fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Sold.* Nothing: What news?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour:
Good night to you.

Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

2 *Sold.* Soldiers.

Have careful watch.

3 *Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.

(*The first two place themselves at their posts.*)

4 *Sold.* Here we: (*they take their posts.*) and if to-morrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,
And full of purpose.

(*Music of hautboys under the stage.*)

4 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?

1 *Sold.* List, list!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Music i' the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs well,

Does't not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony
loved,

Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

(*They advance to another post.*)

2 *Sold.* How now, masters?

Sold. How now?

How now? do you hear this?

(*Several speaking together.*)

1 *Sold.* Ay; Is't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have
quarter;

Let's see how't will give off.

Sold. (*Several speaking.*) Content: 'Tis strange.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN
and others, attending.*

Ant. Eros! mine armour, Eros!

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour,
Eros.

Enter EROS, with armour.

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron on:—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be! thou art

The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this, this

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well;

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?
Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well!

Ant. Rarely, rarely;

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire

More tight at this, than thou: Despatch.—O love,

That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see

Enter an Officer, armed.

A workman i' the—Good-morrow to thee: welcome;

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:

To business that we love, we rise betime,

And go to it with delight.

1 *Off.* A thousand, sir,

Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,

And at the port expect you.

(*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*)

Enter other Officers and Soldiers.

2 *Off.* The morn is fair.—Good-morrow, general

All. Good-morrow, general.

Ant. 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.—

So, so; come give me that: this way; well said.

Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:

This is a soldier's kiss, rebukable,

(*Kisses her.*)

And worthy shameful cheek it were, to stand

On more mechanic compliment; I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt Antony, Eros, Officers, and Soldiers.*]

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber.

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight!
Then, Antony—But now—Well, on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Antony's Camp near Alexandria.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a
Soldier meeting them.*

Sold. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once
prevail'd

To make me fight at land!

Sold. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Follow'd thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Sold. Who?

One ever near thee: Call for Enobarbus,
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine.*

Ant. What say'st thou?

Sold. Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Sold. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee; write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus and greetings:
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men:—Eros, despatch.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.*

*Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA,
ENOBARBUS, and others.*

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:
Our will is, Antony be took alive;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exit Agrippa.*]

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near:
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world
Shall bear the olive freely.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony

Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa:
Plant those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.*]

Eno. Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony: for his pains,
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius and the rest,
That fell away, have entertainment, but
No honourable trust. I have done ill;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony

Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus; The messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock me not, Enobarbus.

I tell you true: Best that you safed the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove.

[*Exit Soldier.*]

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my
heart:

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't, I
feel.

I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life. [Exit.]

SCENE VII.—*Field of Battle between the Camps.*

*Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA,
and others.*

Agr. Retire, we have engaged ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression
Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.]

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS, wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T,
But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage
serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs.
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and tenfold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS,
and Forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp; Run one
before,
And let the queen know of our guests.—To-
morrow,

Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as it had been
Each man's like mine; you have shewn all Hectora.
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;
(To Scarus.)

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,

Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,

Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl,
though grey

Do something mingle with our brown; yet have we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroy'd in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together;
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;
That heaven and earth may make their sounds
together,
Applauding our approach. [Exeunt.

SCENE IX.—*Cæsar's Camp.*

Sentinels on their posts. Enter ENOBARBUS.

1 *Sold.* If we be not relieved within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard: The night
Is shiny; and, they say, we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

2 *Sold.* This last day was
A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

3 *Sold.* What man is this?

2 *Sold.* Stand close, and list to him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!

1 *Sold.* Enobarbus!

3 *Sold.* Peace;
Hark farther.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me;
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: Throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver, and a fugitive:
O Antony! O Antony! (Dies.)

2 *Sold.* Let's speak
To him.

1 *Sold.* Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

3 *Sold.* Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 *Sold.* Swears rather; for so bad a prayer as
his
Was never yet for sleeping.

2 *Sold.* Go we to him.

3 *Sold.* Awake, awake, sir; speak to us.

2 *Sold.* Hear you, sir!

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him.
Hark, the drums

(Drums afar off.)

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let us bear him
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour
Is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on then;
He may recover yet.

[Exeunt with the body.]

SCENE X.—*Between the two Camps.*

*Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces
marching.*

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord

Ant. I would, they'd fight i' the fire, or in the air;
We'd fight there too. But this it is: Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;
They have put forth the haven: Farther on,
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.

[Exeunt.]

Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces, marching.

Cæs. But being charged, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take it, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,
And hold our best advantage.

[Exeunt.]

Re-Enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine
doth stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.]

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell;—look
grimly,

And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarums afar off, as at a sea-fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betray'd me;
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis
thou

Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am revenged upon my charm,
I have done all:—Bid them all fly, be gone.

[Exit Scarus.]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more;
Fortune and Antony part here; even here
Do we shake hands.—All come to this?—The
hearts,

That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
On blossoming Cæsar; and this pine is bark'd,
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am:

O this false soul of Egypt! this grave charm.—
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them
home;

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,

Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,
Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.—
What, Eros, Eros!

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt.

Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love?

Ant. Vanish: or I shall give thee thy deserving,
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
And hoist thee up to the shouting Plebeians:
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
Of all thy sex; most monster-like, be shewn
For poor'st diminutives, to dolts; and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails. [*Exit Cleo.*] 'Tis well
thou'rt gone,

If it be well to live: But better 'twere
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho!
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: Teach me,
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest
club,

Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die;
To the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot: she dies for't.—Eros, ho! [*Exit.*]

SCENE XI.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN.*

Cleo. Help me, my woman! O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.

Char. To the monument;—
There lock yourself, and send him word you are
dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument:
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously: Hence,
Mardian; and bring me how he takes my death.—
To the monument. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII.—*The Same. Another Room.*

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,
A tower'd citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: Thou hast seen these
signs;

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That, which is now a horse, even with a
thought,
The rack dislimns; and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt; and the queen,—
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine;
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my
glory

Unto an enemy's triumph,—

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros: there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—O, thy vile lady!

Enter MARDIAN.

She hath robb'd me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony:

My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch; peace;
She hath betrayed me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once;
And that she hath discharged: What thou wouldst
do,

Is done unto thy hand; the last she spake
Was, Antony! most noble Antony!

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony; it was divided
Between her heart and lips: She render'd life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead then?

Mar. Dead.

Ant. Eros, unarm; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence
safe,

Does pay thy labour richly; Go.—Off, pluck off;—
[*Exit Mardian.*]

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent,
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace.—
No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile,—
[*Exit Eros.*]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length is torture:—Since the torch is out,
Lie down, and stray no farther: Now all labour
Mars what it does: yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: Seal then, all is done.—
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in
hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have lived in such dishonour, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
That, when the exigent should come, (which now
Is come, indeed) when I should see behind me
The inevitable prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
Thou then would'st kill me: do 't; the time is
come;

Thou strikest not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.
Put colour in thy cheek.

Eros. The gods withhold me!

Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

Ant. Eros,

Wouldst thou be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded

His baseness that ensued?

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cured.

Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn
Most useful for thy country.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me.

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou
not then

To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;

Or thy precedent services are all

But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me then that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee. *(Turning from him.)*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor! let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then:— *(Falls on his sword.)*

Thus do I escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death.

(Dies.)

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what

I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros

Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me

A nobleness in record: But I will be

A bridegroom in my death, and run into't

As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,

Thy master dies thy scholar; to do thus

(Falling on his sword.)

I learn'd of thee. How! not yet dead? not dead?—

The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

1 *Guard.* What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends; O, make
an end

Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and wo!

Ant. Let him, that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. *[Exeunt Guards.]*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers
fly,

This sword but shewn to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? *[Exit Dercetas.]*

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
and give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress, Cleopatra, sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a pro-
phesying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw
(Which never shall be found.) you did suspect

She had disposed with Cæsar; and that your rage
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was
dead;

But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed:—Call my guard, I
pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The
guard, what, ho!

Come, your lord calls,

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra
bides;

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 *Guard.* Wo are we, sir, you may not live to
wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day.

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp
fate

To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it

Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:

I have led you oft: carry me now, good friends,

And have my thanks for all.

[Exeunt, bearing Antony.]

SCENE XIII.—*The same. A Monument.*

*Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and
IRAS.*

Cleo. O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

Char. Be comforted, dear madam.

Cleo. No, I will not:

All strange and terrible events are welcome,

But comforts we despise; our size of sorrow,

Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

Enter DIOMEDES.

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o' the other side your monument,

His guard have brought him thither.

Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O thou sun,

Burn the great sphere thou movest in!—darkling
stand

The varying shore o' the world!—O Antony!

Antony, Antony!—Charmian, help; help, Iras;

Help, friends below: let's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace:

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,

But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony

Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying; only

I here importune death awhile, until

Of many thousand kisses the poor last

I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear,

(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,

Lest I be taken: not the imperious shew

Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall

Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents,
have

Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:

Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,

And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour

Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—

Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—

Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone.

Cleo. Here's sport, indeed!—How heavy weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight! Had I great Juno's power,
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet, come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;

(They draw Antony up.)

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast lived:
Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt, dying:

Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,
Provoked by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:

Of Cæsar seek your honour with your safety.—O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me:

None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest: and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going:
I can no more. *(Dies.)*

Cleo. Noblest of men, woo't die?

Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which, in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,
The soldier's pole is fallen; young boys and girls
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting moon. *(She faints.)*

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead, too, our sovereign.

Char. Lady,—

Iras. Madam,—

Char. O madam, madam, madam!

Iras. Royal Egypt!

Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras.

Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman; and com-
manded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest chares.—It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;
Patience is sottish; and impatience does
Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?
What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Char-
mian?

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take
heart:— *(To the Guard below.)*

We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's
noble,

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take us. Come, away:
This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend
But resolution, and the briefest end.

[Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's body.]

SCENE I.—Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, ME-
CÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks us by
The pauses that he makes.

Dol. Cæsar, I shall.

[Exit Dolabella.]

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of Antony.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that
darest

Appear thus to us?

Der. I am call'd Dercetas;

Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
Best to be served: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life,
To spend upon his haters: If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should
make

A greater crack: The round world should have
shook

Lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens: The death of Antony
Is not a single doom; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar;

Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,
I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends?

The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is,

That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and honours

Waged equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never

Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before
him

He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!

I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance
Diseases in our bodies: I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine; we could not stall together
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle,—that our
stars,

Unreconcilable, should divide

Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season;

Enter a Messenger.

The business of this man looks out of him,
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistress,

Confined in all she has, her monument,
Of thy intent desires instruction;
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart;
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee! *[Exit.]*

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius; Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts

The quality of her passion shall require;
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us: for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph: Go,
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. *[Exit Proculeius.]*

Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? *[Exit Gallus.]*

Agr. & Mec. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employ'd; he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings: Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*Alexandria. A room in the Monument.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will; And it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS,
GALLUS, and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of
Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. *(Within.)* What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. *(Within.)* Antony
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not care greatly to be deceived,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,
He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer;
You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing;
Make your full reverence freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need: Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency; and you shall find
A conqueror, that will pray in aid for kindness,

Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

Cleo. *(Within.)* Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience; and would gladly
Look him in the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised;

*(Here Proculeius, and two of the Guard ascend
the Monument by a ladder placed against a
window, and having descended, come behind
Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar and
open the gates.)*

Guard her till Cæsar come.

To Proculeius and the guard. [Exit Gallus.]

Irás. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands.

(Drawing a dagger.)

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold:

(Seizes and disarms her.)

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Believed, but not betray'd.

Cleo. What of death too,
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance, lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know sir, that I
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And shew me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror farther than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: as for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
(To Cleopatra.)

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[Exeunt Proculeius and Soldiers.]

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or know.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is 't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens; and therein
stuck

A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and
lighted

The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm
Crested the world: his voice was propertyed
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't, an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: His delights
Were dolphin-like; they shew'd his back above
The element they lived in: In his livery
Walk'd crowns and crownets; realms and islands
were

As plates dropp'd from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be such a
man

As this I dream'd of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.
But, if there be, or ever were one such,
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. Hear me, good madam:
Your loss is as yourself, great; and you bear it
As answering to the weight: 'Would I might never
Overtake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.

Know you what Caesar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you
knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me then in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will;

I know it.

Within. Make way there,—Caesar.

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS,
MECÆNAS, SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen
Of Egypt?

Dol. 'Tis the emperor, madam.

(Cleopatra kneels.)

Cæs. Arise,
You shall not kneel:

I pray you, rise; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods

Will have it thus; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear; but do confess, I have
Been laden with the like frailties, which before
Have often shamed our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle,) you shall
find

A benefit in this change; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 'tis yours;
and we,

Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here my good
lord.

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus?

Sel. Here, madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer; let him speak, my
lord,

Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,

I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made
known.

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar! O, behold,
How pomp is follow'd! mine will now be yours
And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.
The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
Even make me wild; O slave, of no more trust
Than love that's hired!—What, goest thou back?
thou shalt

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,
Though they had wings: Slave, soulless villain,
dog:

O rarely base!

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
Doing the honour of thy lordliness
To one so meek, that mine own servant should
Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,
That I some lady's trifles have reserved,
Immement toys, things of such dignity
As we greet modern friends withal; and say
Some nobler token I have kept apart
For Livia and Octavia, to induce
Their mediation; must I be unfolded
With one that I have bred? The gods! it smites
me

Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;

(To Seleucus.)

Or I shall shew the cinders of my spirits
Through the ashes of my chance:—Wert thou a
man,

Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

Cæs. Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit Seleucus.]

Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-
thought

For things that others do; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknow-
ledged,
Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be
cheer'd;
Make not your thoughts your prisons; no, dear
queen;
For we intend so to dispose you, as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep:
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend: And so adieu.
Cleo. My master, and my lord!
Cæs. Not so: Adieu.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*]

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I
should not
Be noble to myself: but hark thee, Charmian.
(*Whispers Charmian.*)

Iras. Finish, good lady; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again:
I have spoke already, and it is provided;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir.

[*Exit Char.*]

Cleo. Dolabella.

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will be sent before:
Make your best use of this: I have perform'd
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.

Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dol.*] Now,
Iras, what think'st thou?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shall be shewn
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves,
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forced to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain, Iras: Saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald
rhymers

Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians
Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that is certain.

Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents:—Now, Charmian?

Enter CHARMIAN.

Shew me, my women, like a queen;—Go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,

To meet Mark Antony:—Sirrah Iras, go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed;
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee
leave

To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.
Wherefore's this noise?

[*Exit Iras. A noise within.*]

Enter one of the Guard.

Guard. Here is a rural fellow,
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

Cleo. Let him come in. How poor an instrument
[*Exit Guard.*]

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.
My resolution's placed, and I have nothing
Of woman in me: Now from head to foot
I am marble-constant: now the fleeting moon
No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid, and leave him.—

[*Exit Guard.*]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?

Clown. Truly I have him: but I would not be the
party that should desire you to touch him, for his
biting is immortal; those, that do die of it, do
seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard
of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very
honest woman, but something given to lie; as a
woman should not do, but in the way of honesty:
how she died of the biting of it, what pain she
felt,—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the
worm: But he that will believe all that they say,
shall never be saved by half that they do: But this
is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy o' the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. (*Clown sets down the basket.*)

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the
worm will do his kind.

Cleo. Ay, ay; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted,
but in the keeping of wise people; for, indeed,
there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good: give it nothing, I pray you,
for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I
know the devil himself will not eat a woman:—I
know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the
devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whore-
son devils do the gods great harm in their women;
for in every ten that they make, the devils mar
five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy o' the
worm. [*Exit*]

Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown: I
have

Immortal longings in me: Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—
Yare, yare, good Iras; quick.—Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come:

Now to that name my courage prove my title!
I am fire and air; my other elements
I give to baser life.—So,—have you done?
Come, then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
Farewell, kind Charmian!—Iras, long farewell!

(Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.)

Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall?
If thou and nature can so gently part,
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud and rain; that I may
say,

The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:

If she first meet the curled Antony,
He'll make demand of her: and spend that kiss
Which is my heaven to have. Come, mortal
wretch,

(To the asp, which she applies to her breast.)

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak!
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass
Unpoliced!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

(Applying another asp to her arm.)

What should I stay—

(Falls on a bed and dies.)

Char. In this wide world?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry
I'll mend it, and then play.

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

1 Guard. Where is the queen?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

1 Guard. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

(Applies the asp.)

O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

1 Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Cæsar's
beguiled.

2 Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar;—
call him.

1 Guard. What work is here?—Charmian, is this
well done?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess,
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, Soldier!

(Dies.)

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here?

2 Guard. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this: Thyself art coming
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there, way for Cæsar!

Enter CÆSAR and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer;
That, you did fear, is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last:

She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their death?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman, that brought her
figs;

This was his basket.

Cæs. Poison'd, then.

1 Guard. O Cæsar,

This Charmian lived but now; she stood and spake:
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cæs. O noble weakness!

If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The like is on her arm.

1 Guard. This is an aspick's trail: and these fig-
leaves

Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable,

That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursued conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;

And bear her women from the monument:—

She shall be buried by her Antony;

No grave upon the earth shall clip in it

A pair so famous. High events as these

Strike those that make them: and their story is

No less in pity, than his glory, which

Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall

In solemn shew attend this funeral;

And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see

High order in this great solemnity.

[Exeunt]

CORIO LANUS



Vol.—“YOU ARE TOO ABSOLUTE.”—Act iii, scene 2.

Persons Represented.

AIUS MARCIUS CORIO LANUS, a noble Roman.
 ITUS LARTIUS, } Generals against the
 OMINIUS, } Volscians.
 ENENIUS AGRIPPA, Friend to Coriolanus.
 ICINIUS VELUTUS, } Tribunes of the People.
 UNIUS BRUTUS, }
 Young MARCIUS, Son to Coriolanus.
 Roman Herald.
 ULLUS AUFIDIUS, General of the Volscians.
 Lieutenant to Aufidius.
 Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.
 Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, Mother to Coriolanus.
 VIRGILIA, Wife to Coriolanus.
 VALERIA, Friend to Virgilia.
 Gentlewoman, attending Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ediles,
 Lectors, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to
 Aufidius, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—Partly in Rome; and partly in the Territories of the Volscians and Antiates.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *Cit.* Before we proceed any farther, hear me speak.

Cit. Speak, speak.

(Several speaking at once.)

1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die than to famish?

Cit. Resolved, resolved.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

Cit. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict?

Cit. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the patricians, good. What authority surfeits on, would relieve us: If they would yield us but the superfluity while it were wholesome, we might guess, they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

Cit. Against him first; he's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Consider you what service he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

2 *Cit.* Nay, but speak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You must in no way say he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. *(Shouts within.)* What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: Why stay we prating here? to the Capitol.

Cit. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft, who comes here?

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

2 *Cit.* Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honest enough: Would all the rest were so!

Men. What works, my countrymen, in hand? Where go you

With bats and clubs? The matter? Speak, I pray you.

1 *Cit.* Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll shew 'em in deeds. They say, poor suitors have strong breaths; they shall know, we have strong arms too.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,

Will you undo yourselves?

1 *Cit.* We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the patricians of you. For your wants, Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as lift them Against the Roman state; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong link asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment: For the dearth The gods, not the patricians, make it; and Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither where more attends you; and you slander The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

1 *Cit.* Care for us!—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses crammed with grain: make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich; and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must Confess yourselves wondrous malicious, Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale; it may be, you have heard it; But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture To stale't a little more.

1 *Cit.* Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members

Rebell'd against the belly; thus accused it:— That only like a gulf it did remain I' the midst o' the body, idle and inactive, Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing Like labour with the rest; where the other instruments

Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel, And, mutually participate, did minister Unto the appetite and affection common Of the whole body. The belly answered,—

1 *Cit.* Well, sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you.—With a kind of smile, Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus *(For, look you, I may make the belly smile, As well as speak,)* it tauntingly replied To the discontented members, the mutinous parts That envied his receipt; even so most fitly As you malign our senators, for that They are not such as you.

1 *Cit.* Your belly's answer: What; The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye, The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier, Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter, With other muniments and petty helps In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?—

'Fore me, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

1 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd, Who is the sink o' the body,—

Men. Well, what then?

1 *Cit.* The former agents, if they did complain, What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you:

If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)

Patience, awhile, you'll hear the belly's answer.

1 *Cit.* You are long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd.
True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: But if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency,
Whereby they live: And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly,) mark
me,—

1 *Cit.* Ay, sir; well, well.

Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each;
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

1 *Cit.* It was an answer: How apply you this?

Men. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members: For examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things
rightly

Touching the weal o' the common; you shall find,
No public benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from yourselves.—What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?—

1 *Cit.* I the great toe? Why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o' the lowest, basest,
poorest,

Of this most wise rebellion, thou go'st foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood, to run,
Lead 'st first, to win some vantage.—
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs;
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle.
The one side must have bale.—Hail, noble Marcius!

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Mar. Thanks.—What's the matter, you dissentious
rogues,
That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs?

1 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will
flatter

Beneath abhorring.—What would you have, you
curs,

That like not peace, nor war? the one affrights
you,

The other makes you proud. He that trusts you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares;
Where foxes, geese: You are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves great-
ness,

Deserves your hate: and your affections are
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He, that depends
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye!
Trust ye?

With every minute you do change a mind;

And call him noble that was now your hate,

Him vile, that was now your garland. What's the
matter,

That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who,
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another?—What's their seek-
ing?

Men. For corn at their own rates; whereof, they
say,

The city is well stored.

Mar. Hang 'em! they say!

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
What's done i' the Capitol: who's like to rise,
Who thrives, and who declines: side factions, and
give out

Conjectural marriages: making parties strong,
And feebling such as stand not in her liking,
Below their cobbled shoes. They say, there's grain
enough!

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
As I could pick my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly per-
suaded;

For though abundantly they lack discretion,
Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech
you,

What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved: Hang 'em!
They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth pro-
verbs;—

That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must
eat;

That, meat was made for mouths; that the gods
sent not

Corn for the rich men only:—With these shreds
They vented their complainings; which being an-
swer'd,

And a petition granted them, a strange one,
(To break the heart of generosity,
And make bold power look pale,) they threw their
caps

As they would hang them on the horns o' the
moon,

Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wis-
doms,

Of their own choice: One's Junius Brutus,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath!
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city,
Ere so prevail'd with me: it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where's Caius Marcius?

Mar. Here: What's the matter?

Mess. The news is, sir, the Volces are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't; then we shall have mear-
to vent

Our musty superfluity:—See, our best elders.

Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and others
Senators; JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS
VELUTUS.

1 *Sen.* Marcius, 'tis true, that you have lately told
us;

The Volces are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together.

Mar. Were half to half the world by the ears,
and he

Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him: he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

1 Sen. Then, worthy Marcius,
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is;

And I am constant.—Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face:
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

Tit. No, Caius Marcius;

I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with the other,
Ere stay behind this business.

Men. O, true bred!

1 Sen. Your company to the Capitol; where, I
know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on:

Follow, Cominius; we must follow you;
Right worthy your priority.

Com. Noble Lartius!

1 Sen. Hence! To your homes, be gone.

(To the Citizens.)

Mar. Nay, let them follow:

The Volces have much corn; take these rats
thither

To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow.

*[Exeunt Senators, Com. Mar. Tit. and
Menen. Citizens steal away.]*

Sic. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the
people,—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being moved, he will not spare to gird the
gods.

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon: But I do wonder,
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,—
In whom already he is well graced,—cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A place below the first: for what miscarries
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of Marcius, O, if he
Had borne the business!

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his demerits rob Cominius.

Bru. Come:
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his
faults

To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear

How the despatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than in singularity, he goes
Upon his present action.

Bru. Let's along.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Corioli. The Senate-House.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, and certain Senators

1 Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?

What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome
Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence; these are the words: I
think,

I have the letter here; yes, here it is:

(Reads.)

*They have press'd a power, but it is not known
Whether for east or west: The dearth is great;
The people mutinous: and it is rumour'd,
Cominius, Marcius, your old enemy,
(Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,)
And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
These three led on this preparation,
Whither 'tis bent: most likely 'tis for you:
Consider of it.*

1 Sen. Our army's in the field:
We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when
They needs must shew themselves; which in the
hatching,

It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was,
To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius,
Take your commission: hie you to your bands:
Let us alone to guard Corioli:
If they set down before us, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They have not prepared for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that;
I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
Some parcels of their powers are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall never strike,
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you!

Auf. And keep your honours safe!

1 Sen. Farewell.

2 Sen. Farewell.

All. Farewell.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Rome. An Apartment in Marcius' House.

*Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA: They sit down
on two low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express your-
self in a more comfortable sort: If my son were my
husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence
wherein he won honour, than in the embracements
of his bed, where he would shew most love. When
yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of
my womb; when, youth with comeliness plucked

all gaze his way; when, for a day of king's entreaties, a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee daughter,—I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely:—Had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not. Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum; See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair; As children from a bear, the Volces shunning him:

Methinks, I see him stamp thus, and call thus,—
*Come on, you cowards, you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome:* His bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! O Jupiter, no blood!

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man,
Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
At Grecian swords contending.—Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome.

[Exit Gent.]

Vir. Heaven bless my lord from fell Aufidius!

Vol. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Re-enter Gentlewoman, with VALERIA, and her Usher.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet madam,—

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship.

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What, are you sewing here? A fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together; he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O, I warrant, how he mam-mocked it!

Vol. One of his father's moods

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitchery; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not over the threshold, till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fy, you confine yourself most unreasonably; Come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

Vir. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope: yet, they say all the yarn she spun, in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come; I would your cambric were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volces have an army forth; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our Roman power: your lord, and Titus Lartius, are set down before their city Corioli; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would:—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No at a word, madam; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then, farewell.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*Before Corioli.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Officers, and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—A wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy?

Mess. They lie in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll nor sell, nor give him: lend you him, I will.

For half a hundred years.—Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lie these armies?

Mess. Within this mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their 'larum, and they ours.

Now, Mars, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with smoking swords may march from
hence,
To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast.

*They sound a parley. Enter, on the walls, some
Senators, and others.*

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you less than he;
That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums
(Alarums afar off.)

Are bringing forth our youth: We'll break our walls,
Rather than they shall pound us up: our gates,
Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with
rushes;

They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off:
(Other Alarums.)

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O, they are at it!

Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho!

The Volces enter, and pass over the stage.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields.—Advance,
brave Titus:

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come, on,
my fellows;

He that retires, I'll take him for a Volce,
And he shall feel mine edge.

*Alarums, and exeunt Romans and Volces, fighting.
The Romans are beaten back to their trenches. Re-
enter MARCIUS.*

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and
plagues

Plaster you o'er; that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat? Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear; Mend, and charge
home,

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't: Come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another alarum. The Volces and Romans re-enter,
and the fight is renewed. The Volces retire into
Corioli, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope: Now prove good se-
conds:

'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

(He enters the gates, and is shut in.)

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness; not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

3 *Sol.* See they
Have shut him in.

(Alarum continues.)

All. To the pot, I warrant him.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS.

Lart. What has become of Marcius?

All. Slain, sir, doubtless.

1 *Sold.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters: who, upon the sudden,

Clapp'd-to their gates; he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. O noble fellow!

Who sensible, outdares his senseless sword,
And, when it bows, stands up! Thou art left.

Marcius:

A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

*Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the
enemy.*

1 *Sold.* Look, sir.

Lart. 'Tis Marcius;

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

(They fight, and all enter the city.)

SCENE V.—Within the Town. A Street.

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to Rome.

2 *Rom.* And I this.

3 *Rom.* A murrain on't! I took this for silver.

(Alarum continues still afar off.)

*Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS, with a
trumpet.*

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their
hours

At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up:—Down with
them.—

And hark, what noise the general makes!—To
him!—

There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
Piercing our Romans: Then, valiant Titus, take
Convenient numbers to make good the city;
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not:
My work hath not yet warm'd me: Fare you well.
The blood I drop is rather physical
Than dangerous to me: To Aufidius thus
I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest! So, farewell.

(Exit Marcius.)

Lart. Thou worthiest Marcius!—
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place;
Call thither all the officers of the town,
Where they shall know our mind: Away.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE VI.—Near the Camp of Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS and Forces, retreating.

Com. Breathe you, my friends; well fought: We
are come off
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,

Nor cowardly in retire: Believe me, sirs,
We shall be charged again. Whiles we have
struck,
By interims, and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends:—Ye Roman gods!
Lead their successes as we wish our own;
That both our powers, with smiling fronts en-
countering,

Enter a Messenger.

May give you thankful sacrifice!—Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is't
since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile; briefly we heard their
drums:

How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volces,
Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a
tabor,

More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man's.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threat'ning the other,
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave, [trenches?
Which told me they had beat you to your
Where is he? Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone, [men,
He did inform the truth: But, for our gentle-
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.
Where is the enemy? Are you lord o' the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius,
We have at disadvantage fought, and did
Retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on
which side
They have placed their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,

Their bands in the vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust: o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius, and his Antiates:
And that you not delay the present; but,
Filling the air with swords advanced, and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That best are willing:—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt,) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think, brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself,
Let him, alone, or so many, so minded,
Wave thus, (*waving his hand*), to express his dispo-
sition,
And follow Marcius.

(*They all shout and wave their swords; take
him up in their arms, and cast up their caps.*)

O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four Volces? None of you but is
Able to bear against the great Aufidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclined.

Com. March on, my fellows;
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VII.—The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli,
going with a drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS
and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant,
a party of Soldiers, and a Scout.*

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded: keep your
duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: If we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE VIII.—A Field of Battle between the Roman and the Volscian Camps.

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do
hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Afric owns a serpent, I abhor
More than thy fame and envy: fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave.

And the gods doom him after!

Auf. If I fly, Marcius,
Hallow me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased: 'Tis not my blood,
Wherein thou see'st me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

Auf. Wert thou the Hector,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,
Thou shouldst not 'scape me here.—

(They fight, and certain Voices come to the aid of Aufidius.)

Officious, and not valiant—you have shamed me
In your condemned seconds.

[Exeunt fighting driven in by Marcius.]

SCENE IX.—The Roman Camp.

Alarum. A retreat is sounded. *Flourish.* Enter at one side, COMINIUS, and Romans; at the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf, and other Romans.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great patricians shall attend and shrug,
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frightened,
And, gladly quaked, hear more: where the dull
Tribunes,

That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say against their hearts,—*We thank the gods,
Our Rome hath such a soldier!*—
Yet camest thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me. I have
done,

As you have done; that's what I can; induced
As you have been; that's for my country:
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving; Rome must know
The value of her own: 'Twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: Therefore, I beseech
you,

*(In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done,)* before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they
smart

To hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store,) of
all

The treasure, in this field achieved, and city,
We render you the tenth; to be ta'en forth
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;

But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

*(A long flourish. They all cry, Marcius!
Marcius! cast up their caps and lances:
Cominius and Lartius stand bare.)*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you
profane,
Never sound more! When drums and trumpets
shall

I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
Made all of false-faced soothing! When steel
grows

Soft as the parasite's silk, let him be made
An overture for the wars! No more, I say:
For that I have not wash'd my nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,
Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical:
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauced with lies.

Com. Too modest are you;
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you.—Therefore be it
known,

As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,
For what he did before Corioli, call him
With all the applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.—
Bear the addition nobly ever!

(Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.)

All. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: Howbeit, I thank you:—
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To undercrest your good addition,
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioli back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Cor. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg
Of my lord general.

Com. Take it: 'tis yours.—What is't?

Cor. I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man's house; he used me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelmed my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well begg'd!

Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free, as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marcius, his name?

Cor. By Jupiter, forgot:—

I am weary; yea, my memory is tired—
Have we no wine here?

Com. Go we to our tent;

The blood upon your visage dries; 'tis time
It should be look'd to: come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*The Camp of the Volces.*

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS,
bloody, with two or three Soldiers.*

Auf. The town is ta'en!

1 Sol. 'Twill be delivered back on good condition.

Auf. Condition?—

I would, I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volce, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
I the part that is at mercy. Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee; so often hast thou beat
me;

And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat.—By the elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He is mine, or I am his: Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
(True sword to sword,) I'll potch at him some
way;

Or wrath, or craft, may get him.

1 Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, though not so subtle: My valour
poison'd,

With only suffering stain by him; for him
Shall fly out of itself: nor sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick; nor fane, nor Capitol.
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcius: where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to the
city;

Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that
must

Be hostages for Rome.

1 Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove:

I pray you,

('Tis south the city mills,) bring me word thither
How the world goes; that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

1 Sol. I shall sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A public Place.*

Enter MENENIUS, SICINIUS, and BRUTUS.

Men. The augurer tells me we shall have news
to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people,
for they love not Marcius.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, who does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians
would the noble Marcius.

Bru. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb.
You two are old men; tell me one thing that I shall
ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcius poor, that you
two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with
all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. This is strange now: Do you two know
how you are censured here in the city, I mean of
us o' the right-hand file? Do you?

Both Trib. Why, how are we censured?

Men. Because you talk of pride now,—will you
not be angry?

Both Trib. Well, well, sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little
thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of
patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be
angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it
as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Mar-
cius for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for
your helps are many; or else your actions would
grow wondrous single. Your abilities are too
infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of
pride; O, that you could turn your eyes towards
the napes of your necks, and make but an interior
survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of
unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias,
fools,) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous patrician, and
one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of
allaying Tyber in't; said to be something imper-
fect, in favouring the first complaint: hasty, and
tinder-like, upon too trivial motion: one that con-
verses more with the buttock of the night, than
with the forehead of the morning. What I think,
I utter; and spend my malice in my breath: Meet-
ing two such weals-men as you are, (I cannot call
you Lycurguses) if the drink you give me touch my
palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I
cannot say, your worships have delivered the
matter well, when I find the ass in compound
with the major part of your syllables: and though
I must be content to bear with those that say you
are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly, that
tell you have good faces. If you see this in the
map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known
well enough too? What harm can your bisson con-
spectuities glean out of this character, if I be known
well enough too?

Bru. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourself, nor any
thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps
and legs; you wear out a good wholesome forenoon,
in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a
fosset-seller; and then rejoin the controversy of
threepence to a second day of audience.—When
you are hearing a matter between party and party,
if you chance to be pinched with the cholic, you
make faces like mummers; set up the bloody flag
against all patience; and, in roaring for a chamber-
pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more
entangled by your hearing: all the peace you make
in their cause, is, calling both the parties knaves:
You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be
a perfecter giber for the table, than a necessary
bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if

they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since Deucallion; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good e'en to your worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians: I will be bold to take my leave of you.

(Brutus and Sicinius retire to the back of the scene.)

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA, &c.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies, (and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches; for the love of Juno, let's go.

Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius; and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee:—Hoo! Marcius coming home!

Two Ladies. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him; the state hath another, his wife another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night:—A letter for me?

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you: I saw it.

Men. A letter for me? It gives me an estate of seven years' health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricute, and, to this preservative, of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. O, no, no, no.

Vol. O, he is wounded, I thank the gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if it be not too much:—Brings victory in his pocket?—The wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, Menenius: he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes,—they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: an he had staid by him, I would not have been so fdiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go:—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous? Ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, wow.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true:—Where is he wounded?—God save your good worships! *(To the Tribunes, who come forward)* Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. I' the shoulder, and i' the left arm: There

will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin, seven hurts i' the body.

Men. One in the neck, and two in the thigh,—there's nine, that I know.

Vol. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him.

Men. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave: *(a shout, and flourish.)* Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him He carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears; Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie; Which being advanced, declines; and then men die.

A senet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli' gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows, Coriolanus:—

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

(Flourish.)

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart; Pray now, no more.

Com. Look sir, your mother,—

Cor. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods For my prosperity.

(Kneels.)

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up; My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and By deed-achieving honour newly named, What is it, Coriolanus, must I call thee? But, O thy wife —

Cor. My gracious silence, hail!

Wouldst thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,

Thou weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear, Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear, And mothers that lack sons

Men. Now the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

(To Valeria.)

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O welcome home;

And welcome, general:—And you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could weep, And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy: Welcome:

A curse begin at very root of his heart, That is not glad to see thee!—You are three, That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,

We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors: We call a nettle, but a nettle; and The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours:

(To his wife and mother.)

Ere in our own house I do shade my head, The good patricians must be visited:

From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

Vol. I have lived
To see inherited my very wishes,
And the buildings of my fancy: only there
Is one thing wanting, which, I doubt not, but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the capitol.

*[Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state as before.
The Tribunes remain.]*

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared
sights

Are spectacl'd to see him: Your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry,
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest 'lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: Stalls, bulks,
windows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges horsed
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earnestness to see him: seld-shewn flamens
Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were slyly crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
From where he should begin and end; but will
Lose those that he hath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not, the commoners, for whom we
stand,
But they, upon their ancient malice, will
Forget with the least cause, these his new honours;
Which that he'll give them, make as little question
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility;
Nor shewing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: O, he would miss it,
rather
Then carry it, but by the suit o' the gentry to him,
And the desire of the nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good will;
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath held them: that to his power, he
would
Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders, and
Disproportioned their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,

Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in the war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't; and that's as easy,
As to set dogs on sheep,) will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mess. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'Tis
thought

That Marcius shall be consul: I have seen
The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
To hear him speak: The matrons flung their
gloves,

Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he passed: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue: and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts,
I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol,
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same. The Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 *Off.* Come, come, they are almost here: How
many stand for consulship?

2 *Off.* Three, they say: but 'tis thought of every
one, Coriolanus will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance
proud, and loves not the common people.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great men
that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved
them; and there be many they have loved, they
know not wherefore: so that, if they love they
know not why, they hate upon no better ground:
Therefore, for Coriolanus, neither to care whether
they love or hate him, manifests the true know-
ledge he has in their disposition; and, out of his
noble carelessness, lets them plainly see't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their
love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing
them neither good nor harm; but he seeks their
hate with greater devotion than they can render it
him; and leaves nothing undone that may fully
discover him their opposite. Now, to seem to af-
fect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as
bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for
their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country:
And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those,
who, having been supple and courteous to the
people, bonnetted, without any farther deed to heave
them at all into their estimation and report; but
he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and
his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to
be silent, and not confess so much were a kind of
ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a
malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck re-
proof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him; he is a worthy man.
Make way, they are coming.

A Senet. Enter with lictors before them, COMINIUS the Consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, many other Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places; the Tribunes take theirs also by themselves.

Men. Having determined of the Volces, and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble service, that Hath thus stood for his country: Therefore please you,

Most reverend and grave elders, to desire The present consul, and last general In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy work perform'd By Caius Marcius Coriolanus; whom We meet here, both to thank, and to remember With honours like himself.

1 Sen. Speak, good Cominius: Leave nothing out for length, and make us think, Rather our state's defective for requital, Than we to stretch it out. Masters o' the people, We do request your kindest ears; and, after, Your loving motion toward the common body, To yield what passes here.

Sic. We are convented Upon a pleasing treaty; and have hearts Inclined to honour and advance The theme of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather We shall be bless'd to do, if he remember A kinder value of the people, than He hath hereto prized them at.

Men. That's off, that's off; I would you rather had been silent: Please you To hear Cominius speak?

Bru. Most willingly: But yet my caution was more pertinent, Than the rebuke you give it.

Men. He loves your people; But tie him not to be their bedfellow.— Worthy Cominius, speak.—Nay, keep your place.

(Coriolanus rises, and offers to go away.)

1 Sen. Sit, Coriolanus; never shame to hear What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon; I had rather have my wounds to heal again Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope, My words disbench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir: yet oft, When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.

You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not: But your people,

I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun

When the alarm was struck, than idly sit To hear my nothings monster'd.

[Exit.]

Men. Masters o' the people, Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter, (That's thousand to one good one,) when you now see,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour, Than one of his ears to hear it?—Proceed, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus Should not be utter'd feebly.—It is held,

That valour is the chiefest virtue, and Most dignifies the haver: if it be, The man I speak of cannot in the world Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years, When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator, Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight, When with his Amazonian chin he drove The bristled lips before him: he bestrid An o'erpress'd Roman, and i' the consul's view Slew three opposers: Tarquin's self he met, And struck him on his knee: in that day's feats, When he might act the woman in the scene, He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea; And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since, He lurch'd all swords o' the garland. For this last,

Before and in Corioli, let me say, I cannot speak him home: He stopp'd the fliers;

And by his rare example, made the coward Turn terror into sport: as weeds before A vessel under sail, so men obey'd, And fell below his stem: his sword (death's stamp)

Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot He was a thing of blood, whose every motion Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd The mortal gate o' the city, which he painted With shunless destiny, aidless came off, And with a sudden reinforcement struck Corioli, like a planet: Now all's his: When by and by the din of war 'gan pierce His ready sense; then straight his doubled spirit Re-quickened what in flesh was fatigate, And to the battle came he; where he did Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if 'Twere a perpetual spoil: and, till we call'd Both field and city ours, he never stood To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at; And look'd upon things precious, as they were The common muck o' the world: he covets less Than misery itself would give; rewards His deeds with doing them; and is content To spend the time, to end it.

Men. He's right noble; Let him be call'd for.

1 Sen. Call for Coriolanus.

Off. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

Men. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased To make thee consul.

Cor. I do owe them still My life and services.

Men. It then remains, That you do speak to the people.

Cor. I do beseech you, Let me o'erleap that custom; for I cannot Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them, For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you

That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people Must have their voices: neither will they bate

One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't:—

Pray you, go fit you to the custom; and
Take to you as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part

That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them,—Thus I did, and
thus;—

Shew them the unaching scars, which I should
hide,

As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only:—

Men. Do not stand upon't.—

We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them;—and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[Flourish. Then exeunt Senators.]

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive his intent! He will re-
quire them,

As if he did condemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them

Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same. The Forum.*

Enter several Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Once, if he do require our voice, we ought
not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in ourselves to do it, but it
is a power that we have no power to do: for if he
shew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are
to put our tongues into those wounds, and speak
for them; so, if he tells us his noble deeds, we
must also tell him our noble acceptance of them.
Ingratitude is monstrous: and for the multitude to
be ingrateful, were to make a monster of the mul-
titude; of the which, we being members, should
bring ourselves to be monstrous members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a
little help will serve; for once, when we stood up
about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the
many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been called so of many; not that
our heads are some brown, some black, some
auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely
coloured: and truly I think, if all our wits were to
issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west,
north, south; and their consent of one direct way
should be at once to all the points o' the compass.

2 *Cit.* Think you so? Which way, do you judge,
my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not so soon out as an-
other man's will, 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-
head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, south-
ward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose itself in a fog; where being three
parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth
would return for conscience' sake, to help to get
thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks:—You
may, you may.

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolved to give your voices?

But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I
say, if he would incline to the people, there was
never a worthier man.

Enter CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility; mark
his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but
to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos,
and by threes. He's to make his requests by par-
ticulars: wherein every one of us has a single
honour, in giving him our own voices with our own
tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you
how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

[Exeunt.]

Men. O sir, you are not right: have you not
known

The worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?

I pray, sir,—Plague upon't! I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace:—Look, sir; my
wounds;

I got them in my country's service, when
Some certain of your brethren roar'd and ran
From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods!

You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang 'em!

I would they would forget me, like the virtues
Which our divines lose by them.

Men. You'll mar all;

I'll leave you: Pray you, speak to them, I pray
you,

In wholesome manner.

[Exit.]

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a
brace.

You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, sir: tell us what has brought you
to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not

Mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, sir:

'Twas never my desire yet,
To trouble the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing,
We hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consul-
ship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, sir, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly?

Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to shew
you,

Which shall be yours in private.—Your good voice,
sir!

What say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall have it, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir:—

There is in all two worthy voices begg'd:—
I have your alms; adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again.—But 'tis no matter.

[Exeunt.]

Enter two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune

of your voices, that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.
Why in this wolvisish gown should I stand here,
To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,
Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:—
What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,
The dust on antique time would lie unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heap'd
For truth to over-peer.—Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and the honour go
To one that would do thus.—I am half through;
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices,—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought;
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six
I have seen, and heard of; for your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more: your
voices:

Indeed, I would be consul.

5 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man's voice.

6 *Cit.* Therefore let him be consul: The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people!

All. Amen, amen,—
God save thee, noble consul!

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: Remains,
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharged
The people to admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I then change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,

Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Coriol. and Menenius.*]

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
Tis warm at his heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sic. How now, my masters? have you chose this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, sir.

Bru. We pray the gods, he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, sir: To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly,
He flouted us downright.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2 *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save yourself, but says,

He used us scornfully: he should have shew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds received for his country.

Sic. Why, so he did, I am sure.

Cit. No; no man saw 'em.

(*Several speak.*)

3 *Cit.* He said, he had wounds, which he could shew in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be consul, says he: *aged custom*.

But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore: When we granted that,
Here was,—*I thank you for your voices,—thank you,—*
Your most sweet voices:—now you have left your
voices,

I have no farther with you:—Was not this mockery!

Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't?
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd,—When he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway o' the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves! you should have said,
That, as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advised, had touch'd his spirit,
And tried his inclination; from him pluck'd
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article

Tying him to aught; so putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler,
And pass'd him unelected.

Bru. Did you perceive,
He did solicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves; and do you think,
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your
bodies

No heart among you? Or had you tongues to cry
Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker? and, now again,
On him, that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him,
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound

1 *Cit.* I twice five hundred, and their friends to
piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly; and tell those
friends,—

They have chose a consul, that will from them
take

Their liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election: Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed;
How in his suit he scorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,
Which gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Bru. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd
(No impediment between) but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him
More after our commandment, than as guided
By your own true affections; and that, your minds
Pre-occupied with what you rather must do
Than what you should, made you against the grain
To voice him consul: Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to
you,

How youngly he began to serve his country,
How long continued: and what stock he springs
of,

The noble house o' the Marcians: from whence
came

That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
Who, after great Hostilius, here was king:
Of the same house Publius and Quintus were.
That our best water brought by conduits hither;
And Censorinus, darling of the people,
And nobly named so, being censor twice,
Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
That hath beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances: but you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with the past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that still,) but by our putting on:
And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

2 E

Cit. We will so: almost all

(Several speak.)

Repent in their election.

[Exeunt Citizens.]

Bru. Let them go on;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To the Capitol:
Come; we'll be there before the stream o' the
people;
And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III

SCENE I.—The same. A Street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMI-
NIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Senators and Patri-
cians.

Cor. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord; and that it was, which
caused

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the Voices stand but as at first;
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make
road

Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safeguard he came to me; and did
curse

Against the Voices, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town: he is retired to Antium.

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Cor. How? what?

Lart. How often he had met you, sword to
sword:

That, of all things upon the earth, he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his for-
tunes

To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish, I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred full.—Welcome home.
(To Lartius.)

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise
them;

For they do prank them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no farther.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to

Go on: no farther.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles, and the
commons?

Bru. Cominius, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

1 Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-place.
Bru. The people are incensed against him.
Sic. Stop,
 Or all will fall in broil.
Cor. Are these your herd?—
 Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
 And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are
 your offices?
 You being their mouths, why rule you not their
 teeth?
 Have you not set them on?
Men. Be calm, be calm.
Cor. It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
 To curb the will of the nobility:
 Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
 Nor ever will be ruled.
Bru. Call't not a plot:
 The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
 When corn was given them gratis, you repined;
 Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd
 them
 Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.
Cor. Why, this was known before.
Bru. Not to them all.
Cor. Have you inform'd them since?
Bru. How! I inform them!
Cor. You are like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike,
 Each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why then should I be consul? By yon
 clouds,
 Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
 Your fellow tribune.
Sic. You shew too much of that,
 For which the people stir: If you will pass
 To where you are bound, you must inquire your
 way,
 Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
 Or never be so noble as a consul,
 Nor yoke with him for tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abused:—Set on.—This
 paltring
 Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus
 Deserved this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
 I' the plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
 This was my speech, and I will speak't again;—
Men. Not now, not now.
1 Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.
Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends,
 I crave their pardons:—
 For the mutable, rank-scented many, let them
 Regard me as I do not flatter, and
 Therein behold themselves: I say again,
 In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
 The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
 Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd and
 scatter'd,
 By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;
 Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
 Which they have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more.
1 Sen. No more words, we beseech you.
Cor. How! no more?
 As for my country I have shed my blood,
 Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
 Coin words till their decay, against those meazels,
 Which we disdain should tetter us, yet sought
 The very way to catch them.
Bru. You speak o' the people,

As if you were a god to punish, not
 A man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well,
 We let the people know't.
Men. What, what? his choler?
Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
 By Jove, 'twould be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind,
 That shall remain a poison where it is,
 Not poison any farther.

Cor. Shall remain!—
 Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
 His absolute shall?

Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. Shall!

O good, but most unwise patricians, why,
 You grave, but reckless senators, have you thus
 Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
 That with his peremptory shall, being but
 The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not
 spirit

To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
 And make your channel his? If he have power,
 Then veil your ignorance; if none, awake
 Your dangerous lenity. If you are learned,
 Be not as common fools; if you are not,
 Let them have cushions by you. You are pe-
 beians,

If they be senators: and they are no less,
 When both your voices blended, the greatest taste
 Most palates theirs. They choose their magis-
 trate;

And such a one as he, who puts his shall,
 His popular shall, against a graver bench
 Than ever frown'd in Greece! By Jove himself,
 It makes the consuls base: and my soul aches,
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
 The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 'twas used
 Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. (Though there the people had more abso-
 lute power,)

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
 The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
 One, that speaks thus, their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
 More worthier than their voices. They know, the
 corn

Was not our recompence; resting well assured
 They ne'er did service for't: Being press'd to the
 war,

Even when the navel of the state was touched,
 They would not thread the gates: this kind of ser-
 vice

Did not deserve corn gratis: being i' the war,
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
 Most valour, spoke not for them: The accusation,
 Which they have often made against the senate,
 All cause unborn, could never be the motive
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
 How shall this bisson multitude digest
 The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
 What's like to be their words:—*We did request*—
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
Then gave us our demands:—Thus we debate

The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears: which will in time break ope
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more:

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wis-
dom,

Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
To unstable slightness: purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose: Therefore, beseech
you,—

You that will be less fearful than discreet;
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change of 't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump a body with a dangerous physic,
That 's sure of death without it,—at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison: your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it;
Not having the power to do the good it would,
For the ill which doth control it.

Bru. He has said enough.

Sic. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall an-
swer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!—
What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,
And throw their power i' the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The Ædiles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go, call the people; [*Exit Brutus.*] in whose
name, myself

Attach thee, as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal: Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

Cor. Hence, old goat!

Sen. & Pot. We'll surety him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I shall shake thy
bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens.

*Re-enter BRUTUS, with the Ædiles, and a rabble
of Citizens.*

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here 's he, that would

Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles.

Cit. Down with him! down with him!

(*Several speak.*)

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

(*They all bustle about Coriolanus.*)

Tribunes, patricians, citizens!—what, ho!

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace; stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;

Confusion's near: I cannot speak:—You, tribunes
To the people,—Coriolanus, patience:—
Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me, people;—Peace.

Cit. Let's hear our tribune:—Peace. Speak,
speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you: Marcius,
Whom late you have named for consul.

Men. Fy, fy, fy!

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

1 Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

Cit. True,

The people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd.
The people's magistrates.

Cit. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it:—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

Sic. Therefore, lay hold of him;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. Ædiles, seize him.

Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.

Men. Hear me one word.

Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

Æd. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's
friend,

And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways.

That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent:—Lay hands upon
him,

And bear him to the rock.

Cor. No; I'll die here.

(*Drawing his sword.*)

There's some among you have beheld me fighting;
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword;—Tribunes, with-
draw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help, help, Marcius! help,

You that be noble; help him, young and old!

Cit. Down with him, down with him!

(*In the mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles,
and the people, are all beat in.*)

Men. Go, get you to your houses; be gone, away
All will be naught else.

2 Sen. Get you gone.

Cor. Stand fast;

We have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

1 Sen. The gods forbid!

I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy house;
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a sore upon us,

You cannot tent yourself: Begone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, sir, along with us.

Cor. I would they were barbarians, (as they are,

Though in Rome litter'd,) not Romans, (as they
are not,

Though carved i' the porch of the Capitol,)—

Men. Be gone;
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue;
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground,
I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could myself
Take up a brace of the best of them; yea, the two
tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetic;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric.—Will you hence,
Before the tag return? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be
patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*]

1 *Pat.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his
mouth:

What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent;
And being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

(*A noise within.*)

Here's goodly work!

2 *Pat.* I would they were a-bed.

Men. I would they were in Tyber!—What the
vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city and
Be every man himself.

Men. You worthy tribunes,—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him farther trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 *Cit.* He shall well know,
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

Cit. He shall, sure on't.

(*Several speak together.*)

Men. Sir,—

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry, havock, where you should but
hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, that you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak:—
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults:—

Sic. Consul!—what consul?

Men. The consul Coriolanus.

Bru. He a consul!

Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good
people,

I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
which shall turn you to no farther haen,

Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then;

For we are peremptory, to despatch
This viperous traitor: to eject him hence,
Were but one danger; and, to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good gods forbid,
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam,
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. O, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce,) he dropp'd it for his country:
And, what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

Sic. This is clean kam!

Bru. Merely awry: When he did love his country
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot
Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was.

Bru. We'll hear no more:—

Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread farther.

Men. One word more, one word.

This tiger-footed Rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd swiftness, will, too late,
Tie leaden pounds to his heels. Proceed by process;
Lest parties (as he is beloved) break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

Bru. If it were so,—

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taste of his obedience?
Our Ædiles smote? ourselves resisted?—Come:—

Men. Consider this;—He has been bred i' the wars
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bouted language; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go in to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
(In peace) to his utmost peril.

1 *Sen.* Noble tribunes,

It is the humane way: the other course
Will prove too bloody; and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble Menenius,

Be you then as the people's officer:—
Masters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place:—We'll attend
you there:

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

Men. I'll bring him to you:—

Let me desire your company. (*To the Senators.*) He
must come,

Or what is worst will follow.

1 *Sen.* Pray you, let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in CORIOLANUS'S House.

Enter CORIOLANUS and Patricians.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears; present
me

Death on the wheel, or at the wild horses' heels;
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

1 Pat. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muse, my mother
Does not approve me farther, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats; to shew bare heads
In congregations, to yawn, be still, and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace, or war. I talk of you;

(To Volumnia.)

Why did you wish me milder? Would you have
me

False to my nature? Rather say, I play
The man I am.

Vol. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you
are,
With striving less to be so: Lesser had been
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not shew'd them how you were disposed,
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS and Senators.

Men. Come, come, you have been too rough, some-
thing too rough;
You must return, and mend it.

1 Sen. There's no remedy;
Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsel'd:
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger,
To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman;
Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that
The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well,

What then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it for the gods;
Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute;
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together: Grant that, and
tell me,

In peace, what each of them by th' other lose,
That they combine not there.

Cor. Tush, tush!

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour, in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which, for your best ends,
You adopt your policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war; since that to both
It stands in like request?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Because that now it lies you on to speak
To the people; not by your own instruction,
Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you
to,

But with such words that are but rotes in
Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.

Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends, at stake, required
I should do so in honour: I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles;
And you will rather shew our general louts
How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady!—

Come, go with us; speak fair: you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee, now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand;
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with
them,)

Thy knee bussing the stones, (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant,
More learned than their ears,) waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble, as the ripest mulberry,
Now will not hold the handling: Or, say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
Hast not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men. This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, all their hearts were
yours;

For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee, now,
Go, and be ruled: although, I know, thou hadst
rather

Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf,
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Cominius.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. I have been i' the market-place: and, sir,
'tis fit

You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think, 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must, and will:—

Pr'ythee, now, say, you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarb'd sconce?
Must I,

With my base tongue, give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do't:
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind
it,

And throw it against the wind.—To the market-
place:—

You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, sweet son; as thou hast said,

My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't:

Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit! My throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep! The smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys' tears take
up

The glasses of my sight! A beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm'd
knees,

Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath received an alms!—I will not do't:
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then:

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin; let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness: for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from
me:

But owe thy pride thyself.

Cor. Pray, be content;

Mother, I am going to the market-place;
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home be-
loved

Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul;
Or never trust to what my tongue can do
I' the way of flattery, farther.

Vol. Do your will.

[*Exit.*

Com. Away, the tribunes do attend you: arm
yourself

To answer mildly; for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly:—Pray you, let us go:
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then; mildly.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. The Forum.*

Enter SIOINIUS and BRUTUS.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he
affects

Tyrannical power: If he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy to the people;
And that the spoil, got on the Antiates,
Was ne'er distributed.—

Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come?

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procured,

Set down by the poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:

And when they hear me say, *It shall be so*
I' the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry *fine*; if death, cry *death*;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

Æd. I shall inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to
cry,

Let them not cease, but with a din confused
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this
hint,

When we shall hap to give 't them.

Bru. Go about it.—

[*Exit Ædile.*

Put him to choler straight: He hath been used
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction: Being once chafed, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance; then he speaks
What's in his heart; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, COMINIUS,
Senators, and Patricians.

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly, I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, for an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume.—The honour'd
gods

Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throng our large temples with the shew of peace,
And not our streets with war!

I Sen. Amen, amen!

Men. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your tribunes; audience: Peace,
I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say.—Peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charged no farther than this pre-
sent?

Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,

If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says, he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

Cor. Scratches with briars,
Scars to move laughter only.

Men. Consider farther,

That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: Do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as becomes a soldier,
Rather than envy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contrived to
take

From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How! Traitor?

Men. Nay; temperately: Your promise.

Cor. The fires i' the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor!—Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

Cit. To the rock with him; to the rock with him!

Sic. Peace.

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

Bru. But since he hath

Served well for Rome, —

Cor. What, do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?

Men. Is this

The promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know,

I pray you, —

Cor. I'll know no farther:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying: Pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have 't with saying, Good morrow.

Sic. For that he has

(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envied against the people, seeking means
To pluck away their power; as now at last
Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
That do distribute it; in the name o' the people,
And in the power of us the tribunes, we,
Even from this instant, banish him our city;
In peril of precipitation
From off the rock Tarpeian, never more
To enter our Rome gates: I' the people's name,
I say, it shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so.

It shall be so; let him away; he's banished,
And so it shall be.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
friends; —

Sic. He's sentenced: no more hearing.

Com. Let me speak;

I have been consul, and can shew from Rome,
Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins: then if I would

Speak that —

Sic. We know your drift: Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is
banish'd,

As enemy to the people, and his country:

It shall be so.

Cit. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I
hate

As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize

As the dead carcasses of unburied men

That do corrupt my air, I banish you;

And here remain with your uncertainty!

Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!

Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,

Fan you into despair! Have the power still

To banish your defenders; till, at length,

Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels,)

Making not reservation of yourselves,

(Still your own foes,) deliver you, as most

Abated captives, to some nation

That won you without blows! Despising,

For you, the city, thus I turn my back:

There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, Menenius,
Senators, and Patricians.*]

Ed. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

Cit. Our enemy's banish'd! he is gone! Hoo!
hoo!

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*]

Sic. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him

As he hath follow'd you, with all despite;

Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard

Attend us through the city.

Cit. Come, come, let us see him out at gates;
come: —

The gods preserve our noble tribunes! — Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before the gate of the City.*

*Enter CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA,
MENENIUS, COMINIUS, and several young
Patricians.*

Cor. Come, leave your tears; a brief farewell: —
the beast

With many heads butts me away. — Nay, mother,

Where is your ancient courage? you were used

To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;

That common chances common men could bear;

That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike

Shew'd mastership in floating: fortune's blows

When most struck home, being gentle wounded,
craves

A noble cunning: you were used to load me

With precepts, that would make invincible

The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. O heavens! O heavens!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman, —

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in
Rome,

And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what!

I shall be loved, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,

Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,

If you had been the wife of Hercules,

Six of his labours you'd have done, and saved

Your husband so much sweat. — Cominius,

Droop not; adieu: — Farewell, my wife! my mother!

I'll do well yet.—Thou old and true Menenius,
Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes.—My sometime
general,

I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
Heart-hard'ning spectacles; tell these sad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.—My mother, you wot
well,

My hazards still have been your solace: and
Believe't not lightly, (though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen,) your
son

Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My first son,
Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
With thee a-while: Determine on some course,
More than a wild exposure to each chance
That starts i' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
And we of thee: so, if the time thrust forth
A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send
O'er the vast world, to seek a single man;
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I' the absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:—

Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full
Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised: bring me but out at
gate.—

Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly

Men. That's worthily

As any ear can hear.—Come, let's not weep.—
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand:—

Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A street near the Gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no
farther.—

The nobility are vex'd, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shown our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home:
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*]

*Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENE-
NIUS.*

Here comes his mother.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why?

Sic. They say, she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us:
Keep on your way.

Vol. O, you're well met: The hoarded plague o'
the gods

Requite your love!

Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping you should
hear,—

Nay, and you shall hear some.—Will you be gone?
(*To Brutus.*)

Vir. You shall stay too: (*To Sicin.*) I would, I
had the power

To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you mankind?

Vol. Ay, fool: Is that a shame?—Note but this
fool.—

Was not a man my father? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome,
Than thou hast spoken words?

Sic. O blessed heaven!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise
words;

And for Rome's good.—I'll tell thee what;—Yet
go:—

Nay, but thou shalt stay too:—I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Vir. What then?

He'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.—

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country,
As he began; and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had? 'Twas you incensed the
rabble;

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray, let us go.

Vol. Now, pray, sir, get you gone:

You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear
this:

As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far, my son,
(This lady's husband here, this, do you see,)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay we to be baited
With one that wants her wits?

Vol. Take my prayers with you.—

[*Exeunt Tribunes.*]

I would the gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my curses! Could I meet them
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lies heavy to 't.

Men. You have told them home.

And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup
with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding. Come, let's
go:

Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

Men. Fy, fy, fy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A Highway between Rome and
Antium.*

Enter a Roman and a Volce, meeting.

Rom. I know you well, sir, and you know me;
your name, I think, is Adrian

Vol. It is so, sir: truly, I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a Roman; and my services are, as you are, against them: Know you me yet?

Vol. Nicanor? No.

Rom. The same, sir.

Vol. You had more beard, when I last saw you: but your favour is well appeared by your tongue. What's the news in Rome? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there: You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in Rome strange insurrection: the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! Is it ended then? Our state thinks not so; they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness, to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus banished?

Rom. Banished, sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you: You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol. A most royal one: the centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, sir; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Antium. Before Aufidius's House.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this Antium: City,
Tis I that made thy widows; many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not;
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with
stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies: Is he in Antium?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state,

At his house this night.

Cor. Which, is his house 'beseech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir; farewell.

[*Exit Citizen.*]

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast
sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose house, whose bed, whose meal, and
exercise,

Are still together, who twin, as 'twere, in love

Unseparable, shall within this hour,

On a dissention of a doit, break out

To bitterest enmity: So, fellest foes,

Whose passions, and whose plots, have broke their
sleep

To take the one the other, by some chance,

Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow, dear
friends,

And interjoin their issues. So with me:—

My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon

This enemy town.—I'll enter: if he slay me,

He does fair justice; if he give me way,

I'll do his country service.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.*

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 *Ser.* Wine, wine, wine! What service is here!
I think our fellows are asleep.

[*Exit.*]

Enter another Servant.

2 *Ser.* Where's Cotus? my master calls for him—
Cotus!

[*Exit.*]

Enter CORIOLANUS.

Cor. A goodly house: The feast smells well;
but I

Appear not like a guest.

Re-enter the first Servant.

1 *Serv.* What would you have, friend? Whence
are you? Here's no place for you: Pray, go to
the door.

Cor. I have deserved no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his
eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such
companions? Pray, get you out.

Cor. Away!

2 *Serv.* Away! Get you away.

Cor. Now thou art troublesome.

2 *Serv.* Are you so brave? I'll have you talked
with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 *Serv.* What fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A strange one as ever I looked on: I
cannot get him out o' the house: Pr'ythee, call my
master to him.

3 *Serv.* What have you to do here, fellow? Pray
you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your
hearth.

3 *Serv.* What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 *Serv.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 *Serv.* Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go!
And batten on cold bits.

(*Pushes him away.*)

3 *Serv.* What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

[*Exit.*]

2 *Serv.* And I shall.

3 *Serv.* Where dwellest thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 *Serv.* Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Serv.* Where's that?

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 *Serv.* I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then thou dwellest with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 *Serv.* How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay, 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress:
Thou pratest, and pratest; serve with thy trencher, hence!

(*Beats him away.*)

Enter AUFIDIUS and the second Servant.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 *Serv.* Here, sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence comest thou? What wouldst thou? Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: What's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus,

(*Unmuffling.*)

Not yet thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not think me for the man I am, necessity commands me name myself.

Auf. What is thy name?

(*Servants retire.*)

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears, And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face bears a command in 't; though thy tackle's torn, Thou shew'st a noble vessel: What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown: Know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not:—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done to thee particularly, and to all the Volces, Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may My surname, Coriolanus: The painful service, The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood Shed for my thankless country, are requited But with that surname; a good memory, And witness of the malice and displeasure Which thou shouldst bear me: only that name remains;

The cruelty and envy of the people, Permitted by our dastard nobles, who Have all forsook me, hath devoured the rest; And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be Whoop'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity Hath brought me to thy hearth: Not out of hope, Mistake me not, to save my life; for if I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world I would have voided thee: but in mere spite, To be full quit of those my banishers, Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast

A heart of wreck in thee, that will revenge Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those

mains

Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,

And make my misery serve thy turn; so use it,

That my revengeful services may prove

As benefits to thee; for I will fight

Against my canker'd country with the spleen

Or all the under fiends. But if so be

Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes

Thou art tired, then, in a word, I also am

Longer to live most weary, and present

My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:

Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool;

Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,

Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,

And cannot live but to thy shame, unless

It be to do thee service.

Auf. O Marcius, Marcius,

Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart

A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter

Should from yon cloud speak divine things, and say,

'Tis true; I'd not believe them more than thee,

All noble Marcius.—O, let me twine

Mine arms about that body, where against

My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,

And scared the moon with splinters! Here I clip

The anvil of my sword; and do contest

As hotly and as nobly with thy love,

As ever in ambitious strength I did

Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,

I loved the maid I married; never man

Sigh'd truer breath; but that I see thee here,

Thou noble thing! more dances my wrapt heart

Than when I first my wedded mistress saw

Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,

We have a power on foot; and I had purpose

Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,

Or lose mine arm for't. Thou hast beat me out

Twelve several times, and I have nightly since

Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me,

We have been down together in my sleep,

Unbuckling helms, fisting each others throats,

And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,

Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that

Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all

From twelve to seventy; and, pouring war

Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,

Like a bold flood o'erbeat. O, come, go in,

And take our friendly senators by the hands;

Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,

Who am prepared against your territories,

Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods!

Auf. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have

The leading of thine own revenges, take

The one half of my commission; and set down,—

As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st

Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways:

Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,

Or rudely visit them in parts remote,

To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:

I let me commend thee first to those, that shall

Say, yea, to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!

And more a friend than e'er an enemy:

Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand! Most welcome!

[*Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.*]

1 *Serv.* (*Advancing.*) Here's a strange alteration!

2 *Serv.* By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

1 *Serv.* What an arm he has! He turned me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 *Serv.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Serv.* He had so; looking as it were,—'Would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Serv.* So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the rarest man i' the world.

1 *Serv.* I think he is; but a greater soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Serv.* Who? my master?

1 *Serv.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Serv.* Worth six of him.

1 *Serv.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Serv.* 'Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 *Serv.* O slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

1 & 2 *Serv.* What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Serv.* I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1 & 2 *Serv.* Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Serv.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general,—Caius Marcius.

1 *Serv.* Why do you say, thwack our general?

3 *Serv.* I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, we are fellows, and friends; he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Serv.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

2 *Serv.* An he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too.

1 *Serv.* But more of thy news?

1 *Serv.* Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars: set at upper end o' the table: no questions asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him: Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with's hand, and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. 'He'll go, he says, and sowle the porter of Rome gates by the ears: He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

2 *Serv.* And he's as like to do't, as any man I can imagine.

3 *Serv.* Do't? he will do't: For, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir,) shew themselves, (as we term it,) his friends, whilst he's in directitude.

1 *Serv.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Serv.* But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 *Serv.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Serv.* To-morrow; to-day; presently. You shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Serv.* Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Serv.* Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; muffled, deaf, sleepy, insensible; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.

2 *Serv.* 'Tis so: and as wars, in some sort, may be said to be a ravisher; so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Serv.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

2 *Serv.* Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

All. In, in, in, in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Rome. A Public place.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him:

His remedies are tame i' the present peace
And quietness o' the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter MENENIUS.

Bru. We stood to 't in good time. Is this Menenius?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown most kind
Of late.—Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your Coriolanus, sir, is not much miss'd
But with his friends: the common-wealth doth stand;

And so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well; and might have been much better, if

He could have temporized.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing; his mother and his wife

Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Sic. Good-e'en, our neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.

1 *Cit.* Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live and thrive!

Bru. Farewell, kind neighbours: We wish'd
Coriolanus

Had loved you as we did.

Cit. Now the gods keep you!

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying, Confusion.

Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war; but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Sic. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Sic. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

Bru. The gods have well prevented it, and
Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Æd. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports,—the Volces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories;
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before them.

Men. 'Tis Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were inshell'd, when Marcius stood for
Rome,

And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot
be,

The Volces dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!

We have record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this;
Lest you should chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:

I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The nobles, in great earnestness, are going
All to the senate-house: some news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes:—his raising!
Nothing but his report!

Mess. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

Sic. What more fearful?

Mess. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
(How probable, I do not know,) that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome;
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely!

Bru. Raised only that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

Sic. The very trick on 't.

Men. This is unlikely:

He and Aufidius can no more atone,

Than violentest contrariety.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate:
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O, you have made good work!

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and

To melt the city leads upon your pates;
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses;—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement;
and

Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news?—

You have made fair work, I fear me:—Pray, your
news?

If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—

Com. If!

He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better: and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
You, and your apron-men; you, that stood so
much

Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters!

Com. He will shake

Your Rome about your ears.

Men. As Hercules

Did shake down mellow fruit: You have made fair
work!

Bru. But is this true, sir?

Com. Ay; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt; and who resist
Are only mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame
him?

Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if
they

Should say, *Be good to Rome*, they charged him
even

As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:

If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, *Beseech you, cease*.—You have made fair
hands,

You, and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

Com. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We loved him; but, like
beasts,
And cowardly nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But, I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer:—Desperation
Is all the policy, strength and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters.
And is Aufidius with him?—You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now, he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
If he could burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it.

Cit. 'Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 'twas pity.

2 Cit. And so did I.

3 Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so
did very many of us: That we did, we did for the
best; and though we willingly consented to his
banishment, yet it was against our will.

Com. You are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall us to the
Capitol?

Com. O, ay; what else?

[Exeunt Com. and Men.]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd;
These are a side, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And shew no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters
let's home. I ever said, we were i' the wrong, when
we banish'd him.

2 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home.

[Exeunt Citizens.]

Bru. I do not like the news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol:—'Would, half my
wealth

Would buy this for a lie!

Sic. Pray let us go.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*A Camp; at a small distance from
Rome.*

Enter AUFIDIUS, and his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still fly to the Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him;
but

Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier
Even to my person, than I thought he would,
When first I did embrace him: Yet his nature
In that's no changeling; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir,
(I mean for your particular,) you had not
Join'd in commission with him: but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shews good husbandry for the Volscian state;
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry
Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him, ere he sits down,
And the nobility of Rome are his:
The senators, and patricians, love him too:
The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome,
As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. First he was
A noble servant to them; but he could not
Carry his honours even: whether 'twas pride,
Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
To fail in the disposing of those chances
Which he was lord of; or whether nature,
Not to be other than one thing, not moving
From the casque to the cushion, but commanding
peace

Even with the same austerity and garb
As he controll'd the war: but, one of these,
(As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For I dare so far free him,) made him fear'd,
So hated, and so banish'd: But he has a merit,
To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
Lie in the interpretation of the time;
And power, unto itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights falter, strength by strength do
fail.

Come let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
Thou art poor'st of all; then shortly art thou mine.
[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A Public Place.*

*Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS,
BRUTUS, and others.*

Men. No, I'll not go: you hear what he hath
said,

Which was sometimes his general; who loved him
In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father:
But what o' that? Go, you that banish'd him,
A mile before his tent fall down, and kneel
The way into his mercy: Nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to: forbade all names;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,

Till he had forged himself a name i' the fire
Of burning Rome.

Men. Why, so; you have made good work:
A pair of tribunes that have rack'd for Rome,
To make coals cheap: A noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon,
When it was less expected: He replied,
It was a bare petition of a state
To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well:
Could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends: His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome, musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

Men. For one poor grain
Or two? I am one of those; his mother, wife,
His child, and this brave fellow too, we are the
grains:

You are the musty chaff: and you are smelt
Above the moon: We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: If you refuse your aid
In this so never-heeded help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

Men. No; I'll not meddle.

Sic. I pray you, go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make trial what your love can do
For Rome, towards Marcius.

Men. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard; what then?—

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness? Say 't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the mea-
sure

As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it.
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well, he had not dined:
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but, when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch
him

Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have know-
ledge
Of my success.

[*Exit.*]

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome; and his injury
The jailer to his pity. I kneel'd before him:
'Twas very faintly he said, *Rise*; dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: What he would
do,

He sent in writing after me; what he would not,

Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:

So, that all hope is vain,

Unless his noble mother and his wife;

Who, as I hear, meant to solicit him

For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II—*An Advanced Post of the Volscian Camp
before Rome. The Guard at their stations.*

Enter to them MENENIUS.

1 *G.* Stay: Whence are you?

2 *G.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men; 'tis well: But, by
your leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 *G.* From whence?

Men. From Rome.

1 *G.* You may not pass, you must return: our
general

Will no more hear from thence.

1 *G.* You'll see your Rome embraced with fire,
before

You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good, my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 *G.* Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have
read

His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplified;
For I have ever verified my friends,
(Of whom he's chief,) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing: therefore,
fellow,

I must have leave to pass.

1 *G.* Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his
behalf, as you have uttered words in your own,
you should not pass here: no, though it were as
virtuous to lie, as to live chastely. Therefore, go
back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is
Menenius, always factionary on the party of your
general.

1 *G.* Howsoever you have been his liar, (as you
say, you have,) I am one that, telling true under
him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore go
back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would
not speak with him till after dinner.

1 *G.* You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am as thy general is.

1 *G.* Then you should hate Rome as he does.
Can you, when you have push'd out your gates the
very defender of them, and, in a violent popular
ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to
front his revenges with the easy groans of old wo-
men, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with
the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant as
you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the in-
tended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such
weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; there-
fore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution!

you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

2 *G.* Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy general.

1 *G.* My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go, lest I let forth your half pint of blood;—back,—that's the utmost of your having:—back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now, you companion, I'll say an errand for you; you shall know now, that I am in estimation; you shall perceive, that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus: guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou stand'st not i' the state of hanging, or some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering! behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.—The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does! O, my son! my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee; but being assured, none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee.

Cor. Away!

Men. How! away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs

Are servanted to others: Though I owe My revenge properly, my remission lies In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar, Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather Than pity note how much.—Therefore, be gone. Mine ears against your suits are stronger, than Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee,

Take this along; I writ it for thy sake,

(Gives a letter.)

And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, Was my beloved in Rome: yet thou behold'st—

Auf. You keep a constant temper.

[Exeunt Coriolanus and Aufidius.]

1 *G.* Now, sir, is your name Menenius,

2 *G.* 'Tis a spell, you see, of much power: You know the way home again.

1 *G.* Do you hear how we are shent for keeping your greatness back?

2 *G.* What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, you are so slight. He, that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away!

[Exit.]

1 *G.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *G.* The worthy fellow is our general: He is the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The Tent of Coriolanus.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

Cor. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow Set down our host.—My partner in this action, You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly I have borne this business.

Auf. Only their ends

You have respected; stopp'd your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,

Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Loved me above the measure of a father; Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him; for whose old love, I have (Though I show'd sourly to him,) once more offer'd The first conditions, which they did refuse, And cannot now accept, to grace him only, That thought he could do more; a very little I have yielded too: Fresh embassies, and suits, Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

(Shout within.)

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLU- NIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection! All bond and privilege of nature, break! Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—

What is that court'sy worth? or those doves' eyes, Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not

Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows; As if Olympus to a molehill should In supplication nod: and my young boy Hath an aspect of intercession, which Great nature cries, *Deny not.*—Let the Volces Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand, As if a man were author of himself, And knew no other kin.

Vir. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Vir. The sorrow, that delivers us thus changed, Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now, I have forgot my part, and I am out, Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh, Forgive my tyranny; but do not say, For that, *Forgive our Romans.*—O, a kiss Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge! Now by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip Hath virgin'd it e'er since.—You gods! I prate, And the most noble mother of the world Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth;

(Kneels.)

Of thy deep duty more impression shew Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up, bless'd!

Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint, I kneel before thee; and improperly Shew duty, as mistaken all this while

Between the child and parent.

(Kneels.)

Cor. What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun;
Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle,
That's curd'd by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple: Dear Valeria!

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May shew like all yourself.

Cor. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st
prove

To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics:—Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll
Hearnought from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our rai-
ment,

And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which
should

Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with
comforts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and
sorrow;

Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: For how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victory,
Whereto we are bound? Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find

An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win: for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles through our streets, or else

Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not,) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and on mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your
name

Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me;
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long.

(Rising.)

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces whom you serve, you might condemn
us

As poisonous of your honour: No, our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
May say, *This mercy we have shew'd*; the Romans,
This we received; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, *Be bless'd*
For making up this peace! Thou know'st, great
son,

The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ.—*The man was noble,*
But with his last attempt he wiped it out;
Destroy'd his country; and his name remains
To the ensuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods:
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the
world

More bound to his mother: yet here he lets me
prate

Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she, (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down; an end;
This is the last:—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny 't.—Come, let us go
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;

His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance:—Yet give us our despatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother!

(Holding Volumnia by the hands, silent.)

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! Or
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come:—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was moved withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause.—O mother, wife!

Auf. I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy and thy
honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.

(Aside.)

(The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.)

Cor. Ay, by and by;

(To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.)

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Rome. A public place.

Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.

Men. See you yond' coign o' the Capitol; yond
corner-stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with
your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of
Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him.
But I say, there is no hope in't; our throats are
sentenced, and stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible, that so short a time can alter
the condition of a man?

Men. There is a differency between a grub, and a
butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This
Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has
wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He loved his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers
his mother now, than an eight year old horse. The
tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he
walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground
shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a
corslet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum
is a battery. He sits in his state, as a thing made
for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finished
with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but
eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what
mercy his mother shall bring from him: There is

no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male
tiger; that shall our poor city find: and all this is
'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in such a case the gods will not be good
unto us. When we banished him, we respected
not them: and he, returning to break our necks,
they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your
house;

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all swearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mess. Good news, good news;—the ladies have
prevail'd,

The Volces are dislodged, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,

Art thou certain this is true? Is it most certain?

Mess. As certain, as I know the sun is fire:

Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the recomfited through the gates. Why, hark
you

(Trumpets and hautboys sounded, and drums
beaten, all together. Shouting also within.)

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the shouting Romans,
Make the sun dance. Hark you!

(Shouting again.)

Men. This is good news:

I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
A sea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

(Shouting and music.)

Sic. First, the gods bless you for your tidings:
next,

Accept my thankfulness.

Mess. Sir, we have all

Great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They are near the city.

Mess. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We will meet them.

(Going.)

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators,
Patricians, and People. They pass over the Stage.

1 Sen. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires; strew flowers before
them:

Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius:
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry.—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—

All. Welcome, ladies!

Welcome!

(A Flourish with drums and trumpets.)

[Exeunt]

SCENE V.—Antium. A public place.

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

Auf. Go, tell the lords of the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,

Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words: Despatch.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius's faction.

Most welcome!

1 *Con.* How is it with our general?

Auf. Even so,

As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble sir,

If you do hold the same intent, wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;

We must proceed, as we do find the people.

3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;

And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I raised him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth; Who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends: and to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 *Con.* Sir, his stoutness,

When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of:

Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth;
Presented to my knife his throat; I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; served his designments
In mine own person; help to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong: till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner, and
He waged me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:

The army marvell'd at it. And, in the last,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory,—

Auf. There was it;—

For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: Therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

(*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*)

1 *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcome home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats
tear,
With giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,

After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;

Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserved it;

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.

What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give way
The benefit of our levies answering us
With our own charge; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding: This admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, with drums and colours, a crowd of Citizens with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought
home,

Do more than counterpoise, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no less honour to the Antiates,
Than shame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;

But tell the traitor, in the highest degree
He hath abused your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: Dost thou
think

I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stolen name
Coriolanus in Corioli?—

You lords and heads of the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome
(I say, your city,) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war; but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha.

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O slave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my grave

lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my stripes impress'd on him; that
must bear

My beating to his grave;) shall join to thrust
The lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Voices; men and lads,
Stain all your hedges on me.—Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cot, I
Flutter'd your Voices in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for't.

(Several speak at once.)

Cit. (Speaking promiscuously.) Tear him to pieces,
do it presently. He killed my son;—my daughter;
—He killed my cousin Marcus;—he killed my
father.—

2 Lord. Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth. His last offence to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword:

Auf. Insolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

*(Aufidius and the Conspirators draw, and
kill Coriolanus, who falls, and Aufidius
stands on him.)*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullus,—

2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour
will weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all be
quiet:

Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in thir
rage,

Provoked by him, you cannot,) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your senate, I'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 Lord. Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him; let him be regarded
As the most noble corse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 Lord. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up.—
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.—
Assist.

*[Exeunt, bearing the body of Coriolanus
A dead march sounded.]*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.



Troilus.—"DEAR, TROUBLE NOT YOURSELF, THE MORN IS COLD."—Act iv, scene 2.

Persons Represented.

PRIAM, King of Troy.

HECTOR,
TROILUS

PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,

} his Sons

ÆNEAS, — ANTENOR, — Trojan Commanders.

CALCHAS, a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.

PANDARUS, Uncle to Cressida.

MARGARELON, a Bastard son of Priam.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian General.

MENELAUS, his Brother.

ACHILLES,

AJAX.

ULYSSES,

} Grecian Commanders.

NESTOR,

DIOMEDES,

PATROCLUS,

THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.

ALEXANDER, Servant to Cressida.

Servant to Troilus.

Servant to Paris.

Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, Wife to Menelaus.

ANDROMACHE, Wife to Hector.

CASSANDRA, Daughter to Priam, a Prophetess.

CRESSIDA, Daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants

SCENE.—Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
 The princess orgulous, their high blood chafed,
 Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war: Sixty and nine, that wore
 Their crownets regal, from the Athenian bay
 Put forward towards Phrygia; and their vow is
 made,
 To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures
 The ravished Helen, Menelaus' queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
 To Tenedos they come;
 And the deep drawing barks do there disgorge
 Their warlike fraughtage; Now on Dardan plains
 The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
 Their brave pavilions; Priam's six-gated city,
 Dardan, and Tymbria, Ilias, Chetas, Troien,
 And Antenorides, with massy staples,
 And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
 Sperr up the sons of Troy.
 Now expectation, tickling, skittish spirits,
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard:—And hither am I come
 A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
 Of author's pen, or actor's voice; but suited
 In like conditions as our argument,—
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings, of those broils,
 Ginning in the middle; starting thence away
 To what may be digested in a play.
 Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
 Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I

SCENE I.—Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.

Tro. Call here my varlet, I'll unarm again:
 Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
 That find such cruel battle here within?
 Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
 Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their
 strength,
 Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant:
 But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
 Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
 And skill-less as unpractised infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for
 my part, I'll not meddle nor make no farther. He
 that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry
 the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding, but you must tarry the
 bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the
 leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening: but here's yet in the
 word—hereafter the kneading, the making of the
 cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay,
 you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance
 to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,
 Doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do.
 At Priam's royal table do I sit;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
 So, traitor! when she comes!—when is she
 thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than
 ever

I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—When my heart,
 As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
 Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
 I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
 Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:
 But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,
 Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker
 than Helen's, (well, go to,) there were no more
 comparison between the women,—But, for my
 part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they
 term it, praise her,—But I would somebody had
 heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dis-
 praise your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
 When I do tell thee, There my hopes lie drown'd,
 Reply not in how many fathoms deep
 They lie indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
 In Cressid's love: Thou answer'st, She is fair;
 Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
 Her eyes, her hair, her cheeks, her gait, her voice;
 Handlest in thy discourse, O, that her hand,
 In whose comparison all whites are ink,
 Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure
 The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
 Hard as the palm of ploughman! This thou tell'st
 me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say—I love her;
 But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
 Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me,
 The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as
 she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; and
 she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel: ill-
 thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you:
 gone between and between, but small thanks for
 my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what,
 with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's
 not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me,
 she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on
 Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were
 a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's
 a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the
 Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her:
 for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more in the
 matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me; I will
 leave all as I found it, and there an end.

[Exit Pandarus. An alarum.

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude
 sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
 When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
 I cannot fight upon this argument;
 It is too starved a subject for my sword.

But Pandarus—O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo,
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself, the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus? wherefore not
afield?
Tro. Because not there: This woman's answer
sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.
What news, Æneas, from the field to-day?
Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.
Tro. By whom, Æneas?
Æne. Troilus, by Menelaus.
Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn.

(Alarum.)

Æne. Hark! what good sport is out of town to-
day!
Tro. Better at home, if would I might, were
may.—
But, to the sport abroad;—Are you bound thither?
Æne. In all swift haste.
Tro. Come, go we then together.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The same. A Street.

Enter CRESSIDA and ALEXANDER.

Cres. Who were those went by?
Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.
Cres. And whither go they?
Alex. Up to the eastern tower,
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was moved:
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.
Cres. What was his cause of anger?
Alex. The noise goes, this: There is among the
Greeks.
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him Ajax.
Cres. Good; and what of him?
Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*,
And stands alone.
Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick,
or have no legs.
Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts
of their particular additions; he is as valiant as
the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant:
a man, into whom nature hath so crowded humours,
that his valour is crushed into folly, his folly
sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a
virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man
an attaint, but he carries some stain of it: He is
melancholy without cause, and merry against the
hair: He hath the joints of every thing; but every
thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus,
many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all
eyes and no sight.

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me
smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say, he yesterday coped Hector in
the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and
shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting
and waking.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Who comes here?
Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus?
Cres. Hector's a gallant man.
Alex. As may be in the world, lady.
Pan. What's that? what's that?
Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.
Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: What do
you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do
you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?
Cres. This morning, uncle.
Pan. What were you talking of, when I came?
Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to
Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?
Cres. Hector was gone: but Helen was not up.
Pan. E'en so; Hector was stirring early.
Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.
Pan. Was he angry?
Cres. So he says here.
Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too;
he'll lay about him to day, I can tell them that:
and there is Troilus will not come far behind him;
let them take heed of Troilus; I can tell them that
too.
Cres. What, is he angry too?
Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man
of the two.
Cres. O Jupiter! there's no comparison.
Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector?
Do you know a man if you see him?
Cres. Ay; if ever I saw him before, and knew
him.
Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.
Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he
is not Hector.
Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some
degrees.
Cres. 'Tis just to each of them, he is himself.
Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he
were,—
Cres. So he is.
Pan. —'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to
India.
Cres. He is not Hector.
Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself.—Would he
were himself! Well, the gods are above; Time
must friend, or end: Well, Troilus, well,—I would,
my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a
better man than Troilus.
Cres. Excuse me.
Pan. He is elder.
Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.
Pan. The other's not come to 't; you shall tell me
another tale, when the other comes to 't. Hector
shall not have his wit this year.
Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.
Pan. Nor his qualities;—
Cres. No matter.
Pan. Nor his beauty.
Cres. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.
Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen her-
self swore the other day, that Troilus, for a brown
favour, (for so 'tis, I must confess,)—Not brown
neither.
Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She praised his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cres. Then, Troilus should have too much: if she praised him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief, Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think, Helen loves him better than Paris.

Cres. Then she's a merry Greek, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him the other day into a compass'd window,—and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But to prove to you, that Helen loves him:—she came, and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin,—

Cres. Juno have mercy!—How came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled: I think, his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then:—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh to think how she tickled his chin! Indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such laughing;—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was a more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes;—Did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, *Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.*

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. *One and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white. That white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. Jupiter! quoth she, which of these hairs is Paris my husband? The forked one, quoth he; pluck it out and give it*

him. But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laugh'd, that it pass'd.

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle against May.

(A retreat sounded.)

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field: Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass towards Ilium? good niece, do; sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

ÆNEAS passes over the stage.

Cres. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's Æneas: Is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you. But mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who's that?

ANTENOR passes over.

Pan. That's Antenor; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough; he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person:—When comes Troilus?—I'll shew you Troilus anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

HECTOR passes over.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; There's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector;—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look, how he looks! there's a countenance: Is't not a brave man?

Cres. O, a brave man!

Pan. Is 'a not! It does a man's heart good.—Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there! There's no jesting: there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

PARIS passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not: an the devil come to him, it's all one: By God's lid, it does one's heart good:—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: look ye yonder, niece; Is't not a gallant man too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said, he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now. Ha! 'would I could see Troilus now!—you shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who's that?

HELENUS passes over.

Pan. That's Helenus,—I marvel where Troilus is.—That's Helenus;—I think he went not forth to-day:—That's Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well:—I marvel, where Troilus is!—Hark; do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes over.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus: 'Tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus; the prince of chivalry.

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him;—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece; look you, how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; And how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three-and-twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way; had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Forces pass over the stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts; chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such a man as Troilus, than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks, Achilles; a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man; and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date is out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles: and upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I cannot watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another.

Enter Troilus' Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come:

[Exit Boy.]

I doubt, he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token—you are a bawd.

[Exit Pandarus.]

Words, vows, griefs, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprise:

But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done, joy's soul lies in the
doing:

That she, beloved, knows nought, that knows not
this,—

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

That she was never, yet, that ever knew

Love go so sweet, as when desire did sue:

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—

Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech;

Then, though my heart's content firm love doth
bear,

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon's Tent.*

Trumpets. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others.

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your
cheeks?

The ample proposition, that hope makes
In all designs begun on earth below,
Falls in the promised largeness: checks and dis-
asters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd
As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,
Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come short of our suppose so far,
That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls
stand:

Sith every action, that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, trial did draw
Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought,
That gave't surmised shape. Why, then, you
princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works;
And think them shames, which are, indeed nought
else

But the protractive trials of great Jove,
To find persistive constancy in men?
The fineness of which metal is not found
In fortune's love: for then, the bold and coward,
The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
The hard and soft, seem all affined and kin:
But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away:
And what hath mass or matter, by itself
Lies, rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat,
Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men: The sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage
The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold
The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains
cut,

Rounding between the two moist elements,
Like Perseus' horse: Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for Neptune. Ever so
Doth valour's shew, and valour's worth, divide,
In storms of fortune: For, in her ray and bright-
ness,

The herd hath more annoyance by the brize,
Than by the tiger: but when the splitting wind
Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies fled under shade, why, then, the thing of
courage,

As roused with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
And with an accent tuned in self-same key,
Retorts to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. Agamemnon,—

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
Heart of our numbers, sole and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.

Besides the applause and approbation

The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—
(*To Agamemnon.*)

And thou most reverend for thy stretch'd-out life,—
(*To Nestor.*)

I give to both your speeches,—which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axle-tree
On which heaven rides,) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experienced tongue,—yet let it please both,—
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam. Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be 't of less
expect

That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down,
And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The speciality of rule hath been neglected:
And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,
The unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this
centre,

Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order;
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol,
In noble eminence enthroned and sphered
Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad. But, when the
planets,

In evil mixture, to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents? what mu-
tiny?

What raging of the sea? shaking of earth?
Commotion in the winds? frights, changes,
horrors?

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixture? O, when degree
is shaken,

Which is the ladder of all high designs,

The enterprise is sick! How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
But by degree, stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing
meets

In mere oppugnancy: The bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sep of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike his father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and
wrong,

(Between whose endless jar justice resides,)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,
Follows the choking.

And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward, with a purpose
It hath to climb. The general's disdain'd
By him one step below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath; so every step,
Exempl'd by the first pace, that is sick
Of his superior, grows to an envious fever
Of pale and bloodless emulation:
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever, whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: With him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awakened action,
(Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,)
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless deputation he puts on;
And, like a strutting-player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage—
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending; with terms un-
squared. [dropp'd,

Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles on his press'd bed lolling
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause.
Cries—*Excellent!*—'tis Agamemnon just.—
Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy bread,
As he, being 'drest to some oration,
That's done;—as near the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries, *Excellent!*
'Tis Nestor right! Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night alarm.
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age

Must be the scene of mirth; to cough and spit,
And with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet:—And at this sport,
Sir Valour dies; cries, *O! enough, Patroclus;—*
Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain
(Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice,) many are infect.
Ajax is grown self will'd; and bears his head
In such a rein, in full as proud a place
As broad Achilles: keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites
(A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,)
To match us in comparisons with dirt;
To weaken and discredit our exposure,
How rank soever rounded in with danger.

Ulys. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;
Count wisdom as no member of the war;
Forestall prescience, and esteem no act
But that of hand: the still and mental parts,—
That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
When fitness calls them on; and know, by measure
Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
They call this,—bed-work, mappery, closet war:
So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
They place before his hand, that made the engine;
Or those, that with the fineness of their souls
By reason guide his execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons.

(*Trumpet sounds.*)

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Men. From Troy.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this

Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is herald, and a prince,
Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm
'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one
voice

Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam. How?

Æne. Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
And bid the cheeks be ready with a blush,
Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
The youthful Phœbus:

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men of
Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:

But when they would seem soldiers, they have
galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and Jove's
accord,

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If that the praised himself bring the praise forth:
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame follows; that praise, sole pure,
transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

Agam. He hears nought privately, that comes
from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper
him:

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear;
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æneas. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy
tents;—

And every Greek of mettle let him know,
What Troy means fairly, shall be spoke aloud.

(*Trumpet sounds.*)

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince called Hector, (Priam is his father,)
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown; he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes, lords!
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession,
(With truant vows to her own lips he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth,
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sun-burn'd, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, lord Æneas;
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: But we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But, if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man, that hath one spark of fire
To answer for his love, Tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vant-brace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste

As may be in the world: His youth in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

Ene. Now heaven forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair lord Æneas, let me touch your hand;

To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all but Ulysses and Nestor.*]

Ulyss. Nestor, —

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: The seeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how.

Ulyss. This challenge, that the gallant Hector
sends

However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication, make no strain,
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes,

It is most meet; whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
With their fin'st palate: And trust to me, Ulysses,
Our imputation shall be oddly poised
In this wild action: for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is supposed,
He, that meets Hector, issues from our choice,
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere from forth us all, a man disturb'd
Out of our virtues; Who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence a conquering
part,

To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—
Therefore, 'tis meet, Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By shewing the worst first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;

For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,

Were he not proud, we all should share with him.
But he already is too insolent;

And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair: If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort to fight with Hector: Among ourselves
Give him allowance for the better man,
For that will physic the great Myrmidon,
Who broils in loud applause; and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.

If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: If he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax, employ'd, plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Ulysses,

Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight.
Two curs shall tame each other: Pride alone
Must tarre the mastiffs on, as 'twere their bone.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Grecian Camp.

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. Agamemnon—how if he had boils? full,
all over, generally?

Ajax. Thersites,—

Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—did
not the general run then? were not that a botchy
core?

Ajax. Dog.

Ther. Then would come some matter from him;
I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear?
Feel then.

(*Strikes him.*)

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou
mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak;
I'll beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness;
but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration,
than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike,
canst thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toad-stool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou
strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation,—

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, poreupine, do not; my fingers
itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot,
and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee
the loathsome scab in Greece. When thou art forth
in the incursions, thou strik'st as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation,—

Ther. Thou grumblest and raillest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty, ay, that thou barkest at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

Ajax. You whoreson cur!

(*Beating him.*)

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows; an assinege may tutor thee: Thou scurvy valiant ass! thou art here put to thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur!

(*Beating him.*)

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter ACHILLES, and PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax? wherefore do you this? How now, Thersites? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do; What's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why I do so

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head;—I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

(*Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.*)

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damned cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl, go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me,

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so?—a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy, ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: to Achilles! to Ajax! to!

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace.

Ther. I will hold my peace, when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

[*Exit.*]

Patr. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host,

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy, To-morrow morning call some knights to arms, That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash: Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, it is put to lottery; otherwise, He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you:—I'll go learn more of it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent, Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:

Deliver Helen, and all damage else—

As honour, loss of time, travel, expense,

Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed

In hot digestion of this cormorant war,—

Shall be struck off:—Hector, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,

As far as toucheth my particular, yet, Dread Priam,

There is no lady of more softer bowels,

More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,

More ready to cry out—*Who knows what follows?*

Than Hector is: The wound of peace is surety,

Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd

The beacon of the wise, the tent, that searches

To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go;

Since the first sword was drawn about this question,

Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dimes,

Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours;

If we have lost so many tenths of ours,

To guard a thing not ours; nor worth t'ous,

Had it our name, the value of one ten:
What merit's in that reason, which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fy, fy, my brother!
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle-in a waist most fathomless,
With spans, and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fy, for godly shame!

Hec. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at
reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and slumbers brother
priest,
You fur your gloves with reason. Here are your
reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword employ'd, is perilous,
And reason flies the object of all harm:
Who marvels then, when Helenus beholds
A Grecian and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels;
And fly like children Mercury from Jove,
Or like a star dis-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of
reason,

Let's shut our gates, and sleep: Manhood and
honour
Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their
thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth
cost
The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;
It holds its estimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the service greater than the god;
And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of the affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment: How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wife I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour:
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder
viands

We do not throw in unrespective sieve,
Because we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath with full consent bellied his sails;
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touch'd the ports desired;
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held
captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning:
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath lanch'd above a thousand ships,

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cried—*Go, go,*)
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands
And cried—*Inestimable!*) why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed, that fortune never did,
Beggar the estimation which you prized
Richer than the sea and land! O theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place.

Cas. (*Within.*) Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. (*Within.*) Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra.

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand
eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins, and boys, mid-age and wrinkled
elders,

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a wo:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

[*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high
strains

Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engaged
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things, as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counsels:
But I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project.
For what, alas, can these my single arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To stand the push and enmity of those
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
And had as ample power as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
You have the honey still, but these the gall;
So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
But I would have the soil of her fair rape
Wiped off, in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest spirit on our party,
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble,
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfamed,
Where Helen is the subject: then, I say,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. Paris, and Troilus, you have both said well;

And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glozed,—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:
The reasons you allege, do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves,
All dues be render'd to their owners: Now,
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection;
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
To curb those raging appetites that are
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: Thus to persist
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence
Upon our joint and several dignities.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:

Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
And fame, in time to come, canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promised glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advertised, their general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army crept:
This, I presume, will wake him.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE III.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! 'would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me: 'Sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*; if ye take not that little little less-than-little wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or, rather, the bone-ache!—for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil envy, say amen. What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation, but it is no matter; Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! Heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death! then, if she, that lays thee out, says—thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't, she never shrouded any but lazars. Amen. Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout! Wast thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay; the Heavens hear me!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come; what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles;—then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites. Then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayest tell, that knowest.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles: Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool; I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Thersites.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool, Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand of the prover.—It suffices me, thou art. Look you, who comes here.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody:—Come in with me, Thersites.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery! all the argument is, a cuckold, and a whore; a good quarrel, to draw emulous factions, and to bleed to death upon. Now the dry *serpigo* on the subject! and war, and lechery, confound all!

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent, but ill disposed, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him, that we are here. He shent our messengers; and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest, perchance, he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall say so to him.

[*Exit.*]

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent; He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride: But why, why? let him shew us a cause.—A word, my lord.

(*Takes Agamemnon aside.*)

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who? Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument; Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: But it was a strong composure, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity, that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie. Here comes Patroclus.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy; his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me say,—he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state, To call upon him; he hopes, it is no other, But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus:—We are too well acquainted with these answers; But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions. Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues,—Not virtuously on his own part beheld,—Do, in our eyes, begin to lose their gloss; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him, We come to speak with him: And you shall not sin,

If you do say—we think him over-proud, And under-honest; in self-assumption greater, Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on; Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind His humorous predominance; yea, watch His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this; and add, That, if he overhold his price so much, We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine Not portable, lie under this report—Bring action hither, this cannot go to war: A stirring dwarf we do allowance give Before a sleeping giant:—Tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit.*]

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied, We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter.

[*Exit Ulysses*]

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think, he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say—he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind's the clearer, Ajax, and your virtue's the fairer. He, that is proud, eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises itself but in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. And yet he loves himself: Is it not strange? (*Aside.*)

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none; But carries on the stream of his dispose, Without observance or respect of any, In will peculiar and in self-admission.

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request, Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only, He makes important: Possess'd he is with greatness;

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride That quarrels at self-breath; imagined worth Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse, That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts, Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages, And batters down himself: What should I say? He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it Cry—*No recovery.*

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent: 'Tis said, he holds you well; and will be led, At your request, a little from himself,

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so! We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes

When they go from Achilles: Shall the proud
 lord,
 That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
 And never suffers matter of the world
 Enter his thoughts,—save such as do revolve
 And ruminatè himself,—shall he be worshipp'd
 Of that we hold an idol more than he?
 No, this thirce-worthy and right-valiant lord
 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired;
 Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
 As amply titled as Achilles is,
 By going to Achilles:
 That were to enlard his fat-already pride;
 And add more coals to Cancer, when he burns
 With entertaining great Hyperion.
 This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid;
 And say in thunder—*Achilles, go to him.*

Nest. O, this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

(Aside.)

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

(Aside.)

Ajax. If I go to him, with my arm'd fist I'll pash him
 Over the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeze his
 pride:
 Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon our
 quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow,—

Nest. How he describes
 Himself!

(Aside.)

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven
 Chides blackness.

(Aside.)

Ajax. I will let his humours blood.

Agam. He'll be physician, that should be the
 patient.

(Aside.)

Ajax. An all men
 Were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion.

(Aside.)

Ajax. He should not bear it so,
 He should eat swords first: Shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

(Aside.)

Ulyss. He'd have ten shares.

(Aside.)

Ajax. I'll knead him, I'll make him supple:—

Nest. He's not yet thorough warm; force him
 with praises:
 Pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

(Aside.)

Ulyss. My lord, you feed too much on this dis-
 like.

(To Agamemnon.)

Nest. O noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him
 harm.

Here is a man—But 'tis before his face;
 I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?
 He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus
 with us!

I would, he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice

Were it in Ajax now—

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet
 composure;

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee
 suck:

Famed by thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice-famed, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplined thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,

Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax. I'll not praise thy wisdom,

Which like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts: Here's Nestor,—

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;—

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be ruled by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here, the hard
 Achilles

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general

To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy: To-morrow

We must with all our main of power stand fast:

And here's a lord,—come knights from east to
 west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw
 deep.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant.

Pan. Friend! you! pray you, a word: Do not you
 follow the young lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You do depend upon a noble gentleman; I
 must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised?

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. 'Faith, sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better: I am the lord
 Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in a state of grace.

(Music within.)

Pan. Grace, not so, friend; honour and lord-
 ship are my titles:—what music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in
 parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another; I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning: At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That's to't, indeed, sir: Marry, sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen: Could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary assault upon him, for my business seeths.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stewed phrase, indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them! especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance:—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen:—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: We'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But (marry) thus, my lord,—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus—

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—my very, very sweet queen?

Pan. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

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Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say—Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy!—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so;

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that, which seems the wound to kill,

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Hey ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: Is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something;—you know all, lord Pandarus.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet queen.

[Exit.

(A retreat sounded.)

Par. They are come from field: let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you,

To help unarm our Hector: His stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd, Shall more obey than to the edge of steel, Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more Than all the island kings, disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant,
Paris :

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have;
Yea, overshines ourself.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Pandarus' Orchard.*

Enter PANDARUS and a Servant, meeting.

Pan. How now? where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. O, here he comes.—How now, how now?

Tro. Sirrah, walk off.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks,
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my Charon,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Proposed for the deserver! O, gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight.

[*Exit.*]

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet,
That it enchants my sense: What will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were frayed with a sprite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain:—she fetches her breath as short as a new ta'en sparrow.

[*Exit.*]

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty.

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watched ere you be made lame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways: an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.—Why do you not speak to her?—Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on; and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! build there, carpenter; the air is sweet.

Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of the deeds too, if she call your activity in question. What, billing again? Here's—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably—* Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus!

Cres. Wish'd, my lord?—The gods grant!—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes!

Tro. Fears make devils of cherubims; they never see truly.

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear; in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither.

Tro. Nothing but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, and the execution confined; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare, till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have praise in present: we will not name desert, before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble. Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than Troilus.

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me: Be true to my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word, and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,

With the first glance that ever—Pardon me;—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: See, we fools!
Why I have blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent! See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel: Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed;—O Heavens, what have I done?
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Tro. Your leave, sweet Cressid?

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-morrow morning.—

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:
I have a kind of self resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave,
To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I shew more craft than love;

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts: But you are wise;
Or else you love not, for to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind,
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but this convince me,—
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
I am as true as truth's simplicity,
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars, who shall be most right!

True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve of their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tired with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,

As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said—as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it; I'll be the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my cousin's. If ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name, call them all—Pandars: let all constant men be Troiluses, and false women, Cressida, and all brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will shew you a chamber and a bed, which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.
And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp.

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you,

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind,
That, through the sight I bear in things, to love
I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions,
Incur'd a traitor's name; exposed myself,
From certain and possess'd conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; sequest'ring from me all,
That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
Made tame and most familiar to my nature;
And here, to do you service, am become
As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of those many register'd in promise,
Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
Yesterday took; Troy holds him very dear.
Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefor,)
Desired my Cressid in right great exchange,
Whom Troy hath still denied: But this Antenor,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
And he shall buy my daughter; and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain.

Agam. Let Diomed bear him,
And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
What he requests of us. Good Diomed,
Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
Withal, bring word if Hector will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.*]

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS before their
Tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' the entrance of his
tent:—

Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, princes, all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:—
I will come last: 'Tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausible eyes are bent, why turn'd on
him?

If so, I have derision med'cinable,
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink;
It may do good: pride hath no other glass
To shew itself but pride: for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;—
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak with
me?
You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst
Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with
us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the
general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.*]

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? How do you?

[*Exit.*]

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus?

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha?

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too!

[*Exit.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows? know they not
Achilles?

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were used to
bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly, as they used to creep
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fallen out with
fortune,

Must fall out with men too: What the declined is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings, but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit.

Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find
out

Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading.—

How now, Ulysses?

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son?

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

Writes me, That man—how dearly ever parted,
How much in having, or without, or in,—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses,
The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself
(That most pure spirit of sense,) behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed
Salutes each other with each other's form.
For speculation turns not to itself,
Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there,
Where it may see itself: this is not strange at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,
It is familiar; but at the author's drift:
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves—
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting.)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught,
Till he behold them form'd in the applause,
Where they are extended; which, like an arch,
reverberates

The voice again; or, like a gate of steel,
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in
this;

And apprehended here immediately

The unknown Ajax.

Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature, what things
there are,

Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth! Now shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
While others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder;
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrinking.

Achil. I do believe it: for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars; neither gave to me
Good word, nor look: What, are my deeds for-
got?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his
back,

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitude

Those scraps are good deeds past; which are de-
vour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the
path;

For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;—

Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'errun and trampled on: Then what they do in
present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop
yours:

For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the
hand;

And with his arms outstretch'd as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue
seek

Remuneration for the thing it was!

For beauty, wit,

High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,

Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all

To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin—

That all, with one consent, praise new-born
gawds,

Though they are made and moulded of things past;

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,

More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.

The present eye praises the present object:

Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,

That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;

Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,

Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,

And still it might; and yet it may again,

If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,

And case thy reputation in the tent;

Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,

Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods them-
selves,

And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy

I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy

The reasons are more potent and heroical:

'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love

With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known?

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?

The providence that 's in a watchful state,

Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;

Finds bottom in the uncomprehensive deeps;

Keeps place with thought, and almost like the gods

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

There is a mystery (with whom relation

Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;

Which hath an operation more divine,

Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to:

All the commerce that you have had with Troy,

As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord:

And better would it fit Achilles much,

To throw down Hector, than Polyxena:

But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trump,
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him.
Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

[*Exit.*]

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you;
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus:
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton
Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour
by him.

Achil. I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gored.

Patr. O, then beware;

Those wounds heal ill, that men do give them-
selves:

Omission to do what is necessary

Seals a commission to a blank of danger;

And danger, like an ague, subtly taints

Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus:

I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him

To invite the Trojan lords after the combat,

To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's long-
ing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,

To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;

To talk with him, and to behold his visage,

Even to my full of view. A labour saved!

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for
himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with
Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an hero-
ical cudgeling, that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a pea-
cock, a stride, and a stand: ruminates like an
hostess, that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set
down her reckoning: bites his lip with a politic re-
gard, as who should say—there were wit in this
head, an 'twould out; and so there is; but it lies as
coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew
without knocking. The man's undone for ever;
for if Hector break not his neck in the combat, he'll
break it himself in vain-glory. He knows not me.
I said, *Good morrow, Ajax*; and he replies, *Thanks,*
Agamemnon. What think you of this man, that
takes me for the general? He is grown a very
land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of
opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a
leather jerkin.

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him,
Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he
professes not answering; speaking is for beggars;
he wears his tongue in his arms. I will put on his

presence; let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: Tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax, to invite the most valorous Hector to come unarmed to my tent; and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimous and most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honoured captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent;—

Ther. Humph!

Patr. And to procure safe conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to 't?

Ther. God be wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me before he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knocked out his brains, I know not: but, I am sure, none, unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd; And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

Ther. 'Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water as an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Troy. A Street.

Enter at one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a torch; at the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who 's that there?

Dei. 'Tis the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lie long,
As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas; take his hand:
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told—how Diomed, a whole week by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance,
As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health:

But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed! By Venus' hand, I swear,
No man alive can love in such a sort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound; and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do: and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despicable gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why, I
know not.

Par. His purpose meets you; 'twas to bring this
Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfréed Antenor, the fair Cressid.
Let's have your company; or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think,
(Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge,)
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night;
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you;
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit.*]

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed; 'faith, tell me
true,

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
(Not making any scruple of her soilure)
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taste of her dishonour)
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleased to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor
more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: Hear me,
Paris,—

For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain: since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Court before the House of Pandarus.*

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;

To bed, to bed: Sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow then.

Tro. Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aweary of me?

Tro. O, Cressida! but that the busy day,
Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights
she stays,
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Pr'ythee tarry;—

You men will never tarry.—

O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark! there's
one up.

Pan. (*Within.*) What, are all the doors open
here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mock-
ing:

I shall have such a life,—

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-
heads?—

Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking
uncle!

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say
what: what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; beshrew your heart! you'll
ne'er be good,

Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capoc-
chia!—hast not slept to-night? would he not, a
naughty man, let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

(*Knocking.*)

Cres. Did I not tell you?—'would he were knock'd
o' the head!—

Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.—

My lord, come you again into my chamber:

You smile, and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha!

Cres. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such
thing.—

(*Knocking.*)

How earnestly they knock!—pray you, come in;
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

(*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*)

Pan. (*Going to the door.*) Who's there? what's the
matter? will you beat down the door? How now?
what's the matter?

Enter AENEAS.

Ane. Good morrow, lords, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my lord Aeneas? By my
troth,

I knew you not: what news with you so early?

Ane. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Ane. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny
him;

It doth import him much, to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know
I'll be sworn:—For my own part, I came in late:
What should he do here?

Ane. Who!—nay, then:—

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are
'ware:

You'll be so true to him, to be false to him:

Do not you know of him, yet go fetch him hither;
Go.

As Pandarus is going out, enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now? what's the matter?

Ane. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute
you,

My matter is so rash: There is at hand
Paris your brother, and Deiphobus,
The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give to Diomedes' hand
The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?

Ane. By Priam, and the general state of Troy;
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Tro. How my achievements mock me!

I will go meet them: and, my lord Aeneas,

We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Ane. Good, good, my lord; the secrets of na-
ture

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

(*Exeunt Troilus and Aeneas.*)

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? The
devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad.
A plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's
neck?

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now? What is the matter? Who was
here!

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my
lord gone?

Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. 'Would I were as deep under the earth as
I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; 'Would thou hadst
ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his
death:—O poor gentleman!—A plague upon
Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you on my knees,
I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be
gone; thou art changed for Antenor: thou must
to thy father, and be gone from Troilus; 'twill
be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear
it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cres. I will not, uncle: I have forgot my father;
I know no touch of consanguinity;

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,

As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine!

Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in and weep:—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks:

Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart

With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Before Pandarus' House.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon:—Good my brother Troilus
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar; and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart.
[*Exit.*]

Par. I know what 'tis to love;
And 'would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you, walk in, my lords.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in Pandarus' House.*

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross:
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Enter TROILUS.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—Ah, sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus, Troilus!

(*Embracing him.*)

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too: O heart,—as the goodly saying is,—

—o heart, o heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?

Where he answers again,

*Because thou canst not ease thy smart,
By friendship, nor by speaking.*

There never was a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities,—take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy?

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious Time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as he stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up in a loose adieu:
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. (*Within.*) My lord! is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: Some say, the Genius
so

Cries, *Come!* to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,
or my heart will be blown up by the root!
[*Exit.*]

Cres. I must, then, to the Greeks?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry
Greeks!—

When shall we see again?

Tro. Hear me, my love: Be thou but true of heart,—

Cres. I true! how now? what wicked deem is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:

I speak not, *be thou true*, as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But, *be thou true*, say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,
And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but, I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear
this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens!—be true, again?

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love:
The Grecian youths are full of quality;
They're loving, well composed, with gifts of nature
flowing,

And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelty may move, and parts with person,
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin,)
Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and preg-
nant:

But I can tell, that in each grace of these

There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeeful potency.

Aene. (Within.) Nay, good my lord.—

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. (Within.) Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;

And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault;
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper
crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is—plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

*Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS,
and DIOMEDES*

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver you:
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And, by the way, possess thee what she is,
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand in mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe,
As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,

So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage, and to Diomed
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee,
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not moved, prince Troilus:

Let me be privileged by my place, and message,
To be a speaker free; when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust: And know you, lord,
I'll nothing do on charge: To her own worth
She shall be prized; but that you say—be't so,
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomed.*
(*Trumpet heard.*)

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Aene. How have we spent this morning?
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: Come, come, to field
with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Aene. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:
The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth, and single chivalry.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Grecian Camp. Lists set out.*

*Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,
PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NES-
TOR, and others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and
fair,

Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax: that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy sphered bias cheek
Out-swell the colick of puff'd Aquillon:
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout
blood:

Thou blow'st for Hector.

(*Trumpet sounds*)

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yon Diomed, with Calchas' daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMED with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet
lady.

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;

'Twere better, she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—

So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair
lady:

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing now:
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns!
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this, mine:
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris, and I, kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir:—Lady, by your leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Patr. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,

The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even or give
none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his
horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never 's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word;—I'll bring you to your father.

[*Diomed leads out Cressida.*]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fy, fy upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game.

(*Trumpet within.*)

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter HECTOR, armed: ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and
other Trojans, with Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be
done

So him that victory commands? Or do you pur-
pose,

A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other; or shall they be divided
By any voice or order of the field?

Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not, he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprising
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,
What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: But, whate'er, know
this;—

In the extremity of great and little,
Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;

The one almost as infinite as all,

The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,

And that, which looks like pride, is courtesy.

This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood:

In love whereof, half Hector stays at home;

Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek

This blended knight, half Trojan, and half Greek.

Achil. A maiden battle then?—O, I perceive
you.

Re-enter DIOMED.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed:—Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and lord Æneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,

So be it; either to the uttermost,

Or else a breath: the combatants being kin,

Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

(*Ajax and Hector enter the lists.*)

Ulyss. They are opposed already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same, that looks so
heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true
knight;

Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word,

Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;

Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked, soon
calm'd:

and hand, both open and both free;

For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he
shows;

Yet gives he not till judgment guides his bounty,

Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath;

Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;

For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes

To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,

Is more vindictive than jealous love:

They call him Troilus; and on him erect

A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

Thus says Æneas: one, that knows the youth

Even to his inches, and with private soul,

Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me.

(*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*)

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;

Awake thee.

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there,
Ajax!

(*Trumpets cease.*)

Dio. You must no more.

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more;—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed:

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:

Were thy commixion Greek and Trojan so,

That thou couldst say—*This hand is Grecian all,*

And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg

All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds in my father's; by Jove multipotent,

Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish
member

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud: But the just gods gainsay,

That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, Ajax;

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus:

Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not Neoptolemus so mirable

(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O
yes

Cries, *This is he;*) could promise to himself

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.

Æne. There is expectance here from both the
sides,

What farther you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;

The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,

(As seld' I have the chance,) I would desire

My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish: and great Achilles

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:

And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part;

Desire them home.—Give me thy hand, my cousin;

I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us
here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;

But for Achilles, my own searching eyes,
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that 's no welcome: Understand more clear,
What 's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with
husks

And formless ruin of oblivion;
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee, with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. My well-famed lord of Troy, no less to
you.

(*To Troilus.*)

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's
greeting;

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer?

Men. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,
thanks!

Mock not, that I affect the untreaded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by Venus' glove:
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly
theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen
thee,

As hot as Perseus, spur thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' the
air,

Not letting it decline on the declined;
That I have said to some my standers-by,
Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: This have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I knew thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee: Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Aene. 'Tis the old Nestor.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
Thou hast so long walk'd hand in hand with
time:—

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would, my arms could match thee in con-
tention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time—

Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilium, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would en-
sue:

My prophecy is but half his journey yet;

For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yon towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood. The end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses,
thou!—

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on
thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief: I will the second
time,

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport, thou'lt read me
o'er;

But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you Heavens, in which part of his
body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, there, or
there?

That I may give the local wound a name;
And make distinct the very breach, whereout
Hector's great spirit flew: Answer me, Heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud
man,

To answer such a question. Stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee
well;

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;—

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't:
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field;
We have had pelting wars, since you refused
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?

To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to my
tent;

There in the full convive we: afterwards,
As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall

Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all but Troilus and Ulysses.*]

Tro. My lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so
much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there,
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was beloved, she loved; she is, and doth:
But, still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I.—*The Grecian Camp. Before Achilles' Tent.*

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine to-
night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seemest,
and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for
thee.

Achil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound.

Patr. Well said, Adversity! and what need these
tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy
talk: thou art thought to be Achilles' male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! What's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten
diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures,
catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold
palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs,
bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i'
the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-
simple of the tetter, take and take again such pre-
posterous discoveries!

Patr. Why thou damnable box of envy, thou,
what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson
indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou
idle immaterial skein of sleive silk, thou green sar-
cenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's
purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pestered
with such water-flies; diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.

Here is a letter from queen Hecuba;

A token from her daughter, my fair love;

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it:

Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honour, or go, or stay;

My major vow lies here, this I'll obey.—

Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent;

This night in banqueting must all be spent.—

Away, Patroclus.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain,
these two may run mad; but if with too much
brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a carer of
madmen. Here's Agamemnon,—an honest fellow
enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not
so much brain as ear-wax: And the goodly trans-
formation of Jupiter there his brother, the bull,—
the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of
cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hang-
ing at his brother's leg,—to what form, but that
he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice
forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were
nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox, were
nothing: he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a
mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a
puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care;
but to the Menelaus,—I would conspire against
destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were
not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a
lazar, so I were not Menelaus. Hey-day! spirits
and fires!

*Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEM-
NON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and
DIOMED, with lights.*

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis;

There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes
all.

Agam. So, now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good
night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and good night, to the Greeks'
general.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught: Sweet, quoth 'a! sweet
sink, sweet sewer.

Achil. Good night,

And welcome, both to those that go, or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries: and you too, Diomed,
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great
Hector.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyss. Follow his torch, he goes

To Calchas' tent; I'll keep you company.

(*Aside to Troilus.*)

Tro. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

[*Exit Diomed; Ulyss. and Tro. following*]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.

[*Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and Nestor.*]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler the hound; but when he performs, astronomers fortell it; it is prodigious, there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon, when Diomed keeps his word. I will rather leave to see Hector, than not to dog him: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll after.—Nothing but lechery! all incontinent varlets!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Before Calchas' Tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What are you up here, ho? speak?

Cal. (*Within.*) Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think.—Where's your daughter?

Cal. (*Within.*) She comes to you.

Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at a distance; after them THERSITES.

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter CRESSIDA.

Tro. Cressid, come forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark! a word with you. (*Whispers.*)

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cres. Remember?—yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List!

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what:

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin: You are forsworn.—

Cres. In faith, I cannot: What would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be—secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath; Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan?

Cres. Diomed,—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Tro. Thy better must.

Cres. Hark! one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are moved, prince; let us depart, I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself

To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Tro. Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Now, good my lord, go off:

You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.

Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,

I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!

Tro. By Jove,

I will be patient.

Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.

Cres. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?

You will break out.

Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.

Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:

There is between my will and all offence

A guard of patience;—stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump, and potato finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. I'll fetch you one.

[*Exit.*]

Ulyss. You have sworn patience.

Tro. Fear me not, my lord.

I will not be myself, nor have a cognition

Of what I feel; I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now.

Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Tro. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulyss. My lord,—

Tro. I will be patient: outwardly I will.

Cres. You look upon that sleeve; Behold it well. He loved me—O false wench!—Give 't me again.

Dio. Who was 't?

Cres. No matter, now I have 't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I pr'ythee, Diomed, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens;—Well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge! Thy master now lies thinking in his bed Of thee, and me; and sighs, and takes my glove, And gives memorial dainty kisses to it,

As I kiss thee.—Nay do not snatch it from me;

He, that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this fellows it.

Tro. I did swear patience.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed: 'faith, you shall not;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this; whose was it?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yonder, And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm; And grieve his spirit, that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and worest it on thy horn, It should be challenged.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—And yet it is not;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then, farewell;

Thou shalt never mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go:—one cannot speak a word,

But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that, that likes not you, pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—

Do come:—I shall be plagued.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night. I pr'ythee come.—

[Exit Diomedes.]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind:

What error leads, must err: O then conclude,

Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.

[Exit.]

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more,

Unless she said, My mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But, if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears;

As if those organs had deceptions functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believed for womanhood!

Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage

To stubborn critics,—apt, without a theme,

For depravation,—to square the general sex

By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on's own eyes?

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida: If beauty have a soul, this is not she;

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight,

If there be rule in unity itself;

This was not she. O madness of discourse,

That cause sets up with and against itself!

Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt; this is, and is not, Cressid!

Within my soul there doth commence a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

Divides more wider than the sky and earth;

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle

As is Arachne's broken woof, to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:

Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolved, and loosed;

And with another knot, five-finger tied,

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy reliques

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be half-attach'd

With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well

In characters as red as Mars his heart

Inflamed with Venus: never did young man fancy

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek;—As much as I do Cressid love,

So much by weight hate I her Diomed:

That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear on his helm;

Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,

My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,

Which shipmen do the hurricano call,

Constring'd in mass by the almighty sun,

Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear

In his descent, than shall my prompted sword

Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!

Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,

And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O contain yourself;

Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter AENEAS.

Aene. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;

Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince:—My courteous lord, adieu:—

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,

Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[Exeunt Troilus, Aeneas, and Ulysses.]

Ther. 'Would I could meet that rogue Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab. Lechery, lechery; still wars and lechery; nothing else holds fashion: A burning devil take them.

[Exit.]

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SCENE III.—Troy. Before Priam's Palace.

*Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.**And.* When was my lord so much urgently temper'd,To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.*Hect.* You train me to offend you; get you in;
By all the everlasting gods I'll go.*And.* My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.*Hect.* No more, I say.*Enter CASSANDRA.**Cas.* Where is my brother Hector?*And.* Here, sister: arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and the whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.*Cas.* O, it is true.*Hect.* Ho! bid my trumpet sound!*Cas.* No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.*Hect.* Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.*Cas.* The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.*And.* O! be persuaded: Do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.*Cas.* It is the purpose, that makes strong the vow;But vows, to every purpose, must not hold:
Unarm, sweet Hector.*Hect.* Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.—*Enter TROILUS.*

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.*[Exit Cassandra.]**Hect.* No, 'faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth,I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to-day, for thee, and me, and Troy.*Tro.* Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which betters fits a lion, than a man.*Hect.* What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.*Tro.* When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise and live.*Hect.* O, 'tis fair play.*Tro.* Fool's play, by Heaven, Hector.*Hect.* How now? how now?*Tro.* for the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mother;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.*Hect.* Fy, savage, fy!*Tro.* Hector, then 'tis wars.*Hect.* Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.*Tro.* Who should withhold me?Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword
drawn,Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.*Re-enter CASSANDRA, with PRIAM.**Cas.* Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast;
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.*Pri.* Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had
visions;Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet, suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee—that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.*Hect.* Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.*Pri.* But thou shalt not go.*Hect.* I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.*Cas.* O Priam, yield not to him.*And.* Do not, dear father.*Hect.* Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.*[Exit Andromache.]**Tro.* This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.*Cas.* O farewell, dear Hector,
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns
pale!Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!*Tro.* Away!—Away!—*Cas.* Farewell.—Yet, soft: Hector, I take my
leave:

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

*[Exit.]**Hect.* You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.*Pri.* Farewell: the gods with safety stand about
thee!*[Exeunt severally Priam and Hector.]*
*Alarums.**Tro.* They are at it; hark! Proud Diomed, be-
lieve,

I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side,
*PANDARUS.**Pan.* Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?*Tro.* What now?*Pan.* Here's a letter from yon' poor girl.*Tro.* Let me read.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Pan. A whereson ptisick, a whoreson rascally ptisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl; and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' these days. And I have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an ache in my bones, that, unless a man were cursed, I cannot tell what to think on 't.—What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;

(*Tearing the letter.*)

The effect doth operate another way.—
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.—

My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV.—*Between Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

Alarums. Excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there, in his helm; I would fain see them meet; that the same Trojan ass, that loves the whore there, might send that Greekish whoremasterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, on a sleeveless errand. O' the other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals,—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor; and that same dog-fox, Ulysses,—is not proved worth a blackberry. They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion. Soft! here come sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for, shouldst thou take the river Styx,

I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

Ther. Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore,
Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

[*Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek, art thou for Hector's match?

Art thou of blood, and honour?

Ther. No, no; I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee;—live.

[*Exit.*]

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me. But a plague break thy neck, for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle. Yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself. I'll seek them.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The same.*

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;

Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her, I have chastised the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner;
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corsages of the kings
Epistrophus and Cadius: Polixenes is slain;
Amphimachus, and Thoas, deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary
Appals our numbers; haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nes. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-paced Ajax arm for shame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathea his horse,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot,
And there they fly, or die, like scaled sculls
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him like the mower's swath:
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and
takes:
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does so much,
That proof is called impossibility.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great
Achilles
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance:
Patroclus' wounds have roused his drowsy blood,
Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come
to him,
Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
Mad and fantastic execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himself,
With such a careless force, and forceless care,
As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus!

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nes. So, so, we draw together.

[*Exit.*]

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face;
Know what it is to make Achilles angry.
Hector! where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Another part of the Field.*

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, shew thy head

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst have my office,

Ere that correction: Troilus, I say! what, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed?—turn thy false face, thou traitor,

And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha! art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Diomed.

Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.

Tro. Come both, you cogging Greeks; have at you both.

[*Exeunt fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus O well fought, my youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee:—Ha!—Have at thee, Hector.

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.

Be happy, that my arms are out of use:

My rest and negligence befriend thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

Till when, go seek thy fortune.

[*Exit.*]

Hect. Fare thee well:—

I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee.—How now, my brother?

Re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: Shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,

He shall not carry him; I'll be taken too,

Or bring him off:—Fate, hear me what I say!

I reckon not though I end my life to-day.

[*Exit.*]

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a goodly mark:—

No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;

I'll frush it, and unlock the rivets all,

But I'll be master of it:—wilt thou not, beast, abide?

Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*The same.*

Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons:
Mark what I say.—Attend me where I wheel:

Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;

And when I have the bloody Hector found,

Empale him with your weapons round about;

In fellest manner execute your arms.

Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:

It is decreed—Hector the great must die.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII. *The Same.*

Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting; then
THERSITES.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at
it: Now, bull! now dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my

double-henn'd sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull
has the game:—'ware horns, ho!

Exeunt Paris and Menelaus

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am
a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in
mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate.
One bear will not bite another, and wherefore
should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's
most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for
a whore, he tempts judgment: Farewell, bastard.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—*Another part of the Field.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life,
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.
(*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield
behind him.*)

Enter ACHILLES and Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this 'vantage, Greek

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I
seek.

(*Hector falls.*)

So, Ilion, fall thou next! Now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

(*A retreat sounded.*)

Hark! a retreat upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my
lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the
earth,

And, stickler-like, the armies separate.

My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have
fed,

Pleased with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.—

(*Sheathes his sword.*)

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*The same.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NES-
TOR, DIOMEDES, and others, marching. *Shouts
within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

(*Within.*) Achilles!

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is—Hector's slain, and by Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be!

Great Hector was as good a man as he.

Agam. March patiently along:—Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

If in his death the gods have us befriended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.
(*Exeunt, marching.*)

SCENE XI.—*Another part of the Field.**Enter ÆNEAS and Trojans.*

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—The gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's
tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful
field.—

Frown on, you Heavens, effect your rage with
speed!

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!
I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destruction on!

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not, that tell me so:

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;

But dare all innuence, that gods and men

Address their dangers in. Hector is gone!

Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him, that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,

Go into Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:

There is a word will Priam turn to stone;

Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,

Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,

Scare Troy out of itself. But, march, away:

Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

Stay yet;—You vile abominable tents,

Thus proudly pight upon our Phrygian plains,

Let Titan rise as early as he dare,

I'll through and through you!—And thou, great-
sized coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:

I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy thoughts.—
Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward wo.

[Exeunt Æneas and Trojans]

As TROILUS is going out, enter, from the other side
PANDARUS.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker lackey! ignominy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

[Exit Troilus.]

Pan. A goodly med'cine for my aching bones!—
O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent
despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are
you set a' work, and how ill requited! Why should
our endeavour be so loved, and the performances
loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—
Let me see:—

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,

Till he hath lost his honey, and his sting;

And being once subdued in armed tail,

Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted
clothes.

As many as be here of Pandar's hall,

Your eyes, half out, weep out at pander's fall:

Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,

Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.

Brethren, and sisters, of the hold-door trade,

Some two months hence my will shall here be
made:

It should be now, but that my fear is this,—

Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:

Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;

And, at that time, bequeath you my diseases.

[Exit.]

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.



Isab.—"UNHAPPY CLAUDIO! WRETCHED ISABEL!"—Act iv, scene 3.

Persons Represented.

VINCENTIO, Duke of Vienna.
ANGELO, Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.
ESCALUS, an ancient Lord, joined with Angelo in the deputation.
CLAUDIO, a young Gentleman.
LUCIO, a Fantastic.
Two other like Gentlemen.
VARRIUS, a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.
Provost.
THOMAS, } two Friars.
PETER, }
A Justice.
ELBOW, a simple Constable.

FROTH, a foolish Gentleman.
Clown, Servant to Mrs. Overdone.
ARHORSON, an Executioner.
BARNARDINE, a dissolute Prisoner.

ISABELLA, Sister to Claudio.
MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.
JULIET, beloved by Claudio.
FRANCISCA, a Nun.
Mistress OVER-DONE, a Bawd.

Lords, Gentlemen, Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—Vienna.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE, ESCALUS, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke. Escalus,—

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know, that your own science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: Then no more remains
But that your sufficiency, as your worth, is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call
hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo.—

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

What figure of us, think you, he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: What think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do:
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely
touch'd,

But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech
To one, that can my part in him advertise;
Hold therefore, Angelo;
In our remove, be thou at full ourself:
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy heart and tongue: old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary:
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it

Duke. No more evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well:

To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own;
So to enforce or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand,
I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness.

Duke. I thank you, fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my place:
A power I have; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw together,

And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come
not to composition with the king of Hungary, why,
then all the dukes fall upon the king.

1 Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but not the
king of Hungary's!

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimonious
pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments,
but scraped one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command
the captain and all the rest from their functions;
they put forth to steal: There's not a soldier of us
all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth
relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee; for, I think, thou never
wast where grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What? in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of
all controversy: As for example: Thou thyself art
a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 Gent. Well, there went but a pair of sheers be-
tween us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists
and the velvet: Thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet: thou art good
velvet; thou art a three-piled piece, I warrant thee:
I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be
piled as thou art piled, for a French velvet. Do I
speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most
painful feeling of thy speech: I will out of thine.

own confession, learn to begin thy health; but whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myself wrong; have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation comes! I have purchased as many diseases under her roof, as come to—

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a-year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me: but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow: impiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now? which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it: and it is for getting madam Julietta with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be; he promised to meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all, agreeing with the proclamation

Lucio. Away; let's go to learn the truth of it.

[Exeunt Lucio and Gentleman.]

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.—How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What, is there a maid with child by him.

Clo. No; but there is a woman with maid by him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clo. They shall stand for aed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clo. To the ground, mistress.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

Clo. Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage: there will be pity taken on you; you, that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's withdraw.

Clo. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's madam Juliet.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The same.*

Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers; LUCIO, and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Pro. I do it not in evil disposition, But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god authority, Make us pay down for our offence by weight.— The words of Heaven,—on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty: As surfeit is the father of much fast, So every scope by the immoderate use Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue, (Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,) A thirsty evil, and when we drink we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to speak of would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend: Lucio, a word with you.

(Takes him aside.)

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.— Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true contract

I got possession of Julietta's bed; You know the lady; she is fast my wife, Save that we do the denunciation lack Of outward order: this we came not to, Only for a propagation of a dower Remaining in the coffer of her friends; From whom we thought it meet to hide our love, Till time had made them for us. But it chanced, The stealth of our most mutual entertainment, With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,— Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness Or whether that the body public be A horse, whereon the governor doth ride, Who, newly in the seat, that it may know He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;

Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—But this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the
wall

So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me:—'tis surely for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is: and thy head stands so
tickle on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be
in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and
appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him;
I have great hopes in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous
art,

When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encourage-
ment of the like, which else would stand under
grievous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy life,
who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost
at a game of ticktack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.—

Claud. Come, officer, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Monastery.

Enter DUKE and FRIAR THOMAS.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not, that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is received: Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting
laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds,)
Which for these fourteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart

Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice, when you pleased;
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall
them

For what I bid them do: For we bid this be
done,

When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my
father,

I have on Angelo imposed the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike
home,

And yet my nature never in the sight,
To do it slander: And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both Prince and people; therefore, I
pr'ythee,

Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action,
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one,—Lord Angelo is precise:
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses,
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we see
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A Nunnery.

Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?

Fran. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly; I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of saint Clare.

Lucio. Ho! peace be in this place!

(*Within.*)

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Fran. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of
him;

You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with
men,

But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not shew your
face;

Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you answer him.

[*Exit.*]

Isab. Peace and prosperity! who is 't that calls?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-
roses

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brotherkindly greets
you:

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Wo me! for what?

Lucio. For that which, if myself might be his judge,

He should receive his punishment in thanks:

He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. It is true.

I would not—though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart,—play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing enskied, and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:

Your brother and his lover have embraced:
As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison; even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school maids change their names,
By vain, though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand, and hope of action; but we do learn
By those that know the very nerves of state,
His givings out were of an infinite distance
From his true meant design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; a man, whose blood
Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, study and fast.
He (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
As mice by lions,) hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: And that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so seek his life?

Lucio. Has censur'd him

Already: and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt,—

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,

All their petitions are as freely theirs,
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But, speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the mother

Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother; soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Angelo's house.

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, a Justice, Provost,
Officers, and other Attendants.

Ang. We must not make a scare-crow of the law,

Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: Alas! this gentle-
man,

Whom I would save, had a most noble father.

Let but your honour know,

(Whom I believe to be most straight in virtue,)

That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place, or place with
wishing,

Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not, sometime in your life,
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: What's open made to
justice,

That justice seizes. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very
pregnant,

The jewel that we find, we stop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[*Exit provost.*]

Escal. Well, Heaven forgive him! and forgive us
all!

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter ELBOW, FROTH, Clown, Officers, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good
people in a commonweal, that do nothing but use
their abuses in common houses, I know no law;
bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir? What's your name? and
what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's

constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well: here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

Clo. He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before Heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank Heaven, is an honest woman,—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefor?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a women cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defied him.

Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

(To Angelo.)

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child; and long-ing (saving your honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right; but, to the point: As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being, then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the aforesaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath

cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a-year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'twas in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit: Have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clo. Why, very well then: I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less: Good morrow to your lordship.—

[Exit Angelo.]

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clo. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clo. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir: What did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose:—Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right: Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet: the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity?—Is this true?

Elb. O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer.—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it.—What is't your worship's pleasure I should do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it.—Thou see'st, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

(*To Froth.*)

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a-year?

Froth. Yes, an 't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

(*To the Clown.*)

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clo. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your worship:—For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master Froth: farewell. [*Exit Froth.*—Come you hither to me, master tapster. What's your name, master tapster?

Clo. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clo. Bum, sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, however you colour it in being a tapster. Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the better for you.

Clo. Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow, that would live.

Escal. How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

Clo. If the law would allow it, sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

Clo. Does your worship mean to geld and spay all the youths in the city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then: If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: It is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after threepence a bay: If you live to see this come to pass, say, Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey: and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you do: If I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel;

but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade; The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

[*Exit.*]

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master Constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't; are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house: Fare you well.

[*Exit Elbow.*]

What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:

But yet,—poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.

Come, sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight.

I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know His pleasure; may be, he will relent: Alas, He hath but as offended in a dream! All sects, all ages, smack of this vice; and he To die for it!—

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash: Under your good correction, I have seen, When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine: Do you your office, or give up your place, And you shall well be spared.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.— What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet? She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted.

[Exit Servant.]

See you, the fornicatress be removed;
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.

Prov. Save your honour

(Offering to retire.)

Ang. Stay a little while.—(To Isab.) You are
welcome: What's your will?

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!

I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour!

(Retiring.)

Lucio. (To Isab.) Give 't not o'er so: to him again,
entreat him;

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do 't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world no
wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenced; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold.

(To Isabella.)

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a
word,

May call it back again: Well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slept like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone.

Isab. I would to Heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him: there's the vein.

(Aside.)

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He, that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;

It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him,
spare him:

He's not prepared for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season; shall we serve Heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good, my lord, bethink
you:

Who is it that hath died for this offence?

There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath
slept;

Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first man, that did the edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But where they live, to end.

Isab. Yet, shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies to-morrow: be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sen-
tence;

And he, that suffers: O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing but
thunder.

Merciful Heaven!

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle.—O, but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. O, to him, to him, wench: he will relent;
He's coming, I perceive 't.

Prov. Pray heaven, she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with our
self:

Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.
Isab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
 Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
Lucio. Art advised o' that? more on't.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
 Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
 That skins the vice o' the top: Go to your bosom;
 Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth
 know
 That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
 A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
 Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
 Against my brother's life.
Ang. She speaks, and 'tis
 Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.—Fare you
 well.
Isab. Gentle my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me.—Come again to-morrow.
Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you. Good my lord,
 turn back.
Ang. How! bribe me?
Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share
 with you.
Lucio. You had marr'd all else.
Isab. Not with foul shekels of the tested gold,
 Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,
 As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
 That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
 Ere sun-rise,—prayers from preserved souls,
 From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
 To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well: come to me
 To-morrow.
Lucio. Go to; it is well; away.
 (Aside to Isabel.)
Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!
Ang. Amen: for I
 Am that way going to temptation,
 (Aside.)
 Where prayers cross.
Isab. At what hour to-morrow
 Shall I attend your lordship?
Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Isab. Save your honour!
 [Exeunt Lucio, Isabella, and Provost.
Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
 What's this? what's this? Is this her fault or
 mine?
 The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
 Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
 That lying by the violet, in the sun,
 Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
 Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
 That modesty may more betray our sense
 Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
 enough,
 Shall we desire to raise the sanctuary,
 And pitch our evils there? O, fy, fy, fy!
 What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
 Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
 That make her good? O, let her brother live:
 Thieves for their robbery have authority,
 When judges steal themselves. What? do I love
 her,
 That I desire to hear her speak again,
 And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream
 on?
 O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
 With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dan-
 gerous
 Is that temptation, that doth goad us on

To sin in loving virtue: never could the strum-
 pet,
 With all her double vigour, art and nature,
 Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
 Subdues me quite. Ever, till now,
 When men were fend, I smiled, and wonder'd
 how.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in a Prison.

Enter DUKE, habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so, I think you
 are.

Prov. I am the provost: What's your will, good
 friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd
 order,

I come to visit the afflicted spirits
 Here in the prison: do me the common right
 To let me see them; and to make me know
 The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
 To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were
 needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
 Who, falling in the flames of her own youth,
 Hath blister'd her report: She is with child;
 And he, that got it, sentenced; a young man
 More fit to do another such offence,
 Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
 I have provided for you; stay a while,

(To Juliet.)

And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you
 carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most pa-
 tiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your
 conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
 Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd
 him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
 was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than
 his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: But lest you do re-
 pent,

As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—
 Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not
 Heaven;

Shewing, we'd not spare Heaven as we love it,
 But as we stand in fear,—

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
 And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.
 Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
 And I am going with instruction to him.—
 Grace go with you! Benedicite!

[Exit.

Juliet. Must die to-morrow! O injurious love,
 That respites me a life, whose very comfort

Is still a dying horror!
Prov. 'Tis pity of him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Angelo's house.

Enter ANGELO,

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
 To several subjects: Heaven hath my empty words;
 Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
 Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,
 As if I did but only chew his name;
 And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
 Of my conception. The state, whereon I studied,
 Is like a good thing, being often read,
 Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
 Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
 Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume,
 Which the air beats for vain. O place! O form!
 How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
 Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
 To thy false seeming? Blood thou still art blood:
 Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
 'Tis not the devil's crest.—

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister,
 Desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way.

[*Exit* *Serv.*]

O Heavens!
 Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
 Making both it unable for itself,
 And dispossessing all the other parts
 Of necessary fitness?
 So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
 Come all to help him, and so stop the air
 By which he should revive: and even so
 The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
 Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
 Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
 Must needs appear offence.—

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better
 please me,
 than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot
 live.

Isab. Even so?—Heaven keep your honour!

[*Retiring.*]

Ang. Yet he may live a while; and, it may be,
 As long as you, or I; yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
 Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,
 That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fy, these filthy vices! It were as
 good
 To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen
 A man already made, as to remit
 Their saucy sweetness, that do coin Heaven's
 image,
 In stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easy
 Falsely to take away a life true made,
 As to put mettle in restrained means,
 To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
 Which had you rather, That the most just law
 Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
 Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
 As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
 I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins
 Stand more for number than accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
 Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—
 I, now the voice of the recorded law,
 Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
 Might there not be a charity in sin,
 To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
 I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
 It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleased you to do't, at peril of your soul,
 Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
 Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
 If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
 To have it added to the faults of mine,
 And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
 Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ig-
 norant,

Or seem so craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
 But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
 When it doth tax itself: as these black masks
 Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
 Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me,
 To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
 Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
 Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
 (As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
 But in the loss of question,) that you, his sister,
 Finding yourself desired of such a person,
 Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
 Could fetch your brother from the manacles
 Of the all-binding law; and that there were
 No earthly mean to save him, but that either
 You must lay down the treasures of your body
 To this supposed, or else let him suffer:
 What would you?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself.
 That is, Were I under the terms of death,
 The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
 And strip myself to death, as to a bed
 That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
 My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
 Better it were, a brother died at once,
 Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
 Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence,
 That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignominy in ransom and free pardon,
 Are of two houses: lawful mercy is
 Nothing akin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a
 tyrant;

And rather prove the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we'd have, we speak not what we
mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage, that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed thy weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view them-
selves

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
Women!—Help Heaven! men their creation mar
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well:

And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger
Than faults may shake our frames,) let me be
bold:—

I do arrest your words: Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one, (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants,) shew it now,
By putting on the destined livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell
me,
That he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seem-
ing!

I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place in the state,
Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

[Exit.]

Isab. To whom shall I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,

To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[Exit.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Prison.

Enter DUKE, CLAUDIO, and Provost.

Duke. So, then you hope of pardon from lord
Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepared to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death, or
life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with
life,—

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
(Servile to all the skyey influences,)
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still: Thou art not
noble;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st,
Are nursed by baseness: Thou art by no means
valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy-
self;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust: Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not cer-
tain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon: If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: Friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor youth,
nor age,

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the arms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lie hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good
company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak, where I may be conceal'd,

Yet hear them.

[*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good in deed:

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting ledger:
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one (as you consenting to 't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance, finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's
grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth enmew,
As falcon doth the fowl,—is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. O heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, from this rank
offence,
So to offend him still: This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,

Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. O, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why, would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fined?—O Isabel!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not
where;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and uncertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I
think?
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father
fair!

For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance!
Die: perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. O, fy, fy, fy!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.

(*Going.*)

Claud. O hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter DUKE.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one
word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I
would by and by have some speech with you: the
satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own
benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay

must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. (To Claudio, aside.) Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an essay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures; she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

Duke. Hold you there: Farewell.

[Exit Claudio.]

Re-enter Provost.

Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come; you will be gone: Leave me awhile with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[Exit Provost.]

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How would you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: Yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther; I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befall to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her

ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point: only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up: Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St Luke's; there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana: At that place call upon me; and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father.

[Exeunt severally.]

SCENE II.—The Street before the Prison.

Enter DUKE, as a Friar; to him ELBOW, Clown and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you must needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. O heavens! what stuff is here?

Clo. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worse allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, sir.—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke And you, good brother father: What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.

Duke. Fy, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou causest to be done,

That is thy means to live: Do thou but think

What 'tis to cram a maw, or clothe a back,

From such a filthy vice: say to thyself,—

From their abominable and beastly touches

I drink, I eat, array myself, and live.

Canst thou believe thy living is a life,

So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go mend.

Clo. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,

Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer,

Correction and instruction must both work,

Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster; if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,

Free from our faults, as faults from seeming free!

Enter LUCIO.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.

Clo. I spy comfort. I cry, bail: Here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? What, at the heels of Cæsar? Art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made women, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? Ha? What say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain? Ha? What say'st thou, trot? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? Or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus! still worse!

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha?

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it: it must be so: Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey: Farewell: Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too: bawd-born.—Farewell, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison, Pompey: You will turn good husband, now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey, go.

[Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and Officers.]

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none: Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: But wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence: he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and women, after the downright way of creation: Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him:—Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes:—But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the life of a man? Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: He had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceived.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was, to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: A shy fellow was the duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No,—pardon;—'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand,—The greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but

testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, you speak unskillfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hanged first: thou art deceived in me, friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I prythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's not past it yet, and say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say, that I said so. Farewell.

[Exit.

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?—
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, Provost, Bawd, and Officers.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me: mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time, he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison: Go to; no more words. [Exeunt Bawd and Officers.] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd, Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with divines, and have all charitable pre-

paration; if my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar hath been with him, and advised him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now

To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see,
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough, to make fellowships accursed: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measures from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice; yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but, my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein, it he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner: Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you!

[Exeunt Escalus and Provost.

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How many likeness, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times,
Draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things
Craft against vice I must apply:

With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despis'd;
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

[Exit.

ACT IV.

SCENE I—A Room in Mariana's House.

MARIANA discovered sitting; a boy singing.

SONG.

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;

Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

[Exit Boy.

Enter DUKE.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish,
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a charm,

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me
here to-day? much upon this time have I promised
here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have
sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you. The time is
come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a
little: may be, I will call upon you anon, for some
advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you.

[Exit.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummured with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't;
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did shew me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him, my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,

That stays upon me, whose persuasion, is
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.

I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this.—What, ho! within! come forth!

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect
you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have
found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the
hand,

Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will 't please you walk aside.

[Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false
eyes

Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,
And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome! How
agreed?

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.

[Exeunt

SCENE II—A Room in the Prison.

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a
man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if
he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I
can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and
yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning
are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our
prison a common executioner, who in his office
lacks a helper; if you will take it on you to assist
him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not,
you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and
your deliverance with an unpitied whipping; for
you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out
of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful
hangman. I would be glad to receive some in-
struction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson
there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? Fy upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale.

[*Exit.*

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir, a mystery.

Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief: If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clo. I do desire to learn, sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare for truly, sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Clown and Abhorson.*

One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare yourself. But hark, what noise?

[*Knocking within.*]

Heaven give your spirits comfort!—

[*Exit Claudio.*

By and by.—

I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, er't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;

But this being so, he's just.—Now are they come.—

[*Knocking within.—Provost goes out.*

This is a gentle provost: Seldom, when

The steeld gaoler is the friend of men.—

How now? What noise? That spirit's possess'd
with haste,

That wounds the unsisting postern with these
strokes.

[*Provost returns, speaking to one at the door.*

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet?
But he must die to-morrow.

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, Provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,

You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me
this farther charge, that you swerve not from the
smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or
other circumstance. Good-morrow; for, as I take
it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him.

[*Exit Messenger.*

Duke. This is his pardon; purchased by such
sin,

[*Aside.*]

For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love, is the offender friended.—
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike, thinking
me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this
unwonted putting on: methinks, strangely; for he
hath not used it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Prov. (*Reads.*) Whatsoever you may hear to the
contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock;
and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satisfaction,
let me have Claudio's head sent me by five.
Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought, that more
depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not
to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.—
What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nursed up

and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a-day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very often awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and shewed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo, who hath sentenced him: To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say, it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death: you know, the course is common. If anything fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke or to the deputy?

Prov. To him and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch a justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go farther than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke. You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd: Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Another Room in the same.

Enter Clown.

Clo. I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think, it were mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds: of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some few suit of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young master Deep-vow, and master Copper-spur, and master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd lusty Pudding, and master Forthright, the tilter, and brave master Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty more, all great doers in our trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine!

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. (*Within.*) A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clo. Your friends, sir; the hangman: You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. (*Within.*) Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clo. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for 't.

Clo. O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night,

and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter DUKE.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father:

Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you,

Look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—

Barnar. Not a word; if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: O, gravel heart!—
After him, fellows, bring him to the block.

[*Exeunt Abhorson and Clown.*]

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepared, unmeet for death; And, to transport him in the mind he is, Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years, his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclined,
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that Heaven provides!
Despatch it presently: the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo. See, this be done,
And send according to command, whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done,—Put them in secret holds,

Both Barnardine and Claudio: Ere twice
The sun hath made his journal greeting to
The under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependent.

Duke. Quick, despatch,
And send the head to Angelo.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours
Prov. I'll make all speed.

[*Exit.*]

Isab. (Within.) Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel: She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither;
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world:
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other:
Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

Isab. O, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to Heaven.
Mark what I say: which you shall find
By every syllable, a faithful verity.

The duke comes home to-morrow, nay, dry your eyes,

One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can part
your wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and
yours,

I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even!

Friar, where is the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine
heart, to see thine eyes so red: thou must be
patient: I am fain to dine and sup with water
and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly;
one fruitful meal would set me to 't: But they say
the Duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth,
Isabel, I loved thy brother; if the old fantastical

duke of dark corners had been at home, he had lived.

(Exit Isabella.)

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports; but the best is he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: If bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of bur, I shall stick.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions shew much like to madness. pray Heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shews his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints; and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd: Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house: Give notice to such men of sort and suit, As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well.

[Exit.]

Ang. Good night.—

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,

And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid! And by an eminent body, that enforced The law against it!—But that her tender shame Will not proclaim against her maiden loss, How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares her?—no:

For my authority bears a credent bulk, That no particular scandal once can touch, But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,

Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge, By so receiving a dishonour'd life,

With ransome of such shame. Would yet he had lived:

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—Fields without the Town.

Enter DUKE in his own habit, and Friar PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me.

(Giving letters.)

The provost knows our purpose, and our plot.

The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,

And hold you ever to our special drift;

Though sometimes you do blench from this to that.

As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,

And tell him where I stay: give the like notice

To Valentinus, Rowland, and to Crassus,

And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;

But send me Flavius first.

F. Peter. I shall be speeded well.

[Exit Friar]

Enter VARRIUS.

Duke. I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:

Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Street near the City Gate.

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loath: I would say the truth; but to accuse him so That is your part: yet I am advised to do it; He says, to veil full purpose.

Mari. Be ruled by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that, if peradventure He speak against me on the adverse side, I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physis That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, friar Peter—

Isab. O, peace; the friar is come.

Enter Friar PETER.

F. Peter. Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,

Where you may have such vantage on the duke, He shall not pass you: Twice have the trumpets sounded;

The generous and gravest citizens

Have hent the gates, and very near upon

The duke is ent'ring; therefore hence, away.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A public place near the City Gate.

MARIANA, (veiled,) ISABELLA, and PETER, at a distance. Enter at opposite doors, DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords; ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, and Citizens.

Duke. My very worthy cousin, fairly met:— Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both: We have made inquiry of you, and we hear Such goodness of your justice, that our soul

Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater

Duke. O, your desert speaks loud, and I should
wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time,
And rasure of oblivion: Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know,
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus,
You must walk by us on our other hand;
And good supporters are you.

PETER and ISABELLA come forward.

P. Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and
kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? By whom?
Be brief:

Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice;
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear me,
here.

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice!

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and
strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I
speak:

That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?
That Angelo is an adult'rous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her:—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness; make not im-
possible

That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince.
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, (as I believe no other,)
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. O gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid
And hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would you
say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother,—one Lucio
As then the messenger,—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray Heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter:—Proceed

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refus'd me, and how I replied;
(For this was of much length,) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn bo-
times,

His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. O, that it were as like as it is true!

Duke. By Heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not
what thou speak'st;

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour,
In hateful practice: First, his integrity
Stands without blemish: Next, it imports no
reason,

That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you
on;

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou camest here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?

Then, O you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone.—An officer!
To prison with her.—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.—

Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike:—Who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;

I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swung him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? This is a good friar, belike!

And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar

I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

F. Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused: First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accused your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

F. Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy:
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

F. Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;

But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever: Upon his mere request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint

Intended 'gainst lord Angelo,) came I hither,
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
And all probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he's convented. First, for this woman,

(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accused,)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

(Isabella is carried off, guarded; and Mariana comes forward.)

Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—

O Heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—

Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge

Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?

First, let her shew her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not shew my face,

Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you

Are nothing then,—neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause

To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:

I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not,

That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert so too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:

She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,

But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's.

Ang. This is a strange abuse:—Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me: now I will unmask.
(Unveiling)

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which, once thou swore'st, was worth the looking on;

This is the hand, which with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body,
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagined person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;

And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage

Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off,

Partly, for that her promised proportions

Came short of composition; but, in chief,

For that her reputation was disvalued

In levity: since which time of five years,

I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,

Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,

As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,

I am affianced this man's wife, as strongly

As words can make up vows: and, my good lord,

But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,

He knew me as a wife: As this is true

Let me in safety raise me from my knees;

Or else for ever be confix'd here,

A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile till now;

Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice
My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone! think'st thou, thy
oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular
saint,

Were testimonies against his worth and credit
That's seal'd in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.—
There is another friar that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

F. Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he
indeed,

Hath set the woman on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.—

[*Exit Provost.*]

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers.

Escal. My lord, we 'll do it thoroughly.—[*Exit Duke.*]
Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew
that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*: honest in
nothing, but in his clothes; and one that hath
spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall entreat you to abide here till he
come, and enforce them against him: we shall find
this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again;
(*To an Attendant.*) I would speak with her: Pray
you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall
see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her
privately, she would sooner confess; perchance,
publicly she'll be ashamed.

*Re-enter Officers with ISABELLA; the DUKE, in
the Friar's habit, and Provost.*

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at
midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress: (*To Isabella.*) here 's a
gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of,
here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to him
till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir: Did you set these women on to
slander lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the
devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne.—

Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke 's in us; and we will hear
speak:

Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least.—But, O poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke 's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal: this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd
friar!

Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?

And then to glance from him to the duke himself,
To tax him with injustice? Take him hence;
To the rack with him. We'll touze you joint by
joint,

But we will know this purpose. What! unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than
he

Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial: My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults;
But faults so countenanced, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to
prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior
Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, good man
bald-pate: Do you know me

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your
voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of
the duke.

Lucio. O, did you so? And do you remember
what you said of the duke.

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-
monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported
him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere
you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of
him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck
thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest I love the duke, as I love my-
self.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now
after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal:—
Away with him to prison.—Where is the provost?
—Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon
him: let him speak no more.—Away with those
giglots too, and with the other confederate com-
panion.

(*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*)

Duke. Stay, sir: stay awhile.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir!
Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be
hooded, must you? Shew your knave's visage,
with a pox to you! shew your sheep-biting face,
and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off?

(*Pulls off the Friar's hood and discovers the Duke.*)

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er made a duke.—

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.—

Sneak not away, sir; *(To Lucio.)* for the friar and you

Must have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.—

(To Escalus.)

We'll borrow place of him.—Sir, by your leave:

(To Angelo.)

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,

That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,

Rely upon it till my tale be heard,

And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,

It should be guiltier than my guiltiness,

To think I can be undiscernible,

When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,

Hath look'd upon my passes: Then, good prince,

No longer session hold upon my shame,

But let my trial be mine own confession;

Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,

Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go, take her hence, and marry her, instantly.

Do you the office, friar; which consummate,

Return him here again:—Go with him, provost.

(Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.)

Escal. My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonour,

Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel:

Your friar is now your prince: As I was then

Advertising, and holy to your business,

Not changing heart with habit, I am still

Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon,

That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd

Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:

And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.

Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;

And you may marvel, why I obscured myself,

Labouring to save his life; and would not rather

Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,

Than let him so be lost: O most kind maid,

It was the swifter celerity of his death,

Which I did think with slower foot came on,

That brain'd my purpose: But, peace be with him!

That life is better life, past fearing death,

Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,

So happy is your brother.

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, and Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here,

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd

Your well-defended honour, you must pardon

For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your brother,

(Being criminal in double violation

Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,

Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,)—

The very mercy of the law cries out

Most audible, even from his proper tongue,

An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure

Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*.

Then, Angelo, thy faults thus manifested;

Which though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage:

We do condemn thee to the very block

Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste;

Away with him.

Mari. O most gracious lord,

I hope you will not mock me with a husband!

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,

I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,

For that he knew you, might reproach your life,

And choke your good to come. For his possessions,

Although by confiscation they are ours,

We do instate and widow you withal,

To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O my dear lord,

I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege,—

(Kneeling.)

Duke. You do but lose your labour.

Away with him to death.—Now, sir, *(To Lucio.)* to you.

Mari. O my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part;

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come

I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:

Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,

Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,

And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,

Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;

Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults,

And, for the most, become much more the better

For being a little bad: so may my husband.

O Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir,

(Kneeling.)

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,

As if my brother lived: I partly think,

A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,

'Till he did look on me; since it is so,

Let him not die. My brother had but justice,

In that he did the thing for which he died:

For Angelo,

His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;

And must be buried but as an intent

That perish'd by the way: thoughts are not subjects;

Intent but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—

I have bethought me of another fault:—

Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded

At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:

Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord :

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have died,
I have reserved alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*]

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, and JULIET.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no farther than this world,
And square'st thy life according. Thou'rt con-
demn'd;

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
And pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come.—Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand.—What muffled fellow's
that?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I saved,
That should have died when Claudio lost his head,
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

[*Unmuffles Claudio.*]

Duke. If he be like your brother, (*To Isabella.*) for
his sake
Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.
By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:

Look, that you love your wife; her worth, worth
yours.

I find an apt remission in myself:

And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon:—
You, sirrah, (*To Lucio.*) that knew me for a fool, a
coward,

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;

Wherein have I so deserved of you,

That you extol me thus?

Lucio. Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to
the trick: If you will hang me for it, you may, but
I had rather it would please you, I might be
whipped.

Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear,
And he shall marry her; the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me
to a whore! Your highness said even now, I made
you a duke; good my lord, do not recompense me
in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive! and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits:—Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to
death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much good-
ness:

There's more behind, that is more grate. —
Thanks, provost, for thy care, and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
The offence pardons itself.—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto, if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is
mine:—

So bring us to our palace, where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should
know.

[*Exeunt.*]

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.



Costard.—“PRAY YOU, WHICH IS THE HEAD LADY?”—Act iv, scene 1.

Persons Represented.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*

BIRON,

LONGAVILLE, } *Lords attending on the King.*

DUMAIN,

BOYET, } *Lords attending on the Princess of*
France.

MERCADE,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical Spaniard.*

SIR NATHANIEL, *a Curate.*

HOLOFERNES, *a Schoolmaster.*

DULL, *a Constable.*

COSTARD, *a Clown.*

MOTH, *Page to Armado.*

A Forester.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE.

ROSALINE,

MARIA,

KATHARINE,

JAQUENETTA, *a country Wench.*

officers and others, Attendants on the King and
Princess.

SCENE.—*Navarre.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Navarre. A Park with a Palace in it.

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour, which shall bate his scythe's keen
edge,

And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your
names;

That his own hand may strike his honour down,
That violates the smallest branch herein:
If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oath, and keep it too.

Long. I am resolved: 'tis but a three years' fast;
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified;
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation o'er,
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances,—
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there;
And, one day in a week, to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside,
The which, I hope, is not enrolled there;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day,
(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day.)
Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep;
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from
these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please:
I only swore, to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.—
What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know which else we should
not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from
common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.

Biron. Come on, then, I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—To study, where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid;
Or, study where to meet some mistress fine,
When mistresses from common sense are hid;
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath
Study to break it, and not break my troth.
If study's gain be thus, and this be so,
Study knows that which yet it doth not know:
Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say, no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most
vain,

Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the
while

Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look;
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile:
So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed,

By fixing it upon a fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know naught but fame,
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason against
reading!

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceed-
ing!

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the
weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green geese are
a-breeding.

Dum. How follows that?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud sum-
mer boast

Before the birds have any cause to sing?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new fangled mirth;
But like of each thing, that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron; adieu!

Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay
with you;

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident, I'll keep what I have sworn,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper, let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from
shame!

Biron. (Reads.) Item, That no woman shall come
within a mile of my court.—

And hath this been proclaim'd?

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty.

(Reads.)—On pain of losing her tongue.—

Who devised this?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility.

(Reads.) Item, *If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.—*

This article, my liege, yourself must break;
For well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter, with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty—
About surrender-up of Aquitaine

To her decrepit, sick, and bed-ridden father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire—so won, so lost.

King. We must, of force, dispense with this decree;

She must lie here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn

Three thousand times within this three years' space:

For every man with his affects are born;
Not by might master'd, but by special grace:
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.
So to the laws at large I write my name,

(Subscribes.)

And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame:

Suggestions are to others as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loath,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is: our court you know is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony;
A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate,
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.
How you delight my lords, I know not, I;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard the swain, and he, shall be our sport;

And, so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow: What wouldst?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person for I

am his grace's tharborough: but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villainy abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

Long. A high hope for a low heaven: God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear laughing?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately: or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in a manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman: for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction: And God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention?

Biron. As I would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. *(Reads.)* Great deputy, the welkin's vicerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. So it is,—

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so, so.

King. Peace.

Cost. —be to me, and every man that dares not fight!

King. No words.

Cost.—of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, be look myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place, where,—It standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: There did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,

Cost. Me.

King.—that unletter'd small-knowing soul,

Cost. Me.

King.—that shallow vassal,

Cost. Still me.

King.—which, as I remember, hight Costard,

Cost. O me!

King.—sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—
with—O with—but with this I passion to say where-with.

Cost. With a wench.

King.—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull; a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.

Dull. Me, an't shall please you; I am Antony Dull.

King. For Jaquenetta, (so is the weaker vessel called, which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,) I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty,
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst,—But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a mouth with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—My lord Biron, see him delivered o'er.—

And go we, lords, to put in practice that,

Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.—

[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat, These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl: and therefore, Welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, Sit thee down, sorrow!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Another part of the same. Armado's House.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little: Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What? that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say thou art quick in answers: Thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. He speaks the mere contrary, crosses love not him.

(*Aside.*)

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call, three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere you'll thrice wink: and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. To prove you a cypher.

(*Aside.*)

Arm. I will hereupon confess, I am in love: and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks, I should out-swear Cupid. Comfort me, boy: What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage; for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter: and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers: but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathetic!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known,
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale-white shewn;
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since; but, I think, now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have the subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with that rational hind Costard; she deserves well.

Moth. To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

(*Aside.*)

Arm. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light vench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear, till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight nor no penance; but a' must fast three days a-week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid.

Jaq. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaq. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaq. Lord, how wise you are!

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaq. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaq. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt Dull and Jaquenetta*]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away.

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose; thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and, therefore, I will say nothing: I thank God, I have as little patience as another man, and, therefore, I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt Moth and Costard*]

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, (which is a great argument of falsehood,) if I love: and how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; love is a devil: there is no evil angel but love. Yet Samson was so tempted; and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced; and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy; but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme; for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise wit; write, pen; for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*Exit*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.*

Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits:

Consider who the king your father sends;
To whom he sends; and what's his embassy:
Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem;
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
Than Aquitain; a dowry for a queen.
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye

Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues:
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker,—Good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor:
Tell him the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace.
Haste, signify so much, while we attend,
Like humbly-visaged suitors, his high will.
Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly, I go.

[Exit.]

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.
Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke?
1 Lord. Lord Longaville is one,
Prin. Know you the man?
Mar. I know him, madam; at a marriage feast,
Between lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
Of Jaques Falconbridge solemnized,
In Normandy saw I this Longaville:
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms:
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well,
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,
(If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will;
Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still
wills
It should none spare that come within his power.
Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike; is't so?
Mar. They say so most, that most his humours
know.
Prin. Such short lived wits do wither as they
grow.
Who are the next?
Kath. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd
youth.
Of all that virtue love, for virtue loved:
Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill;
For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
I saw him at the duke of Alençon's once;
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my report, to his great worthiness.
Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him: if I have heard a truth,
Biron they call him; but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished:
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.
Prin. God bless my ladies! are they all in love,
That every one her own hath garnished
With such bedecking ornaments of praise?
Mar. Here comes Boyet

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord?
Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach;
And he, and his competitors in oath,
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt,
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
(Like one that comes here to besiege his court,)
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.
Here comes Navarre.

(The Ladies mask.)

Enter King, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON,
and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of
Navarre.

Prin. Fair, I give you back again: and, welcome
I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to
be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base
to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my
court.

Prin. I will be welcome then; conduct me
thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Prin. Our lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing
else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were
wise,

Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn-out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden bold;

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

(Gives a paper)

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were away;

For you'll prove perjured, if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant
once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it then

To ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis 'long of you that spur me with such
questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast,
'twill tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day?

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one half of an entire sum,
Disbursed by my father in his wars.
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have,)
Received the sum; yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the
which

One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
 Although not valued to the money's worth.
 If then the king your father will restore
 But that one half which is unsatisfied,
 We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
 And hold fair friendship with his majesty.
 But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
 For here he doth demand to have repaid
 An hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,
 On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
 To have his title live in Aquitaine;
 Which we much rather had depart withal,
 And have the money by our father lent,
 Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.
 Dear princess, were not his request so far
 From reasons yielding, your fair self should
 make

A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
 And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the King my father too much
 wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name,
 In so unseeming to confess receipt
 Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;
 And, if you'll prove it, I'll repay it back,
 Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word:—

Boyet, you can produce acquittances,
 For such a sum, from special officers
 Of Charles his father.

Prin. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not
 come,

Where that and other specialties are bound;
 To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which interview,
 All liberal reasons I will yield unto.

Mean time, receive such welcome at my hand,
 As honour, without breach of honour, may
 Make tender of to thy true worthiness:

You may not come, fair princess, in my gates;
 But here without you shall be so received,

As you shall deem yourself lodged in my heart,
 Though so denied fair harbour in my house.

Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell:
 To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort your
 grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place!

[*Exeunt King and his train.*]

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to my own
 heart.

Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I would
 be glad to see it.

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at heart.

Ros. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says, Ay.

Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?

Ros. No poynt, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving.

[*Retiring*]

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word: What lady is that
 same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name.

Dum. A gallant lady! Monsieur, fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

Long. I beseech you a word: What is she in the
 white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the
 light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light: I desire her
 name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire
 that were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended:

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[*Exit Long.*]

Biron. What's her name, in the cap?

Boyet. Katharine, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir; adieu!

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit Biron.—Ladies unmask.*]

Mar. That last is Biron, that merry mad-cap
 lord;

Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his
 word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he was to
 board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?

No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture; shall that finish
 the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[*Offering to kiss her.*]

Mar. Not so, gentle beast;

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me.

Prin. Good wits will be jangling: but, gentles,
 agree:

This civil war of wits were much better used
 On Navarre and his book-men; for here 'tis
 abused.

Boyet. If my observation, (which very seldom
 lies,)

By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
 Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle, af-
 fected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their
 retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire:
 His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,
 Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd;
 His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
 Did stumble with haste in his eye-sight to be;
 All senses to that sense did make their repair,
 To feel only looking on fairest of fair:
 Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
 As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
 Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where they
 were glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.

His face's own margent did quote such amazes,

That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes:

I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
 An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.
Prin. Come, to our pavilion: Boyet is disposed—
Boyet. But to speak that in words, which his eye
 hath disclosed:
 I only have made a mouth of his eye,
 By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.
Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and speak'st
 skilfully.
Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns news
 of him.
Ros. Then was Venus like her mother; for her
 father is but grim.
Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?
Mar. No.
Boyet. What then, do you see?
Ros. Ay, our way to begone.
Boyet. You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the same.**Enter ARMADO and MOTH.*

Arm. Warble, child; make passionate my sense
 of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel—

(Singing.)

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take
 this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him
 festinately hither: I must employ him in a letter to
 my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a
 French brawl?

Arm. How mean'st thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master: but to jig off a
 tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your
 feet, humour it with turning up your eye-lids; sigh
 a note, and sing a note; sometime through the
 throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love;
 sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up
 love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-
 like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms
 crossed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on
 a spit: or your hands in your pocket, like a man
 after the old painting; and keep not too long in one
 tune, but a snip and away: These are comple-
 ments, these are humours; these betray nice
 wenches—that would be betrayed without these;
 and make them men of note, (do you note, men?)
 that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love, hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt,
 and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you
 forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I
 will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and
 without, upon the instant: By heart you love her,
 because your heart cannot come by her; in heart
 you love her, because your heart is in love with
 her; and out of heart you love her, being out of
 heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet
 nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me
 a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse to
 be ambassador for an ass!

Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir; you must send the ass upon
 the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short; away.

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
 Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. Minime, honest master; or rather, master,
 no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so:
 Is that lead slow which is fired from a gun?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetorick!
 He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's
 he:—

I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee.

[*Exit.*]

Arm. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of
 grace;
 By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy
 face:
 Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.
 My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH and COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master; here's a Costard broken
 in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy
l'envoy—begin.

Cost. No enigma, no riddle, no *l'envoy*: no salve in
 the mail, sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain; no
l'envoy, no *l'envoy*, no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly
 thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs pro-
 vokes me to ridiculous smiling: O, pardon me, my
 stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*,
 and the word *l'envoy*, for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not *l'envoy*
 a salve?

Arm. No page: it is an epilogue or discourse, to
 make plain
 Some obscure precedence, that hath tofore been
 sain.

I will example it:

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
 Were still at odds, being but three.

There's the moral: Now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*: Say the moral
 again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
 Were still at odds, being but three:

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
 And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow
 with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
 Were still at odds, being but three:

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
 Staying the odds by adding four

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose. Would
 you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that's flat.—
Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—

To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast and loose:

Let me see a fat *l'envoy*; ay, that's a fat goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a *Costard* was broken in a shin.

Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: Thus came your argument in;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you bought;

And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me; how was there a *Costard* broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth*! I will speak that *l'envoy*.

I, *Costard*, running out, that was safely within, Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah *Costard*, I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O, marry me to one *Frances*; I smell some *l'envoy*, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, true; and now you will be my purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from du-rance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: Bear this significant to the country maid *Jaquenetta*: there is remuneration; (*giving him money*) for the best ward of mine honour is, re-warding my dependents. *Moth*, follow.

[*Exit*.

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signior *Costard*, adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew!

[*Exit Moth.*

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings—remuneration.—*What's the price of this inkle? a penny:—No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.*

Enter *BIRON*.

Biron. O, my good knave *Costard*! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing.

Biron. O, why then, three-farthings worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship: God be with you!

Biron. O, stay, slave; I must employ thee: As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O, this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir: Fare you well.

Biron. O, thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this,—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,

And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

And *Rosaline* they call her: ask for her;

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This seal'd-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

(*Gives him money.*)

Cost. Guerdon,—O sweet guerdon! better than remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better: Most sweet guerdon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Guerdon—remuneration.

[*Exit*.

Biron. O!—And I, forsooth, in love! I, that have been love's whip;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;

A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;

A domineering pedant o'er the boy,

Than whom no mortal so magnificent!

This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy,

This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;

Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,

The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,

Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,

Sole imperator, and great general

Of trotting paritors,—O my little heart!

And I to be a corporal of his field,

And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!

What? I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

A woman, that is like a German clock,

Still a-repairing; ever out of frame;

And never going aright, being a watch,

But being watch'd that it may still go right?

Nay, to be perjured, which is worst of all;

And, among three, to love the worst of all;

A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,

With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;

Ay, and, by Heaven, one that will do the deed,

Though *Argus* were her eunuch and her guard:

And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!

To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague,

That Cupid will impose for my neglect

Of his almighty dreadful little might.

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan;

Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.

[*Exit*.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Another part of the same.

Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard

Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think, it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he shew'd a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;

On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,

That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Here by, upon the edge of yonder coppice;

A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair, that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again
say no?

O short-lived pride! not fair? alack for wo!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now;

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;

(Giving him money.)

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair
praise.—

But come, the bow:—Now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,

That more for praise, than purpose, meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes;

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes;

When, for fame's sake, for praise, and outward
part,

We bend to that the working of the heart:

As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sove-
reignty

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be

Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise: and praise we may afford

To any lady, that subdues a lord.

Enter COSTARD.

Prin. Here comes a member of the common-
wealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you which is
the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest
that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest! it is so; truth
is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One of these maids' girdles for your waist should
be fit.

Art not you the chief woman? you are the thickest
here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter from monsieur Biron, to one
lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter; he's a good friend
of mine:

Stand aside, good bearer.—*Boyet*, you can carve;
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—

This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear:

Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear.

Boyet. (Reads.) By Heaven, that thou art fair, is
most infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth
itself, that thou art lovely: More fairer than fair,
beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have
commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnani-
mous and most illustrious king Cophetua set eye upon
the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenocophon; and

he it was that might rightly say, *veni, vidi, vici*; which
to anatomize in the vulgar, (O base and obscure vulgar!)
videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame: he came, one;
saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king;
Why did he come? to see; Why did he see? to over-
come: To whom came he? to the beggar, What saw
he? the beggar: Who overcame he? the beggar: The
conclusion is victory; On whose side? the king's: The
captive is enrich'd; On whose side? the beggar's; The
catastrophe is a nuptial; On whose side? the king's?
—no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king;
for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so
witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I
may. Shall I enforce thy love? I could. Shall I en-
treat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for
rags? robes; For tittles, titles; For thyself, me. Thus,
expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my
eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his
prey;

Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play:

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he, that in-
dicted this letter?

What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever hear
better?

Boyet. I am much deceived, but I remember the
style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it
erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here
in court;

A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes
sport

To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou fellow, a word:

Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you, my lord,

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord, to which lady?

Cost. From my lord Biron, a good master of
mine.

To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter.—Come,
lords, away.

Here, sweet, put up this; 'twill be thine another
day.

[Exit Princess and train.

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but, if thou
marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on!

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come
not near.

Finely put on, indeed!

Mar. You still wrangle with her, *Boyet*, and she
strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower: Have I hit
her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when king Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

(Singing.)

Ros. *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.*

Boyet. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.*

[*Exeunt Ros. and Kath.*]

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant! how both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot; for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark; A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand, I'faith your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then, belike your hand is in.

Cost. Then she will get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily, your lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing: good night, my good owl.

[*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*]

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!

Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were so fit.

Armado o' the one side,—O, a most dainty man!

To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her fan!

To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!—

And his page o' t'other side, that handful of wit!

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!

(*Shouting within.*) Sola, sola!

[*Exit Costard, running.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,—in blood; ripe as a pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *caelo*,—the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth like a crab on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least. But, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication, or rather *ostentare*, to shew, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud credo*; 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!—O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts;

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For, as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school:

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old father's mind, *Many can brook the weather, that love not the wind.*

Dull. You two are bookmen: Can you tell by your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, good man Dull; Dictynna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old, when Adam was no more;

And raught not to five weeks, when he came to fivescore.

The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter; for it argues facility.

The praiseful princess pierced and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell; put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;

Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L!

Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion: But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you; and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutor'd by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle*, if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them. But, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*: a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master parson.

Hol. Master parson,—*quasi pers-on*. And if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likeliest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty, it is well.

Jaq. Good master parson, be so good as read me this letter; it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado. I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbrâ*

Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

—*Vinegia Vinegia*,

Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia.

Old Mantuan! old Mantuan! Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa*.—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse: *Lege, domine*.

Nath. If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd!

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

These thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,

Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend.

¶ Knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice:

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend;

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder,
(Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire;

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.

Celestial, as thou art, oh pardon, love, this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here

are only numbers ratified; but for the elegance, facility, and golden cadence of poetry, *caret*. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why indeed, Naso; but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari*, is nothing: so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party written unto.

Your ladyship's in all desired employment, BIRON. Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries of the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much: Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty; adieu.

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life.

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Cost. and Jaq.*]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously, and, as a certain father saith—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses: Did they please you, sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen.

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the fore-said child, or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention: I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too: for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, (*To Dull*) I do invite you too; you shall not say me, nay: *pauca verba*.—Away; the gentles are at game, and we will to our recreation.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter BIRON, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch; pitch, that defiles; defile! a foul word. Well, Set thee down sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep. Well proved again on my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; if faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already; the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper; God give him grace to groan! (*Gets up into a tree.*)

Enter the King, with a paper.

King. Ah me!

Biron. (Aside.) Shot, by Heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid; thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap.—I 'faith secrets.—

King. (Reads.) So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not

To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shinest in every tear that I do weep:

No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,

So ridest thou triumphing in my wo;

Do but behold the tears that swell in me,

And they thy glory through my grief will show:

But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep

My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.

O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel!

No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.—

How shall she know my griefs? I 'll drop the paper:

Sweet leaves, shade folly.—Who is he comes here?

(Steps Aside.)

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. Now, in my likeness, one more fool appear!

(Aside.)

Long. Ah me! I am forsworn.

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.

(Aside.)

King. In love, I hope: Sweet fellowship in shame!

(Aside.)

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

(Aside.)

Long. Am I the first that have been perjured so?

Biron. (Aside.) I could put thee in comfort; not by two, that I know:

Thou makest the triumvir, the corner-cap of society

The shape of love's Tyburn, that hangs up simplicity.

Long. I fear, these stubborn lines lack power to move:

O sweet Maria, empress of my love!

These numbers will I tear and write in prose.

Biron. (Aside.) O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his slop.

Long. This same shall go.—

(He reads the sonnet.)

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye

(Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but, I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace, being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,

Exhaustest this vapour vow; in thee it is;

If broken then, it is no fault of mine,

If by me broke. What fool is not so wise,

To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. (Aside.) This is the liver vein, which makes flesh a deity:

A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.
God amend us, God amend! we are much out of the way.

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.

(Stepping aside.)

Biron. (Aside.) All hid, all hid, an old infant play:
Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!

Dumain transform'd: four woodcocks in a dish!

Dum. O most divine Kate!

Biron. O most profound coxcomb!

(Aside.)

Dum. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye!

Biron. By earth, she is not corporal; there you lie.

(Aside.)

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have amber coted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

(Aside.)

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say;

Her shoulder is with child.

(Aside.)

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.

(Aside.)

Dum. O that I had my wish!

Long. And I had mine!

(Aside.)

King. And I mine, too, good lord!

(Aside.)

Biron. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?

(Aside.)

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood, why, then incision Would let her out in saucers; sweet misprision!

(Aside.)

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit.

(Aside.)

Dum. On a day, (alack the day!)

Love, whose month is ever May,

Spied a blossom, passing fair,

Playing in the wanton air;

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, 'gan passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow

Air, would I might triumph so:

But, alack, my hand is sworn,

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:

Vow, alack, for youth unmeet;

Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do not call it sin in me,

That I am forsworn for thee;

Thou, for whom even Jove would swear,

Juno but an Ethiop were;

And deny himself for Jove,

Turning mortal for thy love.—

This will I send ; and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too ! Ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note ;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. Dumain, (*advancing*) thy love is far from charity,

That in love's grief desirest society :
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. Come, sir, (*advancing*) you blush ; as his your case is such :

You chide at him, offending twice as much ;
You do not love Maria ; Longaville
Did never sonnet for her sake compile ;
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart !
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion ;

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion .
Ah me ! says one ; O Jove ! the other cries ;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes :
You would for paradise break faith and troth ;

(*To Long.*)

And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.

(*To Dumain.*)

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
A faith infringed, which such a zeal did swear ?
How will he scorn ! how will he spend his wit !
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it !
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.—

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me :

(*Descends from the tree.*)

Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
These worms for loving, that art most in love ?
Your eyes do make no coaches ; in your tears,
There is no certain princess that appears ;
You'll not be perjured, 'tis a hateful thing :
Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting.
But are you not ashamed ? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot ?
You found his mote ; the king your mote did see ;
But I a beam do find in each of three.

O, what a scene of foolery I have seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen !
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat !
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys !
Where lies thy grief, O tell me, good Dumain !
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain ?
And where my liege's ? all about the breast :—
A caudle, ho !

King. Too bitter is thy jest.

Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view ?

Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you ;

I, that am honest ; I, that hold it sin

To break the vow I am engaged in ;

I am betray'd by keeping company

With moon-like men, of strange inconstancy.

When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme ?

Or groan for Joan ? or spend a minute's time

In pruning me ? When shall you hear, that I

Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye.

A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,

A leg, a limb ?—

King. Soft : whither away so fast ?

A true man, or a thief, that gallops so ?

Biron. I post from love ; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king !

King. What present hast thou there ?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here ?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither

The treason, and you, go in peace away together.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read ;

Our parson misdoubts it ; 'twas treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over.

(*Giving him the letter.*)

—Where hadst thou it ?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it ?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now ! what is in you ? why dost thou tear it ?

Biron. A toy, my liege ; your grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

(*Picks up the pieces.*)

Biron. Ah, you whoreson loggerhead !

(*To Costard.*)

You were born to do me shame.—

Guilty, my lord, guilty ; I confess, I confess.

King. What ?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess ;

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,

Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die :

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true ; we are four.—

Will these turtles be gone ?

King. Hence, sirs ; away.

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt. Cost. and Jaq.*]

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O let us embrace !

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be :

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven shew his face ;

Young blood will not obey an old decree :

We cannot cross the cause why we were born ;

Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines shew some love of thine ?

Biron. Did they, quoth you ? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head ; and, stricken blind,

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast ?

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty ?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspired thee now ?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon ;

She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron :

O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity;
Where nothing wants, that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues—
Fy, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;
She passes praise, then praise too short doth blot

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 'tis the sun that maketh all things shine!

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.

O, who can give an oath? where is a book?

That I may swear, beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:

No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

O, if in black my lady's brows be deckt,

It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.

Her favour turns the fashion of the days,

For native blood is counted painting now;

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her, are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And since her time, are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'Twere good yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.

(*Shewing his shoe.*)

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread!

Dum. O vile! then as she goes, what upward lies
The street should see, as she walk'd over head.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Biron. O, nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat; and, good Biron, now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there,—some flattery for this evil.

Long. O, some authority how to proceed;

Some tricks, some quillots, how to cheat the devil!

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O, 'tis more than need!—

Have at you then, affection's men at arms!

Consider, what you first did swear unto,—

To fast, to study, and to see no woman,—

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young;

And abstinence engenders maladies.

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you hath forsworn his book:

Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,

Have found the ground of study's excellence,

Without the beauty of a woman's face?

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:

They are the ground, the books, the academes,

From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

Why, universal plodding prisons up

The nimble spirits in the arteries;

As motion, and long-during action, tires

The sinewy vigour of the traveller.

Now, for not looking on a woman's face,

You have in that forsworn the use of eyes;

And study too, the causer of your vow:

For where is any author in the world,

Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?

Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,

And where we are, our learning likewise is.

Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,

Do we not likewise see our learning there?

O, we have made a vow to study, lords;

And in that vow we have forsworn our books.

For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,

In leaden contemplation, have found out

Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes

Of beauteous tutors have enrich'd you with?

Other slow arts entirely keep the brain;

And therefore finding barren practisers,

Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil:

But love, first learned in a lady's eye,

Lives not alone immured in the brain;

But with the motion of all elements,

Courses as swift as thought in every power,

And gives to every power a double power,

Above their functions and their offices.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye,

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind,

A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,

When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd;

Love's feeling is more soft and sensible

Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:

Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.

For valour, is not love a Hercules,

Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?

Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,

As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;

And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods

Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,

Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs:

O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,

And plant in tyrants mild humility.

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:

They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;

They are the books, the arts, the academes,

That shew, contain, and nourish all the world;

Else, none at all in aught proves excellent.

Then fools you were these women to forswear;

Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.

For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love:

Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men;

Or for men's sake, the authors of these women:

Or women's sake, by whom we men are men;
Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths:
It is religion to be thus forsworn,
For charity itself fulfils the law;
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers to the field;

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords,

Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advised,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain dealing; lay these glozes by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too; therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;

Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons! allons!—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;

And justice always whirls in equal measure;
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Another part of the same.

Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this *quondam* day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te:* His humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

(Takes out his table-book.)

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical fantasies, such insociable and point-devise companions, such rackers of orthography, as to speak, dout, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt; d, e, b, t; not, d, e, t: he elepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour, vocatur, nebour; neigh, abbreviated, ne: This is abominable, (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth me of insanie; *Ne intelligis, domine?* to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. *Laus deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. Bone?—bone, for *benè*: Priscian a little scratch'd; 'twill serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit?*

Hol. *Video et gaudeo.*

Arm. Chirra!

(To Moth.)

Hol. *Quare* Chirra, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encountered.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

(To Costard aside.)

Cost. O, they have lived long in the alms-basket of words! I marvel, thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace; the peal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, (To Hol.) are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches the boys the horn-book: What is a, b, spelt backward with a horn on his head?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep, with a horn.—You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis*, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i,—

Moth. The sheep: the other two concludes it; o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit: snip, snap, quick and home; it rejoiceth my intellect: true wit.

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy *circum circa*: a gig of a cuckold's horn;

Cos. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard; what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to: thou hast it, *ad dunghill*, at thy fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unquem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*; we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or, *mons*, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion, in the posteriors of this day; which the rude multitude call, the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measureable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend—For what is inward between us, let it pass.—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy; I beseech thee, apparel thy head; and among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too;—but let that pass: For I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) some-

time to lean upon my poor shoulder; and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio—but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: Some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world—but let that pass. The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antic, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistance,—the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman,—before the princess; I say, none so fit as to present the nine worthies.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir, error: he is not quantity enough for that worthy's thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, *Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!* that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antic. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Via*, goodman Dull! thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so: or I will play on the tabor to the worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull, to our sport, away.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another part of the same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.*

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich, ere we depart,

If fairings come thus plentifully in:

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper.

Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;

That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax;

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy; And so she died: had she been light, like you, Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit, She might have been a grandam ere she died: And so may you; for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light, by taking it in snuff; Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Kath. So do not you; for you are a light wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you; and therefore light.

Kath. You weigh me not,—O, that's you care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for, Past cure is still past care.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.

But Rosaline, you have a favour too:

Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros. I would you knew;

An if my face were but as fair as yours, My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:

The numbers true; and were the numb'ring too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground:

I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Prin. Any thing like?

Ros. Much, in the letters; nothing in the praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy book.

Ros. 'Ware pencils! How? let me not die your debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter:

O, that your face were not so full of O's!

Kath. A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrews!

Prin. But what was sent to you from fair Dumaïn?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain?

Kath. Yes, madam; and moreover, Some thousand verses of a faithful lover: A huge translation of hypocrisy, Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls, to me sent Longaville;

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less: Dost thou not wish in heart,

The chain were longer, and the letter short?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Prin. We are wise girls, to mock our lovers so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase mocking so.

That same Biron I'll torture e'er I go.

O, that I knew he were but in by the week!

How I would make him fawn, and beg, and seek:

And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes;
And shape his service all to my behests;
And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when they are
catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool: folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of school;
And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with such ex-
cess,

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note,
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's
her grace?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—

Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
Against your peace: Love doth approach disguised,
Armed in arguments; you'll be surprised:
Must your wits, stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Dennis to Saint Cupid! What are
they,
That charge their breath against us? say, scout,
say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour;
When, lo! to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That, by and by, disguised they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action and accent did they teach him there;
Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear;
And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out;
For, quoth the king, an angel shalt thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.
The boy replied, An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her had she been a devil.
With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the
shoulder,

Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus, and fleer'd, and swore,
A better speech was never spoke before;
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd, *Via! we will do't, come what will come;*
The third he caper'd, and cried, *All goes well;*
The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell,
With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
With such a zealous laughter so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd
thus,—

Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress, which they'll know

By favours several, which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be
task'd;

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd;
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.

Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear;
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine;
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—

And change your favours too; so shall your loves
Woe contrary, deceived by these removes.

Ros. Come on then; wear the favours most in
sight.

Kath. But, in this changing, what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:
They do it but in mocking merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.

Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot;
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's
heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.

There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'er-
thrown,

To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

(Trumpets sound within.)

Boyet. The trumpet sounds; be mask'd, the
maskers come.

(The Ladies mask.)

*Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and
DUMAIN, in Russian habits, and mask'd; MOTH,
Musicians and Attendants.*

Moth. All hail the richest beauties on the earth!

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames.

(The ladies turn their backs to him.)

That ever turned their backs—to mortal views!

Biron. Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!

Out—

Boyet. True; out, indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirit, vouch-
safe

Not to behold—

Biron. Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
—with your sun-beamed eyes—

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet,
You were best call it, daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me
out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you
rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers? know their
minds, Boyet:

If they do speak our language, 'tis our will
That some plain man recount their purposes:
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they?

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have: and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measured many miles,

To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say that they have measured many a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so: ask them, how many inches is in one mile: if they have measured many, The measure then of one is easily told.

Boyet. If, to come hither, you have measured miles,

And many miles; the princess bids you tell, How many inches do fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps, Of many weary miles you have o'ergone, Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you:

Our duty is so rich, so infinite, That we may do it still without accompt.

Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face, That we like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine

(Those clouds removed) upon our wat'ry eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter; Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure, do but vouchsafe one change.

Thou bid'st me beg; this begging is not strange.

Ros. Play, music, then: nay, you must do it soon.

(*Music plays.*)

Not yet—no dance: thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How came you thus estranged?

Ros. You took the moon at full; but now she's changed.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

The music plays; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,

We'll not be nice: take hands—we will not dance.

King. Why take we hands, then?

Ros. Only to part friends.—

Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves: What buys your company?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought: and so adieu; Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private, then.

King. I am best pleased with that.

(*They converse apart.*)

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice,)

Metheglin, wort, and malmsey: Well run, dice! There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu!

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Prin. Gall! bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

(*They converse apart.*)

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so? Fair lord,—

Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you,

As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

(*They converse apart.*)

Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Kath. O, for your reason! quickly, sir: I long

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,

And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman;—Is not veal a calf?

Long. A calf, fair lady?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half:

Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly, then, the butcher hears you cry.

(*They converse apart.*)

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense: so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings,

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scold!

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt King, Lords, Moth, Music, and Attendants.*]

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites—Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross: fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?
Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases!

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumain was at my service, and his sword:
No point, quoth I; my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;
And trow you what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear:

Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes; for it can never be,

They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;

And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:

Therefore, change favours; and when they repair,
Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow? how blow? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud:
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,
Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,
Let's mock them still, as well known as disguised:
Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguised like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder, what they were; and to what end
Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw, the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt Princess, Ros. Kath. and Maria.*]

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent: Please it your majesty,
Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeon's peas;
And utters it again, when God doth please:

He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares

At wakes, and wassels, meetings, markets, fairs;

And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,

Have not the grace to grace it with such show.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;

Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve:

He can carve too, and lisp. Why, this is he

That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;

This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,

That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice

In honourable terms; nay, he can sing

A mean most meanly; and, in ushering,
Mend him who can. The ladies call him, sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.
This is the flower that smiles on every one
To show his teeth as white as whale his bone:
And consciences that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,

That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, and Attendants.

Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,

Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better, I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you; and purpose now

To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:

Nor god, nor I, delight in perjured men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue: vice you should have spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your honour's guest:

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have lived in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game;

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. Hew, madam? Russians!

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;

Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true.—It is not so, my lord

My lady, (to the manner of the days,)

In courtesy, gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four

In Russian habit; here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle sweet,

Your wit makes things foolish; when we greet

With eyes best seeing heaven's fiery eye,

By light we lose light: Your capacity

Is of that nature, that to your huge store

Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,

That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried: they'll mock us now downright.

Dum. Let us confess and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amazed, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?

Ros. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon? Why look you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—

Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit,

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;

Nor never come in visor to my friend,

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song:

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical; these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:

I do forswear them; and I here protest,

By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:

And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans SANS, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage, bear with me, I am sick;

I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see,—

Write, *Lord have mercy on us*, on those three;

They are infected, in their hearts it lies;

They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes:

These lords are visited; you are not free,

For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free, that gave these tokens to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit, seek not to undo us.

Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace; for I will not have to do with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves, my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguised?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advised?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace, peace, forbear;

Thy oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

King. Despise me, when I break this oath of mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it.—Rosaline, What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear As precious eye-sight; and did value me Above this world: adding thereto, moreover, That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,

I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By Heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,

You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give; I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear; And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear:—

What; will you have me, or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—

I see the trick on't: Here was a consent

(Knowing aforehand of our merriment)

To dash it like a Christmas comedy:

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,—

That smiles his cheek in yours, and knows the trick

To make my lady laugh when she's disposed,—

Told our intents before: which once disclosed,

The ladies did change favours; and then we,

Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,

We are again forsworn; in will, and error.

Much upon this it is.—And might not you,

(To Boyet)

Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,

And laugh upon the apple of her eye?

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our page out: Go, you are allow'd;

Die where you will, a smock shall be your shroud.

You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye,

Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace; I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,

Whether the three worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is vary fine,

For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir; I hope it is not so:

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove! I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord, sir, it were a pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will shew whereuntil it doth amount; for my own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man,—e'en one poor man; Pompion the great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the great; for mine own part, I know not the degree of the worthy; but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir; we will take some care.

[Exit Costard.]

King. Biron, they will shame us, let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some policy

To have one shew worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'er-rule you now;

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how: Where zeal strives to content, and the contents Die in the zeal of them which it presents, Their form confounded makes most form in mirth; When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

(Armado converses with the King, and delivers him a paper.)

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch: for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain. But we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement!

[Exit Armado.]

King. Here is like to be a good presence of worthies: He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus.

And if these four worthies in their first show thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived, 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—

Abate a throw at novum; and the whole world again,

Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

(Seats brought for the King, Princess, &c.)
Pageant of the Nine Worthies.

2 H

Enter COSTARD armed, for Pompey.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. I Pompey am, Pompey surnamed the big;—

Dum. The great.

Cost. It is great, sir;—Pompey surnamed the great,

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.

If your ladyship would say, thanks, Pompey, I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'Tis not so much worth; but, I hope, I was perfect: I made a little fault in, great.

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best worthy.

Enter NATHANIEL armed, for Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might;

My scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alexander,

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this most tender-smelling knight.

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd: Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. When in the world I lived, I was the world's commander;—

Boyet. Most true, 'tis right; you were so, Alexander.

Biron. Pompey the great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alexander.

Cost. O, sir, (to Nath.) you have overthrown Alexander the conqueror! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-ax sitting on a close stool, will be given to A-jax: he will be the ninth worthy. A conqueror, and afeared to speak! run away for shame, Alexander. (Nath. retires.) There, an't shall please you; a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous good neighbour, in sooth; and a very good bowler: but, for Alexander, alas, you see, how 'tis,—a little o'erparted.—But there are worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES armed, for Judas, and MOTH armed, for Hercules.

Hol. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,

Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus;

And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,

Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.

Quoniam, he seemeth in minority;

Ergo, I come with this apology.—

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish

Hol. Judas I am,—

Dum. A Judas!

[Exit Moth.]

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir,—
Judas. I am, ycleped Maccabæus.
Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt, is plain Judas.
Biron. A kissing traitor.—How art thou proved Judas?
Hol. Judas I am,—
Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.
Hol. What mean you, sir?
Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.
Hol. Begin, sir; you are my elder.
Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.
Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.
Biron. Because thou hast no face.
Hol. What is this?
Boyet. A cittern head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Biron. A death's face in a ring.
Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.
Boyet. The pummel of Cæsar's faulchion.
Dum. The carved-bone face on a flask.
Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.
Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.
Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer:
 And now, forward; for we have put thee in countenance.
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Biron. False; we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have out-faced them all.
Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
 And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Biron. For the ass to the Jude; give it him:—
 Jud-as, away.
Eol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boyet. A light for monsieur Judas: it grows dark, he may stumble.
Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO, armed for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in arms.
Dum. Though my mocks come home by me, I will now be merry.
King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.
Boyet. But is this Hector?
Dum. I think, Hector was not so clean timbered.
Long. His leg is too big for Hector.
Dum. More calf, certain.
Boyet. No; he is best endued in the small.
Biron. This cannot be Hector.
Dum. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.
Arm. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty, Gave Hector a gift,—
Dum. A gilt nutmeg.
Biron. A lemon.
Long. Stuck with cloves.
Dum. No, cloven.
Arm. Peace!

*The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty, Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion;
 A man so breathed that certain he would fight, you
 From morn till night out of his pavilion.
 I am that flower,*

Dum. That mint.
Long. That columbine.
Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.
Long. I must rather give it the rein; for it runs against Hector.
Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.
Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried; when he breathed, he was a man—But I will forward with my device: Sweet royalty, (to the Princess) bestow on me the sense of hearing.
(Biron whispers Costard.)
Prin. Speak, brave Hector; we are much delighted.
Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.
Boyet. Loves her by the foot.
Dum. He may not by the yard.
Arm. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—
Cost. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on her way.
Arm. What meanest thou?
Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already; 'tis yours.
Arm. Dost thou infamize me among potentates? thou shalt die.
Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd for Jaquenetta that is quick by him; and hang'd, for Pompey that is dead by him.
Dum. Most rare Pompey!
Boyet. Renowned Pompey!
Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!
Dum. Hector trembles.
Biron. Pompey is moved:—More Ates, more Ates; stir them on! stir them on!
Dum. Hector will challenge him.
Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in's belly than will sup a flea.
Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.
Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man; I'll flash; I'll do it by the sword.—I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.
Dum. Room for the incensed worthies.
Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.
Dum. Most resolute Pompey!
Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower.
 Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat?
 What mean you? you will lose your reputation.
Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.
Dum. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.
Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.
Biron. What reason have you for't?
Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.
Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none, but a dish-cloth of Jaquenetta's; and that 'a wears next his heart, for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

Mer. God save you, madam!
Prin. Welcome, Mercade;
 But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.
Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring,
 Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—
Prin. Dead, for my life

Mer. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away; the scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath; I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*]

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe,
In your rich wisdom, to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits:
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue:
Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely form

All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love,
The holy suit which fain it would convince,
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow jostle it
From what it purposed; since, to wail friends
lost,

Is not by much so wholesome, profitable,
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not; my griefs are double.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;

And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play'd foul play with our oaths; your beauty,
ladies,

Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
Even to the opposed end of our intents:

And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—

As love is full of unbefitting strains;

All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;

Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,

Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,

Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll

To every varied object in his glance:

Which party-coated presence of loose love

Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,

Have misbecomed our oaths and gravities,

Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,

Suggested us to make: Therefore, ladies,

Our love being yours, the error that love makes

Is likewise yours: we to ourselves proved false,

By being once false for ever to be true

To those, that make us both,—fair ladies, you:

And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,

Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have received your letters, full of love;

Your favours, the ambassadors of love;

And, in our maiden council, rated them,

At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,

As bombast, and as lining to the time:

But more devout than this, in our respects,

Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more
than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short

To make a world-without-end bargain in:

No, no, my lord, your grace is perjured much,

Full of dear guiltiness; and, therefore this,—

If for my love (as there is no such cause)

You will do aught, this shall you do for me:

Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed

To some forlorn and naked hermitage,

Remote from all the pleasures of the world;

There stay, until the twelve celestial signs

Have brought about their annual reckoning

If this austere insociable life

Change not your offer, made in heat of blood;

If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,

Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,

But that it bear this trial, and last love;

Then, at the expiration of the year,

Come challenge, challenge me by these deserts,

And, by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,

I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut

My woeful self up in a mourning house;

Raining the tears of lamentation

For the remembrance of my father's death.

If this thou do deny, let our hands part;

Neither entitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this I would deny,

To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,

The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!

Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love, and what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins are rank;

You are attaint with faults and perjury:

Therefore, if you my favour mean to get,

A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,

But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Kath. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day

I'll mark no words that smooth-faced wooers say:

Come when the king doth to my lady come,

Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,

I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience: but the time is long

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me,

Behold the window of mine heart, mine eye,

What humble suit attends thy answer there;

Impose some service on me for thy love.

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my lord Biron,

Before I saw you: and the world's large tongue

Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;

Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;

Which you on all estates will execute,

That lie within the mercy of your wit:

To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
(Without the which I am not to be won,)
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?

It cannot be; it is impossible:

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear

Of him that hears it, never in the tongue

Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,

Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,

Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,

And I will have you, and that fault withal;

But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,

And I shall find you empty of that fault,

Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befall what will befall;

I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

(To the King.)

King. No, madam: we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,

And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave:
I am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold
the plough for her sweet love three years. But,
most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue
that the two learned men have compiled, in praise
of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have fol-
lowed the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly, we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH,
COSTARD, and others.

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring;
the one maintain'd by the owl, the other by the
cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

I.

Spring. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

II.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks.
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo;
Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear!

III.

Winter. When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
To-wit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-who;
Tu-wit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the
songs of Apollo. You, that way; we, this way.

[Exeunt]

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

Earl of Southampton, and Baron of Titchfield.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPERE.

Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face

Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;

Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

"Thrice fairer than myself," thus she began,

"The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith, that the world hath ending with thy life.

"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses:

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,
Making them red and pale with fresh variety;
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport."

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force,
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,

Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,

With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough

Nimble she fastens; (Oh, how quick is love!)

The steed is stalled up, and even now

To tie the rider she begins to prove.

Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,

Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:

Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,

And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips:

And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
"If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears

Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;

Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,

To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:

He saith, she is immodest, blames her 'miss;

What follows more, she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,

Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,

Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,

Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone,

Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,

And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forced to content, but never to obey,
 Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;
 She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,
 And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
 Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
 So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
 So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
 Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
 Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
 Rain added to a river that is rank,
 Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
 For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
 Still is he sullen, still he low'rs and frets,
 'Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale:
 Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
 Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
 And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
 From his soft bosom never to remove,
 Till he take truce with her contending tears,
 Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all
 wet
 And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
 Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
 Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in:
 So offers he to give what she did crave;
 But when her lips were ready for his pay,
 He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat,
 More thirst for drink than she for this good
 turn.

Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
 She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
 "O, pity!" 'gan she cry, "flint-hearted boy;
 'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?"

"I have been woo'd as I entreat thee now,
 Even by the stern and direful god of war;
 Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
 Who conquers where he comes, in every jar;
 Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
 And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt
 have.

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
 His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
 And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and
 dance,

To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;
 Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
 Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

"Thus he that overruled, I overstay'd,
 Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
 Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
 Yet he was servile to my coy disdain.
 Oh, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
 For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight.

"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
 (Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,)
 The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine;—
 What see'st thou in the ground? hold up thy
 head;
 Look in mine eye-balls, there thy beauty lies:
 Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?"

"Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,
 And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
 Love keeps his revels where there are but
 twain;

Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
 These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean,
 Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
 Shews thee unripe; yet may'st thou well be
 tasted;
 Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
 Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
 Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
 Rot and consume themselves in little time.

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
 Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
 O'er-worn, despised, rheumatick, and cold,
 Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
 Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for
 thee;
 But having no defects, why dost abhor me?"

"Thou can'st not see one wrinkle in my brow;
 Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in
 turning;

My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
 My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
 My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
 Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
 Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green;
 Or, like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
 Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
 Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
 Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

"Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
 These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support
 me;

Two strengthless doves will draw me thro' the sky,
 From morn till night, even where I list to sport
 me;

Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
 That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

"Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
 Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
 Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
 Steal thine own freedom, and complain on thee
 Narcissus, so, himself himself forsook,
 And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

"Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
 Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use;
 Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
 Things growing to themselves are growth's
 abuse:

Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breeds
 beauty;

Thou wast begot,—to get it is thy duty.

"Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou
 feed,

Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
 By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
 That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead:
 And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
 In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
 For, where they lay, the shadow had forsaken
 them,
 And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,

With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy dark, disliking eye,
His low'ring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,—
Souring his cheeks, cries Fie, no more of love;
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.

"Ah me!" quoth Venus, "young, and so unkind?
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone!
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun;
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

"The sun that shines from heaven, shines but
warm,

And lo, I lie between that sun and thee;
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me:
And were I not immortal, life were done,
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

"Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love torment-
eth?

Oh, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.

"What am I, that thou shouldst condemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be
mute:

Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image, dull and dead,
Statue, contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred;
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
And now she weeps, and now she fain would
speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his
hand,

Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;

She would, he will not in her arms be bound:
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers, one in one.

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemm'd thee
here,

Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
Grazo on my lips; and, if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

"Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes, obscure and rough,

To shelter thee from tempest and from rain,
Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark."

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple:
Fore-knowing well, if there he came to lie,
Why there Love lived, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking:
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second
striking?

Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she
say?

Her words are done, her woes the more increas-
ing;

The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing:
"Pity!" she cries, "some favour,—some remorse!"
Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder:
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's
thunder;

The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stands on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
His eye, which glisters scornfully like fire,
Shews his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, lo! thus my strength is
tried;

And this I do, to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What reckoneth he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering holla, or his *Stand, I say?*
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one,
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and
long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril
wide,

High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:

Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;

Anon he starts at stirring of a feather:
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whe'r he run, or fly, they know not whether;

For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,

Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;

She answers him, as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind;

Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,

He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent;

He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:
His love perceiving how he is enraged,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him;

When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chasing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boist'rous and unruly beast:
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love sick Love, by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
(Even as a dying coal revives with wind,)
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind;
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askaunce he holds her in his eye.

Oh, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue!
How white and red each other did destroy!
But now, her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
His tend'rer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

Oh, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them.

Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:

And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,

A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;

So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Shew'd like two silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:

"O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;

For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee.

"Give me my hand," saith he, "why dost thou feel it?"

"Give me my heart," saith she, "and thou shalt have it;

O give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:

Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

"For shame!" he cries, "let go, and let me go;

My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so;

I pray you hence, and leave me here alone,
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

"How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

"Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold,
To touch the fire, the weather being cold.

"Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:

Oh! learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again.

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not know it,

Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

"Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that 's back'd and burden'd being young,
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

'You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarm it will not ope the gate:
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your
flattery;
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery."

"What! canst thou talk?" quoth she, "hast thou
a tongue?

Oh, would thou had'st not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Merodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore
wounding.

"Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

"Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the still'tory of thy face excelling,
Comes breath perfumed, that breedeth love by
smelling.

"But oh, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double lock the door?
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast."

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, wo unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:—
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her, ere his words begun.

And at his looks she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all-amazed brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit, that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies, as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard;
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks

To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd;
He kisses her; and she by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth;
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine;
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

"Oh, where am I?" quoth she: "in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I lived, and life was death's annoy;
But now I died, and death was lively joy.

"Oh, thou didst kill me;—kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

"Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
Oh, never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me:
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

"Fair queen!" quoth he, "if any love you owe
me,

Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the west:
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, the birds to their
nest;
And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's
light,
Do summon us to part, and bid good-night.

"Now let me say *good night*, and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."
"*Good-night*," quoth she; and ere he says *adieu*,
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth :
He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
(Their lips together glued,) fall to the earth.

Now quick Desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth ;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth ;
Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so
high,
That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blind-fold fury she begins to forage ;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth
boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage ;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's
wrack,

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tamed with too much
handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tired with chasing,
Or like the froward infant, still'd with dand-
ling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen, but dissolves with temp'ring,
And yields at last to every light impression ?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with ven-
t'ring,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commis-
sion :
Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,
But then woos best, when most his choice is fro-
ward.

When he did frown, oh, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover ;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis
pluck'd :
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at
last.

For pity now she can no more detain him ;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart :
She is resolved no longer to restrain him ;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incaged in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste in
sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to
watch.
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-mor-
row ?
Say, shall we ? shall we ? wilt thou make the
match ?"

He tells her, no ; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar !" quoth she ; whereat a sudden
pale,
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing
rose,
Usurps her cheek ; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws :

She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter :
All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount
her ;

That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw :
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing .

But all in vain ; good queen, it will not be :
She hath assay'd as much as may be proved :
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee ;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved.
"Fie, fie !" he says, "you crush me ; let me go ;
You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy,
ere this,
But that thou told'st me, thou wouldst hunt the
boar.

Oh, be advised : thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never-sheath'd, he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes ;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth
fret ;

His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes ;
Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes, his cruel tushes slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can
enter ;

His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd ;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture :
The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part ; through whom he rushes

"Alas ! he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes ;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes ;
But having thee at vantage, (wondrous dread !)
Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

"Oh, let him keep his loathsome cabin still ;
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends :
Come not within his danger by thy will ;
They that thrive well, take counsel of their
friends :

When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble.
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

"Didst thou not mark my face : Was it not
white ?

Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine
eye ?

Grew I not faint ? And fell I not downright ?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my
breast.

"For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
Doth call himself affection's sentinel ;

Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill*;
Distempering gentle love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker, that eats up love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth
bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

"And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the
head.

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart
bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

"But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me:
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty,
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy
hounds.

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind
hare,
Mark the poor wretch to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

"Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their
smell;
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

"For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to
doubt;
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

"By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick, that hears the passing bell.

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur
stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never relieved by any.

"Lie quietly, and hear a little more,
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise.
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every wo.

"Where did I leave?"—"No matter where," quoth
he;

"Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent."—"Why, what of that?" quoth
she:

"I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall;"—
"In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of all.

"But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy
lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

"Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were di-
vine,
Wherein she framed thee, in high heaven's des-
pite,
To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

"And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies,
To cross the curious workmanship of nature;
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature:
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances, and much misery;

"As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd de-
spair,
Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

"And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,
As mountain snow melts with the mid-day sun.

"Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night,
Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity,
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

"So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs, whose desperate hands themselves do
slay,
Or butcher sire, that reaves his son of life.
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use, more gold begets."

"Nay, then," quoth Adon, "you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme;
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For by this black-faced night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

"If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in mine ear
And will not let a false sound enter there;

"Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

"What have you urged, that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger;
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase; O strange excuse!
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

"Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth, like sunshine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done.
Love surfeits not; lust like a glutton dies:
Love is all truth; lust full of forged lies.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say:
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:
Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended,
Do burn themselves for having so offended."

With this he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her
breast,
And homeward through the dark lawnd runs
apace;

Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amazed, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all their neighbour caves, as seeming
troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:

Ah me! she cries, and twenty times, *wo, wo!*
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woful ditty:
How love makes young men thrall, and old men
dote;

How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in *wo*,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming
short:

If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites;
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
She says, 'tis so: they answer all, 'tis so;
And would say after her, if she said, *no*.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;
Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth
borrow

The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn;
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay;
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts like one that spies an adder
Wreathed up in fatal folds, just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and
shudder:

Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses, and her spright confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud
Finding their enemy to be so eurst,
They all strain court'sy, who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling
part:

Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
 They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.
 Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy,
 Till, cheering up her senses sore dismay'd,
 She tells them, 'tis a causeless fantasy,
 And childish error that they are afraid;
 Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more;—
 And with that word she spied the hunted boar;
 Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
 Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
 A second fear through all her sinews spread,
 Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
 This way she runs, and now she will no further,
 But back retires to rate the boar for murder.
 A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
 She treads the path that she untreads again:
 Her more than haste is mated with delays,
 Like the proceedings of a drunken brain;
 Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting:
 In hand with all things, nought at all affecting.
 Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
 And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
 And there another licking of his wound,
 'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
 And here she meets another sadly scowling,
 To whom she speaks; and he replies with howling.
 When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
 Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
 Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
 Another and another answer him;
 Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
 Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.
 Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
 At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
 Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
 Infusing them with dreadful prophecies:
 So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
 And, sighing it again, exclaims on death.
 "Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
 Hateful divorce of love," (thus chides she death,)
 "Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean,
 To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,
 Who, when he lived, his breath and beauty set
 Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?
 "If he be dead,—O, no, it cannot be,
 Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it;—
), yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
 But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
 Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
 Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.
 "Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
 And hearing him, thy power had lost his power,
 The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
 They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
 Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
 And not death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.
 "Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?
 What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
 Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
 Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?

Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
 Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour."

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
 She vail'd her eye-lids, who, like sluices, stopp'd
 The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
 In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
 But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
 And with his strong course opens them again.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
 Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye:
 Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow;

Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
 But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
 Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again

Variable passions throng her constant wo,
 As striving who should best become her grief;
 All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
 That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
 But none is best; then join they all together,
 Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holla;
 A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well!
 The dire imagination she did follow
 This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
 For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
 And flatters her, it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
 Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass:
 Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
 Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,

To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
 Who is but drunken, when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
 Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
 Thy weal and wo are both of them extremes;
 Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
 In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought:
 Adonis lives, and death is not to blame;
 It was not she that call'd him all-to naught;
 Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
 She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings;
 Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but jest;
 Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
 When as I met the boar, that bloody beast,
 Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
 Then, gentle shadow, (truth I must confess,)
 I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

"'Tis not my fault: the boar provoked my tongue;
 Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
 'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
 I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
 Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
 Could rule them both, without ten women's wit."

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
 Her rash suspect she doth extenuate:
 And that his beauty may the better thrive,
 With death she humbly doth insinuate:
 Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,
 His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove!" quoth she, "how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death, who lives, and must not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

"Fie, fie, fond love, thou art so full of fear,
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with
thieves;

Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan.

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds con-
found:
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That, from their dark beds, once more leap her
eyes.

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had
trench'd
In his soft flank: whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was
drench'd:
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head;
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad, that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem
three:

And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach
should be:

His face seems twain, each several limb is
doubled;

For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turned to fire, my heart to lead:

Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

"Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the
viewing?

Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou
boast

Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and
trim,

But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.

"Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss
you:

But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair:

"And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep,
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks; then would Adonis weep:
And straight in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should dry his
tears.

"To see his face, the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear
him;

To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

"When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cher-
ries,
He fed them with his sight, they him with ber-
ries.

"But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eyes still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

"'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

"Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his; the more am I accurst."
With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woful words she told:
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness
lies.

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
"Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my spite,
That, you being dead, the day should yet be light."

"Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low;
That all love's pleasure shall not match his wo."

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'er-straw'd
With sweets, that shall the truest sight be-
guile:

The strongest body shall it make most weak:
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to
speak.

"It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with trea-
sures:

It shall be raging-mad, and silly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

"It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear, where it should most mis-
trust.

It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving, when it seems most just;
Perverse it shall be, where it shews most toward;
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war, and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire:
Subject and servile to all discontents,

As dry combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
They that love best, their loves shall not enjoy."

By this the boy that by her side lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, checquer'd with
white:

Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood,
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head, the new sprung flower to
smell,

Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

"Poor flower!" quoth she, "this was thy father's
guise,"

(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,)
For every little grief to wet his eyes:

To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and
night:

There shall not be one minute in an hour,
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid,
Their mistress mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself, and not be seen.

TARQUIN AND LUCRECE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY.

Earl of Southampton, and Baron of Titchfield.

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would shew greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with happiness.

Your lordship's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPERE.

THE ARGUMENT.

LUCIUS TARQUINIUS (for his excessive pride surnamed Superbus) after he had caused his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the peoples' suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom; went, accompanied with his sons, and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea. During which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chastity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they all posted to Rome; and intending, by their secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) spinning amongst her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in several disports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time, Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece's beauty, yet smothering his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp, from whence he shortly after privily withdrew himself, and was (according to his estate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night, he treacherously stealeth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily despatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius, and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and the whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself. Which done, with one consent, they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king, wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And to Collatium bears the lightless fire,
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of *chaste* unhappily set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight;
Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state:
What priceless wealth the heavens had him
lent
In the possession of his beauteous mate:
Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
That kings might be espoused to more fame,
But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done
As is the morning's silver-melting dew
Against the golden splendour of the sun!
An expired date, cancel'd ere well begun:
Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
 The eyes of men without an orator;
 What needeth then apology be made,
 To set forth that which is so singular?
 Or why is Collatine the publisher
 Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
 From thievish ears, because it is his own?
 Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
 Suggested this proud issue of a king;
 For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
 Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
 Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
 His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should
 vaunt,
 That golden hap which their superiors want.
 But some untimely thought did instigate
 His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:
 His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
 Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
 To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
 O rash-false heat, wrapt in repentant cold,
 Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old!
 When at Collatium this false lord arrived,
 Well was he welcomed by the Roman dame,
 Within whose face beauty and virtue strived
 Which of them both should underprop her fame;
 When virtue bragg'd beauty would blush for
 shame;
 When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
 Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.
 But beauty, in that white intitled,
 From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field;
 Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red
 Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
 Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their
 shield:
 Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
 When shame assail'd, the red should fence the
 white.
 This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
 Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white.
 Of either's colour was the other queen,
 Providing from world's minority their right:
 Yet their ambition makes them still to fight:
 The sovereignty of either being so great,
 That oft they interchange each other's seat.
 This silent war of lilies and of roses,
 Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
 In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses;
 Where, lest between them both it should be
 kill'd,
 The coward captive vanquished doth yield
 To those two armies, that would let him go,
 Rather than triumph in so false a foe.
 Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue
 (The niggard prodigal that praised her so)
 In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
 Which far exceeds his barren skill to shew:
 Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,
 Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
 In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.
 This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
 Little suspecteth the false worshipper:
 For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil;
 Birds never limed no secret bushes fear:
 So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
 And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
 Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
 Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty:
 That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
 Save sometime too much wonder of his eye,
 Which, having all, all could not satisfy;
 But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
 That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.
 But she, that never coped with stranger eyes,
 Could pick no meaning from their parling looks
 Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
 Writ in the glassy margins of such books;
 She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no
 hooks,
 Nor could she moralize his wanton sight,
 More than his eyes were open'd to the light.
 He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
 Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
 And decks with praises Collatine's high name
 Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
 With bruised arms and wreaths of victory;
 Her joy with heaved-up hand she doth express
 And wordless so, greets heaven for his success
 Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
 He makes excuses for his being there.
 No cloudy shew of stormy blustering weather
 Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
 Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
 Upon the world dim darkness doth display
 And in her vaulty prison stows the day.
 For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
 Intending weariness with heavy spright;
 For, after supper, long he questioned
 With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night;
 Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth
 fight;
 And every one to rest themselves betake,
 Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that
 wake.
 As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
 The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining:
 Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
 Though weak-built hopes, persuade him to ab-
 staining:
 Despair to gain, doth traffic oft for gaining;
 And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
 Though death be adjunct, there's no death sup-
 posed.
 Those that much covet, are with gain so fond,
 That what they have not, that which they pos-
 sess,
 They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
 And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
 Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
 Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
 That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.
 The aim of all is but to nurse the life
 With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
 And in this aim, there is such thwarting strife,
 That one for all, or all for one we gage;
 As life for honour, in fell battles' rage;
 Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
 The death of all, and all together lost.
 So that in vent'ring ill, we leave to be
 The things we are for that which we expect;
 And this ambitious foul infirmity,
 In having much, torments us with defect
 Of that we have; so then we do neglect

The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And, for himself, himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep had closed up mortal eyes;
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding
cries:

Now serves the season that they may surprise
The silly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust and murder wake, to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm:
Is madly toss'd between desire and dread;
Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth harm:
But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul
charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire,
Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly;
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye;
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly:
"As from this cold flint I enforced this fire,
So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following sorrow may on this arise:
When looking scornfully, he doth despise
His naked armour of still-slaughtered lust,
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.

"Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine!
And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine!
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
Let fair humanity abhor the deed
That spots and stains love's modest snow-white
weed.

O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my household's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave!
True valour still a true respect should have;
Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face.

"Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me, how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, shamed with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.

"What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy,
Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week?
Or sells eternity, to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?

Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the sceptre straight be stricken
down?

"If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

"Oh, what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a
deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints
shake?
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart
bleed?

The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed:
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

"Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife;
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

"Shameful it is,—ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is,—there is no hate in loving:
I'll beg her love,—but she is not her own:
The worst is but denial, and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing:
Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe."

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shews like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, "She took me kindly by the hand,
And gazed for tidings in my eager eyes;
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
Oh, how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

"And now her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
Forced it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

"Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dread-
eth:

Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward flights, and will not be dismay'd.

"Then childish fear avaunt! debating, die!
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:

Sad pause and deep regard beseech the sage:
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking, where such treasure
lies?"

As corn o'er-grown by weeds, so hateful fear
Is almost choked by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self-same seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted, takes the worsen part:

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund shew,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforced, retires his ward;
But as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some re-
gard:

The threshold grates the door to have him
heard;
Night-wandering weasels shriek, to see him
there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,
And blow the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth seorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
He takes it from the rushes where it lies;
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks:
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks
Is not inured; return again in haste;
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay
him;

He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay
him,

He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial;
Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he, "these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the
spring,

To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and
sands,

The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands."

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he
sought.

So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair
fair,

And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts:— quoth he, "I must
deflower;

The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act?

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,
The black'st sin is clear'd with absolution;
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide:
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will
catch.

Thus treason works ere traitors be espied,
Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet-unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled:
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon,
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,
That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed,
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they seen the period of their ill!
Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill,
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
Between whose hills her head entombed is:
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admired of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet: whose perfect white
Shew'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night,
Her eyes like marigolds, had sheath'd their
light;

And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;

O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Shewing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life lived in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured.

These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but strongly he desired?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.

With more than admiration he admired
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust, by gazing qualified;
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her
side,

His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fight-
ing,

Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans respect-
ing,

Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their
liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his
stand

On her bare breast, the heart of all her land;
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amazed, breaks ope her lock'd-up
eyes,

Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking;
What terror 'tis! but she, in worsen taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes;
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;

Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful
sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,
(Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!)
May feel her heart (poor citizen!) distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal
This moves him in more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe;
Who, o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to shew;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
Under what colours he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: "The colour in thy face
(That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace)
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort; the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

"Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide;
Thy beauty hath ensnared thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide;
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

"I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends:
I think the honey guarded with a sting;
All this beforehand, counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

"I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall
breed:
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed;
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threatens, if he mount he
dies:

So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

"Lucrece," quoth he, "this night I must enjoy
thee:

If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee;
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll
slay

To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him

"So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,

Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy:
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

"But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted.
A little harm done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

"Then for thy husband, and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's
blot:
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy."

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye,
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the grype's sharp
claws,
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-faced cloud the world doth
threat,
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle dust doth
get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their
biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing:
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.
Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse
panteth:
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart
granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plainings:
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with
raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place;
And 'mids the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin, ere once she speaks.
She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's
oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of
both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.
Quoth she, "Reward not hospitality."
With such black payment as thou hast pre-
tended;
Nay not the fountain that gave drink to thee:

Nay not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended;
He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

"My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare
me;
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave
me;
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me:
'Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive
me:
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave
thee.

If ever man were moved with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans;

"All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threat'ning heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolved to water do convert.
Oh, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

"In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me.
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely
name.

Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

"How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not, when once thou art a king?
Oh, be remember'd no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wiped away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

"This deed will make thee only loved for fear,
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

"And wilt thou be the school where lust shall
learn?

Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living land,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

"Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul sin may say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the way?

"Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy
brother.

Oh, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askance their
eyes!

"To thee, to thee, my heaved-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier;
I sue for exiled majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will 'prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting cyne,
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine."

"Have done," quoth he, "my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign, with their fresh falls' haste,
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste."

"Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign king!
And lo, their falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hearsed,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispersed."

"So shall these slaves be king, and thou their
slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:
Thou loathed in their shame, they in thy pride;
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root."

"So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state"
"No more," quoth he, "by heaven, I will not
hear thee:

Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear
thee;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom."

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize,
The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb
cries;

Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears,
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
Oh, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again;
This forced league doth force a farther strife;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain;
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
Pure chastity is rifled of her store,
And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight:
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless
pace,
Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with
grace,

For there it revels; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,—
That through the length of times he stands dis-
graced:

Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced;
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual:
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her fore-sight could not fore-stall their will.

Even in this thought, through the dark night he
stealeth,

A captive victor, that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will, despite of cure, remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He, like a thievish dog, creeps sadly thence,
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence,
She desperate, with her nails her flesh doth
tear;

He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night:
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd, delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,
She there remains a hopeless cast-away:
He in his speed looks for the morning light,
She prays she never may behold the day:
"For day," quoth she, "night's capes doth open
lay;

And my true eyes have never practised how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

"They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves be-
hold;

And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water, that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,

And bids it leap from thence, where it may
find
Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind.
Frantic with grief thus breathes she forth her
spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night.

"O comfort-killing night, image of hell!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell!
Vast sin-concealing chaos! nurse of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator,
With close-tongued treason and the ravisher!

"O hateful, vaporous, and foggy night,
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of time!
Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

"With rotten damps ravish the morning air;
Let their exhaled unwholesome breaths make
sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

"Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's
child,)
The silver-shining queen he would distain;
Her twinkling handmaids, too, by him defiled,
Through night's black bosom should not peep
again:
So should I have copartners in my pain:
And fellowship in wo doth wo assuage,
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

"Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with
mine,
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver
brine;
Jingling my talk with tears, my grief with
groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

"O night, thou furnace of foul reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace!
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made,
May likewise be sepulcher'd in thy shade!

"Make me not object to the tell-tale day!
The light will shew, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my looks.

"The nurse, to still her child, will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's
name:
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame:
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,

Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

"Let my good name, that senseless reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotted;
And undeserved reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attaint of mine,
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

"O unseen shame! invisible disgrace!
O unfelt sore! crest-wounding private scar!
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives them,
knows.

"If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft.
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

"Yet I am guiltless of thy honour's wreck;
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue:—O, unlook'd for evil,
When virtue is profaned in such a devil!

"Why should the worm intrude the maiden
bud?
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts?
Or kings be breakers of their own behests?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

"The aged man that coffers up his gold,
Is plagued with cramps, and gout, and painful
fits;
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless burns the harvest of his wits;
Having no other pleasure of his gain,
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

"So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sour,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

"Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious
flowers;
The adder hisses where the sweet birds sing;
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill annexed opportunity,
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

"O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
'Tis thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;
Thou set'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the sin, thou 'point'st the season;
'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at reason;

And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,
Sits Sin, to seize the souls that wander by him.

"Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;
Thou blow'st the fire when temperance is
thaw'd;

Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
Thy private feasting to a public fast;
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name;
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

"When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath
chain'd?

Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for
thee;

But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

"The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds;
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

"When Truth and virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy help: but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd,
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

"Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
Guilty of perjury and subornation;
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift;
Guilty of incest, that abomination:
An accessory by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

"Mis-shapen Time, copesmate of ugly night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care:
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's
snare;

Thou nursest all, and murderest all that are.
O hear me then, injurious shifting Time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

"Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
Cancel'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is, to fine the hate of foes;
To eat up errors, by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

"Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger, till he render right;

To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden
towers:

"To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens'
wings;

To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,
And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel:

"To shew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild!
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguiled;
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops.

"Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand
friends,

Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends:
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come
back,

I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrack!

"Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his
flight:

Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed crimeful night:
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright;
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

"Disturb his hours of rest with restless trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan; but pity not his moans;
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than
stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

"Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of Time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave!
And time to see one that by arms doth live,
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

"Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort:
Let him have time to mark how slow time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly, and his time of sport:
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail the abusing of his time.

"O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this
ill!

At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself, himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should
spill:

For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave?

"The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate.
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

"The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceived fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious
day.

Gnats are unnoted whereso'er they fly,
But eagles gazed upon with every eye.

"Out, idle words, servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters:
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a straw
Since that my case is past the help of law.

"In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words doth me no right.
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul, defiled blood.

"Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this degree?
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame:
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

This said, from her betumbled couch she starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death:
But this no slaughter-house no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath;
Which, thronging through her lips, so vanisheth
As smoke from *Ætna*, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon fumes.

"In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the self-same purpose seek a knife:
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife;
So am I now:—O no, that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

"O! that is gone, for which I sought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery;
A dying life to living infamy:
Poor helpless help, the treasure stolen away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

"Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not know
The stained taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:
He shall not boast, who did thy stock pollute,
That thou art doating father of his fruit.

"Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not bought,

Basely with gold, but stolen from forth thy
gate.

For me, I am the mistress of my fate;
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forced offence.

"I will not poison thee with my attain't,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like
sluices,
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure
tale."

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow-sad gait descended
To ugly hell; when lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will
borrow:

But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weep-
ing;

To whom she sobbing speaks: "O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy
peeping;
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are
sleeping;

Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night."

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with naught
agrees.

Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild:
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractised swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleased with grief's society:
True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed,
When with like semblance it is sympathized.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache
more;

Great grief grieves most at that would do it
good:

Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'er-
flows;
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

"You mocking birds," quoth she, "your tunes en-
tomb

Within your hollow swelling feather'd breast,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb!

(My restless discord loves no stops nor rests ;
A woful hostess brooks not merry guests :)
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ;
Distress likes dumps when time is kept with
tears.

"Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevel'd hair.
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapson bear :
For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill.

"And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy
part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye :
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true languish-
ment.

"And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the
day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing
cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern, sad tunes, to change their
kinds ;
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle
minds."

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly ;
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily ;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is shamed, and death reproaches
debtor.

"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack! what were
it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in con-
fusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion,
Who having two sweet babes, when death takes
one
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

"My body or my soul, which was the dearer?
When the one pure, the other made divine.
Whose love of either to myself was nearer?
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine.
Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay ;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away

"Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy ;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy :
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort, I make some hole,
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

"Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death ;
That he may vew, in that sad hour of mine,

Revenge on him, that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent.
And as his due, writ in my testament.

"My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured.
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life ;
The one will live, the other being dead :
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred ;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn :
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

"Dear lord of that deal jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou revenged may'st be.
How Tarquin must be used, read it in me :
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

"This brief abridgment of my will I make :
My soul and body to the skies and ground ;
My resolution, husband, do thou take ;
Mine honour be the knife's, that makes my
wound ;
My shame be his that did my fame confound ;
And all my fame that lives, disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

"Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will ;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free
it.

Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, *so be it*.
Yield to my hand ; my hand shall conquer thee ;
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be."

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wiped the brinish pearl from her bright
eyes,
With untuned tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies ;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers
flies.

Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads, when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty .
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,
(For why? her face wore sorrow's livery :)
But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with wo.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye ;
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforced by sympathy
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress' sky,
Who in a salt-waved ocean quench their light,
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy
night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling :
One justly weeps ; the other takes in hand
No cause, but company, of her drops spilling :
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing ;
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smart ;
And then they drown their eyes, or break their
hearts

For men have marble, women waxen, minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will;
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange
kinds

Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-killing evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will
peep:

Though men can cover crimes with bold stern
looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath
kill'd!

Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. Oh, let it not be hild
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece' view,
Assail'd by night, with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong;
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread;
And who cannot abuse a body dead!

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining;
"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion break
Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are
raining?"

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

"But tell me, girl, when went"—(and there she
stay'd
Till after a deep groan)—"Tarquin from
hence?"

"Madam, ere I was up," replied the maid,
"The more to blame my sluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense;
Myself was stirring ere the break of day,
And ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away.

"But lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness."
"O peace!" quoth Lucrece; "if it should be
told,

The repetition cannot make it less;
For more it is than I can well express:
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

"Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here.
What should I say?—One of my husband's men
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it:
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be writ."

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;

What wit sets down, is blotted straight with
will;

This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:
Much like a press of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next vouchsafe t' afford
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see,)
Some present speed, to come and visit me:
So I commend me from our house in grief;
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds she up the tenor of her wo,
Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
By this short schedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not thereof make discovery,
Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her;
When sighs and groans and tears may grace the
fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear
her.

To shun this blot she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them
better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them
told;

For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a part of wo doth bear,
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of
words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
At Ardea to my lord, with more than haste:
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-faced groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast,
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she
deems,
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villein courtesies to her low;
And blushing on her, with a steadfast eye,
Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame

When silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds, while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed:
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spied in her some
blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
 And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
 The weary time she cannot entertain,
 For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
 So wo hath wearied wo, moan tired moan,
 That she her plaints a little while doth stay.
 Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
 Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
 Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
 For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
 Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
 Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
 As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
 In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life:
 Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
 Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
 The red blood reek'd, to shew the painter's
 strife;
 And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
 Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
 Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with
 dust;
 And from the towers of Troy there would ap-
 pear
 The very eyes of men through loop-holes
 thrust,
 Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
 Such sweet observance in this work was had,
 That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders, grace and majesty
 You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
 In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
 And here and there the painter interlaces
 Pale cowards, marching on with trembling
 paces;
 Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
 That one would swear he saw them quake and
 tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art
 Of physiognomy might one behold!
 The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart;
 Their face their manners most expressly told:
 In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
 But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,
 Shew'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor
 stand,
 As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
 Making such sober action with his hand,
 That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight:
 In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
 Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
 Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
 Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice;
 All jointly list'ning, but with several graces,
 As if some mermaid did their ears entice;
 Some high, some low; the painter was so nice,
 The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
 To jump up higher seem'd to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
 His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's
 ear;
 Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all boll'n
 and red.

Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear;
 And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
 As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
 It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
 Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
 That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
 Gripped in an armed hand; himself, behind,
 Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
 A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
 Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
 When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to
 field,
 Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
 To see their youthful sons bright weapons
 wield;
 And to their hope they such odd action yield,
 That, through their light joy, seemed to appear
 (Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And, from the strond of Dardan where they
 fought,
 To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
 Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
 With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
 To break upon the galled shore, and than
 Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
 They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
 To find a face where all distress is stell'd.
 Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
 But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
 Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
 Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
 Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomized
 Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's
 reign;
 Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were dis-
 guised;
 Of what she was, no semblance did remain:
 Her blue blood changed to black in every vein,
 Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had
 fed,
 Shew'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
 And shapes her sorrows to the beldame's woes,
 Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
 And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
 The painter was no god to lend her those;
 And therefore Lucrece swears he did her wrong,
 To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

"Poor instrument," quoth she, "without a sound,
 I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:
 And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
 And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
 And with my tears quench Troy, that burns so
 long,
 And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
 Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

"Shew me the strumpet that began this stir,
 That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
 Thy heat of lust, fond Paris did incur
 This load of wrath that burning Troy doth
 bear;
 Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here:
 And here in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
 The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter, die

Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many mo?
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty wo;
For one's offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

"Lo, here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoons;
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man's lust these many lines confounds:
Had doting Priam check'd his son's desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with
fire."

Here feelingly she weeps Troy's painted woes:
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell;
So Lucrece set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencil'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
She lends them words, and she their looks doth
borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round,
And whom she finds forlorn, she doth lament:
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
His face, though full of cares, yet shew'd con-
tent.

Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour'd with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless shew,
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome wo;
Cheeks, neither red nor pale, but mingled so
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a shew so seeming just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust,
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-faced storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjured Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words, like wild-fire, burnt the shining
glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell, wherein they view'd their
faces.

This picture she advisedly perused,
And chid the painter for his wond'rous skill;
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abused,
So fair a form lodged not a mind so ill;
And still on him she gazed; and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

"It cannot be," quoth she, "that so much guile—"
(She would have said) *can lurk in such a
look;*
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the
while,
And from her tongue, *can lurk from cannot
took;*

It cannot be she in that sense forsook,
And turn'd it thus: "It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

"For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted,)
To me came Tarquin arm'd; so beguiled
With outward honesty, but yet defiled
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

"Look, look, how listening Priam wets his
eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls, a Trojan bleeds;
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds:
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy
pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

"Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth well;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with
water."

Here, all enraged, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest,
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
"Fool, fool!" quoth she, "his wounds will not be
sore."

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complain-
ing.
She looks for night, and then she longs for
morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remain-
ing:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustain-
ing.

Though wo be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslip'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of other's detriment;
Losing her woes in shews of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black:
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky;
These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which, when her sad-benolding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares;
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw,
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares;
But stood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: "What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou dost trembling
stand?

Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour
spent?

Why art thou thus attired in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redress."

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow
fire,

Ere once she can discharge one word of wo:

At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest

Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:

"Few words," quoth she, "shall fit the trespass
best,

Where no excuse can give the fault amending:

In me more woes than words are now depend-
ing;

And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

"Then be this all the task it hath to say:

Dear husband in the interest of thy bed

A stranger came, and on that pillow lay

Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary
head;

And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

"For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,

With shining falchion in my chamber came

A creeping creature, with a flaming light,

And softly cried, Awake, thou Roman dame,

And entertain my love; else lasting shame

On thee and thine this night I will inflict,

If thou my love's desire do contradict.

"For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth
he,

Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,

I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,

And swear I found you where you did fulfil

The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill

The lechers in their deed: this act will be

My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

"With this I did begin to start and cry,

And then against my heart he set his sword:

Swearing, unless I took all patiently,

I should not live to speak another word:

So should my shame still rest upon record;

And never be forgot in mighty Rome

The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

"Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,

And far the weaker with so strong a fear:

My bloody judge forbade my tongue to speak;

No rightful plea might plead for justice there:

His scarlet lust came evidence to swear

That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,

And when the judge is robb'd, the prisoner dies.

O, teach me how to make mine own excuse!

Or, at the least this refuge let me find;

Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,

Immaculate and spotless is my mind;

That was not forced: that never was inclined

To accessory yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

Lo, here, the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declined, and voice damn'd up with
woe,

With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,

From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow

The grief away, that stops his answer so:

But wretched as he is, he strives in vain;

What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide

Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste,

Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride

Back to the strait that forced him on so fast;

In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past;

Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,

To push grief on, and back the same grief draw.

Which speechless woe of his, poor she attendeth,

And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:

"Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth

Another power, no flood by raining slaketh.

My woe too sensible thy passion maketh

More feeling-painful: let it then suffice

To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.

"And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,

For she that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me;

Be suddenly revenged on my foe,

Thine, mine, his own; suppose thou dost de-
fend me

From what is past; the help that thou shalt lend
me

Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die:

For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

"But ere I name him, you fair lords," quoth she,

(Speaking to those that came with Collatine,)

"Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,

With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of
mine;

For 'tis a meritorious fair design,

To chase injustice with revengeful arms:

Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies'
harms.

At this request, with noble disposition

Each present lord began to promise aid,

As bound in knighthood to her imposition,

Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.

But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,

The protestation stops. "O speak," quoth she,

"How may this forced stain be wiped from
me?"

"What is the quality of mine offence

Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?

May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,

My low-declined honour to advance?

May any terms acquit me from this chance?

The poison'd fountain clears itself again;

And why not I from this compelled stain?"

With this they all at once began to say,

Her body's stain her mind untainted clears;

While with a joyless smile she turns away

The face, that map which deep impression
bears

Of hard misfortune carved in it with tears.

"No, no," quoth she, "no dame hereafter
living,

By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
 She throws forth Tarquin's name: "*He, he!*" she
 says,
 But more than *he* her poor tongue could not speak;
 Till after many accents and delays,
 Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,
 She utters this: "*He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,*
 That guides this hand to give this wound to me."
 Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast
 A harmful knife, that thence her soul un-
 sheath'd:
 That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
 Of that polluted prison where it breath'd;
 Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeath'd
 Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth
 fly
 Life's lasting date from cancel's destiny.
 Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
 Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
 Till Lucrece' father that beholds her bleed,
 Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw;
 And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
 The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
 Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chase;
 And bubbling from her breast, it doth divide
 In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
 Circles her body in on every side,
 Who like a late sack'd island vastly stood,
 Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood,
 Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
 And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin
 stain'd.
 About the mourning and congealed face
 Of that black blood, a wat'ry rigol goes,
 Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
 And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
 Corrupted blood some watery token shews:
 And blood untainted still doth red abide,
 Blushing at that which is so putrified.
 "Daughter, dear daughter," old Lucretius cries,
 "That life was mine, which thou hast here de-
 prived.
 If in the child the father's image lies,
 Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd?
 Thou wast not to this end from me derived.
 If children predecease progenitors,
 We are their offspring, and they none of ours.
 "Poor broken glass, I often did behold
 In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born;
 But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
 Shews me a bare-boned death by time out-worn;
 O, from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn!
 And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass.
 That I no more can see what once I was.
 "O time, cease thou thy course, and last no longer
 If they surcease to be, that should survive.
 Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
 And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
 The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
 Then live, sweet Lucrece, live again, and see
 Thy father die, and not thy father thee!"
 By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
 And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
 And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
 He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
 And counterfeits to die with her a space;
 Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
 And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
 Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
 Who mad that sorrow should his use control,
 Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
 Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng,
 Weak words, so thick come, in his poor heart's aid,
 That no man could distinguish what he said.
 Yet sometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
 But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
 This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
 Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
 Then son and father weep with equal strife,
 Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.
 The one doth call her his, the other his,
 Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
 The father says, "*She's mine:*" "*Oh, mine she is,*
 Replies her husband: "*Do not take away
 My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
 He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
 And only must be wail'd by Collatine.*"
 "Oh," quoth Lucretius, "*I did give that life,
 Which she too early and too late hath spill'd.*"
 "Wo, wo," quoth Collatine, "*she was my wife,
 I ow'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.*"
My daughter and my wife with clamours fill'd
 The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece life,
 Answer'd their cries, *my daughter and my wife.*
 Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
 Seeing such emulation in their wo,
 Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
 Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's shew.
 He with the Romans was esteemed so
 As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,
 For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.
 But now he throws that shallow habit by,
 Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
 And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
 To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
 "Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he, "*arise;*
 Let my unsounded self, supposed a fool,
 Now set thy long-experienced wit to school.
 "Why, Collatine, is wo the cure for wo?
 Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous
 deeds?
 Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,
 For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
 Such childish humour from weak minds
 proceeds;
 Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
 To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.
 "Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
 In such relenting dew of lamentations:
 But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
 To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
 That they will suffer these abominations,
 Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,
 By our strong arms from forth her fair streets
 chased.
 "Now by the Capitol that we adore,
 And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
 By heaven's fair sun, that breeds the fat earth's
 store,
 By all our country rights in Rome maintain'd,
 And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that late com-
 plain'd
 Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody knife,
 We will revenge the death of this true wife."

This said, he strack his hand upon his breast,
 And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow,
 And to his protestation urged the rest,
 Who, wondering at him, did his words allow:
 Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow:
 And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
 He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
 They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence
 To shew her bleeding body thorough Rome,
 And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
 Which being done with speedy diligence,
 The Romans plausibly did give consent
 To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

SONNETS:

I.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripen should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial
fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel,
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own buduriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then, being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer—"This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,"
Proving his beauty by succession thine.
This were to be new made, when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm, when thou feel'st it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mo-
ther.
For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend;
And being frank, she lends to those are free,
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives thy executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair, which fairly doth excel,
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there;
Sap-check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'er-snow'd, and bareness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter
meet,
Leese but their shew; their substance still lives
sweet.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some phial, treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee:
Then what could death do, if thou shouldst de-
part,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
 Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
 And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage:
 But when from high-most pitch, with weary car,
 Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
 The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
 From his low track, and look another way:
 So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
 Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in
 joy.
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not
 gladly?
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
 In singleness the parts that thou shouldst
 bear.
 Mark, how one string, sweet husband to another,
 Strikes each in each, by mutual ordering.
 Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
 Whose speechless song, being many, seeming
 one,
 Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
 Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
 The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
 The world will be thy widow, and still weep,
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
 When every private widow well may keep
 By children's eyes, her husband's shape in
 mind.
 Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend,
 Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys
 it;
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
 And kept unused, the user so destroys it.
 No love towards others in that bosom sits,
 That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
 Who for thyself art so unprovident.
 Grant if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
 But that thou none lov'st, is most evident;
 For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to con-
 spire;
 Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
 O, change thy thought, that I may change my
 mind!
 Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
 Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
 Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
 Make thee another self, for love of me,
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
 In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou be-
 stow'st,
 Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth
 convertest.
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
 Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,
 And threescore years would make the world
 away.
 Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
 Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
 Look, whom she best endow'd she gave the more
 Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty
 cherish:
 She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby
 Thou shouldst print more, nor let that copy die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
 And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
 When I behold the violet past prime,
 And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white,
 When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
 Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
 And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
 Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard:
 Then of thy beauty do I question make,
 That thou among the wastes of time must go,
 Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
 And die as fast as they see others grow:
 And nothing 'gainst time's scythe can make de-
 fence,
 Save breed to brave him, when he takes thee
 hence.

XIII.

Oh, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
 No longer yours, than you yourself here live:
 Against this coming end you should prepare,
 And your sweet semblance to some other give,
 So should that beauty which you hold in lease,
 Find no determination: then you were
 Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
 When your sweet issue your sweet form should
 bear.
 Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
 Which husbandry in honour might uphold
 Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
 And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
 Oh! none but unthrifths:—Dear my love, you
 know,
 You had a father; let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
 And yet methinks I have astronomy;
 But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
 Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;
 Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
 Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind;
 Or say, with princes if it shall go well,
 By oft predict that I in heaven find:
 But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
 And (constant stars) in them I read such art,
 As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
 If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert:
 Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
 Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment:
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shews
Whereon the stars in secret influence com-
ment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same
sky;
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And, all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren
rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself, keep yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet
skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shews not half your
parts,
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly
faces.
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than
tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice,—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, un-
trimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest:
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet
brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long liv'd phoenix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O, carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false woman's
fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in roll-
ing,
Gilding the object whereon it gazeth;
A man in hue all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls
amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for woman's plea-
sure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their trea-
sure.

XXI.

So is it not with me, as with that muse,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse;
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a complement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich
gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things
rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hear-say well;
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou art of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I not for myself but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart, when mine is slain:
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
 Who with his fear is put beside his part,
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own
 heart,
 So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
 O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's
 might.
 O, let my books be then the eloquence
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast;
 Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
 More than that tongue that more hath more ex-
 press'd.
 O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
 My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
 And perspective it is best painter's art.
 For through the painter must you see his skill,
 To find where your true image pictured lies:
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
 That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for
 me
 Are windows to my breast, where-through the
 sun
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
 They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
 Of public honour and proud titles boast,
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,
 For at a frown they in their glory die.
 The painful warrior famoused for fight,
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,
 Is from the book of honour razed quite,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd.
 Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
 Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit;
 To thee I send this written embassy,
 To witness duty, not to shew my wit:
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to
 shew it;
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow
 it:
 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
 And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
 To shew me worthy of thy sweet respect:
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
 Till then, not shew my head where thou may'st
 prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
 But then begins a journey in my head,
 To work my mind, when body's work's expired:
 For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
 And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
 Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
 Makes black night beauteous, and her old face
 new.
 Lo thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
 For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
 That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
 When day's oppression is not eased by night,
 But day by night, and night by day oppress'd?
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
 The one by toil the other to complain
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
 I tell the day, to please him, thou art bright,
 And dost him grace when clouds do blot the
 heaven:
 So flatter I the swarth-complexion'd night;
 When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the
 even.
 But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
 And night doth nightly make grief's strength seem
 stronger.

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone beweep my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featured like him, like him with friends pos-
 sess'd,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
 (Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's
 gate:
 For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's
 waste:
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless
 night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd wo,
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd
 sight.
 Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead;
And there reigns love, and all love's loving
parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl death my bones with dust shall
cover;
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
*Had my friend's muse grown with this growing
age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.*

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me
now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun
staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
Tis not enough that through the cloud thou
break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the dis-
grace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah! but those tears are pearl, which thy love
sheds,
And they are rich, and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done;
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare;
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are:
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,
(Thy adverse party is thy advocate,)
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame;
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance
give,
That I in thy abundance am sufficed
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee;
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.

How can my muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my
verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee.
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine, which rhymers invoke;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is 't but mine own, when I praise
thee?

Even for this let us divided live,
 And our dear love lose name of single one;
 That by this separation I may give
 That due to thee, which thou deserv'st alone.
 O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
 Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
 To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
 (Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth de-
 ceive,)
 And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
 By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

XL

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst
 before?
 No love, my love, that thou mayst true love call;
 All mine was thine, before thou hadst this
 more.
 Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
 I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest;
 But yet be blamed, if thou thyself deceivest
 By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
 I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
 And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
 To bear love's wrong, than hate's known in-
 jury.
 Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shews,
 Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
 Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
 For still temptation follows where thou art.
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd:
 And when a woman woos, what woman's son
 Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd.
 Ah me! but yet thou might'st, my sweet, for-
 bear,
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
 Who lead thee in their riot even there
 Where thou art forced to break a twofold
 truth:
 Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee;
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
 And yet it may be said I loved her dearly;
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
 Thou dost love her, because thou knew'st I love
 her;
 And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
 Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her;
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
 And losing her, my friend hath found that
 loss;
 Both find each other and I lose both twain,
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
 But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
 Sweet flattery!—then she loves but me alone.

XLIII

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things unre-
 spect'd;
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
 And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed,

Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make
 bright,
 How would thy shadow's form form happy shew
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
 How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made
 By looking on thee in the living day,
 When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
 All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
 And nights, bright days, when dreams do shew
 thee me.

XLIV

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 Injurious distance should not stop my way;
 For then despite of space, I would be brought
 From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
 No matter then, although my foot did stand
 Upon the farthest earth removed from thee,
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
 As soon as think the place where he would be.
 But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
 To leap large lengths of miles, when thou art
 gone,
 But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
 Receiving nought by elements so slow
 But heavy tears, badges of either's wo:

XLV

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
 The first my thought, the other my desire,
 These present-absent with swift motion slide.
 For when these quicker elements are gone
 In tender embassy of love to thee,
 My life, being made of four, with two alone
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melan-
 choly;
 Until life's composition be recured
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
 Who even but now come back again, assured,
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
 This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
 I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
 Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
 My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
 My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,
 (A closet never pierced with crystal eyes,)
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
 To 'cide this title is impannelled
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
 And by their verdict is determined
 The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's
 part:
 As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
 And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
 And each doth good turns now unto the other:
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:

So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away, art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust;
That, to my use, it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust:
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and
part;
And even thence, thou wilt be stolen, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advised respects;
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye;
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
Against that time do I ensconce me here,
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek,—my weary travel's end,—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider loved not speed, being made from
thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,—
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me
thence?
'Till I return, of posting is no need.
Oh! what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace:
Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
Shall neigh (no dull neigh) in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure;
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe, which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special-blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one's shade,
And you, but one can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year;
The one doth shadow of your beauty shew,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know,
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV.

Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roses;
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,
When summer's breath, their naked buds dis-
closes;
But, for their virtue only is their shew,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves: Sweet roses do not so,
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made;
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

LV.

Not marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish
time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn,
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find
room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said,
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite;
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:

So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
 Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with ful-
 ness,
 To-morrow see again, and do not kill
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted-
 new
 Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
 Return of love, more blest may be the view;
 Or call it winter, which being full of care,
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,
 more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
 Upon the hours and times of your desire?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 Nor services to do, till you require.
 Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
 Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
 When you have bid your servant once adieu;
 Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose;
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
 Save, where you are, how happy you make
 those:
 So true a fool is love, that in your will
 (Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
 I should in thought control your times of plea-
 sure,
 Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
 Oh, let me suffer, (being at your beck)
 The imprison'd absence of your liberty!
 And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each
 check,
 Without accusing you of injury.
 Be where you list; your charter is so strong,
 That you yourself may privilege your time:
 Do what you will, to you it doth belong
 Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
 I am to wait, though waiting so be hell;
 Not blame your pleasure be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that, which is,
 Hath been before, how are our brains be-
 guiled,
 Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
 The second burden of a former child?
 Oh, that record could with a backward look,
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
 Shew me your image in some antique book,
 Since mind at first in character was done;
 That I might see what the old world could say
 To this composed wonder of your frame;
 Whether we are mended, or wher better they,
 Or whether revolution be the same.
 Oh! sure I am, the wits of former days
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled
 shore,
 So do our minutes hasten to their end;
 Each changing place with that which goes be-
 fore.
 In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity once in the main of light,
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
 And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
 Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
 And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
 Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
 My heavy eye-lids to the weary night?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
 While shadows, like to thee, do mock my
 sight?
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
 So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
 To find out shames and idle hours in me,
 The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
 O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
 It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
 Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
 To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
 For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake else-
 where,
 From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
 And all my soul, and all my every part;
 And for this sin there is no remedy,
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.
 Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
 No shape so true, no truth of such account;
 And for myself mine own worth do define,
 As I all other in all worths surmount.
 But when my glass shews me myself indeed,
 Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
 Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
 Self so self-loving were iniquity.
 'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
 With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'er-
 worn;
 When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his
 brow
 With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful
 morn
 Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
 And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
 Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
 Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
 For such a time do I now fortify
 Against confounding age's cruel knife,
 That he shall never cut from memory
 My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
 His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
 And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
 The rich-proud cost of out-worn buried age:
 When sometimes lofty towers I see down-razed,
 And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage:
 When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;

When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat,—
That time will come, and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

'Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless
sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall time's best jewel from time's chest lie
hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot
back?

Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI.

"Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,—
As, to behold desert a beggar born.
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

"Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him she stores, to shew what wealth she had,
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn,
When beauty lived and died, as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth nature store,
To shew false art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can
mend;
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thine outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee so thine
own,
In other accents do this praise confound,
By seeing farther than the eye hath shewn.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes
were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy shew,
The solve is this,—that thou dost common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charged;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarged:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy shew,
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you wo.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay:
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit lived in me, that you should love
After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I,
Than niggard truth would willingly impart;
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame, nor me nor you,
For I am ashamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang

In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie;
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more
strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth, which is his due:
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that, is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the
ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his trea-
sure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my plea-
sure:
Some time all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds
strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And deep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name;
Shewing their birth, and where they did pro-
ceed?
O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument:
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love still telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will shew thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book, this learning may'st thou
taste.

The wrinkles which thy glass will truly shew,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt
find
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invoked thee for my muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb, on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek: he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay

LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
But since your worth (wide, as the ocean is,)
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this,—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall
have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must
die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.

Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are
dead:
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen,)
Where breath most breathes—even in the mouths
of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
And therefore may'st without attaint o'er-look
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise:
And therefore art enforced to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devised
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathized
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better used
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And therefore have I slept in your report.
That you yourself, being extant, well might
shew
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth
grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty, being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more,
Than this rich praise,—that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store,
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counter-part shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which make your praises
worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the muses filed.
I think good thoughts while others write good
words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry *Amen*
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.

Hearing you praised, I say, 'tis so, 'tis true,
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank
before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhere,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost,
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence;
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence:
But when your countenance filed up his line,
Then lack'd I matter: that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not know-
ing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of Scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt;
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell:
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now:
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in, for an after-loss:
Ah! do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sor-
row

Come in the rearward of a conquer'd wo;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of wo, which now seem wo,
Compared with loss of thee, will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their
horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
But these particulars are not my measure,
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast.
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not.

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd-new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can look no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ, in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange;
Put heaven in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness
tell,
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy shew!

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will to none,
That do not do the thing they most do shew,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow:

They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds,
Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
O, what a mansion have those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee!
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth, and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less:
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd:
So are those errors that in thee are seen,
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers might'st thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so: I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time removed was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they
grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you: you pattern of all those.

Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow, I with these did play:

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide:—

Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet
that smells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stolen thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy
might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects
light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, restive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe, and crooked knife.

CI.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified,
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for it lies in thee
To make him much out-live a gilded tomb,
And to be praised of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shews now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in
seeming;
I love not less, though less the shew appear:
That love is merchandized, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days;
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the
night,
But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dead
delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to shew her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside.
O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face,
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit
Your own glass shews you when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers
pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,
In process of the seasons have I seen;
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth
stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived;
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idle shew,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one which wondrous scope
affords:
Fair, kind, and true, have often lived alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.

The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,
 And the sad augurs mock their own présage:
 Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
 And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmy time
 My love looks fresh and death to me sub-
 scribes,
 Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
 While he insults o'er dull and speechless
 tribes:
 And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
 When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are
 spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
 Which hath not figured to thee my true
 spirit?
 What's new to speak, what new to register,
 That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
 Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
 I must each day say o'er the very same;
 Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
 Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
 So that eternal love in love's fresh case
 Weigh not the dust and injury of age,
 Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
 But makes antiquity for aye his page;
 Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
 Where time and outward form would shew it
 dead.

CIX.

O, never say, that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
 As easy might I from myself depart,
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
 That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
 Like him that travels, I return again;
 Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,—
 So that myself bring water for my stain.
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
 That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
 And made myself a motley to the view,
 Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
 dear,
 Made old offences of affections new:
 Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
 Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
 These blenches gave my heart another youth,
 And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,
 A god in love, to whom I am confined.
 Then give me welcome, next my heaven the
 best,
 Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI.

O, for my sake do you with fortune chide,
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
 That did not better for my life provide
 Than public means, which public manners
 breeds.

Thence comes it that my name receives a brand—
 And almost thence my nature is subdued
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
 Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd;
 Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
 Potions of eysell, 'gainst my strong infection,
 No bitterness that I will bitter think,
 Nor double penance, to correct correction.
 Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
 Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
 You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
 To know my shames and praises from your
 tongue;
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sense or changes, right or
 wrong.
 In so profound abysm I throw all care
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
 To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense,—
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
 That all the world besides methinks are dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;
 And that which governs me to go about,
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out:
 For it no form delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch;
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
 The most sweet favour, or deformed'st crea-
 ture,
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
 The crow or dove, it shapes them to your fea-
 ture:
 Incapable of more, replete with you,
 My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with
 you,
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
 Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
 And that your love taught it this alchymy,
 To make, of monsters and things indigest,
 Such cherubims as your sweet self resemble?
 Creating every bad a perfect best,
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
 O, 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing.
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'gree-
 ing,
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
 If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
 That mine eye loves it, and both first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,
 Even those that said I could not love you
 dearer:
 Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
 My most full flame should afterwards burn
 clearer.

But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
 Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of
 kings,
 Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
 Divert strong minds to the course of altering
 things;
 Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
 Might I not then say, *now I love you best*,
 When I was certain o'er incertainty,
 Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
 Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
 To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love,
 Which alters when it alteration finds;
 Or bends, with the remover to remove:
 O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be
 taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and
 cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom,
 If this be error, and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus; that I have scanted all
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
 And given to time your own dear-purchased
 right;
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
 Which should transport me farthest from your
 sight:
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
 And on just proof, surmise accumulate,
 Bring me within the level of your frown,
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate:
 Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
 With eager compounds we our palate urge;
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
 We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge;
 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweet-
 ness,
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
 To be diseased, ere that there was true need-
 ing.
 Thus policy in love, to anticipate
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
 And brought to medicine a healthful state,
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be
 cured;
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of syren tears,
 Distill'd from limbeck, fowl as hell within,
 Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
 Still losing when I saw myself to win!

What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been
 fitted,
 In the distraction of this madding fever!
 O benefit of ill! now I find true,
 That better is by evil still made better;
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far
 greater;
 So I return rebuked to my content,
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
 And for that sorrow which I then did feel,
 Needs must I under my transgression bow,
 Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd
 steel.
 For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
 As I by yours, you have pass'd a hell of time;
 And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
 To weigh how once I suffered in your crime.
 O that our night of wo might have remember'd
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits;
 And soon to you as you to me, then tender'd
 The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
 But that your trespass now becomes a fee:
 Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom
 me;

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
 When not to be receives reproach of being;
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
 Which in their wills count bad what I think
 good?
 No,—I am that I am; and they that level
 At my abuses, reckon up their own:
 I may be straight, though they themselves be
 bevel;
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be
 shewn;
 Unless the general evil they maintain,—
 All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain,
 Full character'd with lasting memory,
 Which shall above that idle rank remain,
 Beyond all date, even to eternity:
 Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
 Have faculty by nature to subsist;
 Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
 That poor retention could not so much hold,
 Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to score;
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
 To trust those tables that receive thee more.
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do
 change:
 Thy pyramids, built up with newer might,
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
 They are but dressings of a former sight.

Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
 And rather make them born to our desire,
 Than think that we before have heard them
 told.

Thy registers and thee I doth defy,
 Not wondering at the present nor the past;
 For thy records and what we see do lie,
 Made more or less by thy continual haste;
 This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee:

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
 It might for fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
 As subject to time's love, or to time's hate,
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers
 gather'd,
 No, it was builded far from accident;
 It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
 Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
 Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
 It fears not policy, that heretic,
 Which works on leases of short number'd
 hours,
 But all alone stands hugely politic,
 That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with
 showers.
 To this I witness call the fools of time,
 Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

CXXV.

Where it ought to me I bore the canopy,
 With my extern the outward honouring,
 Or laid great bases for eternity,
 Which prove more short than waste or ruin-
 ing?
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
 Lose all and more, by paying too much rent;
 For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
 No;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
 Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
 But mutual render, only me for thee.
 Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
 When most impeach'd stands least in thy con-
 trol.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
 Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour,
 Who hast by waning grown, and therein shew'st
 Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;
 If natures, sovereign mistress over wrack,
 As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
 She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
 May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
 Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure;
 She may detain, but not still keep her treasure:
 Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
 And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
 Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
 But now is black beauty's successive heir,
 And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
 For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
 Fairing the foul with art's false-borrow'd face,
 Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
 But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.

Therefore my mistress' brows are raven black
 Her eyes so suited; and they mourners seem
 At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
 Slandering creation with a false esteem:
 Yet so they mourn, becoming of their wo,
 That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
 Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
 With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st,
 The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
 Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
 To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
 Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest
 reap,
 At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
 To be so tickled, they would change their state
 And situation with those dancing chips,
 O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
 Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
 Is lust in action: and till action lust
 Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
 Enjoyed no sooner but despised straight;
 Past reason haunted; and, no sooner had,
 Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
 A bliss in proof,—and proved, a very wo,
 Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream:
 All this the world well knows; yet none knows
 well
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
 And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak,—yet well I know
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
 I grant I never saw a goddess go,—
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the
 ground:
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she, belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
 As those whose beauties proudly make them
 cruel;
 For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
 Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
 Yet, in good faith, some say, that thee behold,
 Thy face hath not the power to make love
 groan:
 To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
 Although I swear it to myself alone.
 And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
 A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
 One on another's neck, do witness bear,
 Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.

In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with disdain;
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the gray cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even,
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
Oh, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee
grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear, beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and
me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must
be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd;
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart
bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will;
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him so fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me;
He pays the whole, and yet I am not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
And will to boot, and will in over-plus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
One will of mine, to make thy large will more!
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill,
Think all but one, and me in that one Will.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee, that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy Will,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet fulfil
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove;
Among a number one is reckon'd none:
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me.—for my name is Will.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine
eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot,
Which my heart knows the wide world's common
place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say, this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right true my heart and eyes have
err'd,
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies;
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the
best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I, that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy
tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by
art.
Tell me thou lovest elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside.
What needst thou wound with cunning, when thy
might
Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can 'bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me out-right with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
 My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain:
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
 (As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
 No news but health from their physician
 know;)
 For if I should despair, I should grow mad,
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
 That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go
 wide.

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note;
 But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
 Who in despite of view is pleased to dote.
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune de-
 lighted;
 No tender feeling, to base touches prone,
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
 To any sensual feast with thee alone:
 But my five wits, nor my five senses can,
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to
 be:
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
 That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
 Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
 O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
 Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
 That have profaned their scarlet ornaments,
 And sealed false bonds of love as oft as mine;
 Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents.
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lovest those
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
 Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
 By self-example may'st thou be denied!

CXLIII.

Lo, as a careful house-wife runs to catch
 One o' her feather'd creatures broke away,
 Sets down her babe and makes all quick despatch
 In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
 Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
 To follow that which flies before her face,
 Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
 So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
 Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
 But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
 And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
 So will I pray that thou may'st have thy will,
 If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
 The better angel is a man right fair,
 The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.

To win me soon to hell, my female evil
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
 But being both from me, both to each friend,
 I guess one angel in another's hell.
 Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
 Breathed forth the sound that said, *I hate*
 To me that languish'd for her sake:
 But when she saw my woeful state,
 Straight in her heart did mercy come,
 Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
 Was used in giving gentle doom;
 And taught it thus a-new to greet:
I hate she alter'd with an end,
 That follow'd it as gentle day
 Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
 From heaven to hell is flown away;
I hate from hate away she threw,
 And saved my life, saying—*not you*.

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
 Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
 Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
 Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
 Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
 Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:
 So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
 And, death once dead, there's no more dying then

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still,
 For that which longer nurseth the disease,
 Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
 The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
 My reason, the physician to my love,
 Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
 Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
 Desire is death, which physic did except.
 Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
 And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
 My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
 At random from the truth vainly express'd;
 For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee
 bright,
 Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
 Which have no correspondence with true sight,
 Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
 That censures falsely what they see aright?
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
 What means the world to say it is not so?
 If it be not, then love doth well denote
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
 How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears!
 No marvel then though I mistake my view:
 The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears

O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou low'r'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lovest, and I am blind.

CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful
might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the
day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee
more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state;
If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
More worthy I to be beloved of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove,
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
But rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it that I call
Her—love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLIL

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swear-
ing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjured most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kind-
ness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they
see;
For I have sworn thee fair: more perjured I,
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep;
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove,
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye love's brand new fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hied a sad distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire; my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

The little love-god lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to
keep,
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had
warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseased; but I my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I lay to list the sad-tuned tale:
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcase of a beauty spent and done.
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of heaven's fell
rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine
That season'd wo had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd wo,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted their poor balls are tied
To the orb'd earth: sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheaved hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaten fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from
thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew,
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarch's hands, that let no bounty fall
Where want cries *some*, but where excess begs
all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave the
flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posted gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswath'd and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cried, "O false blood! thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damne
here!"

This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh,
(Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffie knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours,) observed as they flew;
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief, the grounds and motives of her wo.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied,
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'Tis promised in the charity of age.

"Father," she says, "though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

"But wo is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her
place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodged, and newly deified.

"His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind,
For on his visage was in little drawn,
What largeness thinks in paradise was sawn.

"Small shew of man was yet upon his chin;
His phoenix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to
wear,
Yet shew'd his visage by that cost more dear;
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best 'twere as it was, or best without.

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,
 For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof
 free;
 Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
 As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
 When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they
 be:
 His rudeness so with his authorized youth
 Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.
 "Well could he ride, and often men would say,
That horse his mettle from his rider takes!
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he
makes!
 And controversy hence a question takes,
 Whether the horse by him became his deed,
 Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.
 "But quickly on this side the verdict went;
 His real habitude gave life and grace
 To appertainings and to ornament,
 Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
 All aids themselves made fairer by their place;
 Came for additions, yet their purposed trim
 Pieced by his grace, but were all graced by him.
 "So on the tip of his subduing tongue
 All kind of arguments and question deep,
 All replication prompt, and reason strong,
 For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
 To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,
 He had the dialect and different skill,
 Catching all passions in his craft of will;
 "That he did in the general bosom reign
 Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,
 To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
 In personal duty, following where he haunted:
 Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted;
 And dialogued for him what he would say,
 Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.
 "Many there were that did his picture get,
 To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
 Like fools that in the imagination set
 The goodly objects which abroad they find
 Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought as-
 sign'd;
 And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
 Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe
 them.
 "So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
 Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart
 My woful self, that did in freedom stand,
 And was my own fee-simple, (not in part,)
 What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
 Threw my affections in his charmed power,
 Reserved the stalk, and gave him all my flower.
 "Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
 Demand of him, nor being desired, yielded;
 Finding myself in honour so forbid,
 With safest distance I mine honour shielded:
 Experience for me many bulwarks builded
 Of proofs new-bleeding, which remained the foil
 Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.
 "But ah! who ever shunn'd by precedent
 The destined ill she must herself essay?
 Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,
 To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
 Counsel may stop a while what will not stay;
 For when we rage, advice is often seen
 By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

"Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
 That we must curb it upon others' proof;
 To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
 For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
 O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
 The one a palate hath that needs, will taste,
 Though reason weep, and cry—*it is thy last.*
 "For further I could say, *this man's untrue,*
 And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
 Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew
 Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
 Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
 Thought, characters, and words, merely but art,
 And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.
 "And long upon these terms I held my city,
 Till thus he 'gan besiege me: 'Gentle maid,
 Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
 And be not of my holy vows afraid:
 That's to you sworn, to none was ever said;
 For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
 Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.
 "'All my offences that abroad you see,
 Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
 Love made them not: with acture they may be,
 Where neither party is nor true nor kind;
 They sought their shame that so their shame did
 find;
 And so much less of shame in me remains,
 But how much of me their reproach contains.
 "'Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
 Not one whose flame my heart so much as
 warm'd,
 Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
 Or any of my leisures ever charm'd:
 Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was
 harm'd;
 Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
 And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.
 "'Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent
 me,
 Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;
 Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
 Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
 In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
 Effects of terror and dear modesty,
 Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.
 "'And lo! behold these talents of their hair,
 With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
 I have received from many a several fair,
 (Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,)
 With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd
 And deep-brain'd sonnets, that did amplify
 Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.
 "'The diamond; why 'twas beautiful and hard,
 Whereto his invised properties did tend;
 The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
 Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
 The heaven-hued sapphire and the opal blend
 With objects manifold; each several stone,
 With wit well blazon'd, smiled or made some
 moan.
 "'Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
 Of pensive and subdued desires the tender,
 Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,
 But yield them up where I myself must render,
 That is, to you, my origin and ender:
 For these, of force, must your oblations be,
 Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

"O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of
praise;

Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did
raise;

What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

"Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote;
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

"But oh, my sweet, what labour is 't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not
strives?

Paling the place which did no form receive;—
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves:
See that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

"O pardon me, in that my boast is true;
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly;
Religious love put out religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be immured,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procured.

"How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong,
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being
strong,

Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

"My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who, disciplined and dieted in grace,
Believed her eyes, when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place:
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

"When thou impresses, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,
'gainst shame;
And sweetens in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

"Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine:
And suppliant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.'

'This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were level'd on my face:
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
Oh, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who glazed with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses

"O father! what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear?
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extirpation hath!

"For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolved my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
Shook off my sober guards and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

"In him a plentitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves
In either's aptness, as it best deceives
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white and swoon at tragic shews.

"That not a heart which in his level came,
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Shewing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And veil'd in them did win whom he would maim.
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim.
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preach'd pure maid, and praised cold chastity.

"Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;
That the unexperienced gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubim, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?
Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make,
What I should do again for such a sake.

"Oh, that infected moisture of his eye,
Oh, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd
Oh, that forced thunder from his heart did fly,
Oh, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
Oh, all that borrow'd motion, seeming owed,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!"

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM,

I.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's
queen.

She told him stories to delight his ear:

She shew'd him favours to allure his eye;

To win his heart, she touch'd him here and
there:

Touches so soft still conquer chastity.

But whether unripe years did want conceit,

Or he refused to take her figured proffer,

The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,

But smile and jest at every gentle offer:

Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and to-
ward;

He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

II.

Scarcely had the sun dried up the dewy morn,

And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for
shade,

When Cytherea all in love forlorn,

A longing tarriance for Adonis made,

Under an osier growing by a brook,

A brook, where Adon used to cool his spleen:

Hot was the day; she hotter that did look

For his approach, that often there had been.

Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,

And stood stark naked on the brook's green
brim;

The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,

Yet not so wistly, as this queen on him:

He spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood;

"O Jove," quoth she, "why was not I a flood?"

III.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,

* * * * *

Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,

For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;

Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:

Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;

She, silly queen, with more than love's good
will,

Forbade the boy he should not pass those
grounds;

"Once," quoth she, "did I see a fair sweet youth

Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a
boar,

Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!

See, in my thigh," quoth she, "here was the
sore:"

She shew'd hers; he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

IV.

Venus with young Adonis sitting by her,

Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him;

She told the youngling how god Mars did try
her,

And as he fell to her, so she fell to him.

"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god em-
braced me;"

And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;

"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god unlaced
me;"

As if the boy should use like loving charms.

"Even thus," quoth she, "he seized on my lips,"

And with her lips on his did act the seizure;

And as he fetched breath, away he skips,

And would not take her meaning nor her plea-
sure,

Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,

To kiss and clip me till I run away!

V.

Crabbed age and youth

Cannot live together;

Youth is full of pleasance,

Age is full of care:

Youth like summer morn,

Age like winter weather;

Youth like summer brave,

Age like winter bare.

Youth is full of sport,

Age's breath is short,

Youth is nimble, age is lame;

Youth is hot and bold,

Age is weak and cold;

Youth is wild, and age is tame.

Age, I do abhor thee,

Youth, I do adore thee;

O my love, my love is young;

Age, I do defy thee;

O sweet shepherd, hie thee,

For methinks thou stay'st too long.

VI.

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon
vaded,

Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!

Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!

Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp
sting!

Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,

And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;

For why? thou left'st me nothing in thy will.

And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;

For why? I crave nothing of thee still;

O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;

Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

VII.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle,
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A lily pale, with damask die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swear-
ing:
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss thereof still fearing
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jest-
ings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out-
burneth;
She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the
framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII.

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argu-
ment,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair sun, that on this earth doth
shine,
Exhale this vapour now; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

IX.

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to
love?
O, never faith could hold, if not to beauty
vow'd:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll constant
prove;
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like
osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and make his book thine
eyes,
Where all these pleasures live, that art can com-
prehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall
suffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee
commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without
wonder;
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts
admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his
dreadful thunder,
Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet
fire.
Celestial as thou art, O do not love that
wrong,
To sing the heavens' praise with such an earthly
tongue.

X.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss, that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud,
A brittle glass that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

XI.

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share:
She bade good night, that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
"Farewell," quoth she, "and come again to-
morrow;
Farewell I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow."

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
'Tmay be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'Tmay be, again to make me wander thither;
Wander, a word for shadows like thyself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XII.

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning
rise
Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished
sight;
Sorrow changed to solace, solace mix'd with
sorrow;
For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-
morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours:
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now
borrow:
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-
morrow.

XIII.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of
three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eye
could see,
Her fancy fell a turning.
Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love
did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant
knight:
To put in practice either, alas it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel.

But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain
That nothing could be used, to turn them both to
gain,

For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with
disdain:

Alas, she could not help it!
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the
day,

Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid
away;

Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

XIV.

On a day (alack the day!)

Love, whose month was ever May,

Spied a blossom passing fair,

Playing in the wanton air:

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, 'gan passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.

"Air," quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow;

Air, would I might triumph so!

But, alas! my hand hath sworn

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:

Vow, alack, for youth unmeet:

Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do not call it sin in me,

That I am forsworn for thee;

Thou for whom Jove would swear

Juno but an Ethiop were;

And deny himself for Jove,

Turning mortal for thy love.

XV.

My flocks feed not,

My ewes breed not,

My rams speed not,

All is amiss:

Love is dying,

Faith's defying,

Hearts denying,

Causers of this.

All my merry jigs are quite forgot,

All my lady's love is lost, God wot:

Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,

There a nay is placed without remove.

One silly cross

Wrought all my loss;

O frowning fortune, cursed fickle dame!

For now I see,

Inconstancy

More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,

All fears scorn I,

Love hath forlorn me,

Living in thrall:

Heart is bleeding,

All help needing,

(O cruel speeding!)

Fraughted with gall!

My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,

My wether's bell rings doleful knell;

My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,

Plays not at all, but seems afraid;

With sighs so deep,

Procures to weep,

In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.

How sighs resound

Through heartless ground,

Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight.

Clear well spring not,

Sweet birds sing not,

Green plants bring not

Forth; they die:

Herds stand weeping,

Flocks all sleeping,

Nymphs back peeping

Fearfully:

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,

All our merry meetings on the plains,

All our evening sport from us is fled,

All our love is lost, for love is dead.

Farewell, sweet lass,

Thy like ne'er was

For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:

Poor Coridon

Must live alone,

Other help for him I see that there is none.

XVI.

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,

And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst smite.

Let reason rule things worthy blame,

As well as fancy, partial might:

Take counsel of some wiser head,

Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,

Sinooth not thy tongue with filed talk,

Lest she some subtle practice smell;

(A cripple soon can find a halt:)

But plainly say thou lov'st her well,

And set thy person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,

Her cloudy looks will calm ere night;

And then too late she will repent

That thus dissembled her delight;

And twice desire, ere it be day,

That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,

And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,

Her feeble force will yield at length,

When craft hath taught her thus to say,—

Had women been so strong as men,

In faith you had not had it then.

And to her will frame all thy ways;

Spare not to spend,—and chiefly there

Where thy desert may merit praise,

By ringing in thy lady's ear:

The strongest castle, tower, and town,

The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,

And in thy suit be humble, true;

Unless thy lady prove unjust,

Press never thou to choose anew:

When time shall serve, be thou not slack

To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,

Dissembled with an outward shew,

The tricks and toys that in them lurk,

The cock that treads them shall not know

Have you not heard it said full oft,

A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women love to match with men,

And not to live so like a saint:

Here is no heaven; they holy then

Begin, when age doth them attain.

Were kisses all the joys in bed,

One woman would another wed.

But soft; enough,—too much, I fear;
 Lest that my mistress hear my song,
 She'll not stick to round me i' the ear,
 To teach my tongue to be so long;
 Yet will she blush, here be it said,
 To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XVII.

As it fell upon a day,
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made,
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring:
 Everything did banish moan,
 Save the nightingale alone:
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
 Lean'd her breast up till a thorn,
 And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
 That to hear it was great pity:
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
 Teru, teru, by and by:
 That to hear her so complain,
 Scarce I could from tears refrain;
 For her griefs so lively shewn,
 Made me think upon mine own.
 Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain;
 None take pity on thy pain:
 Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
 Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee.
 King Pandion, he is dead;
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:
 All thy fellow birds do sing,
 Careless of thy sorrowing.
 Even so, poor bird, like thee,
 None alive will pity me.
 Whilst as fickle fortune smiled,
 Thou and I were both beguiled.
 Every one that flatters thee,
 Is no friend in misery.
 Words are easy like the wind;
 Faithful friends are hard to find.
 Every man will be thy friend,
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:
 But if store of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.
 If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call:
 And with such like flattering,
 "Pity but he were a king."
 If he be addict to vice,
 Quickly him they will entice;
 If to women he be bent,
 They have him at commandment;
 But if fortune once do frown,
 Then farewell his great renown:
 They that fawn'd on him before,
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need,
 If thou sorrow, he will weep;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
 Thus of every grief in heart
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

XVIII.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
 As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
 Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
 Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.

Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
 Upon the lute doth ravish human sense:
 Spencer to me, whose deep conceit is such,
 As passing all conceit, needs no defence,
 Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound,
 That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes,
 And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
 Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
 One god is god of both, as poets feign;
 One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

XIX.

Take, oh, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn:
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are of those that April wears:
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

VERSES AMONG THE ADDITIONAL POEMS TO CHESTER'S LOVE'S MARTYR, 1601

Let the bird of loudest lay,
 On the sole Arabian tree,
 Herald sad and trumpet be,
 To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
 Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
 Augur of the fever's end,
 To this troop come thou not near

From this session interdict
 Every fowl of tyrant wing,
 Save the eagle, feather'd king:
 Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
 That defunctive music can,
 Be the death-divining swan,
 Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou, blebbed crow,
 That thy sable gender mak'st
 With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
 Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence;
 Love and constancy is dead;
 Phoenix and the turtle fled
 In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain
 Had the essence but in one;
 Two distincts, division none:
 Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, not yet asunder;
 Distance, and no space was seen
 'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
 But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
 That the turtle saw his right
 Flaming in the Phoenix' sight
 Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same ;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together ;
To themselves, yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded ;

That it cried, how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one !
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phoenix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phoenix' nest,
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity :—
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be ;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she ;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair ;
For those dead birds sigh a prayer.

WM. SHAKSPERE.

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